DUNGENESS BEACON.

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OUTLAWED BY INDIANS.

In the fall of 1866, while I was attached to Fort Hays as a government scout and dispatch rider, the Sioux and Cheyennes were consolidating for the war which opened in the spring. Bands of stragglers were riding about the country, stealing and murdering whenever opportunity offered, and one day in October, while returning to the fort from a long ride to the north after some missing horses, I encountered one of these predatory bands. It numbered twelve men, and a son of the Cheyenne chief known as Pawnee Killer was in command. While war had not been declared, and while the Indians did not hesitate to appear at the forts and trading posts, some one was being butchered every day. I had been on the watch for prowlers and was as well prepared as a lone man could be. I had a Winchester and two revolvers, and the only drawback was that I had found two of the horses and had them with me.

I was skirting a long, narrow ridge, badly broken by outcroppings of rock, and the time was 2 o'clock in the afternoon. All of a sudden I caught sight of Indians about half a mile away coming up the same side of the ridge. Indeed I heard them yelling before I saw them, and I turned sharp to the left and forced the horses up the ridge among a mass of bowlders and outcropping. The redskins caught sight of me as I went up, but did not immediately approach. I could see that they were confused, and a dozen or more shots were fired, and I was puzzling over the matter when I heard some one clattering over the stony ground, and next moment a white man jumped down beside me and exclaimed:

"Stranger, for God's sake stand 'em off until I can get my wind. They are Cheyennes, and have killed my brother!"

Three young bucks, on foot, had been in chase of the fugitive, and they were within 200 feet of me as I rose up. The leveled rifle brought them to a sudden halt, and after gazing at me for a moment they turned and descended the ridge to join the rest of the band. My visitor lay down, and it was five minutes before he could get breath to explain.

"We were out looking for cattle which stampeded from our emigrant camp on the Saline Fork. These brutes killed my brother and took me prisoner. That was yesterday, and about a mile below here they had gone into camp and built a fire to torture me when I made a break. Give me your revolver, for they'll be sure to charge us."

I gave him one of the weapons, and soon after an Indian appeared on the foot of the ridge, made signs of peace and asked for a talk. Those on the level below me drew away about forty rods to convince me that they meant fair, and I left my shelter and advanced a few paces to ask the errand of the young warrior. While I was thus engaged the man behind me was rolling the loose rocks together to strengthen the position.

The redskin said he came to demand a prisoner. They had no quarrel with me, but the prisoner had shot one of their number in cold blood and must die. They only asked for justice. I had their word that I might ride away in safety, but the prisoner they would have at any sacrifice. I did not wait an instant before replying that the man would not be given up, and that I was ready for any move on their part to take him. The buck had left his rifle behind him, and I stood there also apparently unarmed. As a matter of fact each of us had a revolver. We were about half a pistol shot apart, and as I gave him my ultimatum he half turned, whipped out a revolver and fired a bullet which passed within an inch of my head. Then he uttered a yell and started to run, but he was too late. My bullet struck him under the right arm and went clear through him, and he fell and curled up by a bowlder to die.

The situation was understood by the Indians below me almost instantly, and the entire crowd dismounted and charged up the ridge. It was a very foolish move on their part and proved the excitability of young bucks. We had them dead under our fire, and we killed three of them with as many bullets. I got a bead on Pawnee Killer's son with my revolver as he urged his hesitating band to push up the ridge, and when he went down I thought I had killed him. With his fall the fighting ceased. The survivors made a rush for their horses and then disappeared to the east, leaving the four dead ones where they fell. I was puzzled at their conduct, and at first regarded it as a ruse, but when I came to stand up and look around I saw a party of thirteen white men—hunters, trappers, stockmen and adventurers—coming up from the north on their way to the fort.

The name of the young man who so cleverly escaped was Austin Brice, and for the next year he was in government employ at the fort. He had not shot an Indian, as stated by the flag of truce bearer, but the murder of his brother was entirely unprovoked and cold blooded, and the Indians meant to torture him to death.

The bullet which struck the young chief did not kill him, as I at first supposed. It struck him alongside the nose, ran down to the corner of his mouth, followed the line of the lips down to the left hand corner, and passed over the chin. The result was to give him a most horrible looking mouth, making him an object of ridicule and contempt; and he not only swore to have my life, but Pawnee Killer proclaimed the fact that he would give five ponies and a revolver to any one who would bring him my scalp. Therefore, while actual hostilities had not yet begun, there was a price set upon my head.

The first attempt was made about two weeks after the fight on the ridge. A Sioux Indian, who claimed to have been outlawed from his tribe because he favored peace with the whites, came into Fort Hays, ostensibly for protection. He had no weapons, seemed to be honest and straightforward, and all the men had a good word for him. On the third day he came to me and asked my assistance to recover his rifle, blanket, a lot of powder and lead and various other articles, which he said he had cached at a spot about twelve miles down the Smoky Hill Fork in a grove. When he described the spot I remembered it very well, and next morning, having permission of the commandant, we set out. I was on horseback and the Indian afoot. I had my usual weapons, while he had an army musket. He gave us his name as Little Smoke, and was a typical warrior in build and demeanor. Before we left the fort an old hunter called me aside and said:

"Do you believe thar' is a cache?"

"Why not?"

"Bekase an Injun says thar' is. Allus take 'em contrary to what they say. Is your scalp nailed on?"

"Do you mistrust the man?"

"Never saw one yit that I didn't. I'm going to bet my rifle agin a keg of powder that you don't come back."

As soon as we were out of sight of the fort I motioned for the Indian to take the lead. He seemed to take it as a matter of course, and he led off with a lope and held it for six or seven miles without a halt. I had not only to keep an eye on him, but scan the country as well. He appeared to be on the lookout, as well he might be if his story was true, and about 11 o'clock we approached the spot where he claimed to have hidden his property. I had kept him in the lead all the time, and we had had more or less shelter along the bank of the stream. Half a mile from the grove I drew rein and said:

"I will wait here while by brother goes forward after his property."

"Is the Swift Rider tired with his ride?" he sarcastically answered.

"One must keep watch for danger. I will do that, for you will be busy."

"If my white brother is afraid he need not go."

"If my red brother has a cache in the grove let him look for it. If not we will return to the fort."

He hesitated a moment, and then, satisfied that I was on my guard, he walked away and soon disappeared in the grove. I had every confidence that the trees sheltered a band of redskins, and it would not have surprised me in the least to have seen a body of them dash out. I was therefore taken aback, at the end of about a quarter of an hour, to see Little Smoke reappear with a backload of stuff from his cache. He came straight toward me, but very slowly, and halted every few yards to adjust his burden. I was carefully watching him when my horse sniffed the air uneasily, and all at once it came to me that I was being stalked. I left the shelter of the cottonwoods for the open ground, and as I rode away two bullets zipped close to my head, having been fired from the opposite bank of the stream. At the same moment Little Smoke dropped his goods and fired on me with his musket. While half a dozen Indians in my rear were yelling and shooting I rode down to within 200 feet of the smooth tongued traitor and dropped him dead in his tracks. There were five Indians in the ambuscade, and they mounted their ponies and pursued me for three or four miles, but I got safely away.

The second attempt was made in December. A half breed Cheyenne—an old man with a very honest face—came into the fort and reported that a white man, a trapper, was in camp on the river above us with a broken leg, and he had volunteered to come in and report the case. The distance was not over five miles, but the snow lay deep on the ground and it was very sharp weather. The old man probably reasoned that I would be sent out to guide the relief party. He was asked to do so, but refused, even under promise of a gallon of whisky. This refusal aroused my suspicions, and instead of going out as a relief corps a dozen men went armed to the teeth. The place designated was a grove, and we approached it as near as possible under cover and then made a sudden dash. Eight mounted Indians rushed out on the other side. There were evidences that they had been there in camp for two or three days.

In the spring, when war had been formally declared, most of my work was along the Smoky Hill stage route. When the stages finally ceased running I carried food and ammunition to the station employes or guided them safely to the posts. Lookout station, twenty miles beyond Fort Hays, was more exposed to attack than any other on the route. The hut for the shelter of the men was half wood, half mud. Two stables filled with hay and oats flanked it and stood dangerously near. While at every other station the men had made dugouts for their protection, this precaution had been neglected at Lookout. Small bands of Indians had appeared and been stood off by the well armed men, and they had come to believe that they could defeat any force likely to appear. On the morning of April 15 I was approaching Lookout with 600 Winchester cartridges for the men, when, just as day fairly broke, I was discovered and pursued by a band of about fifty Indians. I got into the station after a lively chase, and within an hour it was surrounded by over a hundred redskins.

I had been recognized, and they sent a flag of truce to offer the three men their lives if they would hand me over. This offer was twice repeated, and then the Indians settled down to besiege the station. During the day the firing was kept up at long range. All the horses in the stables were killed before noon, but none of us was wounded. As night came I determined to get away, being under orders to report at Hays as soon as possible. The men encouraged me to go, saying they could hold the place until I sent assistance.

At about 9 o'clock I crept out of the hut, crawled on my hands and knees into the darkness, and after twice almost bumping against Indians I got beyond their lines and headed for the fort. I was only three miles away when I saw the glare of the burning stables, which the redskins had crept up to and fired. The hut caught from the stables, and as the three brave fellows were finally driven out they were shot down by the horde in waiting, and thus every vestige of the station was wiped out.—New York Sun.

Sweltering Workmen Find a Snow Bank.

While workmen were employed in excavating a cut a short distance above Canfield & Wheeler's mill, in Manistee, Mich., they came upon a thick bed of snow. The mercury was above 90 degs. The snow was covered with several feet of sand. Many persons visited the place to ascertain the truth, and every one returned with large chunks of the "beautiful" to prove the fact of its existence. The presence of the snow will interfere with the grade to some extent, and the engineer was not at all pleased to witness the phenomenon. The men, however, enjoyed drinking the ice water converted from the snow.—Cor. Chicago Tribune.

A Strange Malformation.

Boise county, Idaho, has a sheep that is the property of James Johnston, of Round Valley, and was a year old on the 22d of May. It has but two legs, both on the hinder part of the body, and constantly walks erect, much after the manner of a kangaroo. The legs and tail are smooth as those of a dog, not showing the least trace of wool. The head is woolly and is provided with but one eye, which solitary optic is set in the center of the head. The neck has a good showing of feathers resembling those of the guinea fowl. The shoulders and place where the forelegs should be are as woolly as the head, extending back to where the smooth, doglike hair begins.—St. Louis Republic.

Caught Two Sharks.

A party of gentlemen at Glen Cove went to Matinecock point Tuesday evening and drew a seine net, catching at the first haul a large shovel nose shark, measuring 7 feet 2 inches from tip to tip, and weighing about 250 pounds. His sharkship had to be killed before he could be landed. A second haul was made, when a smaller shark of the same species was captured. The large shark was taken to the village and placed on exhibition near Campbell's hotel, where it was viewed by hundreds of people during Wednesday. It was pronounced one of the largest sharks ever captured in these waters.—Brooklyn Times

No Revision.

Presbyterian Enthusiast—The papers are full of talk about revision. I am unalterably opposed to it.

Ordinary Citizen—So am I. The rules are good enough now. The only trouble is with the umpires. Give us honest umpires and the Giants will win every game.—New York Weekly.

The work of canalizing the Seine, which has been in progress for fifteen years, is still being actively pushed forward. According to the engineer, M. Bouquet de la Grye, the cost will not exceed 135,000,000 francs. The object of the work is to deepen the river so that vessels of 2,000 to 2,500 tons, which at present have to stop at Rouen, may go to Paris.

They are telling of a young man who was graduated at the Harvard Law school this year who has taken the full academic course of four years at Harvard, followed by three years in the Law school, and has supported himself throughout the seven years, coming out with a balance of $5,000 to the good. This is good enough to be true.

M. Eiffel is now utilizing his famous tower and a balloon for aerial telegraph purposes by night. It is intended to ascertain by the experiments at what distance the lights on the tower can be perceived from a balloon, and to what height from the summit of the tower an aerostat can be seen and communicated with by signals.

It has never hitherto been found possible to make a drilling machine which would drill square, hexagonal, oblong and octagonal holes in metal, but such a tool has been devised, and its appearance before the public is promised at no distant date.

An immense skate was recently captured near Victoria, B. C. Its dimensions were as follows: From tip of snout to tip of tail, 6 feet 3 inches; across the body, 4 feet 11 inches; depth of flesh, 4 inches. It was estimated to weigh 160 pounds.

FAIR DRINKERS OF GOTHAM.

Vanilla Soda, Pop, Vichy and Lime Juice Have Their Votaries.

The New York girl is a hard but harmless drinker. For some unknown reason she is always thirsty, and the character of her beverage depends on the locality in which she happens to be. Take the Bowery belle, for instance, and nothing suits her better than a bumper of ginger pop. She drinks it whenever she can get it, regardless of the weather, a longing for more heightening her enjoyment. Ask the druggists in Center street and Park row what the favorite drink is with the blithesome young women who come from the mercantile offices in Nassau, Wall and Fulton streets at noon and night, and they will tell you root beer. About the Battery the fair tippler's first choice is sarsaparilla pop and lemon soda second.

A druggist in lower Broadway, not far from St. Paul's, who slacks the thirst of the cosmopolitan girl, says that her preference is divided among three distinct drinks, viz., vanilla soda, lime juice and cocoa malt. Of the trio vanilla is most popular, but it is a remarkable fact that the lover of lime juice distinguishes the brainy young women, and the malt the women who are in training. The lime drinkers wear glasses as a rule and silver watches; they are quiet, quick, preoccupied and self assertive, without being audacious. The girls who call for malt are square shouldered, bright eyed, nimble footed and alert young women, who breathe away down in the belt region and swing their arms when they walk; while the vanilla girl is a jockey sort of a creature, partial to the shirt and blazer, who wears a four-in-hand, carries her gloves in her left hand and elbows her way up to the fountain no matter how many men encircle it. She is cheery and chic, has a spare smile for the soda clerk and a jaunty way of flipping the check on the glass plate of the cashier's desk.

In West Fourteenth street the feminine drink is chocolate soda, with plenty of ice cream, while the damsel who sips at the fountains about Union square bravely calls for milk punch "and plenty of nutmeg," with the accent on the "plenty." The Sixth avenue angels run to ice cream soda, flavored with vanilla, pineapple or chocolate, while the Madison square girls will be satisfied with nothing meaner than an ice cup. This ambrosial is ordered in the Brunswick or Delmonico restaurant.

The advanced drinkers of Central Park and Madison avenue call for mineral water—the former vichy and the avenue maiden seltzer. Clubwomen drink a great deal of apollinaris, and the Sorosis set take half claret with the water. Parenthetically, the Sorosis girls are not as fond of icewater as they pretend to be, and, if an old member can be credited, every annual dinner is followed by an epidemic of colic, the result of drinking cold croton to the toasts.—New York World.

Mrs. Blaine's Health.

Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., has gone to Saratoga, and will spend the remainder of the season there. She has recovered from the operation to which she submitted two weeks ago, and her leg has been taken out of the splints that were used at the time. The operation was undertaken with the idea of bringing the leg which was so affected with rheumatism down into place. It was some two inches shorter than it should be. The operation was practically successful, and Mrs. Blaine's physicians hope in time that she will be able to walk as well as ever. She goes to Saratoga under the advice of her physicians. She will be at the United States hotel and will have her child with her.

Mrs. Blaine's rheumatic trouble was contracted at Long Branch last summer, and this year the idea is of course to keep her as far away from the salt water as possible. Saratoga air is very dry and very bracing, and Mrs. Blaine's friends hope it will have the effect of restoring her to her wonted health and vigor. She looks exceedingly well and is in excellent spirits, which in view of her marvelous recovery from a serious illness is scarcely to be wondered at.—Exchange.

Fans Create Trouble in Church.

The ladies of the M. E. church at Meanicsburg, O., are in a dilemma. It is rather warm out there and they have been taking their fans to church Sundays. Now the minister objects to their use and claims that the force of his sermon is lost in their use and in the flirting with them. One night last week he delivered a special sermon on a topic of great profundity. A large audience was present, and he started out to make one of the great efforts of his life. The ceaseless movement of the fans annoyed him, and he cast nervous glances around every now and then. Finally he stopped and broke forth: "I want you to quit using those fans. It is impossible to preach with any effect while they are in operation. Think of the North pole and icebergs and look at me." The congregation, it is understood, is deliberating on the advisability of asking for his resignation.—Exchange.

Ex-King Milan declines to leave Bulgaria, and the impression strengthens that he is planning mischief. He is certainly in want of money, and the Radical government is being urged to bribe him to return to Paris, even if it costs 500,000 francs. Some patriots hint not obscurely that assassination would be easier and cheaper.

What Is a Bay Window?

The vexing and much vexed question, What is the legal definition of a bay window? seems to be drawing toward a solution. "How many windows shall a bay window contain?" is the point made. These windows are all built of frame, and the difficulty with the inspectors is to keep builders from overstepping their legal rights and constructing frame back buildings under the disguise of "bay windows." The claim is made that a bay window must be all windows—that is, windows on the front and sides; others think that a window on the front is all that is necessary. The latter view is taken by the builders of houses in rows where the bay windows of adjoining houses are so close as to prevent the possibility of privacy.

One builder who is building a row of houses in the upper section of the city thinks the law is doing him a wrong by compelling him to put three windows in his bay windows, which adjoin each other in pairs, divided by a brick wall. He is not expected to put a window in the brick wall, but in the framework opposite, adding to the expense of the house and altering the shape of the room. The main reason for compelling builders to construct windows on all sides of the bay is prevention against fire. This argument is answered by the builders, who say that the frame apartments having the least number of windows burn the slowest. When windows become broken the draught is greatly increased, consequently the danger is aggravated. To the looseness of the building laws many of the complications constantly arising can be attributed. The ordinance of 1882 to regulate the erection of oriel or bay windows throws no light whatever on the subject. While the ordinance regulates the construction of front bay windows, not a word is said about those on the rear of buildings.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Messages for Passengers.

Arrangements are being made for carrying out a scheme proposed by Mr. McNeil, of Londonderry, for the more efficient despatch of telegraphic communication between Tory Island and the mainland, which promise to be of great advantage to ship owners and homeward bound passengers. It is proposed that steamers passing on either side of Tory Island will throw overboard receptacles something like a small buoy, containing the messages to be sent by telegraph, and a boat's crew will be in readiness to pick them up and convey them to the nearest telegraph office. By this means it will be possible for a passenger to intimate his arrival to his friends twenty-four hours before he could do so now from Liverpool, and twenty hours before he could do so from any port on the Clyde. The matter has been taken up by Lloyd's committee, who undertake to forward passengers' telegrams at a minimum of 1s. each and ship owners' advices at a minimum of 6d. each. It is expected that the arrangement will soon be carried out.—Industries.

Recovering a Diamond Ring.

Tuesday a gentleman, a stranger in these parts, had occasion to cross the Huntington bridge, and was accompanied by a friend. When midway of the bridge he pulled a large and valuable diamond ring from the little finger of his left hand to exhibit to his friend. In handing the ring over it slipped from his hand and fell, and striking the floor bounded into the river. The friend stood where the ring fell till its owner went and secured the services of several men to dive in after it. He found two who upon the offer of handsome pay for their services consented to attempt the rescue. They went out in a boat and after many attempts secured the ring, which was in turn handed over to its owner. He paid the promised sum and went on his way rejoicing.—Hartford Courant.

Bullet Proof Armor.

In the early part of May some plate firing took place on board the English man-of-war Nettle, which brings up a subject of the greatest importance—namely, the possibility of making armor such as will break up the splendid forged steel projectiles which have hitherto held together almost without exception The result of the Nettle and other recent tests goes to show that plates are now made with faces so hard as to defeat forged steel, and that it appears possible that steel faced armor in the future may dispose of them in the manner that Schneider admits such plates defeat indifferent projectiles.—New York Telegram.

A Strange Potato Growth.

The West Chester, Pa., Local News reports that Truman Forsythe, of that village, a few days ago found in his cellar a potato of last year's crop that had two small ones growing inside of it. There were no sprouts whatever on the outside, but the potato was burst open at each end, and there projecting were the ends of two well formed and healthy looking young tubers. The larger one was about the size of a walnut. Potatoes often form on the outside of old ones in cellars this time of the year, but that the growth should take place inside is something of a novelty and only one or two persons to whom the "curio" was shown could recall having seen the like before.

Pilgrimages to Rome add goodly sums to the papal exchequer. Since Feb. 1 the French pilgrimage took £8,000, the various Italian ones £10,000, the American £12,000, the Austrian £4,150, and the German £5,000.

The Baby Chewed a Cartridge.

A colored picnic excursion boarded a train on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad on Sunday.

The chattering, perspiring, gayly dressed picnickers crowded the seats and aisles of the smoker and first class cars and the overflow even flooded the parlor car despite protest. The clamor and babel incident to such affairs rose above the clatter of car wheels and made ordinary railroad conversation impossible. But at a stoppage at one of the little railway stations there was a lull. A poorly clad old negro of solemn visage came up to a car window and said to an elderly colored passenger:

"Sis Sue, I's 'stonished to see you hyar gwine off picnicin' Sunday when yo' cousin's baby's bein' buried dis hyar very day."

"Law, you don' tell me! Well, I did hear de baby was dead, but den I didn't look for such a suddent funeral. What ail'm, anyhow?"

"Well, I tell you, I don' know 'zactly, but dere war some dinalemeet cartridges roun' de house, and dey s'pose de chile bit off de de een o' one of the cartridges; leastways dey found his head mos' blowed off an' one cartridge done gone."

There was a moan of sympathy from the carload of listeners, and when the train moved on a hush of horror held the picnickers silent almost to the next station.—Macon (Ga.) Telegraph.

Mr. Flagler's Floating Palace.

This year every man who lives near the Sound and who can afford the luxury is investing in a yacht. The craft range in every conceivable variety, from catboats to Mr. Flagler's new floating palace, the Alicia, which, by the way, is the sensation of the yachting world just at present. She is lying off Larchmont with a big crew of men aboard. Everything about the new boat is spick and span new. Mr. Flagler has had a large office fitted up aboard the Alicia, where he can transact some of the business of the Standard Oil company on his way to and from New York when he feels in the humor. There is a typewriter in the cabin and a commodious desk for the use of the millionaire's secretary. The spectacle of a Standard Oil magnate starting the business of the day while taking his daily trip from Larchmont to New York in his yacht belongs to the latter day history of New York.—New York Sun.

Travel in the Southwest.

A railroad man who is an agent for an eastern road doing business with all the western, southwestern and northwestern trunk lines says that 70 per cent. of the emigrant travel goes to the northwest. About a month from now the bulk of this business will have been done for the calendar year. From that time until next spring the travel will be chiefly for business or pleasure. This same observer estimates that of the citizens of the United States fully 60 per cent. of those moving from their old eastern homes go to the new northwest in preference to the middle and southwest. In general the southwest seems to be preferred to the middle west. The migration to the southwest and the south is more largely from the central western states than from the east and New England.—New York Sun.

Columbia College's President.

Seth Low is putting new life into the venerable machinery of Columbia college. He has no respect for an old rule that does not reasonably provide for a new contingency. For instance, a young man not overburdened with wealth entered the law school, paying what was for him quite a fee. After attending two or three lectures business exigencies forbade his continuance at study. He applied to the treasurer for a rebate on his cash payment, only to meet with a delay and hear a rule recited against such a demand. Then he dropped President Low a line. Within four hours the postoffice brought a courteous reply and a check.—Chatter.

A Young Dromedary.

A female dromedary was born in Capt. Cassell's stable Wednesday evening, about fifteen minutes before 7 o'clock. The proud mother is Druid. The little lady stands about three feet high and has a slender body, but very long legs. This is the fourth dromedary born at the park. The first, Horace, died in infancy. His hide, hump and all, Capt. Cassell has mounted. It is now in the captain's parlor. The second, Kate, was sold to the circus with the grandmother of the baby just arrived. The third, another Horace, still lives. He, with Druid and the baby, compose the drove now at the park.—Baltimore Sun.

Why Mr. Woodhead Was Absent.

There was once a Mr. Woodhead who got into parliament in 1886 for the Spen valley division of Yorkshire. Mr. Labouchere moved to abolish the house of lords, and Mr. Woodhead was absent from the division. Spen valley demanded an explanation from their errant member, and got it in the form of a letter setting forth that it was all Mr. Labouchere's fault, who spoke so flippantly on this important occasion that Mr. Woodhead, exhausted with a long day's work, seized the opportunity to go home to his tea, and when he returned the division was over. Owing to the amusing character of this explanation, coupled with the honorable gentleman's unfortunate name, this incident attracted a good deal of notice at the time.—London Cor. New York World.

The Dungeness Beacon.

An Independent Newspaper.

G. K. ESTES ..... Editor and Publisher
JOE M. BALLINGER ..... Local Editor

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1892.

It looks like McGraw for governor.

We acknowledge receipt of "The People," the Peoples' Party paper, of Angeles, which has resumed publication with J. M. Grant editor. The paper is attractive in appearance and the editorials show evidences of an earnest worker. Success to The People and the new management.

The Republicans are making a great blow about the economical administration of state affairs and give a tabulated statement of moneys still unused of the appropriations. Give us a statement of the amounts expended, Messrs. Republicans, and we can form a better opinion as to whether you have been economical or not.

We are glad to note the return of John W. Troy to his desk in the editorial room of the Democrat. While "Johnny" in his western trip has proven himself a splendid campaigner for the whole ticket, his best work for his party and for Clallam county will be done through the columns of his paper. A most determined fight is being waged by the gang that is bent on defeating Mallette and electing Hoole, and every force favorable to Mallette should be kept in place to accomplish the most good.

The Post-Intelligencer is showing up the miseries of the working people in the sweat-shops of London. Just such scenes are seen every day in the same kind of shops in St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Rochester and Boston. And the tariff or free trade is not the cause of it all either. The same causes in the two countries produce like results—a scanty supply of the medium of exchange and laws for the special protection of capital and privileges to monopolies at the expense of the people not engaged in such enterprises.

The Mexican government has given large grants of land and other concessions to Japanese colonists in the State of Sinaloa. One thousand persons will settle there at once, near the famous co-operative Topolobampo colony from the United States. At different times there has been talk of colonizing the negroes from the Southern states in Mexico. Although it appears to be a good project for the Negro, for Mexico, and would meet with favor from the people of the South, nothing has been accomplished.

The growth of Oklahoma Territory has been the most remarkable of that of any other portion of our country. Before the opening of Oklahoma on April 22, 1889, there were no lawful residents or improvements on that whole tract of barren plain. Now the annual report of Gov. Shay states that the population is 133,000. The real and personal property the Governor estimates at $40,000,000. The Indians are allotted 160 acres of land, unalienable and non-taxable for twenty-five years. They are made citizens and given the ballot.

The annual report of the Western Union Telegraph company shows that the net profit last year was $7,400,000. After paying the regular semi-annual dividends and other fixed charges it has a net surplus of $13,577,889. When we remember that the government can duplicate the plant of this company, leaving out dead lines, for $12,000,000 it appears to be little less than robbery, permitted by our members of congress. In connection with the post office the government can transact the telegraph business at less expense than the present company. The charges for a telegraph message from Port Angeles to Port Townsend is fifty cents. A like message, the same distance west over the government line costs ten cents.

The Democratic congress at its last session, where the party majority reached nearly 150 votes, passed bills putting cotton bagging on the free list, putting binding twine on the free list, putting wool upon the free list, putting tin plate upon the free list. And those bills only failed to become laws because there was a Republican senate and a Republican president to oppose them. If the tariffs upon cotton bagging and upon binding twine and upon tin plate and upon wool are to be stricken from the statute books what is there to hinder the making free of silks, woolen goods and cotton cloths.—Post-Intelligencer (high protection organ.)

It would be a pity if the laboring classes should be allowed to buy these necessaries of life at less than double what they should and thus prevent two or three trust companies making 60 per cent. annually on the capital invested.

J. J. Ingalls was not long ago rejected by the people of Kansas whom he had represented in the U. S. senate for a number of years, but from his seat of retirement he writes a letter indorsing Hoole's candidacy. It is perfectly natural for the rejected to buoy up the hopes of the rejected—"birds of a feather," etc, If a letter was received from a saint indorsing a rascal, would that purify the latter and make of him a saint? W. R. Hoole has been a county official since Jan. 12, 1891, up to the present time. His record is made up. The people have made up their minds that this record is not clean enough for them, that they did right in rejecting him two years ago, and propose to repeat the dose with a little more bitter in it this time.

Farmers of Clallam county, do you want to have the next legislature repeal the present obnoxious road law, the burdensome tax law, the iniquitous delinquent tax law, and many others too numerous to mention, and enact good wholesome, equitable laws in their stead, among which are laws to compel railroads to fence their tracks, to reduce their rates of fare and freight; to keep out the Pinkerton thugs; to provide for mine inspection and mine ventilation; to reduce state expenses, cut down excessive salaries and lop off an army of hangers-on who exist for "campaign expenses only"—in short to give us a code of laws clean from all forms of partisanship and jobbery? If you do, vote for Chas. E. Mallette for representative in the state legislature at its next session.

PROMISES.

Promises are one thing; keeping them is another. Mr. Hoole in his speech at Clallam Bay promised the people that he would not sign a single warrant for Mr. Burlingame, in payment for his road building, until the public had passed upon and approved the road—until the road was perfectly satisfactory to them. He returned to Port Angeles in company with Mr. Burlingame and drew Road Bond Fund Warrant No. 415 in favor of E. C. Burlingame for $4,819.50. He well knew that the people were not satisfied with the road; that it is not, as the people believe, built up to the specifications, so to make himself "solid" with the people he promised to stand by them in preventing Burlingame from drawing any money until the road was built as it should be. The above warrant drawn on October 6, 1892, by W. R. Hoole, as deputy auditor, shows how well he keeps his word. Out with such a man! Does he imagine for a moment that the people believe he is not obligated to this man Burlingame? That he is capable of keeping any promise when another has the "cinch" on him as Burlingame has? That he loves the "dear people" better than the man who has been his right hand bower all through his official career in this county?

If he does he may as well dispel such thoughts. The people know him too well to be bribed at this hour by any promises from him. They want a clean man to represent them—one who has never broken his word to a living person, who is a tireless worker and whose whole interests are confined to Clallam county. Such a man is Chas. E. Mallette, whom the people have already chosen for their representative to the next legislature and only wait for the 8th day of November to come around so that their wishes in this matter may be finally registered in C. E. Mallette's favor. On election day write an X after the name of Chas. E. Mallette to express your choice for this important office, and draw a black line across the name of W. R. Hoole to express your indignation and give vent to your feelings.

FOUR ORATORS AT ANGELES.

Charles F. Fishback, of Seattle, addressed the people of Port Angeles Friday evening in advocacy of the Republican party. The women who heard him thought he was just splendid. "He had such a good voice, and pretty eyes, and fine form, and used such flowery language, and—and his arguments were so easy to understand," and some thought he would make a great preacher. A Republican thought he made a good speech, while a Democrat said that two hours was a long time to talk without saying anything, and a Peoples' Partyite remarked that "it might do for babes and sucklings, but for him he wanted something stronger," and he got it when he heard Rev. Clark Braden.

The latter named gentleman addressed a large audience at the Congregational church Friday night and the next night the opera house was packed to hear him denounce the Republican party, and he did it to the king's taste, only being excelled in that line by Mrs. Lease, of Kansas. Since then we have wondered what Braden will do when he gets to heaven and has nothing to talk against. Braden had challenged Fishback to a joint debate the night before but it was not accepted. He said that in the campaign of 1856, when he was a Republican, he had challenged leading Democrats to joint debates on the slavery question and they declined because they knew they were in the wrong and he in the right, and that made them cowards. Now in this campaign he had challenged Congressman John L. Wilson, Col. Eddy and John H. McGraw, but they knew they were in the wrong and he in the right and that made them cowards and they would not debate with him. Although he had been slapping them in the face with challenges for two weeks they did not dare to meet him upon the platform. George Venable Smith offered to debate but Braden declared he would not divide his time with Smith unless the Republican county central committee endorsed him. Braden occupied the pulpit at the Congregational church Sunday morning and preached a Peoples' Party sermon from the Bible, showing that all the prophets were calamity howlers, in the afternoon at the opera house. This last address was rather a poor effort and was received with little favor by the audience because of its tendency toward socialism, even though he claimed to give nothing except passages from the Old and New Testament.

Monday night the Democrats had a blow-out. The speakers were R. W. Starr, of Douglas county, candidate for attorney-general, and Hon. Thomas Carroll, of Tacoma, candidate for congress. Mr. Starr confined himself to state issues but his hearers showed considerable impatience before he finished. In the course of his remarks he asked "who is John H. McGraw?" At this there was continued applause from the Republicans that took the speaker completely by surprise. Thomas Carroll followed in an address that for strength and polish far surpasses any other we have heard in this campaign.

W. S. BUSH FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE.

The electors of Jefferson county may do a great deal worse than electing W. S. Bush to the office of superior judge for their district. His is one of the truly judicial minds of the great Northwest—well versed in all the details of that office, and well read in all branches of the law. He has been connected with some of the great cases that have been passed upon by the supreme courts of the Territory and the State, and the briefs prepared by him in each of them are perfect models, viewed from any standpoint He has been frequently consulted by the attorneys of many of the counties, cities and large corporations on important matters and his opinions have always been full, broad-minded and the points raised in them have always been sustained by the higher courts. He prepared the briefs in the great King County vs. Hill case, which raised and settled many points relative to the liability of bondsmen; the Metcalfe vs. Richie and other like cases; settling the question to the effect that the indexing of deeds and like instruments, and numerous others of very great importance. He prepared the motions and outlined the line of defence in the great case against the city of Port Angeles and one of the points first raised by him in that case was finally sustained by our court as well as the supreme court and the city won.

His sympathies have always been with the poor and being a tireless worker and a man of economic habits he is precisely the man needed at this hour by the people of our neighboring judicial district. He should receive the vote of all, regardless of party.

County Items.

Govnor Teats, Peoples' Party candidate for lieutenant-governor, will address the people of Port Angeles Thursday evening, Oct. 27.

The Farmers Mercantile Co., of which Thos. Malony is now president, are contemplating opening up a branch store at Sequim.—Democrat.

Dungeness school district sold its 20 year 6 per cent. bonds at par on the 12th inst. The issue will be $3,200. Their large two-story school building is nearly finished.—Democrat.

Vessels are no longer compelled to go to Port Townsend for a bill of health. Port Angeles has been granted the privilege of inspecting foreign vessels and issuing certificate of health.

The Colony mill at Angeles is working on timbers for a steamer which will be built there, under the supervision of Mr. E. P. Raymond. The steamer is designed for the Port Angeles-Seattle route and will be completed by March 10th.

The secretary of the board of trade has received a letter from D. C. Ashmun, secretary of the old soldiers colony, saying that about forty more people would come with the excursion which leaves Saginaw Oct. 16, and that everything is in splendid shape for the immense excursion on November 10. Major Harding will return with the one which leaves on the 16th of October.—Tribune-Times.

Dr. I. R. Herrick, city health officer, has been authorized to act as deputy United States quarantine officer of this port, by the United States surgeon-general at Washington. A better selection could scarcely have been made, as Dr. Herrick is a graduate of one of the best medical institutions of the country, and has proved by his professional career in this city that he is thoroughly efficient and very successful as a practitioner. There need be no doubt as to the duties of that office being discharged in a competent manner.—Port Angeles Democrat.

The announcement is made that James Hamilton Lewis, of Seattle, will be a candidate for the United States senate if the Republican opposition have control of the next legislature.

Very well informed people have but little conception of the ten great railways, whose network of rails covers the United States—several of them have a length of more than ten thousand miles each. How these systems came to exist in their present vast dimensions, the territory which they cover, the causes which have led to their development, and their future possibilities and probabilities, will form the subject of a series of papers which will appear in the Cosmopolitan Magazine. The first of this series is by President Plant, the head of the extensive Plant system of railways and steamers, and appears in the October issue of the Cosmopolitan, covering the system of railways east of the Alleghanies and south of the Potomac.

Notice.

All persons knowing themselves indebted to the late R. K. Reynolds will please call at once and settle their accounts to R. Robertson, at the Farmers' Mercantile Co, in Dungeness, who has been appointed collector for the estate, and save further costs.

C. A. Stein,
For the Estate of R. K. Reynolds.

JNO. C. MURPHY.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PORT ANGELES, WASH.

R. C. WILSON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PORT ANGELES, WASH.

DR. E. GEORGE.
DENTIST.
PORT ANGELES, WASH.
Office over Hall's Drug Store.

BENTON EMBREE.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PORT ANGELES, WASH.
Office in Opera House Block.

J. R. THOMSON, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
DUNGENESS, WASH.
Office in Drug Store.

HARLOW & HARLOW.
BRICKLAYERS AND PLASTERERS.
DUNGENESS, WASH.
Chimneys and Mantels a Specialty.

LOUIS WILLIAMS.
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
PORT ANGELES, WASH.
Practice in all courts of the State.

Miss H. C. DRAPER,
Millinery —and— Fancy Goods.
Front Street. PORT ANGELES.

DUNGENESS BRICK YARD
WILDER & CAYS, Proprietors.
Sand Brick a Specialty.
Leave orders at Transfer Barn.
DUNGENESS, - - - - WASH.

Mona's Saloon.
Fresh Bay View Beer always on tap.
Pool and Billiard Room in connection.
T. MONA, Proprietor. A. MONA, Manager.
PORT ANGELES, WASH.

J. O. MORSE,
—DEALER IN—
Groceries, Dry Goods, Hardware and Tinware.
Thompson's Bldg. DUNGENESS.

Washington Abstract Co.
THOS. PENNIMAN, Manager.
PHIL. A. DOLAN, Sec'y & Treas.
Box 262. PORT ANGELES, WASH.

"THE OLD CROW."
This popular resort, of Port Angeles is to be recommended to our Dungeness people. Beverages and lunches are always served with politeness by the congenial host, Mr S. D. Maxwell, well known to our public. A first-class lodging house is in connection with the place.

HART, NICHOLLS & McKENNEY.
Contractors and Builders.
Plans and Specifications furnished and Estimates given.
DUNGENESS, - - - - - WASH.

W. L. CHURCH,
—AGENT FOR—
Phœnix Assurance Co.
American Fire Insurance Co.
DUNGENESS, WASH.

CAYS' HOTEL.
Board and lodging by day and week. Terms reasonable.
ELIAS CAYS, Prop.
DUNGENESS, - - - - WASH.

HALL DRUG CO.
Wholesale and Retail
DRUGGISTS.
Special attention given to Mail Orders.
Port Angeles, Wash.

E. H. McALMOND,
Groceries —and— Provisions
Buy and Sell Farm Produce on Commission.
DUNGENESS, WASH.

P. J. WILLIAMS,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,
Repairing a specialty.
PORT ANGELES, WASH.

Farmers' Mercantile Company,
—DEALERS IN—
GENERAL MERCHANDISE
of Every Description.
Dry Goods, Groceries, Flour and Feed, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hardware and Machinery, of all kinds.
We are agents for Mitchell and Lewis Staver Co. for Clallam county and will keep constantly on hand
CHAMPION MOWERS & REAPERS
THE MITCHELL WAGON
All Kinds of Hay Tools.
We pay the highest prices for produce of all kinds, and are headquarters for
FRESH MEAT, BUTTER AND FRESH EGGS.
We will not be undersold, and if you have cash to spend we can give you bargains.
Goods Delivered at any reasonable point.

C. E. Bell & Co.
Hardware, Groceries, Stoves, Tinware
Buggies, Wagons and all kinds of Implements.
All Kinds of Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, etc.
Call and see Our Prices before going Elsewhere.
Correspondence Solicited.
C. E. BELL & CO.
Front Street. PORT ANGELES.

Notice!
FOR SALE BY THE UNDERSIGNED:
THOROUGHBRED JERSEY COWS AND CALVES.
ADDRESS:
A. U. DAVIS,
Dungeness, Wash.

T. MILLER. A. H. CUMMINGS.
DON'T FORGET THE
DUNGENESS MILL COMPANY
—When in need of—
Lumber,
As We Keep on Hand a Complete Stock of
Rough and Dressed Lumber, Rustic, Flooring, Casing, Window Jambs, Door Jambs, Window Stops, Mouldings and Ceiling, either single or double beaded, Edge Grain Flooring a Specialty.
No extra charge for plowing and rabbeting jambs. Office at the Mill.
Dungeness, - - - - - Wash

—THE—
New York Clothing House
We carry a fine stock of
Clothing, Hats, Caps, Gents' Furnishings, Umbrellas, Rubber Goods, etc., etc.
Don't Forget the Place.
Cor. Laurel and Front Streets. Port Angeles.

F. SCHUELER,
The Leading Merchant Tailor of Angeles.
FIRST-CLASS WORK.
PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.
Port Angeles, - - Wash.

-THE-
Pt. Angeles Steam Laundry
—EMPLOYS ONLY—
WHITE LABOR
—AND—
Will Do Your Work at Reasonable Rates.
WARNER & CO., Proprietors.

The Dungeness Beacon.

DUNGENESS EXPORTS.

The exports of Dungeness are as follows:

	Sacks Wheat	Sacks Potatoes	Sacks Oats	Tons Hay
Shipped to date	2605	1913	1098	68
For week end'g Oct. 13, 1892...	383	84	22	2

Miscellaneous exports to date are as follows: Hogs, 96; Sheep, 4; Butter, 120 boxes; Veal, 32; Beeves, 6; Chickens, 7 boxes; Fruit, 386 boxes; Vegetables, 3 boxes.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Subscribe for the BEACON.

Go to Holden's for fresh Peanuts.

Work will soon commence on the new church.

Miss Annie Dick returned from Seattle Sunday.

Otto Sindars, of Sequim, was in town Tuesday.

Jas. Garrison spent a part of last week in Angeles.

If you want bargains in merchandise of all kinds, call on J. O. Morse. 16tf

Messrs. John and Walter Dyke were in Dungeness Sunday.

R. A. Davis returned from a trip up Sound last Thursday evening.

Work was commenced this week on C. P. Rollins' new store building.

Mr. Jas. A. Smith, of Sequim, was a caller at the BEACON office Wednesday.

Mr. Thos. Evans returned from a visit to relatives at Neah Bay last Saturday.

Mr. B. F. Van Lehn, of Port Angeles, was in Dungeness last Friday evening.

The Farmers Mercantile Co. has a a large stock of dry goods enroute, that will arrive in about a week.

This office received a pleasant call last Wednesday from Mr. D. McInnes, of Sequim.

Born last Saturday afternoon to Mrs. R. R. Harvey, of Texas Valley, a baby daughter.

Simeon Poot has the contract for carrying the mail between the postoffice and the steamer.

Inspector T. N. McBride, of Sequim, was in town Friday, and attended the dance that evening.

Mr. D. W. Bryan, democratic candidate for county attorney, was in this vicinity several days this week.

Two brood mares to trade.
Good shingles, $1.50 per 1000.
H. J. LIPSETT.

Jimmy Harlow, of Angeles, came up this week to work on the Mercantile Company's new building.

Mr. A. Frederickson, who spent last week in Dungeness, left for his home at Port Townsend Sunday evening.

Notices of the "hard times dance" giving an invitation to the people of Angeles have been sent to the papers there.

Mr. Jno E. Malone, who has been in Fern Hill, Wash., for the past two months, returned to Dungeness last Sunday.

A complimentary dance will be given to-night by the Mercantile company in their new store building. Everybody invited.

A postoffice named Forest has been established in Texas Valley, and Mr. J. T. Forrest has received his commission as postmaster.

The Farmers Mercantile Co. has for sale one young mare, cart and harness. Will sell on time with approved security or will trade for produce.

The arrival of the old reliable mail carrier, Mr. Thos. Herd, about ten o'clock each morning will soon be but a memory. He made his last trip Wednesday.

Mr. Cyrus E. Maxfield, of Shuwah, republican candidate for county clerk, arrived in Dungeness Tuesday evening. He is making a visit to this end of the county for the first time.

The Cays Hotel will not be the first brick building in Clallam county, but will be the first brick erected for business purposes. M. Geraghty is erecting a brick residence at Port Angeles, which is now nearly completed.

Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Evans were surprised last Tuesday by the arrival of a nephew, Mr. Len Whittier, of the Quillayute, whom they had not seen for four or five years. Mr. Whittier is well acquainted about Dungeness.

The Farmers Mercantile Co. is headquarters for produce. If you have anything to sell let us know. We pay the highest market prices.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Church left on the Garland for Townsend last Thursday night. Mr. Church went on to Chimacum and returned to Dungeness Monday. Mrs. Church remained in Townsend visiting friends for a few days.

The Farmers' Mercantile Co. contemplate building a steamer designed especially for the trade of Dungeness and vicinity. Now that this company is about to open a branch store at Sequim, there seems to be a necessity for something of the kind. What is needed is a vessel of considerable freight capacity, suitable for transporting hay, potatoes, wheat, and when the season for these has passed, then shingles and lumber which may be manufactured here and in Port Angeles in unlimited quantities. Clallam county will eventually become the chief commercial county of the state and her carrying trade should be controlled by her own people.

Mr. Wm. Redwine, democratic candidate for assessor, visited the BEACON office yesterday.

Frank Chambers was nominated last Saturday as an independent candidate for county commissioner in the Port Angeles district. The other candidates are A. O'Brien, R. N. Wilson and F. J. Hart.

A few improvements about town are badly needed. A sidewalk on at least one side of the street would be a great convenience. A few street lights would in a great measure dispel the gloom which hovers over our little city after nighfall. Our merchants and property owners can combine and put in these necessary improvements at a moderate expense to each. Why not do it?

New stock of Candy, Cigars and Tobacco just received at Holden's. 4tf

Interesting Church Services.

Harvest Home services were held in the M. E. church at the old town last Sunday evening and were enjoyed by a good-sized attendance. The program of exercises was substantially the same as that rendered at Sequim on the 7th inst. The songs and recitations by the children were excellent and it was evident that they had been well drilled in their parts. The church was appropriately decorated with evergreen and products of the farm adorned the windows and a large stand near the door.

Go You One Better.

Some time ago there was an article in the BEACON about a sheaf of oats measuring seven feet. Miss A. Miller brought a sheaf of oats from Geo. Lamb's ranch which measured eight feet three inches. Can the BEACON beat that?—Clallam Bay Correspondent in Tribune-Times.

We hasten to explain that when the item regarding the oats was published in the BEACON they had not yet attained their full growth. At the present writing the oats are so high that not a fence or building on the farm can be seen from the road and the sawmill here is running overtime getting out timbers to prop up the stalks which are rapidly becoming topheavy. [SEAL]

Friday Night's Dance.

The dance given by Mark Miner and Geo. Rollins last Friday night in the Colony hall was attended by a large number of dancers who thoroughly enjoyed the occasion. The music was excellent and the floor was in good condition, two features which all dancers know how to appreciate. At twelve o'clock supper was served at the Cays Hotel and dancing was resumed and kept up until the early hours.

Quite a large delegation from Sequim were in attendance and seemed imbued with the intention of having a good time. Among the visitors were Mrs. Jas. Bell, Mrs. T. N. McBride, Mrs. H. Sindars; Misses Nettie Jacobs, Ida Sindars, Maggie Brown, Elsie Ware, Maud Grant and Miss Rogers, of Washington Harbor; Messrs. A. B. Dorsey, W. B. Main, H. J. Bugge, Herman Sindars and Bert Smith.

Dig Up Your Old Clothes.

The "hard times" party will be held on Friday night, October 28th, at the hall of the Transfer Company, and a big attendance is expected. Invitations will not be printed as at first announced but a general invitation is extended to all through the columns of the BEACON. It will be expected that the dancers will come dressed in their old clothes; the more poverty-stricken the outfit the more appropriate it will be. Dancers of both sexes will be allowed to wear hats if they wish, as the head gear is often the most conspicuous portion of the wearing apparel.

There will be no end of fun that night and all should enter into the spirit of the affair and attire themselves as requested. The hall will be decorated and all arrangements for the comfort of the guests made. The gentleman having the most ridiculous costume will be awarded a plug of "Climax,' and the lady with the most picturesque outfit will receive a pound of tea.

He Likes the Dungeness Country.

Capt. J. A. Monroe, of the tug Ranier, was ashore here Sunday and Monday. The tug was waiting here for a tow and the Captain took advantage of the opportunity to see some of the country of which he had heard so much. He took a drive with H. J. Lipsett over much of the farming section and is enthusiastic in his praise of the region traversed.

He said: "I have often heard stories of the abundant crops, rich soil, and the wonderful fertility of the Dungeness river bottom, all of which I listened to with the impression that the statements were a pack of exaggerations, and determined if ever the opportunity presented to take a trip over the country and see for myself. I have had this opportunity, through the courtesy of Mr. Lipsett, and to say that I am astonished at the amount of farming land here and the great productiveness of that in cultivation would hardly express my surprise. Many times I have passed Dungeness and noticed a few farms along the beach and supposed that they and a few others back in the woods comprised the entire settlement, so you can well imagine my amazement on this trip to rapidly pass farm after farm for miles, some with a large amount of clearing done and others with only a beginning. We reached Sequim prairie after a hour's drive and which was a spot I took a great interest in. What a chance for a man of means! I should like to have the money to buy the entire prairie. If irrigated, it would be the garden spot of your country, and I am informed it could be irrigated by tapping the river some three miles up stream. To take the Dungeness country all through I am much pleased with it and predict that when opened up thoroughly it will be a farming region second to none in the west."

When asked what he thought of our harbor the Captain said: You have a fine harbor with as good anchorage as any harbor on the coast. The only drawback to your harbor is the immense tide flat which forces boats to land so far from shore and necessitates the building of such exceedingly long wharves. Notwithstanding the large flat there is as much if not more anchorage ground than in Port Angeles harbor, and is equally well protected."

The Captain has a number of friends in the east who wish to come west and he intends to give them a description of this section with the recommendation that they settle here.

Mail Changes.

On Wednesday, the long expected improvement in our mail service took effect. The Garland now lands mail for Dungeness at our dock here instead of at Port Williams, and the mail route between Port Williams and this place, overland, has been abolished. Dungeness now receives mail direct from Townsend and Angeles, instead of its being delayed from eighteen to twenty-four hours at Port Williams as has been the case heretofore and which has caused no little annoyance to our merchants.

The mail for Sequim and Rena is now carried direct to those places from Port Williams. As soon as the new road to Texas Valley is put through a mail route should be established between Dungeness and the new postoffice, Forest. It is understood that a proposition is made to establish a route between that office and Port Angeles, but it is hardly probable that the government would endorse such an idiotic piece of business, as a route to Port Townsend would be about as short.

Mr. H. J. Bugge, of Port Williams, has just received his commission as postmaster at that place, vice C. C. Bowman, resigned.

Halloween Social.

There will be a Social given in the Colony hall, Monday, Oct. 31st; at 7 p.m., under the auspices of the Ladies Aid Society of Dungeness. Admission at the door will be seventy-five cents per couple or forty centy cents for one, and twenty-five cents for children under twelve. The price of admission will include an elaborate chicken supper, apples, nuts, etc. Games suitable to Halloween will be indulged in, including an apple and doughnut contest, in which prizes will be given to the winners. A good time is guaranteed and all are cordially invited to attend.

WANTED—BEEF CATTLE.

I am prepared to purchase any number of beef cattle and hides, at market price, which can be brought for sale. I will pay for same either with cash or goods. I am selling goods now almost at cost, and can give you bargains that cannot be found elsewhere.

16tf J. O. MORSE.

When You Visit Port Angeles

Drop in at the Missouri Oak and spend your leisure time. Dungeness people are always welcomed by the genial proprietor, "Dave" Crockett, who keeps on hand the finest wines, liquors and cigars it is possible to obtain. tf

BEES FOR SALE.

On receipt of $5.00 will ship to any address in good order a colony in good condition. 100 per cent. profit in the business if properly handled.
R. H. BALLINGER, Port Townsend, Wash.

County Road Notice.

Notice is hereby given that there will be a petition at the next meeting of the board of County Comissioners of Clallam county for the establishment of a forty-foot-wide county road as follows:

Commencing where the road from the saw mill connects with the road to Dungeness and Sequim near the residence of L. H Cays, in Sec. 1, Twp. 30 N. of R. 4 West; and proceeding in a southwesterly direction to the section line which divides Sections 1 and 2, Twp. 30 N. R. 4 W.; thence along said section line as nearly as possible until river near the base line is reached; thence along the river until the bridge at David Duncan's place is reached, there to terminate.

This road to be built as straight as possible and with the least grade, and ending at a point where the bridge crosses the Dungeness River near or on the land of W. P. Horner and David Duncan. H. J. LIPSETT AND OTHERS.

Dated, Sept 23, 1892. 16

Administrator's Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of sale made and entered by the Superior Court of Clallam county, state of Washington, on the 24th day of September, 1892, in the matter of the estate of James Heard, deceased, the undersigned, administrator of the said estate, will sell at public auction, subject to confirmation by said court, the following described real estate, to-wit:

Lots numbered 1 to 30 inclusive in block numbered 1; lots numbered 1 to 13 inclusive and 20 to 32 inclusive in block numbered 2; lots numbered 1 to 32 inclusive in block numbered 3; lots numbered 1 to 30 inclusive in block numbered 4; lots numbered 1 to 30 inclusive in block numbered 5; lots numbered 1 to 32 inclusive in block numbered 6; lots numbered 1 to 32 inclusive in block numbered 7; lots numbered 1 to 30 inclusive in block numbered 8; lots numbered 1 to 11 inclusive in block numbered 9; and lots numbered 1 to 13 inclusive in block numbered 10; all in Beacon Hill Addition to Port Angeles, according to the plat of said addition recorded at page 72 of Volume 3 of plats of said county, in the office of the county auditor of said county, the said Beacon Hill Addition comprising the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of Sec. 14, in Township 30 north of Range 6 west, in said Clallam county.

Said sale will be made on

Saturday, the 29th day of October, 1892,

at 11 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, at the front door of the court room of said Superior Court, at the court house of said Clallam county, in the city of Port Angeles, in said county.

Terms of sale: Cash.

Dated, October 1st, 1892.

R. P. WALLIS,
Administrator of the estate of James Heard, deceased, by R. C. Wilson, his attorney.

First Publication, Oct. 7, 1892. 16-4t

Notice.

IN THE Superior Court of Clallam County, State of Washington,

In the matter of the estate of IVORY F. MERCHANT, Deceased. } Notice of final settlement and of hearing of petition for distribution.

Notice is hereby given that Martha E. Merchant, administratrix of the estate of Ivory F. Merchant, deceased, has rendered and presented for settlement to, and filed in the Superior Court of Clallam county, State of Washington, her final account as such administratrix, and her petition for the distribution of said estate, and that

Monday, the 7th day of November, A. D. 1892,

at 10 o'clock a. m., at the court room of our said Superior Court, in the city of Port Angeles, in said Clallam county, has been duly appointed by our said Superior Court for the settlement of the said final account, and for the hearing of said petition for distribution, at which time and place any person interested in said estate may appear and file his exceptions in writing to the said final account, and contest the same, and oppose said petition for distribution.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior court this 1st day of August, 1892.

SEAL. WILLIAM K. CLARK, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court.

R. C. Wilson, attorney for Administratrix.
Date first publication, Oct. 7, 1892. 16-5t

Dungeness, Port Angeles and Neah Bay Route.

THE FAST AND RELIABLE STEAMER

GARLAND

Leaves Tyler Street Dock, Pt. Townsend,

—FOR—

Dungeness, Pt. Angeles and Neah Bay

AND way ports, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:30 a. m., arriving at Dungeness at 11 a. m. Returning on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday arrives at Port Townsend at 9:30 a. m. Calling both ways at Dungeness, Port Williams, Port Crescent, Pysht, Gettysburg and Clallam Bay. Leaves Port Townsend for Dungeness and Port Angeles every Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday at 11 a. m Returning same day, leaves Port Angeles at 4 p. m. For passage or freight apply on board.

FOR SALE!
PURE BRED STOCK

Cottswold and Shropshire Rams. Also Pure Bred Ewe Lambs and Stock Sheep.

SWEENY BROS.
Friday Harbor, Wash.

THE ALICE HOUSE.
M. V. ALBRIGHT, Prop.

Neatly Furnished Rooms at from 25 to 50 Cents per night.

—Front St., Between Oak and Cherry—

PORT ANGELES - - - - - WASH.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF PORT ANGELES, WASH.

Capital - - - - - - - $50,000

President . . . . . W. W GRAY.
Vice President . . . D. W. MORSE.
Cashier . . . . . C. P. BROWN.

DIRECTORS—F. M. Wade, D. W. Morse, W. W. Gray, David Gilmore, Lewis Levy, Frank Chambers, Sr., C. P. Brown.

The Only National Bank in Clallam County.

Transacts a general banking business. Accounts of farmers, stockmen, merchants and others solicited. Fire-proof vault for use of customers.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits.

MERCHANTS BANK
OF PORT TOWNSEND, WASH.

Capital and Surplus - - - $100,000

President . . . . WM. M. LADD
Vice President . . . N. C. STRONG
Cashier . . . . . C. F. SEAL

Transacts a General Banking Business. Interest allowed on time deposits; collections made at all points on favorable terms; sells exchange on London, Paris, Berlin and all principal cities of Europe. Correspond with Ladd & Tilton, Portland, Or.; Dexter, Horton & Co., Seattle; Bank of California, San Francisco; Nat. Park Bank, N. Y. City.

Farmers, merchants and the public generally are invited to transact their business with us.

L. ROCKMAN,

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

Cigars and Tobaccos.

Agent for the Lion and Imperial Insurance Co.'s of London.

PORT ANGELES, - - - - WASH.

SING HI.

CHINESE LAUNDRY

Washing done at reasonable rates and in the best manner.

Laundry in tent near the Island.

BED ROCK AT LAST!!

Now for an upward move in prices of Port Angeles Real Estate.

The Puget Sound Co-operative Colony offer at low prices and on easy payments 40 lots in the N. R. Smith; 46 in its own Subdivision, and 100 lots in Edgewood.

Office in Colony Block.

Port Angeles, - - - - - Wash.

DUNGENESS LAND EXCHANGE.

Parties wishing a Good Home and an Easy Living Should Come

—TO—

DUNGENESS.

Land that will raise such crops to the acre as Potatoes. 500 bus.; Wheat, 100 bus.; Oats, 115 bus.; is yet to be had.

FOR SALE:

65 acres land near Dungeness River, Reasonable terms, good house, well, barn, orchard, &c.

Here is where the immigration to Clallam county should look to for a profitable farm on a few acres.

Land in all parts of the county for sale.

An improved ranch of 160 acres between Port Angeles and Port Crescent can be bought cheap.

Improvements on 160 acres near Lost Mountain road, and many other bargains.

Parties wanting to sell any land will profit by listing it with me, as letters are received every day or so from Eastern people wanting to move here to live.

All communications promptly answered.

Notary Public. Agent Northwest Fire and Marine Insurance Company.

H. J. LIPSETT, Real Estate Broker.

Port Angeles Traffic and Transfer Company.

Livery, Feed and Sale Stables.

STABLE ON MORSE'S WHARF.

General Teaming of all Descriptions.

Agents for Studebaker Wagons. PORT ANGELES.

J. M. MAGGART,

—DEALER IN—

New and Second Hand Goods of All Kinds.

FURNITURE A SPECIALTY.

Only Second Hand Store in Clallam County.

Agent for Sewing Machines and School Furniture.

Port Angeles, - - - - - - Wash.

R. A. DAVIS,

—DEALER IN—

Dry Goods and Groceries, Boots and Shoes,

AND A GENERAL LINE OF

MERCHANDISE,

—ALSO—

MACHINERY and a full line of FARMING IMPLEMENTS.

We hereby respectfully invite the attention of the people of Dungeness and the public generally to the prices and quality of the stock we are now showing. We are shelving new goods daily. We advocate the Cash System and hold out special inducements for Cash. Careful attention given to orders for goods not carried by us.

Call and See Us.

Dungeness, - - - Wash.

Board of Trade Saloon.

F. J. Ward, Prop.

Best assortment of Wines, Liquors and Cigars, etc., always on hand.

Billiard Table and Private Room in Connection.

Groveland Ave. - - Dungeness

Burch's Bazaar.

Fancy Goods, Wall Paper, Fishing Tackle, Crockery, Stationery.

Dungeness people should give this establishment a call, when in Angeles.

Front Street, PORT ANGELES.

THE NEW YORK
BOOT & SHOE HOUSE

Is the only exclusive Boot and Shoe House in Clallam County.

Goods Sold at New York Prices.

New line of dancing pumps just received.

J. I. Kirschberg & Co.

PORT ANGELES, - - - WASH.

Dungeness Transfer Co.

Conveyances to and from all steamers

Freight delived and Teaming done on short notice.

Office at end of dock.

FOR SALE!

—AT—

BROOK FARM DAIRY

One pair Geldings, 4 and 5 years old, well broken.

One full blood Holstein Bull, calved July 9, 1891.

Holstein Grade Bull Calves.

Jersey Grade Bull Calves from Extra Good Holstein Grade Cows.

Also 20 young Cows.

The above will be sold cheap for Cash or Approved Notes.

HALL DAVIS.

STEAMER

Monticello

—ON—

Pt. Angeles, Pt. Townsend, Dungeness and Seattle ROUTE.

TIME CARD:

GOING WEST—Daily, Except Monday.

Leaves	SEATTLE	7.00 A. M.
"	PORT TOWNSEND	10.30 A. M.
"	DUNGENESS	12.20 P. M.
Arrives	PORT ANGELES	2.00 P. M.

GOING EAST—Daily, Except Monday.

Leaves	PORT ANGELES	2.30 P. M.
"	DUNGENESS	5.00 P. M.
"	PORT TOWNSEND	7.00 P. M.
Arrives	SEATTLE	10.30 P. M.

Close connections at Seattle with the Steamer Bailey Gatzert for Tacoma and Olympia.

Meals on Board.

HATCH BROS.

THE RIGHT WILL RIGHT ITSELF.

When overcome with anxious fears,
And moved with passion strong,
Because the right seems losing ground
And everything goes wrong,
How oft does admonition say:
"Put trouble on the shelf;
Truth will outlive the liars' day,
And Right will right itself!"

By all the triumphs of the past,
By all the victories won,
The good achieved, the progress made
Each day, from sun to sun;
In spite of artful ways employed
By perfidy or pelf,
Of one thing we can rest assured,
The Right will right itself!

Unshaken in our faith and zeal,
'Tis ours to do and dare,
To find the place we best can fill,
And serve our Maker there;
For he is only brave who thus
Puts trouble on the shelf,
And trusts in God, for by His aid
The Right will right itself.

—New York Ledger.

How Mechanics Are Made Now.

"The way in which men learn trades in this age of the world," said a man who has made a study of the subject, "is at variance with the way they used to learn. In the old times when a man went to a trade he began and mastered it piece at a time. And by and by he could make whatever he was working upon entire. I know a man who works in a watch factory. He has been there eleven years, and all he knows is how to make a balance wheel. Aside from that he knows no more about the mechanism of a watch than a man who never saw one.

"Another man I know works in a wagon factory. He works on hubs. Nothing else. Another man works on spokes, another on the tongue, and so on, but not one of them knows how to put up a wagon as a whole. The result is if one section of the labor in a large factory goes on a strike it throws the whole shop out of balance. What affects a part affects the whole. Labor has made great strides in the last twenty years. This thing of teaching one mechanic one thing and another something else was wisely schemed by somebody. By it, if the plan continues, the mechanic will soon be master of the situation."—Chicago Tribune.

A Singular Man.

One of the most remarkable human curiosities ever seen has just been examined by M. de Quatrefages, the French naturalist. He is a Provincial, named Simeon Aiguier, and is 30 years old. Aiguier, thanks to his peculiar system of muscles and nerves, can transform himself in most wondrous fashion. He has very properly dubbed himself "L'Homme-Protee." At one moment, assuming the rigidity of a statue, his body may be struck sharply, the blows falling as on a block of stone. At another he moves his intestines from above and below and right to left into the form of a large football, and projects it forward, which gives him the appearance of a colossally stout personage.

He then withdraws it into the thorax, opening like a cave, and the hollow look of his body immediately reminds one of a skeleton. Aiguier successfully imitates a man subjected to the tortures of the rack, as also a man hanging himself, and assumes a striking cadaverous look. What most astonished M. de Quatrefages was the stoppage of the circulation of the blood, now on the left and now on the right side, which was effected by muscular contraction.—Christian at Work.

The Only "Mayflower" He Knew Of.

I heard a curious imposition which was practised by a Bostonian of yachting proclivities upon a friend from New York, whose knowledge of yachts, and indeed seagoing vessels generally, was limited to the barest acquaintance with their general characteristics. The two friends were on the steamer Puritan, of the Fall River line, and as they were admiring the delicate decorations in white and gold that are such an improvement on the old time methods of cabin ornamentation for such craft, the Bostonian called the other's attention to the painted vessel that stands out against a glowing sunset above the stairway in the main saloon, and has upon the canvas the word "Mayflower."

As every visitor with nautical or historic knowledge is aware, this vessel is the Mayflower of our Pilgrim ancestors. But the fun loving Bostonian called his friend's attention to it as a representation of the famous yacht that carried off the honors for the old Puritan town, and was naturally amused when his suggestion was taken in earnest, qualified only by the remark, "I don't see how such a lubberly looking craft could have won a race."—Boston Post.

Pathetic Smiling.

"Are you quite well, Jennie?" asked an anxious mother, who had reached her daughter's home to find it invaded by scarlet fever.

"Yes, dear, except that my face aches."

"Your face? From your teeth?"

"No, mamma, from smiling. You see, not only are the children sick, but the water pipes have burst, there's a church quarrel to be settled, I've scorched the front of my new cashmere, and Alfred has had so many headaches this week that he couldn't write his sermon. So you see things have been so very disheartening that I've been obliged to smile in order not to cry."—Youth's Companion.

The Sulphur Cure.

The "sulphur cure" for diphtheria has been extensively published by the press, and has some medical indorsement. Sulphur may be good for diphtheria, but it certainly would not be safe to inhale the fumes of burning sulphur. A deadly agent—sulphurous acid gas—is thus generated, the inhalation of which would almost inevitably prove fatal.—Exchange.

Ozone is now produced by a new electrical process, the details of which are not given. It is stated that it is extracted from the atmosphere instead of direct from oxygen, as formerly. The hygienic and commercial value of the new invention, should it prove successful, cannot easily be estimated.

UNDERSTOOD POLITICAL ECONOMY.

"It Takes a Woman to Scheme," She Said, as She Heard Him Snore.

When Fitzboodle came home that night he sunk into a chair and said:

"Maria, I have lost my job."

"Is it possible?" exclaimed the woman.

"It is, Maria, and with only ten dollars in cash things look pretty black."

"Yes," said the woman vaguely.

"It is the ten dollars I gave you this morning, Maria; you know I told you at the time it was all I had in the world. You are so good to me, Maria; you keep my money so well."

"Yes," she said feebly.

"I feel dreadful," he went on. "Do you know, as I passed the grocer's he glared at me like mad. We owe him thirteen dollars, and have promised to settle eleven times now."

"Oh, that's all right," said the woman, brightening. "Why, when I was in there at 5 o'clock he smiled and was so pleasant sugar wouldn't melt in his mouth. He told me to order a big bill of goods at any time."

"You are crazy, Maria! And then the doctor. Why, I ran plump into him as I turned the corner; he shot me a savage look as much as to say, 'Humph, I think it is about time you cashed up!' Maria, I am a ruined man!"

"Oh, no, Charlie. Why, when I met the doctor on the avenue at 3 o'clock he bowed like a prince and came over and shook my hand and said I never looked more charming in my life. I am sure we can stand him off another three months."

"You are clean mad, Maria. And then the landlord. How he snapped his teeth as I passed him in the hall leading to this flat only a few moments ago."

"Why, if you mean dear Mr. Trotter, the owner of the property, why, my dear fellow, he is as sweet and good as you could wish. Why, this afternoon he came in and said he would get us new curtains, fix up the cellar, repaper the halls and fix the plumbing in the kitchen. We can hold him off half the summer, I believe."

"You are clean crazy, woman! I never heard of such a thing. Give me that ten dollars till I go down and give half to the grocer and half"——

"I—I haven't it!"

"What?"

"I—I spent it."

"Spent it? How dare you? And the last money I had in this world."

"Oh, cheer up, Charlie. I took the ten dollars and bought that lovely new hat you promised me. I wore it out on the avenue all afternoon. Everybody who saw me said: 'My stars! why, old Fitzboodle must be making lots of cash, for if there isn't his wife all togged out in the latest millinery, with gloves to match!' The effect was like a charm, Charlie. I knew you had lost your place, and I did it as an act of policy. When I called on the tradespeople they all acted the same as the people on the avenue. Now go to bed, dear, and never again say I do not know all about political economy!"

"Never," he said, falling into her arms.

"Oh, it takes a woman to scheme!" she ejaculated, as she heard him snoring half an hour later.—New York Recorder.

A Strange Animal.

A useful South American animal is the kinkajou, which, as the dictionary will tell you, is a procyoniform quadruped with a protrusile tongue and a prehensile tail. Under ordinary circumstances if you were to meet a kinkajou in the street you would look for an Italian with a hand organ, though I should be inclined to look for a policeman, because I know how unpleasant the animal can be, particularly in the fruit season, for the kinkajou loves fruit and eats all he can find. The chief reason for asserting that the kinkajou is useful is that in addition to his fondness for fruit he has a great liking for insects for lunch, and when tamed is a valuable assistance in southern homes, where flypaper is unknown and where a mosquito net is more expensive than a silk dress.

It has always seemed strange to me that some enterprising person has not imported a few thousand of these insect eaters from South America for use in North American summer hotels. They could not cost more than $100 a dozen, and many people would rather pay that amount than spend the night with a swarm of mosquitoes and unprovided with means of defense against them.—Harper's Young People.

A Competent Teacher.

The London Times once contained an advertisement for an assistant "capable of teaching the classics as far as Homer and Virgil." Among the answers received was this delightful specimen: "Sir—With reference to the advertisement which was inserted in The Times newspaper a few days since respecting a school assistant, I beg to state that I should be happy to fill that situation; but as most of my friends reside in London, and not knowing how far Homer and Virgil is from town, I beg to state that I should not like to engage to teach the classics farther than Hammersmith or Turnham Green, or at the very utmost distance farther than Brentford. Awaiting your reply, I am sir, etc."

The Highland Pipers.

The Highland pipers have always been noted for bravery in action. At Porto Novo the Seventy-first's piper played with such good will that Sir Eyre Coote called out, "Well done, my brave fellow; you shall have a pair of silver pipes for this!" At Vimiero a piper unable to walk coolly sat down and played, "Up and war them a', Willie," for which the Highland society afterward presented him with a set of pipes.—Cornhill Magazine.

Where Population Is Densest.

The denest population of the earth—over 400 to the square mile—is confined to Java, China, Japan, northeastern and southwestern portions of India, England, parts of France and Belgium, the Nile valley, Italy, Portugal, a small strip of Germany and a small section in the vicinity of New York and Boston.—Chicago Tribune.

Is the 29th of February a Day?

The question whether the 29th of February is legally a day or not has lately been presented to the courts of Indiana. There is authority in that state to the effect that the 28th and 29th of February are to be counted as one day; but when the supreme court so decided it had not examined an ancient English statute concerning leap year, passed in the twenty-third year of Henry III, which bears upon the subject. Accordingly, in the case to which we refer, the judge determined to consider the question de novo, and he came to the conclusion that the 29th of February must be regarded as a day in the contemplation of the law, at least, as much as any other, and must be reckoned in the legal computation of time where days are considered.

"Is the man who works on Feb. 28 and 29 to have pay for one day only?" he asks. "Has a judgment rendered on Feb. 28 no priority as a lien over one rendered on Feb. 29? Could a man sentenced to be hung on Feb. 29 be legally executed on Feb. 28?" Of course not. The confusion on the subject has evidently arisen from statutes treating of the entire year as a whole. Thus, there is a provision in the Revised Statutes of New York that whenever the term "year" or "years" shall be used in any law sentence, contract or instrument of writing the year intended shall be taken to consist of 365 days, a half year 182 days, a quarter of a year 91 days, and "the added day of a leap year and the day immediately preceding, if they shall occur in any period so computed, shall be reckoned together as one day."—St. Louis Republic.

A Very Good Dog Story.

The following dog story is absolutely true, the occurrence having come under the observation of the physician at Old Orchard and related to the attorney upon honor: An intelligent dog was afflicted by fleas. They clouded his existence, if we may believe appearances, since four-fifths of the time the intelligent dog was tied up in a double bow knot fighting the smaller and less intelligent but more nimble flea. He had chewed the hair from his sides, and his eye was lackluster. The mangy canine decided to take a bath in the waves of the ocean, and in doing so discovered that as the sea water heightened upon his legs and sides and back the fleas fled before it as ever the wicked flee.

Soon after the dog was seen backing out into water, a smile growing over his countenance as an idea took possession of him. He was next seen with a huge wad of cotton in his mouth. With this lifted aloft he backed out. The fleas crawled higher as the sea water rose about him. They occupied his back and then his head, made uncomfortable as they were by the salt water. Then at last, as the dog's head sank very slowly beneath the waves, the multitude vacated it, jumping to the wad of cotton that was floating just at the dog's nose. The fleas floated away forever on the fickle wad of cotton, while the dog swam ashore, to be forever embalmed in history by the story of the doctor and the lawyer and the newspaper.—Christian at Work.

Exercise in Heart Disease.

The fact is well known that Oertel, the distinguished German writer, has warmly advocated for certain forms of functional heart trouble not rest, but active exercise, such as mountain climbing. In pursing this practice, however, the utmost care is found necessary, and the distance to be covered is of course regulated for each patient; and as its object is to strengthen the heart muscle and promote the circulation, and as only healthy arteries can stand the strain, such treatment is of course contra-indicated in atheroma.

Formerly the detection by physical diagnosis of a heart murmur was regarded as a grave fact, an adverse conclusion being at once arrived at without sufficiently considering the other signs and symptoms. Such cases, it is found, often do well with exercise and outdoor life. Again, in fatty degeneration, the heart in a young person can stand a moderate amount of exercise and undoubtedly be strengthened, but it is in fatty infiltration or fatty overgrowth that the judicious use of exercise does great good—the general diet in such case to be regulated, and the general obesity which usually exists to be removed, by a depleting diet. Some German physicians in their city practice recommend stair climbing when mountain climbing is not feasible.—New York Tribune.

No Flats for Rent.

Young Man—I am to be married in about a month, and I'm looking for a home. What is the rent of these flats?

Janitor—Hum! Did the girl you intend to marry ever have a mother?

"A mother? Certainly."

"A grandmother?"

"Of course."

"Hem! Let me see. Did that grandmother have a daughter?"

"Why, yes."

"And did the daughter have a daughter?"

"Great snakes! Of course."

"Very sorry, sir; but I can't rent one of these fine flats to people like that. I'm afraid having children runs in the family."—New York Weekly.

Won't Stay Dead.

A New York state man named Peterson disappeared about twenty years ago, and after about seven years he was adjudged dead and his estate divided. Then he turned up and raised a row, and after a year disappeared again. This time they waited ten years, but he turned up again, and now he has gone for a third time and they don't know what to do about it.—Detroit Free Press.

A Wise Youth.

One day T., aged 3 years and 9 months, said to Jack, aged 2 years, "Jack, do you know what knowledge is?" "No, indeed," said Jack. "I don't either," was the reply; then after a few minutes, "Jack, you will never amount to anything if you don't know what knowledge is."—Babyhood.

DUNGENESS THE BEAUTIFUL!

The Most Prosperous Place on the Sound and the Center of the

RICHEST ∴ FARMING ∴ COUNTRY

—IN—

WASHINGTON.

Located on the Straits of Juan de Fuca, Midway Between Seattle and the Pacific Ocean.

DUNGENESS

IS CELEBRATED THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE NORTHWEST FOR ITS fertile soil, producing immense crops of wheat, oats, barley, hay, potatoes and vegetables of every description.

Dairying is a very prominent industry in this region, the soil producing the finest grass in the world for this purpose, rivaling the celebrated dairying districts of England.

Fruits of all kinds suited to this climate yield in abundance.

As a resort for the pleasure-seeker and sportsman it cannot be excelled. The drives are delightful, and beautiful groves along the Dungeness river provide fine spots for picnic and camping parties. This river also furnishes unrivaled sport for the angler, while the country abounds in game, from the quail, grouse and duck in the lowlands to the deer, elk and bear found in the mountains, a few miles distant.

The new town of DUNGENESS, only a few months old, is situated on Dungeness Bay, at the mouth of the Dungeness river, having a $12,000 wharf, at which several steamers land daily, directly to and from Seattle, Port Townsend and Port Angeles. A fine new hotel provides accommodations for guests. Educational advantages are of the best; a new schoolhouse, to cost $2,500, is now in process of erection. A neat church building provides a place of worship for a flourishing congregation. Daily mails and a telegraph station furnish speedy communication with all points.

The scenery at this point is superb. Charming views on water and on land meet the eye, and furnish a paradise for the artist.

The climate of DUNGENESS is one of the most pleasant and healthful in the world.

THE GROVELAND IMPROVEMENT COMPANY

⋈ OF DUNGENESS, WASH. ⋈

—OWNERS OF THE—

Dungeness ∴ Townsite,

—OFFER YOU—

Special -:- Inducements -:- to -:- Come -:- Here

—AND—

PLANT YOUR HOME.

The lots are large, level, all cleared, and prices and terms very reasonable.
For further particulars address the President or Secretary.

W. L. Church, President,

DUNGENESS, WASHINGTON.

C. F. SEAL, Manager, J. A. CAMPBELL, Secretary and Treasurer,

PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON.