The Land Belongs in Usufruct to the Living.---Jefferson.

The Commonwealth.

I am for a Protection which Leads to Ultimate Free Trade.---Garfield.

FREE TRADE! FREE LAND! FREE MEN!

Vol. 5, No. 12. PORT ANGELES, WASH. TER., FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889. $1.00 Per Annum.

THE COMMONWEALTH,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to the Interests of Clallam County and the Cause of Labor.

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS

—AT—

PORT ANGELES, CLALLAM COUNTY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, U. S. A.

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 5, 1889.

The Commonwealth is sent this week to a large number of persons in Clallam County and elsewhere, in the hope that they will appreciate our motives and whether they agree with our views or not, will give us, by subscribing, a chance at least to make ourselves understood. To those who live in Clallam County, we would say, that your interests are our interests and that nothing so aids in building up a county as a live and aggressive newspaper and, to that end, in helping us you are helping yourselves.

MORE SETTLERS TO BE EVICTED.

It has been decided by Judge Brown that the holdings of 5,000 settlers along the line of the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railroad belong to the railroad company, having been granted to it by the government in alternate sections. The settlers have been in occupancy. 10 years and made many improvements.—Ex.

According to law the land belongs to the railroad company, so when called upon the Government will send troops to assist in evicting these settlers who have by ten years settlement and improvement made these lands valuable. It may be law, but it is an outrage never-the-less. When a few families in Ireland are evicted from rented land the Satanic press of our glorious country raise an indignant howl against Old England and her cruel landlords, but free (?) America and her cruel land owners can commit outrages a hundred times worse with perhaps an Associated Press dispatch, but rarely ever a word of comment. It merely goes to show that the aforesaid indignant howl is for political purposes alone; that the capitalistic press is run for revenue only, and that it pays best to advocate "law and order so called."

If the press would join for this suppression these outrages would not re-occur. If the railroads had any rights that the Government is bound to respect, let it take some of its surplus millions and pay the Company for the land, at the value it had when the bill was lobbied through Congress, that gave it to them and stole it from the people. But the Press could'nt think of following so suicidal a course. It is not in their line, and it is not popular, you know.

YOU DO,—DO YOU?

Now that the election is over and the republican party that created the tariff, can modify it, we want free lumber. We want free salt. We want free sugar. We want free rice. We want the tariff on everything reduced as much as possible and still keep the American loom and furnace and work shop and mine in full blast and motion. Protect American labor but not to the disaster of the American consumer. Protection is good but to make it fair and conomical it should be felt at both ends of the line.—Fremont Neb., Flail.

But wanting is one thing and getting, another. Remember that lumber trusts and salt mine owners were staunch republicans, and they with other trusts and pools will soon control the government. Their interests must and will then be cared for. The *Flail* worked hard for the success of that party, and should be satisfied with the result without asking, much less expecting, such modifications in our glorious tariff laws.

It shows again, that the cry of "Protection to American Industries" was a fraud, and raised for political purposes.

How the Protected Monopolist must have smiled to see his poor dupes, riveting the chains of bondage stronger on themselves.

The poor dupes don't see it yet, but later on their eyes will be opened!

THE NEW CAMPAIGN.

The "Single Tax Enrollment Committee." issued an address in the Standard of Dec. 15th which all believers and workers in the cause should read. The objects of the committee are as follows;

1. To promote among the advocates of the single tax, in all parts of the United States, unity of purposes and action in the work of furthering our principles.

2. To continue and enlarge the existing enrollment of the friends of our movment, by circulating a petition to congress, looking to legislation that will pave the way for the abolition of all federal taxes on the products of industry.

3. To carry on an active propaganda in favor of free trade and direct taxation, though the circulation of literature and the promotion of discussion.

4. To maintain a lecture bureau that will enable local committees or associations to obtain suitable speakers for public lectures or debates.

5. To establish friendly relations and such concert of action as may appear practible with free trade clubs, tariff reform clubs and other organizations seeking the abolition or reduction of existing taxes that burden labor and restrict production.

The single tax people of this territory should at once sign the petitions to Congress and take them around for other signatures. Let us show that the coming state of Washington contain many who are alive to the necessity of a change, and recognize the advantage of the concentration of all taxes on land values over our present iniqutous mode of raising revenues, by which the drones steal the honey which the bees so industrously gather.

AN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRY.

In an article in another column, the Tacoma *News* not extravagantly describes the Quillayute Country, which lies in this and Jefferson Counties, on the Coast. The country is truly a "land of promise."

A Railroad *is already projected* through this "Greater Palestine" but its outlet is not the city of Destiny(Tacoma) but the city of Certainty(Port Angeles.)

We do not feel ourselves immodest when we say that Port Angeles—"The city of Certainty" with its fine harbor and townsite advantages, together with its tributary country, rich in timber and agricultural land, bases its calculations of future greatness not on any whims of fate or "destiny," but upon the more real fact of "certainty."

JUDGE MAGUIRE'S PLAN.

Judge J. G. Maguire's plan of "invading New Jersey" seems, by the letters received by the *Standard*, to meet with the hearty approval of the Single Tax men generally. Briefly stated his plan is, for Single Tax men to concentrate their energies on that State, when if successful they will have a working model of the system.

Among his reasons for prefering that state are; That nineteen twentieths of its inhabitants are landless, and at least half of the other twentieth would be benefited by the change. That it is already a great manufacturing state, and with the exemption of buildings, machinery, tools etc. from taxation it would tend to draw industries from the neighboring states; again the constitution of New Jersey leaves the selection of the subject of taxation to the legislature which is elected yearly, thus giving opportunity for constant educational work in real campaigns. This plan which will probably be adopted, is almost sure of success, and one state accepting the Single Tax doctrine, neighboring ones will have to fall in to save their industries. So will the leaven spread, and before '92 rolls around, Single Tax will be the issue, and the party advocating its adoption, will be the party that will step into power.

THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM.

We notice that the Seattle *Daily Press* has come out in favor of the Australian system of voting. It is the only system that will give a strictly free expression of the people's will at the polls, and it will do away with fraud and corruption, and so should be advocated by all true men and women.

One of our most valuable exchanges, is that bright and fearless paper "*Fair Play*" of Valley Falls, Kansas. While we differ with it in many of its views we yet recognize it as a worker in the cause of freedom and deserving of the sympathy and support of all true liberal people. It's work in the direction of woman's emancipation should commend it to that sex especially.

Railroad as Teachers of Socialism.

The railroads are now taking the last step toward socialism, and are making a grand railroad trust, in the interest of a few great capitalists and the detriment of the people. When they shall have convinced the public that the system can be run successfully under one management the people will step in and assume control and proprietorship—either by purchase or by building parallel lines.—Western Watchman.

AND SO THE GOOD WORK GOES ON.

For Equitable Taxation.

The following petition is now in circulation and is receiving the signatures of many business men as well as workingmen:

PETITION

To the Legislature of the State of Minnesota:—

Whereas, it is unjust that one man should be taxed more for making land useful and employing labor on it, than another is taxed for holding land idle and keeping labor off it.

Therefore, We the undersigned citizens of Minnesota, petition your honorable body to submit to the people of this state at their next regular election such amendments to the constitution as will permit the exemption of personal property and improvements on land from all taxation.

It is possible that the above petition will become a law.—Garlyord Minn., Hub.

How to Study the Tariff Question.

Eureka Western Watchman; — The country has just passed through the quadrennial excitement of the Presidential contest, and the result has mostly been decided on the tariff question. That topic entered into every appeal to the people for their vote. The question was extensively discussed, but never exhaustively. The disputants on both sides seemed afraid to go back to first principles and thereby examine the subject, but befogged the question by illusions to the prosperity of the country and appeals to bias; the advocate of high tariff attributing all that prosperity to the tariff, while their opponents scarcely attempted to show the falsity of the assumption. Thus the subject was left more obscured after discussion was had, than before it began.

The subject of tariff can be made very simple and plain to any common-sense understanding, if we are but willing to take a simple problem for illustration, and keep the mind clearly fixed on the working of that problem.

But, a few simple rules must be observed in approaching the question. It is to be supposed that of course we will come to it with unbiased minds. Then we must keep steadily in view that we have no right to make any law that works inequality, for laws that work inequality commit injustice. Corrollary is the last proposition, and also obvious from the fact of our equal humanity, is the right of every single individual to engage in unrestricted trade, unless it be shown to be harmful to the community.

We are ready, now, to take up the problem in its simplest form; and in order to simplify to the greatest degree, let us suppose ten men, with their families, to occupy an island sufficient for their support, and which island is slowly emerging from the sea. We take ten families in order to form a community.

Now the question to be solved is whether free trade or tariff will be best to the interest of that community, considered as a unit. Every one is competent to form his own conclusion on a problem so simple. But let him bear in mind that, whatever be his conclusion for the first ten, that result must hold for every increase of the community; or if the greater growth shall indicate a change of policy, it is incumbent on him who demands change to point out to the exact unit of growth when that change shall occur, and give valid reason why the change shall conduce to the prosperity of the community. For we must keep steadily in mind that it is the prosperity of the community, always taken as a unit, that we are seeking, and not the advantage of individual members of it; for advantage of one over another is manifestly unjust in legal enactment.

Having decided on the best policy for the first small community, we will suppose its numbers to be multiplied by ten, and ask ourselves whether the same policy will hold good for the enlarged community, or if change shall be beneficial, point out to the unit of component individuals just when, and give valid reason why. Again multiply by ten, and again and again, until the component individuals of that community shall reach hundreds of millions, and the same rules hold. For it is always the community as a unit, and its welfare as a unit, that we are considering. Did we desire to favor parts of that society, we should enact class legislation in their favor.

As a matter of course, it is understood that as the numbers of the inhabitants increase, industries will become diversified, and that all sorts of business will be carried on, which would be needful to so great a community. And as diverse businesses are introduced, so will unequal advantages of employment obtain; but no inequality of law. If one finds that his business does not pay, he can change to that which does. The vital point to be kept in view is that no legal enactment shall favor one class over another class. For we must not forget that it is the welfare of the community as a whole, as a unit, that we are seeking; not special favors to any particular class.

Thus far it is supposed that each reader will make his own decision from the simplest premises, and whatever that decision may be, whether for free trade, or for tariff, that he will adhere to it throughout, or else specify to the unit of individuals constituting the growth of the community when change shall take place shall state the direction of the change and give valid reason why it should be made.

As a matter of fact, I have never known any person who contemplates the problem in this simple form, but that he pronounced in favor of free trade. No one can so far stultify his own mind, as to harbor the idea that tariff or restricted trade would be best for the first ten or the first hundred.

It is only when he has befogged his mind by superadding other questions, as protection to certain industries, and with the idea of raising revenue for governmental purposes, and listened to interested counsels on those subjects, that he begins to hesitate Would he but examine each question in its simplicity, and give ear to the pleas of simple justice and equity, doubt would not assail him. Historically, the idea of import and export duties was borrowed from the robber Gebul who seized upon the tarek or rock at the entrance of the Mediterranean sea, and levied rock or tarek duties on every vessel approaching those waters. Hence the name Gibraltar from Gebul's tarek, and hence the name tariff for import dues.

And as the fact of levying dues originated in robbery, so has the fact of its continuance ever since been the effect of robbery; robbery none the less in reality, that it has been dignified by legislative enactments, nor that the people are induced to vote my money out of my pocket by an obliquity favoring class. Even the tariff advocate instinctively feels that the whole thing is injustice; for he will not hesitate to smuggle, if he sees a chance to outwit the revenue officers, showing that he does not feel it a duty to pay revenue tax for carrying. It has not taken hold on his conscience, nor does the evasion seem to him to be a defrauding. Nor, by any rule of right is it.

This is all that there is to be said on the subject. It can be attenuated. It can be drawn out to infinite length without introducing a new idea. The simple statement, given above, contains the whole subject. Should one still befog his mind so much as to ask why this, that or the other infant industry ought not to be encouraged by protective tariff, the answer is very simply and incisive, that it is class legislation, and is unjust because it is unequal. If, again, it be urged that the people have right to establish tariff, either as protection to infant industries or for revenue purpose, the reply is equally sharp and decisive—that for revenue no right exists to establish inequality of assessment, and that there are other and just ways of supplying revenue, while for protection the majority has no right to bind the minority by injustice. Nor even if there were absolute unanimity, has one generation the right to hypothecate the life force of a succeeding generation. Did each generation come on as a mass or unit every twenty-five years this principle would clearly show. It is only because generations succeed as disconnected individuals, that obscures it. I am fully aware that most men are not yet sufficiently emancipated from the servility of former habits of thought, which have come to us from our primitive tribal relationship, to accept the last statement. If mankind were so emancipated, every trace of tariff would be swept away forever.

So that, view it in any light we may, no apology can be made for a tariff, save that single one that hinges entirely on the ancient barbarous idea, brought from our tribal state, that class legislation is proper, which every sentiment of freedom pronounces injustice.

GEORGE P. BISSELL.

Addendum—I am not oblivious of the fact that every tariff man will have his own objection to the foregoing; but I repeat that it contains the whole question.

A friend who listened to the reading of it, objected that it did not touch on the pauper labors of other countries. The fault is his own. He has not grasped the subject in its simplicity. The hypothetical case supposes a continually increasing community, which has all the needs of a commercial community, and comes in competition with all other peoples. The proposition contains every element that belongs to the subject.

G. P. B.

AN UNDEVELOPED COUNTRY

The Great Quillayute Valley—Room for an Empire.

Washington Territory, west of the Olympic range of mountains, is a land of promise. It abounds in various elements of wealth of which the general public and the world at large have but little knowledge or conception. It might aptly be termed "Greater Palestine." It is a land of rich soil and running mountain streams. It is a land of prairies, of grand forests and of beautiful, rich river bottom valleys.

The Quillayute country consists of a valley forty miles long and twenty miles wide, lying along the coast between Cape Flattery on the north and Gray's harbor country on the south. The Quinidult country lies between, in which there are great alluvial river bottom lands, of which but little, if any, has yet been taken up. But little of the land has been surveyed, and a great part of it has never been explored.

Besides the main Quillayute several other beautiful streams of water, rising in the snowy gorges of the Olympics, flow through the district and discharge into the Pacific ocean. Owing to the isolation of this section its principal industry now is stock raising, though the soil and climate are adapted to yield prolific crops of all the varied products of western Washington.

The timber supply there is immense and unexcelled both as to yield per acre and quality. The present transportation facilities are meager and inadequate, consisting only of occasional or periodical trading schooners plying between the mouths of the rivers and ports on the Sound. Doubtless, though, the time is near at hand when this rich district will be brought into relation and direct communication with the tides and centers of the world's civilization by a railroad connection to Grays Harbor and from that point to Tacoma.—Tacoma News.

Bob White's Theory.

"Hello, Bob; what are you driving at?" asked Sam Richards of Bob White, as they met on the street.

"Same old business," said Bob; "making clothes for the multitude. Why don't you come around; that overcoat of yours is a great deal worse for wear?"

Sam was a printer, and his overcoat was not quite so slick as when it was made for him.

"Well," he replied, "I am giving so much attention to election now that I haven't time to look after my clothes."

"Hard at it for Harrison and protection, I suppose," Bob remarked, carelessly.

"Not exactly," said Sam; "I'm like the pups; my nine days are passed and now I can see."

"Ain't a free trader, are you?

"Exactly."

"What!", exclaimed Bob, with an emphasis that kicked like an overloaded gun and knocked him back against the lamp-post.

"For a fact," said Sam, when Bob had recovered from the recoil.

"Well—by—th-u-n-der! Why, look a here! Do you know that if we had free trade you could get that overcoat of yours new—new, mind you!—for what I would have to pay my men to make it now?"

"No, you don't say so!" said Sam, astonished in turn.

"But I do."

"Oh, I can't believe that. The *Press* says we can get clothes just as cheap here as they do in England, but I don't believe that either. Now be serious, Bob, and tell me what I could get this coat for if we had free trade?"

Bob hesitated, rubbed the lapel of the coat through his fingers, looked thoughtfully at the sky, and with some deliberation replied: "About twenty-five dollars."

"And what will *you* make it for?" pursued Bob.

"I'll make you that coat for fifty dollars."

"And is the difference due to protection?"

"Yes, sir."

"Could I get a coat like this for twenty-five dollars less if we had free trade?"

"That you could my boy."

Sam laughed in Bob's face. It was not polite, to be sure, but he couldn't help it.

"Why, Bob," said he, "how in the world does it do me any good to pay fifty dollars for a twenty-five dollar coat?"

Bob was staggered a little at first, but he soon recovered. "It's this way, Sam," he began, laying his hand gently on his friend's shoulder. "You keep that extra twenty-five dollars in the country."

"But I have to give it to you or some other fellow; I don't keep it in my pocket."

"No, you don't keep it in your pocket, but it comes back to your pocket."

"How so? You never buy anything of me."

"No, not directly; but the extra twenty-five dollars you give me I divide with my men by giving them higher wages, and they spend more; then the part of it that I keep enables me to spend more. In that way we give employment to other people in this country, and so the money works around to you in higher wages for setting type. See?"

"That sounds pretty well for an old story, Bob," said Sam, "but I'll think it over, and when I get fifty dollars, may be I'll call on you. You say the great point is to keep the money in the country."

"Yes, that's the point."

"Isn't it just as bad for me if I send to Chicago for my clothes as if I send to England? That extra twenty-five dollars wouldn't work its way back to me from Chicago, would it? That's a good ways, you know."

"Of course it would," said Bob; "Chicago is in the country, and as long as you keep the money in the country it's all right."

"Same thing if I sent to San Francisco?"

"Certainly."

"But San Francisco is as far off as England."

"Don't make any difference. It's all in the country. That's the point. Don't forget that."

"I won't," said Sam, with an air of serious thought, and the two parted.

A few days later Sam Richards called on Bob White at Bob's tailoring shop. He looked over the stock, and finding some goods that answered his purpose, asked Bob the price of an overcoat.

"Fifty dollars," said Bob.

"And if it wasn't for protection it would be twenty-five."

"That's about the figure; but the money would go out of the country, and then your wages would go down."

"Yes, I've thought over that talk of yours."

Bob was glad to know he had made an impression.

"By the way," said Sam, "I see Ben Black has a tailoring shop in this building, right across the hall from you. How is he doing?"

"Oh, underselling, underselling."

"That's bad," said Sam thoughtfully. Stops the extra money from getting back to his customers, don't it?

Bob looked dubiously at Sam, but Sam's face was serious. After walking up and down the room he said:

"Hold on awhile, Bob, I want to see Ben, and I'll just step across to his shop."

Bob, a little nervous, possessed his soul in patience until Sam should return; but Sam did not return, and when the two next met, he wore a new overcoat for all the world like the one Bob wanted to make for him.

"Where did you get that overcoat?" asked Bob, a little testily.

"Of Ben Black," Sam replied, shaking Bob warmly by the hand.

"But you promised to get your overcoat of me?"

"I know I did Bob," said Sam, "and if it would have made any difference to you I would have kept my promise. But while I was in Ben's place he offered me this coat for forty dollars. At first I didn't want to disappoint you; but then thinking over what you said to me, I saw clearly that you would be just as well off if I bought of Ben. I saw that the money I paid him would stay in the country—why, it would stay right in your own building, and your share would work its way around to you; so don't you see, it is just the same all around as if I bought of you. Indeed, Bob, old boy, it's better for now I've got ten dollars to spend and both our shares of that will work its way around too. I never before thought there was so much in this idea of spending our money in the country. It's a great thing. Why we get our clothes and keep our money, too; don't we Bob?"

"Yes," said Bob.

LEWIS FREELAND, in Standard.

Only a Question of Time.

Land and water in political economy, mean the same. They are expressed by the economic word land, to express natural resources, the world's store-house, to which labor goes to extract by the exercise of vital force those things necessary to human existence. Laws of to-day give men absolute control over land that they own. Men may buy, sell, give away or bequeath land or withhold it from use, as they see fit. But with the question of water, the lawmakers have hesitated and this part of economic land still remains as one those things over which the public has some control for the benefit of all. So when you own a farm through which a stream runs, the miller down stream can prevent your turning aside the water, so that his grist may be kept from its grinding. Yet the ground you may hold against all comers, even though the people may be starving for its use.—Critic.

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME.

The "Old Major's" Christmas Sermon.

"He came unto His own and His own received Him not."

Suppose that thirty years ago another star of Bethlehem had appeared and that at some rural village, into the family of some poor mechanic, there had been born another Messiah, who after working at a trade for years in company with the poorest and humblest people, studying with infinite wisdom and brooding with infinite pity over the conditions of mankind, should just now be entering upon His ministry? In what condition would he see the world after eighteen hundred years of Christianity?

Would he not find the affairs of the great nations of Christendom in the control of Pharisees?

Christian England going to war to protect the bondholders in their right to "spoil the Egyptians?"

A hundred thousand harlots and thieves in the greatest Christian city in the world?

Women doing men's work in coal and mines for a pittance hardly sufficent to keep soul and body together?

The agricultural laborers of Great Britain and Ireland, living lives of poverty squalor and ignorance, with the poor house their only refuge when they shall cease to be able to work?

Nine-tenths of those islands owned by less than thirty thousand landlords, who, with their collateral relatives to the third and fourth degree, live from off the earnings of this same squalid and ignorant class? And would He find these conditions improved in the great cities and fertile agricultural regions of continental Europe?

Or crossing the Atlantic, would he not find the rich growing richer and the poor, poorer?

People crowding the streets of cities, whose sole reliance for a livelihood are vice, pauperism and crime?

State prisons, jails and poorhouses filled to overflowing?

Usurers and extortioners fattening from off the earnings of their fellowmen?

Capital ruling the world politically and socially?

Money crowned king? Usury legalized and protected by law?

Corruption the main reliance of those who govern?

Thousands upon thousands of the poor in the great cities and manufacting centers being ground to powder by force of the law of supply and demand?

The soil upon which the people are born and must live being monopolized into a few hands?

And suppose He should come with a few poor followers, destitute of wealth, culture, education or genius; and say to the great Christian aristocracy: "Repent ye, for the kingdom of Heaven is at hand!"

Repent! change your order of thinking and living.

Cease to grind the poor.

Cease to take usury—interest—for that is the Bible meaning of the term. Cease to monopolize God's land made for his children.

Cease to debase labor and deify money.

"Sell all that thou hast and give it to the poor." Suppose He should say this.

The people would say: "He is a religious crank, a communist.

He should be squelched.

Away with him.

Such doctrines are dangerous to society.

This is the great era of Christian civilization. Such cranks should not be allowed to run at large.

They would undo the great work of this century of material developement and prosperity."

And then suppose he should turn and say: "Woe unto you London!

Woe unto you New York!

Woe unto you Washington!

Woe unto you Scribes, makers interpreters of the laws, conservators of intelectual culture and thought, leaders of public opinion.

Woe unto you Pharisees, with your creeds and liturgies, your splendid churches and ostentations charities.

Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees—hypocrites.

Ye pay mint, and anise and cummin, but have neglected weightier matters, judgment, mercy and faith.

Woe unto you blind guides, which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel.

Your house shall be desolate.

You talk about your great temple of modern civilization! I tell you that there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down.

This is the gospel of the kingdom of Heaven which I have come to establish."

What would be the effect of such teaching, not in the far off past, but as a present reality, proclaimed by a divinely commissioned Messenger? Should his teachings obtain much headway, should the multitudes begin to follow him, the cry would at once be raised:

"Away with Him! Crucify Him!"

And yet the teachings are the same, word for word, as was preached eighteen hundred years ago by Him whom with common consent all Christendom is just now about to honor by joyous commemorations of His birth. He was a communist pure and simple. His gospel is a gospel of communism.

And we believe that unless the tendency of modern practice to deify capital and make it supreme in the administration of humane affairs is checked and modified by this gospel, there will come a time when the destruction of the temple in accordance with His denunciation will be but a faint symbol of the ruin which shall overtake this boastful civilization of the nineteenth century.—Elmira, N. Y., Daily Gazette.

A Sub-port of Entry.

The Port Townsend *Argus* admits its necessity.

"There are two custom house officers stationed at Port Angeles. The COMMONWEALTH says if they were empowered to enter and clear vessels it would be much more convenient for commerce. Quite right. Port Angeles ought to be made a sub-port of entry just like Roche Harbor."

THE COMMONWEALTH

PORT ANGELES, - - W. T.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Three more new houses are underway on the hill in central Angeles.

Mr. Spears won the watch at the East End.

Chris Connolly expects to return to California Friday.

Henry Maguire has platted 80 acres of his place into 5 acre suburban lots.

The Manzineta made her monthly visit to the Angeles Light Wednesday.

J. H. Whiteman has bought the Decius farm.

Don't forget the Literary Society meeting Friday night.

C. W. Thompson, Jas. Wooten and Thos. Bell of Dungeness spent New Year's in Angeles.

The Port Angele Shingle Co. are soon to increase the Stock of their Corporation.

Mr. Beck has received an order to bore a well at the McKenley house on the hill at the East End.

Mr. Detricksen will soon erect a dwelling on his lot next to Mr. Regoni's new house on the corner of 1st and Chase Sts.

Mr. E. P. Raymond is putting in the foundation for a two-story dwelling on the hill.

A new store in town. A Chicago family have started a stationery and notion store in the Geraghty building on Front street.

Mr. McGill has sold his farm on the Chehalis river, and has gone there to fix up the deeds. He is expected back next week.

Dr Vail has just received some vacine matter of the best quality. Those desiring to be vacinated should call at once.

"Scud" says 'twant him but the thunder makers behind the scenes that took the chicken.

The line of the proposed grade up the hill on Front street has been brushed out, and grading will soon be commenced.

A petition is being circulated for a county road from the south end of Grace street in Maguire's addition southward to Fend's and Henderson's places.

New Years day was quite lively at the West End. Quite a crowd was in town and the band played music till further orders. The day was celebrated in the regular fashon, and winding was the way homeward of many who had been enjoying themselves.

Our old friend (?) the Steamer Dispatch made Monday's trip of this week, and in consequence the mail was late. We don't wish anyone any bad luck particularly, but we would like to see the Government buy her and send her to——Alaska Our present state of civilization needs and desevres a better boat.

The immense sale of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been produced to a great extent, by people, who have been cured by it telling their friends and neighbors of its good qualities and urging them to try it. The most severe cold will soon yield to its soothing effects. For Sale by E. E. Fisher.

We are sorry to chronicle the misfortune of B. B. Meagher. One of his valuable mares fell on the ice at Dry creek, Monday, and it is feared she will not recover. He bought the team last summer from S. Goodwin, of Elwha, and has but lately been offered a big price for the one just hurt.

Many persons contract severe colds during the early winter months and permit them to hang on persistently all winter; weakening the lungs and paving the way for catarrh, chronic bronchites, or consumption. No one can afford to neglect a cold. A single bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure the most severe cold, and costs but 50 cts. For Sale by E. E. Fisher.

A bridge is being built across the old creek bed on Front street. Although it will be useful, we yet are sorry to see it put in. What is needed is to fill in the old bed altogether, and do away with an eyesore, besides getting rid of the stench occasioned by decaying sea-weed in it in warm weather. Property owners on each side of the street should pay their pro-rata towards filling it up.

A road is now contemplated from the town through the townsite reserve to the Meagher place. It has not yet taken definite shape, as some wish to open Laurel street clear through, and others Vine or Race streets. One should be opened to do away with the crooked road by Custom House creek. Laurel street would be the cheapest and best to open at this time.

James Meagher met with a painful accident on New Year's day. Two logs had been hauled across the old creek bed, and the boys were showing their agility by walking across them. The tide was in and one falling off was sure of a ducking. Mr. Meagher had crossed several times, but the last time slipped and trying to save himself from taking a bath, wrenched his knee, and in consequence will probably be laid up some time.

Land Office Bulletin.

Our Washington correspondent sends us the following information concerning this land district:

Land contests decided.—The names of the successful parties are printed in capital letters:—

Wm. Hunt vs. HIRAM H. WESTCOTT.

Northern Pacific R'y Co. vs. RUDOLPH DISTLER.

B. L. BLAIR vs. United States.

WM. B. BROOK vs. Northern Pacific R'y. Co.

EDGAR P. GORTON vs. Wm. V. Rinehart.

E. A. THOMAS vs. Wm. H. Lamb.

PETER PSILLIMAN vs. Sylvester Gallagher.

Coal Patents issued:—Bernard Duffy.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.** Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhœa, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething** is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

WEATHER REPORT.

Station, Port Angeles, W. T., for Week Ending Jan. 1st, 1889.

		Mean Temp	Daily Precip.
Weds.	26	28.5	.00
Thurs.	27	32.5	.00
Frid.	28	32.0	.00
Sat.	29	30.0	.00
Sun.	30	30.5	.00
Mon.	31	28.5	.00
Tues.	1	34.3	.00

Max. Temp. 23.9, date 26th, inst.

Min. Temp. 42.7, date 28th, inst.

Among the Breakers.

The play at the "Potlach" was quite a success. The house was crowded, even standing room being in demand.

Mr. Edwards as "Scud" the darky steward took the "chicken" keeping the house in an uproar of laughter. After the play the hall was cleared of seats and the ball under the auspices of the Cornet Band was inaugurated. Dancing was kept up till the "wee small hours" of morning. We noticed quite a number of Dungeness and Elwah people at the entertainment, and they seemed to have been getting some considerable enjoyment out of the affair.

We learn that the play will be reproduced at the Potlach two weeks from to-morrow, (Saturday) night. To conclude with a screaming farce. Full notice will be given through the COMMONWEALTH, probably in next issue.

Port Angeles Literary Society

After the singing of America by the audience, the chairman announced that instead of a debate on that occasion, the time usually given to that, would be used for exercises suited to Christmas time. So, any one present having song, reading or remarks appropriate, were invited to entertain the audience with same. Mrs. Gordon took the floor and read some selections from *Ben Hur*, by the celebrated Lew Wallace. These were a vivid and detailed description of the place, people and circumstances surrounding the Savior's birthplace, eighteen hundred and eighty-eight years ago this Christmas season. Mr. Bowman followed with a song, "A Mother's Love." The committee's prepared program was followed out after these Christmas contributions. Rev. Mr. Howells called, near the close of the meeting, for the chairman to read an original poem composed for Christmas; and Mr. Gordon complying, read the poem called for, saying he had only that morning composed it. The name was, "Christmas at Port Angeles, 1888." There were some other short exercises, one of which was a little dialog about Santa Claus, the jolly friend of all little ones, by bright, seven-year-old Alice Henson. The constitution of the society was read, and the roll called and circulated for new members, which closed the program of the evening.

Following is the program for next Friday evening, Jan. 4th.

1st Song, "America," by audience.
2nd Election of officers for Jan.
3rd Music by Mr. Wm. Ritchie.
4th Debate—open to all. Subject, "What is the hope of the working classes under the present conditions of society?"
5th Song by Mrs. Fletcher.
6th Reading by Mrs. Hensen.
7th Song by Mr. Bowman.
8th Essay by Mrs. McLennan.
6th Duet by Miss Beaumont, and Wm. Vail.
10th A speech, the subject chosen by the chairman.
11th A song by Wm. Vail.
12th A recitation by Alice Hensen.
13th Closing song by audience.
14th New members admitted to the Society.

Jas. Wooten of Dungeness has leased the Thompson place at Elwha to start a creamery.

Treasurer's Notice.

Treasurer's office, Dungeness, November 12, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that the duplicate assessment roll of Clallam County for the year 1888 is now in the hands of the County Treasurer ready for the collection of the tax charged therein; that taxes become delinquent on the first day of March, 1888, at 6 o'clock, p. m. After said date, if not paid, 10 per cent. will be added for penalty, and interest at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum from date of delinquency until paid. Taxes to be paid to the County Treasurer, at his office in New Dungeness Clallam County, Wash. Terr.

WILLIAM WARD
Treasurer of Clallam County.

12 28 to 1 18

CORRESPONDENCE.

We invite communications from every part of the Country and especially from points in Washington Territory. Correspondents should write on one side of the paper only, and briefly and to the point.

The publishers are not responsible for articles under this heading, but will print no communication unaccompanied by the real name of the writer.

Liberality.

HANOVER, York Co., Pa., Dec. 14th, '88.

Dear COMMONWEALTH—By a meagre search, I think you will be able to find enclosed in this letter a dollar bill, legal money of the U. S. for which I shall be pleased to receive weekly visits from the COMMONWEALTH.

I am not sure that I am a very strong free trade man seeing that I am among the manufactories of Pennsylvania. Yet I am not opposed to a *free* discussion of the subject, and am willing to pay my share of the expenses, hence the $1.00.

Though so far away geographically, I am not so far away from Port Angeles in wishing her plenty of good co-operative material and money to make things "hum." You will find me one of your number in mind and money.

Yours.
C. W. CORBIN.

It is not often that we can find one of opposite views in favor of a free discussion of a subject and at the same time willing to pay his share of the expenses.

We appreciate such a letter, and hope some of our town folks who do not agree with us on many subjects will read the letter and see the error of *their* way.

The Saloon Question.

PORT ANGELES, W. T. Dec. 29.

The temperance sentament of our thriving town is shown in the fact that a protest against the contemplated new saloon has been circulated in our midst within ten days, and been signed by over one hundred citizens. The use made of the protest was to bring his influence to bear upon the proprietor of the Tourist hotel, West End so as to prevent his allowing the premises, which he had leased, to be used as a drinking saloon. The signers were shocked on learning that the hitherto clean, respectable temperance Tourists Hotel should be used for such a purpose.

ONE OF THE PROTESTORS.

The Coming State of Washington.

Washington Territory has a population of nearly if not quite 200,000; taxable property to the value of about $100,000,000; is settling up her agricultural, mineral and timber lands at the rate of over 1,000,000 acres per annum, has an extended and growing commerce, operates and supports 1200 miles of railway; large stock ranges are giving way to rural homes; inferior range cattle are no longer in demand; large areas of land once covered with only sage brush are being turned into grain fields and orchards, her coal mines are producing 1,200,000 tons of coal per annum; 1,045,596,000 feet of lumber has been sawed during the year previous to June 30, 1888; her educational interests will compare favorably with any other section of the Union; the Indians are all partially civilized and are fast adopting the ways of the white people; her institutions for caring for the weak and for punishing the offending are complete; her salmon pack is more than 350,000 cases yearly; her climate is such that it has been described as perfect; her undeveloped natural resources and natural advantages for commerce are not equaled by any area of the same dimensions in any other part of the earth.—Colton Eagle.

A Salt Trust Next.

Speaking of trusts, it is now an assured fact that an attempt is being made to form a combination among the manufacturers of salt, for the purpose of controlling the market and regulating the price of that prime though common necessary of life. An agent of an English salt syndicate is now in this country laboring to that end. It is proposed to unite all the salt plants of the United States and Canada into one great trust with a central management located in New York. The promoters of the scheme propose to bring the owners of every salt well in the country into the organization, regulate production and put up prices at their own sweet will.

When some one suggested to the agent that there might be a possibility that many manufactures would not "come in" he is alleged to have said: "In cases where manufacturers absolutely refuse to join the combination we would first endeavor to induce them to sell to us and in case of their refusal to do that we would attempt to make it their interest to sell. In other words, we would put the price of salt so low that they would be literally starved out of business. The kickers once out of the way, the rest would be easy."

The method proposed, by which legitimate competition is to be crushed, is peculiar to these combinations, which, in the language of the "man from Maine" are "largely private affairs." With our bread, meat, potatoes and salt controlled by gigantic grinding combination of capital, it is high time that we began to look after our own interests in the matter.—Milwaukee Labor Review.

Landlordism.

The taxation of ground rents is announced as a new plank in the Gladstonian platform, and the cause of this new departure is said to be Henry George, his addresses when in Great Britain two years ago having borne this fruit.

In this the Gladstonians are ahead of any American political party. Here the landlord system is almost, if not entirely, unrestrained. In Pittsburgh the Irish style in all its abominableness prevails. One large estate is located in Pittsburgh, covering hundreds of acres, and the income of which goes to England, refuses to sell, and leases on old-fashioned Irish landlord terms. The lessees pay all taxes and assessments, and their rent is readjusted at stated intervals, usually of five years, and is calculated on 6 per cent of the valuation. Lessees build houses, and these improvements increase the value of the land, and upon this increase they must pay corresponding increase of rent. What sort of a free country is this to permit the growth of that which the subjects of a monarchy are rooting out as an outrageous abomination?

It is admitted that the triennial assessment now being made will increase the valuation of the estate referred to—the land inclosed by the estate—but this is simply bringing the valuation up to what other property in the vicinity must pay on. To discourage landlordism as practiced by such real estate holders, the high taxation of all ground rents should be adopted. This would be an incentive to sell outright, and that is what is needed as one important step toward the suppression of landlordism.—Labor Tribune.

How the Tariff Injures the Tariff Trade.

I. It shuts our manufacturers out of foreign markets. We have capital, plant and workers employed in woolen manufacture capable of supplying nearly double the amount of goods now consumed at home. The result is that the mills are closed or run on short time a large part of the year, occasioning a heavy loss to the manufacturer, reduced wages to operative, and general disturbance to the business interests of the country.

II. Many of the most valuable kinds of woolen goods cannot be produced here profitably, because the wools needed are not grown here, and are subject to prohibitory tariff. Such goods are thus of necessity imported in their finished state, employing foreign workers.

III. Ordinary American made goods are largely adulterated with shoddy, to enable our manufacturers to undersell the foreign merchant, thus robbing the public and debauching the manufacturer.

IV. The cost of low priced woolen goods worn by the poor is more than doubled, while that of the more luxurious articles worn by the wealthy is only increased from thirty to fifty per cent, discriminating thus in favor of the rich and against the poor.

S. W. LAIDLER, Brooklyn.

Well Spoken.

Judge Gresham, who is an honest man and a patriot, has been talking very earnestly to a correspondent at Indianapolis about the frightful corruption of the late campaign. "There ought to be a reform in our state electoral system," he said, "and unless the state takes steps to stop the corruption at the polls a condition of affairs will be produced to which the rebellion would not be a circumstance." Continuing, Judge Gresham said with force:

"It is the Pharisees who are doing this. It is men of prominence and respectability who raise these large sums of money, knowing the use that they will be put to, men who deal openly in corruption one day and go to church the next. It is these men who bring disgrace upon the state. You may convict a hundred—yes, even a thousand—obscure voters for bribery, but the effect upon a community would be as nothing compared to that which would follow the conviction of one prominent man."

This is well spoken. And from the declarations that have been made from the bench and by prosecuting officers in Indiana it appears not unlikely that some of the prominent corruptionists may be brought to justice.—St Joseph Leader.

Poor Kansas.

A committee of experts have examined the records of various counties of the State of Kansas, and find the amount of land mortgages to be $232,000,000. At 8 per cent the annual interest on this sum would be $18,000,000, or about 50 per cent more than the value of the wheat crops for the present year. This sum is not due to parties living in the State. The question arises, how long will it be before the farms of the State, are owned by absentee landlords? The public indebtedness of Kansas is also great. Money had been borrowed to erect public buildings. Many of them will be in ruins before the money can be raised by taxation to pay for them.—Labor Signal.

Port Angeles Directory.

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Office of Port Angeles and West Shore R. R. Company.

PORT ANGELES, W. T., July 25, '88.

TO THE PUBLIC:—Subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the *Port Angeles and West Shore Railway Company* will be received by the undersigned until further notice. The par value of the shares is one hundred dollars each and may be paid for as follows:

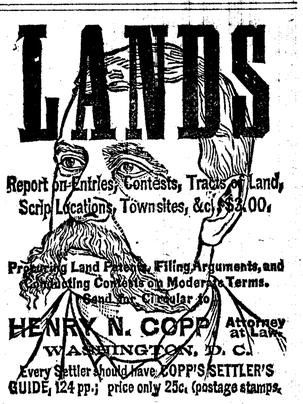
In full at time of subscription, or in installments of five per cent of the total subscribed, on a call by the Trustees, the calls to be at least 60 days apart.

Thus a share may be paid for in installments of five dollars per month.

Forward all applications to the Secretary. All funds to the Treasurer.

J. M. GRANT, Sec'y.,
THOS. MALONY, Treas.
Port Angeles and West Shore R. R. Co
Port Angeles. W. T.

LANDS



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JULIUS E. KRUGER, Manager.

The Story of a Masterpiece.

By HENRY JAMES, Jr.

IN TWO PARTS—PART 2.

[Copyrighted]

[Concluded from last week.]

"The lady whom I heard talking about the matter," said Stephen, "spoke of him in the highest terms. To be sure, as it turned out, she was his mother."

"His mother? You're mistaken. His mother died ten years ago."

Baxter folded his arms with a feeling that he needed to sit firm. "Allons," said he, "of whom do you speak?"

"Of young Mr. King."

"Good heavens," cried Stephen. "So there are two of them?"

"Pray, of whom do you speak?"

"Of a certain Mr. Young. The mother is a handsome old woman, with white curls."

"You don't mean to say that there has been anything between Marian and Frederic Young?"

"Voila! I only repeat what I hear. It seems to me, my dear Mrs. Denbigh, that you ought to know."

Mrs. Denbigh shook her head with a melancholy movement. "I'm sure I don't," she said. "I give it up. I don't pretend to judge. The manners of young people to each other are very different to what they were in my day. One doesn't know whether they mean nothing or everything."

"You know, at least, whether Mr. Young has been in your drawing room?"

"Oh, yes, frequently. I am very sorry that Marian is talked about. It's very unpleasant for me. But what can a sick woman do?"

"Well," said Stephen, "so much for Mr. Young. And now for Mr. King."

"Mr. King is gone home. It's a pity he ever came away."

"In what sense."

"Oh, he's a silly fellow. He doesn't understand young girls?"

"Upon my word," said Stephen, "with expression," as the music sheets say, "he might be very wise and not do that."

"Not but that Marian was injudicious. She meant only to be amiable, but she went too far. She became adorable. The first thing she knew he was holding her to an account."

"Is he good looking?"

"Well enough."

"And rich?"

"Very rich, I believe."

"And the other?"

"What other—Marian?"

"No, no; your friend Young,"

"Yes, he's quite handsome."

"And rich, too?"

"Yes, I believe he's also rich."

Baxter was silent a moment. "And there's no doubt," he resumed, "that they were both far gone?"

"I can only answer for Mr. King."

"Well, I'll answer for Mr. Young. His mother wouldn't have talked as she did unless she'd seen her son suffer. After all, then, it's perhaps not so much to Marian's discredit. Here are two handsome young millionaires, madly smitten. She refuses them both. She doesn't care for good looks and money."

"I don't say that," said Mrs. Denbigh, sagaciously. "She doesn't care for those things alone. She wants talent, and all the rest of it. Now, if you were only rich, Stephen"—added the good lady, innocently.

Baxter took up his hat. "When you wish to marry Miss Everett," he said, "you must take good care not to say too much about Mr. King and Mr. Young.

Two days after this interview he had a conversation with the young girl in person. The reader may like him less for his easily shaken confidence, but it is a fact that he had been unable to make light of these lightly made revelations. For him his love had been a passion; for her, he was compelled to believe, it had been a vulgar pastime. He was a man of violent temper; he went straight to the point.

"Marian," he said, "you have been deceiving me."

Marian knew very well what he meant; she knew very well that she had grown weary of her engagement and that, however little of a fault her conduct had been to Messrs. Young and King, it had been an act of grave disloyalty to Baxter. She felt that the blow was struck and that their engagement was clean broken. She knew that Stephen would be satisfied with no half excuses or half denials; and she had none others to give. A hundred such would not make a perfect confession. Making no attempt, therefore, to save her "prospects," for which she had ceased to care, she merely attempted to save her dignity. Her dignity for the moment was well enough secured by her natural half cynical coolness of temper. But this same vulgar placidity left in Stephen's memory an impression of heartlessness and shallowness, which in that particular quarter, at least, was destined to be forever fatal to her claims to real weight and worth. She denied the young man's right to call her to account and to interfere with her conduct; and she almost anticipated his proposal that they should consider their engagement at an end. She even declined the use of the simple logic of tears. Under these circumstances, of course, the interview was not of long duration.

"I regard you," said Baxter, as he stood on the threshold, "as the most superficial, most heartless of women."

He immediately left Paris and went down into Spain, where he remained till the opening of the summer. In the month of May Mrs. Denbigh and her protege went to England, where the former, through her husband, possessed a number of connections, and where Marian's thoroughly un-English beauty was vastly admired. In September they sailed for America. About a year and a half, therefore, had elapsed between Baxter's separation from Miss Everett and their meeting in New York.

During this interval the young man's wounds had had time to heal. His sorrow, although violent, had been short lived, and when he finally recovered his equanimity he was very glad to have purchased exemption at the price of a simple heartache. Reviewing his impressions of Miss Everett in a calmer mood, he made up his mind that she was very far from being the woman of his desire, and that she had not really been the woman of his choice. "Thank God," he said to himself, "it's over. She's irreclaimably light. She's hollow, trivial, vulgar." There had been in his addresses something hasty and feverish, something factitious and unreal in his fancied passion. Half of it had been the work of the scenery, of the weather, of mere juxtaposition, and, above all, of the young girl's picturesque beauty; to say nothing of the almost suggestive tolerance and indolence of poor Mrs. Denbigh. And finding himself very much interested in Velasquez, at Madrid, he dismissed Miss Everett from his thoughts. I do not mean to offer his judgment of Miss Everett as final, but it was at least conscientious. The ample justice, moreover, which, under the illusion of sentiment, he had rendered to her charms and graces, gave him a right, when free from that illusion, to register his estimate of the arid spaces of her nature. Miss Everett might easily have accused him of injustice and brutality; but this fact would still stand to plead in his favor, that he cared with all his strength for truth. Marian, on the contrary, was quite indifferent to it. Stephen's angry sentence on her conduct had awakened no echo in her contracted soul.

The reader has now an adequate conception of the feelings with which these two old friends found themselves face to face. It is needful to add, however, that the lapse of time had very much diminished the force of those feelings. A woman, it seems to me, ought to desire no easier company, none less embarrassed or embarrassing, than a disenchanted lover; premising, of course, that the process of disenchantment is thoroughly complete, and that some time has elapsed since its completion.

Marian herself was perfectly at her ease. She had not retained her equanimity—her philosophy, one might almost call it—during that painful last interview to go and lose it now. She had no ill feeling toward her old lover. His last words had been—like all words in Marian's estimation—a mere facon a parler. Miss Everett was in so perfect a good humor during these last days of her maidenhood that there was nothing in the past that she could not have forgiven.

She blushed a little at the emphasis of her companion's remark; but she was not discountenanced. She summoned up her good humor. "The truth is, Mr. Baxter," she said, "I feel at the present moment on perfect good terms with the world; I see everything en rose, the past as well as the future."

"I, too, am on very good terms with the world," said Baxter, "and my heart is quite reconciled to what you call the past. But, nevertheless, it's very disagreeable to me to think about it."

"Ah then," said Miss Everett, with great sweetness, "I'm afraid you're not reconciled."

"I'm afraid you're not reconciled."

Baxter laughed—so loud that Miss Everett looked about at her father. But Mr. Everett still slept the sleep of gentility. "I've no doubt," said the painter, "that I'm far from being so good a Christian as you. But I assure you I'm very glad to see you again."

"You've but to say the word and we're friends," said Marian.

"We were very foolish to have attempted to be anything else."

"'Foolish,' yes. But it was a pretty folly."

"Ah no, Miss Everett. I'm an artist, and I claim the right of property in the word 'pretty.' You mustn't stick it in there. Nothing could be pretty which had such an ugly termination. It was all false."

"Well—as you will. What have you been doing since we parted?"

"Traveling and working. I've made great progress in my trade. Shortly before I came home I became engaged."

"Engaged?—a la bonne heure. Is she good?—is she pretty?"

"She's not nearly so pretty as you."

"In other words, she's infinitely more good. I'm sure I hope she is. But why did you leave her behind you?"

"She's with a sister, a sad invalid, who is drinking mineral waters on the Rhine. They wished to remain there to the cold weather. They're to be home in a couple of weeks, and we are straightway to be married."

"I congratulate you with all my heart," said Marian.

"Allow me to do as much, sir," said Mr. Everett, waking up; which he did by instinct whenever the conversation took a ceremonious turn.

Miss Everett gave her companion but three more sittings, a large part of his work being executed with the assistance of photographs. At these interviews also, Mr. Everett was present, and still delicately sensitive to the soporific influences of his position. But both parties had the good taste to abstain from further reference to their old relations, and to confine their talk to less personal themes.

PART II.

One afternoon, when the picture was nearly finished, John Lennox went into the empty painting room to ascertain the degree of its progress. Both Baxter and Marian had expressed a wish that he should not see it in its early stages, and this, accordingly, was his first view. Half an hour after he had entered the room, Baxter came in, unannounced, and found him sitting before the canvas, deep in thought. Baxter had been furnished with a house key, so that he might have immediate and easy access to his work whenever the humor came upon him.

"I was passing," he said, "and I couldn't resist the impulse to come in and correct an error which I made this morning, now that a sense of its enormity is fresh in my mind." He sat down to work, and the other stood watching him.

"Well," said the painter, finally, "how does it satisfy you?"

"Not altogether."

"Pray develop your objections. It's in your power materially to assist me."

"I hardly know how to formulate my objections. Let me, at all events, in the first place, say that I admire your work immensely. I'm sure it's the best picture you've painted."

"I honestly believe it is. Some parts of it," said Baxter, frankly, "are excellent."

"It's obvious. But either those very parts or others are singularly disagreeable. That word isn't criticism, I know; but I pay you for the right to be arbitrary. They are too hard, too strong, of too frank a reality. In a word, your picture frightens me, and if I were Marian I should feel as if you'd done me a certain violence."

"I'm sorry for what's disagreeble; but I meant it all to be real. I go in for reality; you must have seen that."

"I approve you; I can't too much admire the broad and firm methods you've taken for reaching this same reality. But you can be real without being brutal—without attempting, as one may say, to be actual."

"I deny that I'm brutal. I'm afraid, Mr. Lennox, I haven't taken quite the right road to please you. I've taken the picture too much au serieux. I've striven too much for completeness. But if it doesn't please you it will please others."

"I've no doubt of it. But that isn't the question. The picture is good enough to be a thousand times better."

"That the picture leaves room for infinite improvement, I, of course, don't deny; and, in several particulars, I see my way to make it better. But, substantially, the portrait is there. I'll tell you what you miss. My work isn't 'classical,' in fine, I'm not a man of genius."

"No; I rather suspect you are. But, as you say, your work isn't classical. I adhere to my term brutal. Shall I tell you? It's too much of a study. You've given poor Miss Everett the look of a professional model."

"If that's the case I've done very wrong. There never was an easier, a less conscious sitter. It's delightful to look at her."

"Confound it, you've given all her ease, too. Well, I don't know what's the matter. I give up."

"I think," said Baxter, "you had better hold your verdict in abeyance until the picture is finished. The classical element is there, I'm sure; but I've not brought it out. Wait a few days, and it will rise to the surface."

Lennox left the artist alone; and the latter took up his brushes and painted hard till nightfall. He laid them down only when it was too dark to see, As he was going out, Lennox met him in the hall.

"Exegi monumentum," said Baxter; "it's finished. Go and look at your ease. I'll come to-morrow and hear your impressions."

The master of the house, when the other had gone, lit half a dozen lights and returned to the study of the picture. It had grown prodigiously under the painter's recent handling, and whether it was that, as Baxter had said, the classical element had disengaged itself, or that Lennox was in a more sympathetic mood, it now impressed him as an original and powerful work, a genuine portrait, the deliberate image of a human face and figure. It was Marian, in very truth, and Marian most patiently measured and observed. Her beauty was there, her sweetness, and her young loveliness and her aerial grace, imprisoned forever, made inviolable and perpetual. Nothing could be more simple than the conception and composition of the picture. The figure sat peacefully, looking slightly to the right, with the head erect and the hands—the virginal hands, without rings or bracelets—lying idle on its knees. The blonde hair was gathered into a little knot of braids on the top of the head (in the fashion of the moment), and left free the almost childish contour of the ears and cheeks. The eyes were full of color, contentment and light; the lips were faintly parted. Of color in the picture, there was, in strictness, very little; but the dark draperies told of reflected sunshine, and the flesh spaces of human blushes and pallors, of throbbing life and health. The work was strong and simple, the figure was thoroughly void of affectation and stiffness, and yet supremely elegant.

"That's what it is to be an artist," thought Lennox. "All this has been done in the past two hours."

It was his Marian, assuredly, with all that had charmed him—with all that still charmed him when he saw her: her appealing confidence, her exquisite lightness, her feminine enchantments. And yet, as he looked, an expression of pain came into his eyes, and lingered there, and grew into a mortal heaviness.

Lennox had been as truly a lover as a man may be; but he loved with the discretion of fifteen years' experience of human affairs. He had a penetrating glance, and he liked to use it. Many a time when Marian, with eloquent lips and eyes, had poured out the treasures of her nature into his bosom, and he had taken them in his hands and covered them with kisses and passionate vows; he had dropped them all with a sudden shudder and cried out in silence, "But ah! where is the heart?" One day he had said to her (irrelevantly enough, doubtless), "Marian, where is your heart?"

"Where—what do you mean?" Miss Everett had said.

"I think of you from morning till night. I put you together and take you apart, as people do in that game where they make words out of a parcel of given letters. But there's always one letter wanting. I can't put my hand on your heart."

"My heart, John," said Marian, ingeniously, "is the whole word. My heart's everywhere."

This may have been true enough. Miss Everett had distributed her heart impartially throughout her whole organism, so that, as a natural consequence, its native seat was somewhat scantily occupied. As Lennox sat and looked at Baxter's consummate handiwork, the same question rose again to his lips; and if Marian's portrait suggested it, Marian's portrait failed to answer it. It took Marian to do that. It seemed to Lennox that some strangely potent agency had won from his mistress the confession of her inmost soul, and had written it there upon the canvas in firm yet passionate lines. Marian's person was lightness—her charm was lightness; could it be that her soul was levity too? Was she a creature without faith and without conscience? What else was the meaning of that horrible blankness and deadness that quenched the light in her eyes and stole away the smile from her lips? These things were the less to be eluded because in many respects the painter had been profoundly just. He had been as loyal and sympathetic as he had been intelligent. Not a point in the young girl's appearance had been slighted; not a feature but had been forcibly and delicately rendered. Had Baxter been a man of marvelous insight—an unparalleled observer; or had he been a mere patient and unflinching painter, building infinitely better than he knew? Would not a mere painter have been content to paint Miss Everett in the strong, rich, objective manner of which the work was so good an example, and to do nothing more? For it was evident that Baxter had done more. He had painted with something more than knowledge—with imagination, with feeling. He had almost composed; and his composition had embraced the truth. Lennox was unable to satisfy his doubts. He would have been glad to believe that there was no imagination in the picture but what his own mind supplied; and that the unsubstantial sweetness on the eyes and lips of the image was but the smile of youth and innocence. He was in a muddle—he was absurdly suspicious and capricious; he put out the lights and left the portrait in kindly darkness. Then, half as a reparation to his mistress, and half as a satisfaction to himself, he went up to spend an hour with Marian. She, at least, as he found, had no scruples. She thought the portrait altogether a success, and she was very willing to be handed down in that form to posterity. Nevertheless, when Lennox came in he went back into the painting room to take another glance. This time he lit but a single light. Faugh! it was worse than with a dozen. He hastily turned out the gas.

Baxter came the next day, as he had promised. Meanwhile poor Lennox had had twelve hours of uninterrupted reflection, and the expression of distress in his eyes had acquired an intensity which, the painter saw, proved it to be of far other import than a mere tribute to his power.

"Can the man be jealous?" thought Baxter. Stephen had been so innocent of any other design than that of painting a good portrait, that his conscience failed to reveal to him the source of his companion's trouble Nevertheless, he began to pity him. He had felt tempted, indeed, to pity him from the first. He had liked him and esteemed him: he had taken him for a man of sense and of feeling, and he had thought it a matter of regret that such a man—a creature of strong spiritual needs—should link his destiny with that of Marian Everett. But he had very soon made up his mind that Lennox knew very well what he was about, and that he needed no enlightenment. He was marrying with his eyes open and had weighed the risks against the profits. Every one had his particular taste, and at 35 years of age John Lennox had no need to be told that Miss Everett was not quite all that she might be. Baxter had thus taken for granted that his friend had designedly selected as his second wife a mere pretty woman—a woman with a genius for receiving company, and who would make a picturesque use of his money. He knew nothing of the serious character of the poor man's passion, nor of the extent to which his happiness was bound up in what the painter would have called his delusion. His only concern had been to do his work well; and he had done it better because of his old interest in Marian's bewitching face. It is very certain that he had actually infused into his picture that force of characterization and that depth of reality which had arrested his friends' attention; but he had done so wholly without effort or without malice. The artistic half of Baxter's nature exerted a lusty dominion over the human half—fed upon its disappointments and grew fat upon its joys and tribulations. This, indeed, is simply saying that the young man was a true artist. Deep, then, in the unfathomed recesses of his strong and sensitive nature, his genius had held communion with his heart and had transferred to canvas the burden of its disenchantment and its resignation. Since his little affair with Marian, Baxter had made the acquaintance of a young girl whom he felt that he could love and trust forever; and, sobered and strengthened by this new emotion, he had been able to resume with more distinctness the shortcomings of his earlier love. He had, therefore, painted with feeling. Miss Everett could not have expected him to do otherwise. He had done his honest best, and conviction had come in unbidden and made it better.

Lennox had begun to feel very curious about the history of his companion's acquaintance with his destined bride; but he was far from feeling jealous. Somehow he felt that he could never again be jealous. But in ascertaining the terms of their former intercourse, it was of importance that he should not allow the young man to suspect he had discovered in the portrait any radical defect.

"Your old acquaintance with Miss Everett," he said, frankly, "has evidently been of great use to you."

"I suppose it has," said Baxter. "Indeed, as soon as I began to paint, I found her face coming back to me like a half remembered tune. She was wonderfully pretty at that time."

"She was two years younger."

"Yes, and I was two years younger. Decidedly, you are right. I have made use of my old impressions."

Baxter was willing to confess to so much; but he resolved not to betray anything that Marian had herself kept secret. He was not surprised that she had not told her lover of her former engagement; he expected as much. But he would have held it inexcusable to attempt to repair her omission.

Lennox's faculties were acutely sharpened by pain and suspicion, and he could not help detecting in his companion's eyes an intention of reticence. He resolved to baffle it.

"I am curious to know," he said, "whether you were ever in love with Miss Everett?"

"I have no hesitation in saying Yes," replied Baxter; fancying that a general confession would help him more than a particular denial. "I am one of a thousand, I fancy. Or one, perhaps, of only a hundred. For you see I've got over it. I'm engaged to be married."

Lennox's countenance brightened. "That's it," said he. "Now I know what I didn't like in your picture—the point of view. I'm not jealous," he added. "I should like the picture better if I were. You evidently care nothing for the poor girl. You have got over your love rather too well. You loved her, she was indifferent to you, and now you take your revenge." Distracted with grief, Lennox was taking refuge in irrational anger.

Baxter was puzzled. "You'll admit," said he with a smile, "that is a very handsome revenge." And all his professional self esteem rose to his assistance. "I've painted for Miss Everett the best portait that has yet been painted in America. She herself is quite satisfied."

"Ah!" said Lennox, with a magnificent dissimulation; "Marian is generous."

"Come, then," said Baxter; "what do you complain of? You accuse me of scandalous conduct, and I'm bound to hold you to an account." Baxter's own temper was rising, and with it his sense of his picture's merits. "How have I perverted Miss Everett's expression? How have I misrepresented her? What does the portrait lack? Is it ill drawn? Is it vulgar? Is it ambiguous? Is it immodest?" Baxter's patience gave out as he recited these various charges. "Fiddlesticks!" he cried; "you know as well as I do that the picture is excellent."

"I don't pretend to deny it. Only I wonder that Marian was willing to come to you."

It is very much to Baxter's credit that he still adhered to his resolution not to betray the young girl, and that rather than do so he was willing to let Lennox suppose that he had been a rejected adorer.

"Ah, as you say," he exclaimed, "Miss Everett is so generous?"

Lennox was foolish enough to take this as an admission. "When I say, Mr. Baxter," he said, "that you have taken your revenge, I don't mean that you've done so wantonly or consciously. My dear fellow, how could you help it? The disappointment was proportionate to the loss and the reaction to the disappointment."

"Yes, that's all very well; but, meanwhile, I wait in vain to learn wherein I've done wrong."

"Lennox looked from Baxter to the picture, and from the picture back to Baxter.

"I defy you to tell me," said Baxter. "I've simply kept Miss Everett as charming as she is in life."

"Oh, damn her charms!" cried Lennox.

"If you were not the gentleman, Mr. Lennox," continued the young man, "which, in spite of your high temper, I believe you to be, I should believe you"——

"Well, you should believe me?"

"I should believe you simply bent on cheapening the portrait."

Lennox made a gesture of vehement impatience. The other burst out laughing and the discussion closed. Baxter instinctively took up his brushes and approached his canvas with a vague desire to detect latent errors, while Lennox prepared to take his departure.

"Stay!" said the painter, as he was leaving the room; "if the picture really offends you, I'll rub it out. Say the word," and he took up a heavy brush, covered with black paint.

But Lennox shook his head with decision and went out. The next moment, however, he reappeared. "You may rub it out," he said. "The picture is, of course, already mine."

But now Baxter shook his head. "Ah! now it's too late," he answered. "Your chance is gone."

Lennox repaired directly to Mr. Everett's apartments. Marian was in the drawing room with some morning callers, and her lover sat by until she had got rid of them. When they were alone together Marian began to laugh at her visitors and to parody certain of their affectations, which she did with infinite grace and spirit. But Lennox cut her short and returned to the portrait. He had thought better of his objections of the preceding evening; he liked it.

"But I wonder, Marian," he said, "that you were willing to go to Mr. Baxter?"

"Why so?" asked Marian, on her guard. She saw that her lover knew something, and she intended not to commit herself until she knew how much he knew.

"An old lover is always dangerous."

"An old lover?" and Marian blushed a good honest blush. But she rapidly recovered herself. "Pray where did you get that charming news?"

"Oh, it slipped out," said Lennox.

Marian hesitated a moment. Then with a smile: "Well, I was brave," she said. "I went."

"How came it," pursued Lennox, "that you didn't tell me?"

"Tell you what, my dear John?"

"Why, about Baxter's little passion. Come, don't be modest."

Modest! Marian breathed freely. "What do you mean, my dear, by telling your wife not to be modest? Pray don't ask me about Mr. Baxter's passions. What do I know about them?"

"Did you know nothing of this one?"

"Ah, my dear, I know a great deal too much for my comfort. But he's got bravely over it. He's engaged."

"Engaged, but not quite disengaged. He's an honest fellow, but he remembers his penchant. It was as much as he could do to keep his picture from turning to the sentimental. He saw you as he fancied you—as he wished you; and he has given you a little look of what he imagines moral loveliness, which comes within an ace of spoiling the picture. Baxter's imagination isn't very strong, and this same look expresses, in point of fact, nothing but inanity. Fortunately he's a man of extraordinary talent, and a real painter, and he's made a good portrait in spite of himself."

To such arguments as these was John Lennox reduced, to stifle the evidence of his senses. But when once a lover begins to doubt he cannot cease at will. In spite of his earnest efforts to believe in Marian as before, to accept her without scruple and without second thought, he was quite unable to repress an impulse of constant mistrust and aversion. The charm was broken, and there is no mending a charm. Lennox stood half aloof, watching the poor girl's countenance, weighing her words, analyzing her thoughts, guessing at her motives.

Marian's conduct under this trying ordeal was truly heroic. She felt that some subtle change had taken place in her future husband's feelings, a change which, although she was powerless to discover its cause, yet obviously imperiled her prospects. Something had snapped between them; she had lost half of her power. She was horribly distressed, and the more so because that superior depth of character which she had all along gladly conceded to Lennox, might now, as she conjectured, cover some bold and portentous design. Could he meditate a direct rupture? Could it be his intention to dash from her lips the sweet, the spiced and odorous cup of being the wife of a good natured millionaire? Marian turned a tremulous glance upon her past, and wondered if he had discovered any dark spot. Indeed, for that matter, might she not defy him to do so? She had done nothing really amiss. There was no visible blot in her history. It was faintly discolored, indeed, by a certain vague moral dinginess; but it compared well enough with that of other girls. She had cared for nothing but pleasure; but to what else were girls brought up? On the whole, might she not feel at ease? She assured herself that she might; but she nevertheless felt that if John wished to break off his engagement, he would do it on high abstract grounds, and not because she had committed a naughtiness the more or the less. It would be simply because he had ceased to love her. It would avail her but little to assure him that she would kindly overlook this circumstance and remit the obligations of the heart. But, in spite of her hideous apprehensions, she continued to smile and smile.

The days passed by, and John consented to be still engaged. Their marriage was only a week off—six days, five days, four. Miss Everett's smile became less mechanical. John had apparently been passing through a crisis—a moral and intellectual crisis, inevitable in a man of his constitution, and with which she had nothing to do. On the eve of marriage he had questioned his heart; he had found that it was no longer young and capable of the vagaries of passion, and he had made up his mind to call things by their proper names, and to admit to himself that he was marrying not for love, but for friendship, and a little, perhaps, for prudence. It was only out of regard for what he supposed Marian's own more exalted theory of the matter, that he abstained from revealing to her this common sense view of it. Such was Marian's hypothesis.

Lennox had fixed his wedding day for the last Thursday in October. On the preceding Friday, as he was passing up Broadway, he stopped at Goupil's to see if his order for the framing of the portrait had been fulfilled. The picture had been transferred to the shop, and, when duly framed had been, at Baxter's request and with Lennox's consent, placed for a few days in the exhibition room. Lennox went up to look at it.

The portrait stood on an easel at the end of the hall, with three spectators before it—a gentleman and two ladies. The room was otherwise empty. As Lennox went toward the picture, the gentleman turned out to be Baxter. He proceeded to introduce his friend to his two companions, the younger of whom Lennox recognized as the artist's betrothed. The other, her sister, was a plain, pale woman, with the look of ill health, who had been provided with a seat and made no attempt to talk. Baxter explained that these ladies had arrived from Europe but the day before, and that his first care had been to show them his masterpiece.

"Sarah," said he, "has been praising the model very much to the prejudice of the copy."

Sarah was a tall, black haired girl of 20, with irregular features, a pair of luminous dark eyes, and a smile radiant of white teeth—evidently an excellent person. She turned to Lennox with a look of frank sympathy, and said in a deep, rich voice:

"She must be very beautiful."

"Yes, she's very beautiful," said Lennox, with his eyes lingering on her own pleasant face. "You must know her—she must know you."

"I'm sure I should like very much to see her," said Sarah.

"This is very nearly as good," said Lennox. "Mr. Baxter is a great genius."

"I know Mr. Baxter is a genius. But what is a picture, at the best? I've seen nothing but pictures for the last two years, and I haven't seen a single pretty girl."

The young girl stood looking at the portrait in very evident admiration, and while Baxter talked to the elder lady Lennox bestowed a long, covert glance upon his fiancee. She had brought her head into almost immediate juxtaposition with that of Marian's image, and for a moment the freshness and the strong animation which bloomed upon her features seemed to obliterate the lines and colors on the canvas. But the next moment, as Lennox looked, the roseate circle of Marian's face blazed into remorseless distinctness, and her careless blue eye looked with cynical familiarity into his own.

He bade an abrupt good morning to his companions, and went toward the door. But beside it he stopped. Suspended on the wall was Baxter's picture, "My Last Duchess." He stood amazed. Was this the face and figure that, a month ago, had reminded him of his mistress? Where was the likeness now? It was as utterly absent as if it had never existed. The picture, moreover, was a very inferior work to the new portrait. He looked back at Baxter, half tempted to demand an explanation, or at least to express his perplexity. But Baxter and his sweetheart had stooped down to examine a minute sketch near the floor, with their heads in delicious contiguity.

How the week elapsed, it were hard to say. There were moments when Lennox felt as if death were preferable to the heartless union which now stared him in the face, and as if the only possible course was to transfer his property to Marian and to put an end to his existence. There were others, again, when he was fairly reconciled to his fate. He had but to gather his old dreams and fancies into a faggot and break them across his knee, and the thing were done. Could he not collect in their stead a comely cluster of moderate and rational expectations, and bind them about with a wedding favor? His love was dead, his youth was dead; that was all. There was no need of making a tragedy of it. His love's vitality had been but small, and since it was to be but short lived it was better that it should expire before marriage than after. As for marriage, that should stand, for that was not of necessity a matter of love. He lacked the brutal consistency necessary for taking away Marian's future. If he had mistaken her and overrated her, the fault was his own, and it was a hard thing that she should pay the penalty. Whatever were her failings, they were profoundly involuntary, and it was plain that with regard to himself her intentions were good. She would be no companion, but she would be at least a faithful wife.

With the help of this grim logic Lennox reached the eve of his wedding day. His manner toward Miss Everett during the preceding week had been inveterately tender and kind. He felt that in losing his love she had lost a heavy treasure, and he offered her instead the most unfailing devotion. Marian had questioned him about his lassitude and his preoccupied air, and he had replied that he was not very well. On the Wednesday afternoon he mounted his horse and took a long ride. He came home toward sunset, and was met in the hall by his old housekeeper.

"Miss Everett's portrait, sir," she said, "has just been sent home in the most beautiful frame. You gave no directions, and I took the liberty of having it carried into the library. I thought," and the old woman smiled deferentially, "you'd like best to have it in your own room."

Lennox went into the library. The picture was standing on the floor, back to back with a high armchair, and catching, through the window, the last horizontal rays of the sun. He stood before it a moment, gazing at it with a haggard face.

"Come!" said he, at last, "Marian may be what God has made her; but this detestable creature I can neither love nor respect!"

He looked about him with an angry despair, and his eye fell on a long, keen poniard, given him by a friend who had bought it in the east, and which lay as an ornament on the mantel shelf. He seized it and thrust it, with barbarous glee, straight into the lovely face of the image. He dragged it downward, and made a long fissure in the living canvas. Then, with half a dozen strokes, he wantonly hacked it across. The act afforded him an immense relief.

I need hardly add that on the following day Lennox was married. He had locked the library door on coming out the evening before, and he had the key in his waistcoat pocket as he stood at the altar. As he left town, therefore, immediately after the ceremony, it was not until his return, a fortnight later, that the fate of the picture became known. It was not necessary to relate how he explained his exploit to Marian and how he disclosed it to Baxter. He at least put on a brave face. There is a rumor current of his having paid the painter an enormous sum of money. The amount is probably exaggerated, but there can be no doubt that the sum was very large. How he has fared—how he is destined to fare—in matrimony, it is rather too early to determine. He has been married scarcely three months.

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6th.—You will be expected to take no greater risk in any position than any other member. You should not expect to be granted privileges denied to others.

7th.—You will be at liberty to go and come when you please, but required to give due notice before leaving, so that ample time may be had to fill your place if it be necessary.

8th.—The Company is nothing more nor less that a commercial Company. It receives its powers from the general laws of the Territory, and it is limited to a certain extent, to the things which may or may not be done.

10th—At present no stated wage is paid its regular employees. The earnings are divided in proportion to the hours of service. The incentive to make the best possible use of time and always work upon some thing that will produce results, is thus held out to every member.

11th—It will be the Company's aim to provide all things, as near as possible, at their actual cost. But it will require much time and experience to determine this cost.

12th—Address all communications to,

THOS. MALONY, Sec'y.
tf P. S. C. C., Port Angeles, W. T.

We read in one of the papers that "President Gampers, in his annual address, handled Powderly without gloves," meaning that he is jealous of Powderly and took advantage of his position as the head of the Federated Trades, to show it. One cannot be very much of a man who will allow a weakness of that kind to get the better of good judgement. Those two men above all others, should co-operate in all things calculated to advance the condition of the workingmen. But we often wonder if the working classes themselves are always to be so foolish as to glory in a combat which tends to degrade rather than elevate! Workingmen will never gain anything by fighting one another. They should concentrate all forces at their command upon a common enemy if they desire to be successful in this great conflict. They must do so or their efforts at Emionism "federation" etc. will be of no avail.

There is a whole sermon in the following—Read and carefully digest, and if you do not remark, "Well, after all, protection means something *for the rich*,"—then we are mistaken:

Debt, interest, mortgage and sheriff sales have come to be familiar household words. Tramps multiply, strikes increase lawyers get in their work, money catches the inspiration of the poet, and sings, "Farewell, vain world I'm going home," and is safely housed in the coffers of the rich or the treasury of the United States, there to remain or be loaned to special banks free of interest.—Labor Tribune.

Personal Mention.

W. Wilson who will be remembered as being with us one year ago, is now at Vancouver, B. C.

Henry Oliver of Ellensburg, this Territory, has selected his lots and expects some day to make Port Angeles his home.

W. Clegg and wife of Seattle have been visiting in this place with friends during the past week.

David Rushworth who has been working at his trade for several months in Seattle spent the holidays with his family in this place.

Mrs. F. F. Campbell who is wintering in a tent, thinks our winters are perfectly delightful. Nothing would induce her to brave the blizzards of a Nebraska winter again. She will make her home with us.

S. W. Sargent of Tacoma, has been a member of the N. P. pile-driver force for over two years. He recently rescued a lady from drowning, and the papers have had considerable to say of the event.

J. H. Noreus who was one of the unfortunates of the Lief Erickson accident, has often told us that the task of building up a business for workingmen and by workingmen would be a difficult one. He had tried it in Minnesota and many fortunes were sunk with his. He acknowledged, however, that the natural resources, climate, etc., were more favorable here for the undertaking than there.

Ole Johnson of 223 West Ohio St., Chicago, recently made a canvass among some of the delinquent subscribers to colony lot and stock interests, thinking he could induce them to take renewed interest in the Colony. When he discovered that nearly all had but little to begin with, and expected the colony to give them "continuous employment at extra wages," lands, lights, etc., "free"—he gave up the task as a tough one, and thinks the best policy for the colony to pursue is to help those who try honorably to help themselves. There is much in this suggestion.

Henry Stevens of Tacoma, a member of the Sinaloa Colony, writes Mrs. Howland that he has something like $1500 for their boat fund, and thinks that by staying in Tacoma a few months he can add another $1000 or so. It will require but a dozen men like Mr. Stevens to build their ship, and it is safe to say that if the eleven other fellows do not turn up in time, Mr. Stevens will build it himself. If colonies could be organized with such men at the helm, there would be no such thing as failure. Money is very much needed in all enterprises, but above everything *men*—men in every sense of the word.

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern:

GREETING—You are hereby notified that on and after January 1st, A. D., 1889 the prices now fixed upon unselected lots will be advanced twenty-five per cent. Colony lots now costing $50 each will on and after that date cost $62.50 and no warranty deed will be issued for a less amount for a single lot, or a proportionate amount for more than one lot. Thirty days after selection will be given to make payment in full for the lot or lots selected. A failure to make such payment in full, will work a forfeiture of such selection.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the P. S. C. C.

THOS. MALONY, Sec'y.

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DENTIST,
PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
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WATCH AND JEWELRY
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J. STEADMAN,
East End, Port Angeles, W. T.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., November, 13th, 1888

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Seattle, W. T., on Wednesday, January 9th, 1889, viz: Clara J. Robertson, wife of Chas. M. Robertson, (dec'd) Hd E No 7594 for the lot 8 and SW ¼ SW ¼ Sec 23 and lot 3 and E ½ SE ¼ Sec 22 Tp 28 N R 15 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: M. D. Pullin, of Quillayute, W. T., John Carnes, of Quillayute, W. T., Charles Hammond, of La Push, W. T., Edward S. Butler, of La Push, W. T., Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

JOHN Y. OSTRANDER, Register.
11 23 88 to 12 28 88.

NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE SEATTLE, W. T., September, 22nd, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress, of June 3rd, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," David Montross, of Seattle, County of King, Territory of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn Statement No. 3351, for the purchase of the lot 3 SE 1-4 of NW 1-4 and SW 1-4 of NE 1-4 of Section No 2, in Township No. 31 N Range No 12 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Seattle, W. T., on Friday the 22nd day of March, 1889. He names as witnesses: Jacob Schaefer, of Pysght, Clallam Co., W. T., Hamilton J. Carr, of Pysght, Clallam Co., W. T., Colen McDougall, of Shelton, Mason Co., W. T., Peter Young, of Seattle, King Co., W. T. Any and all persons claimiug adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 22nd day of March, 1899.

JOHN Y. OSTRANDER, Register.
11 23 88 to 1 25 89.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., November 30th, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge or in his absence the Clerk of the Probate Court at New Dungeness, W. T., on Monday, Jan. 28, 1889, viz: Samuel G. Morse, Hd. E. No. 4192 for the SW 1-4 sec. 8, Tp 30 N R 5 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Alfred Lee, Nicholas Shomer, Thomas Hume all of Port Angeles, W. T. and Chas. Agnew of Dungeness, W. T. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

JOHN Y. OSTRANDER, Register.
12 14 8 to 1 18 9.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., November 20th, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of the Dist. Court at Port Townsend, W. T., on Thursday, Jan. 3rd, 1889. viz: Winfield S. Miller Hd. E. No. 8265 for the lots 3 and 4 and S. ½ NW 1-4 Sec. 4 Tp 30 N R 8 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: John F. Raney, Peter Johanson, Geo. D. Raney, and August Peterson all of Crescent Bay, W. T. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

JOHN Y. OSTRANDER, Register.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., August 22nd. 1888.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," Robert Wilson of Crescent Bay, County of Clallam, Territory of Washington has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3255, for the purchase of the lots 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, Sec. 22 and lot 1 of Sec. 21, in Township No. 30 N. R. 8 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Seattle, W. T., on Friday the 1 day of February, 1889. He names as witnesses: Winfield S. Miller, F. J. Hart, Fred Raney and Charles Oberg all of Clallam County, W. T. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 1 day of February, 1889.

JOHN Y. OSTRANDER, Register.
11 2 88 to 1 11 89.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T. August 22nd, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," Geo. W. Albright of Crescent Bay, County of Clallam, Territory of Washington has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3256, for the purchase of lots 2, 3 and 4 of Section No. 21, in Township No. 30 N. R. No. 8 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone that for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Seattle, W. T., on Friday the 1 day of February, 1889. He names as witnesses: Chas. Oberg, Fred Raney, F. J. Hart and Winfield S. Miller all of Clallam County, W. T. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 1 day of February, 1889.

JOHN Y. OSTRANDER, Register.
11 2 88 to 1 11 89.

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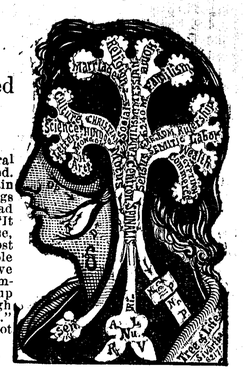

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