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. 13. PORT ANGELES, WASH. TER., FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 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.

[Entered at the Post Office at Port Angeles as second-class mail matter.]

F. S. LEWIS, E. B. MASTICK, Jr. } Editors and Publishers.

All communications and remittances for advertising and subscriptions should be sent to the Commonwealth.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE—IN ADVANCE.

ONE YEAR, - - $1.00 SIX MONTHS, - $ .50
THREE MONTHS, .25 | SAMPLE COPIES, FREE

Advertisements suitable to the character o this paper will be received at reasonable rates

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11, 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.

ROBBERY OF LABOR.

Politicians of the Blaine school, constantly scout the idea that workingmen are surrounded by worse conditions today than they were during the early part of the century, and point to the rapid increase of property values as indisputable proof of the prosperity of the country. They quote figures to prove that the property of this country has doubled three times since 1860, a fact which may co-exist with the worst possible condition of those who have created the wealth. Where conditions exist which inevitably tend to concentrate values created by the many in the hands of the few, increased wealth may mean for the workers increased degradation and poverty. Such has been the fact in this country at least; and all the sophistry of dishonest statesmen(?) cannot prove it otherwise, nor relieve us of the dangers which threaten us. The present period has come to be notorious as the age of the millionaire and tramp. We have no quarrel with either as individuals—they are product of unwise; yes, criminal legislation.

There are certain values which depend not upon labor exerted nor capital expended. It would cost millions of capital and the exertions of regiments of laborers through many years to build a railroad through the Sahara Desert from east to west; but it could hardly be given away when completed.

The property would be there—the franchise the right of way, the road bed, rails and rolling stock with depots, shops and headquarter offices, all costing hundreds of millions. But if any company was offered the road free of cost on condition that it would run one train every day each way, none would be foolish enough to accept the gift. The same is true of any business. Plant it in some spot away from the habitations of men and its value becomes merely nominal What is it then that gives value to any and all enterprises? Is it not their nearness to and the density of the population? The number of persons on a given area of land determines not only the value of the land but of all businesses established in the locality and thus a large part of the wealth of an individual or corporation may consist of his or its easy access to large numbers of people. The opportunity thus arising is called a franchise or good will; and as it is a creation of the community necessarily belongs to the community.

To what extent can the state equitably grant franchises? Given a community in which the law of equal freedom prevails, where each may pursue the object of his desires so long as he infringes not the equal right of any other; a community in which the governing body, selected by the people confined itself to preserving the peace as between individuals and with the joint stock company unborn, and it will not be difficult to see just what would follow its birth—that is—what would follow the conferring of many of the powers of citizenship upon a mere pile of money.

Whatever industry was selected for the operations of the company would soon be brought under its control because of its larger capital thus placing individual enterprise in that industry at a disadvantage. But production would be cheapened and increased, and so long as the community shared in the general advancement from individual to corporate enterprise no valid objection could be raised.

The corporation is a *person* to whom the stockholders loan their money; and so long as they only receive in return for its use the customary rates for the use of their capital that they would receive if loaned to individuals, the community which grants the franchise will secure benefits in the way of cheapened product and in increased pay to labor in return for the powers conferred. But if the company is allowed to issue stock at will as its franchise is made valuable by the growth of the community and by the freezing out of individuals engaged in the same business, the people are to that extent robbed under forms of law.

The conferring of a franchise by Government necessarily implies a right to prescribe the rules under which the franchise may be enjoyed. But in this country the people have fostered the abuse of corporate power by failing to maintain proper supervision and control. The result has been the absorbtion by the joint stock companies of all the profits arising from the application of labor and capital under their franchises. While wages have remained comparatively the same, stock has been issued in sufficient quantities to absorb in nominal dividends the increased earnings. The value given to any enterprise has not been that of capital actually invested, but the sum upon which the business would pay a reasonable dividend. Thus: if $10,000 of capital is invested and by the application of labor can be made to return 20 per cent. in a community where money is loaned for 10 per cent., none of the extra ten per cent. would go to labor but $10,000 of additional stock would be issued to absorb it.

It can thus be seen where the wonderful increase of wealth in this country has come from and where it has gone to. It is not, properly speaking, wealth at all, but an enormous debt upon which labor is compelled to pay an usurious interest in the shape of high rents, increased cost of the necessaries of life and worst of all in the high prices of lands on which he must make his home. Labor has thus unwittingly been forging the chains of its own enslavement.

By trusting its future in the hands of unscrupulous and ignorant legislators it has been robbed of most of its just share in advancing civilization.

F. S. LEWIS.

THE PROPOSED BRITISH CABLE.

The route of the proposed Cable is from Vancouver Island to Australia touching at Hawaii, Farming Island, Samoa Fiji and New Zealand, a distance of 7,430 miles, the longest stretch being from Vancouver Island to Hawaii, 2,400 miles. The soundings along the line show that the bottom is favorable being mud, clay and ooze, and the cable will lie at a great depth, in some places over 3,000 fathoms. The Cable Company want a guarantee of $375,000 per annum from Great Brittain, Australia and Canada, for which they may have free use of the line at rates not to exceed $1.00 per word. The offer is now being considered by Great Brittain; and the Australian Colonies and Canada have called for meetings of representatives in Melbourne and Montreal respectively.

A PUBLIC PARK.

When the townsite was surveyed, the government reserved suburban lot 26 for a public park, but after the town's twenty years slumber, the fact of its being reserved for that purpose was forgotten and it was sold by the Officers of the Land Office. In our opinion the Patent will not be issued, and some day the money will be refunded and the lot given to the public. Be that as it may, the town should have a park, and one that will be a credit to the place.

The President has approved the act granting an unused military reservation to Tacoma for the purpose of a public park, and when our citizens ask for it we too will get one.

We do not want nor could we probably get the military and naval reserve, as that may be needed for naval purposes, but that portion of the townsite reserve south of it, including Cook's prairie should be and probably can be got for the asking.

The Government has already raised over $40,000 from sales of townsite property, and has never given one cent towards benefiting the town. The portion of townsite yet unsurveyed contains over 2,000 acres which it is the intention to cut up into ten acre lots when required. If so cut up the government will realize over $100,000 for it but the land will be bought up by speculators, to the detriment of the town.

If the west end of the reserve is dedicated for a park, the balance can be cut up into lots to correspond with our present town, and the Government will thus realize from the sale of the lots over $200,000.

The town will have a park besides, which will be unequaled in size and beauty by any on the Coast. Individuals can then buy a lot or two at reasonable rates, which will be far better for the progress of the town, than to have non-residents buy it up in ten acre tracts and hold it till the growth and energy of the community make them wealthy. Let us by all means have the park for the public and the lots for those that will come here and help us to build up our city.

The principal part of the land now owned in the townsite is held by non-residents. Many of them intend to come here eventually to build their home, but the greater portion are holding them for a "stake." Speculation in land is the curse of every town and city in our land. Seattle is now feeling its deadly effects, and long before we reach the size of that city, will its blight be felt here. It is the system that is at fault, under a proper one, no one could hold land from use without paying well for the privilege. The Single Tax would be a fine thing for Port Angeles.

Unprincipled speculators, who in their desire to sell their property, try to throw a cloud on other lots, make nothing in the long run by such work; they only succeed in cutting short their own business career.

The *Post Intelligencers* New Yeare edition is a credit to our Territory as well as to Seattle, the Queen City, where it is published. It is a sixteen page paper full of items of interest to all who think of coming to the Coast.

The *Pacific Union* of San Francisco and San Jose, a neat and creditable publication, has made its first bow to the public. It is a labor paper with a strong leaning toward prohibition, but whether a free lance, or in favor of the Union Labor party we are unable to judge, from its initial number. It is bright and attractive, and anxious to accomplish some good for the cause, and for that reason we welcome it and wish it a long and useful life.

We have received the *Truth Seeker* Almanac for '89, and find it to be an exceedingly interesting number. The illustrations are, The Lick Observatory, The Great Telescope; Statue to Giordani Bruno; two illustrations from Miss Wixons "Story Hour;" and one from Julian's "Love Ventures." The principal article is "Liberalism; a Symposium," being answers to fourteen questions asked by the Editor. Among the twenty-four contributors to this article are R. G. Ingersoll, Parker Pillsbury, Mrs. E. D. Slenker, F. M. Holland, E. B. Foote Jr., L. K. Washburn, Lucy N. Coleman and Mrs. M. A. Freeman. The article "Ingersoll and Shakespere" with poetical quotations from each and from other poets, is alone worth the price of the almanac.

SUPERIORITY IS BAD IN SOME INSTANCES.

An Associated Press dispatch of January 1st says:

"WASHINGTON, Jan. 1.—During the debate on the tariff bill which will recommence to-morrow it is the intention of Senator Stanford to place in the cloak rooms of the senate and house and also in his own committee room each day five assortments of oranges, prunes, figs raisins grown in California. This will be done for the purpose of affording a practical illustration to Congress that the fruit grown in the United States is much superior to that imported from abroad and as such ought to be duly protected."

In other words, if the articles mentioned were of inferior quality protection would not be needed. This is owing to the fact that boarding house keepers select the poorest fruit etc., unless the better quality is obtainable at a much lower price. The boarders are apt to over eat and impair their digestive organs. The sour Tahiti oranges, wormy raisins and mildewed prunes, go much futher and are safer to have around.

Once it was believed that protection (so called) kept the better and cheaper foreign goods from running our own poorer and dearer goods out of our markets, but that is now an exploded idea. Protection, according to Senator Stanford should keep the *inferior and higher priced* foreign goods from shutting out our *superior* and *cheaper* goods of home production. Blessed protection! What should we do with out you!

DON'T INJURE INDUSTRIES OF GREAT PROMISE.

The Democratic party was taunted before election with favoring the South in not puting sugar on the free list.

Now Senator Stanford comes to the front and notifies the republican cacus that he will not vote to cut down the duty on sugar. He says the reduction would injure *several* industries, in Califoria, *of great promise*, and then goes on to say, that the manufacture of beet sugar will soon be one of the most important occupations there. That is *one* industry "*of great promise.*" We take it that the other industries *of great promise* are the San Francisco Sugar Refineries. With our Receprocity Treaty with the Hawaii Islands their raw sugar comes in free, and the San Francisco Refineries have a monopoly of the sugar business on this coast. Reduce the duty on the other coast, or let it come in free, and this Coast's Refineries would lose their grip on the dear people. Don't let Congress do anything rash, Senator, please don't; the bleeding of us by the San Francisco Refineries does us good. Wait awhile till the people see the folly of the whole protection racket, and then—stand from under.

LUXURIES FOR THE RICH.

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, one of the leading Republicans in the Senate, has about as much use for a poor man as Vanderbilt had. In a speech on the Tariff bill, in Congress, he said: "I think this is a pretty good bill, but it does not come up to my theory of a protective tariff. I believe that the tariff upon everything that can be produced in this country with ample competition should be practically prohibitory; and let *none but the rich* enjoy luxuries from abroad, provided there can be fair competition among producers in this country."

Such as he would say to the laborer, "you take the buzzard and I'll take the turkey, or I'll take the turkey and you take the buzzard." It would be buzzard for the *poor* man every time. Yet the laborers put the party, of which he is a bright and shining light, back into power!

Truth is stranger than fiction!

In a few remarks on the amendment to the Mills bill, in the Senate, Dec. 18th, Senator Turpie of Indiana said:

"It now appears that the President last December was perfectly right in informing the country that there was a surplus in the Treasury and in asking also that taxation should be reduced. The point misconceived was as to where the relief should come, he being of the opinion that relief should come to the tax-paying many, the multitude of the people; whereas it seems that, after all, the relief should come to the maimed, crippled, wounded, moribund corporations engaged in the manufacture of the protected articles, doomed to decay and destruction unless they be perpetually pensioned for total disability by the provisions of this bill.

"Instead of any amendment being a special privilege, the bill itself is a vast conservatory of choice plants of monopoly to be fed and forced by the sweat of the laboring masses and by every kind of unjust, oppressive, and unnecessary exaction. This measure itself is a paradise, the very garden of the gods of unjust monopolies, a paradise situate hard by the country of corruption and decay, and situate also very near the level of that Dead Sea which conceals alike the ashes and the iniquities of Sodom."

LABOR HAS TO PROTECT ITSELF.

Senator Saulsbury of Delaware strikes the keynote:

"I will say to the Senator from Vermont that I have no doubt in the world he would not be compelled to pay any more than the Englishman who buys saws; but you have your protective tariff, and the English article can not come here, and the manufacturer of these saws raises his price; and in America he has the complete control of the market, and when he has a surplus on hand he sends it to England and sells at a profit there.

This is illustrated not only by this thing, but a manufacturer of a certain description of cotton goods told me that he was connected with five different mills and that certain lines of goods could be manufactured in this country as cheap as in Manchester, England, and he said: "I have now a contract to deliver 200 bales of white-cotton goods in Manchester at Manchester prices, and yet that manufacturer would not have sold those goods to an American customer at the price for which he sold them in Manchester, for the reason that there is a protection given to that class of goods which raises them up and enables him to sell to the American customer at prices advanced beyond those for which they can be sold in Manchester. That is the way the tariff operates.

I have heard a great deal about protection to labor, but what I have heard in debate on this floor and what I have seen of the operations on the other side of the Chamber convinces me that it is all a delusion. The laborer does not get any, or at least but very little, benefit from your protective policy. The price of labor in every calling of life is determined by the supply and demand of the labor needed. It is so in the agricultural community, and it is so in the mechanical industries of the country, and it is so in the manufacturing industries of the country. It is all a delusion and deception practiced upon the laborers of the country to hold out to them the idea that the protective policy is for their interest. I do not believe a word of it, and I do not think that any very intelligent operative in any of the mills or factories in this country who has examined the question will believe it. Do they not know that they are employed in the mills and factories at the very lowest rates that the manufacturers can procure their labor for? Do they not see it all around them in every calling of life that everybody employs labor at the cheapest rate he can?

Labor is not too well paid in this country in any calling. I should be glad to see the laborer better paid in every calling of life. You enrich the manufacturer by your protective tariff, and he derives the benefit of your protection. It is not the employes in his mill who are benefited.

Sir, the other day, if you were so anxious to protect the laborers of this country, why did you not strike off all the burden which you put upon the ties of the laboring man who grows the cotton? There are only between two and three million laborers in the factories and mills of this country; an equal number are engaged in the raising of cotton, and yet you will oppress that class of labor under the plea that you are going to benefit the men who are operating the mills!

Why, sir, this idea of protecting labor is all a delusion. Labor has to protect itself.

Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow.

And we have had strikes in this country; we have had resistance by the operatives because of the fact that they were not allowed sufficient means by their employers to support themselves and support their families. We are not blind.

Many of us have traveled somewhat in this country, and have seen around the manufacturing establishments of the country the humble home of the operative. Get on the cars, pass around the suburbs of your cities, and what do you see? You see the manufactories, you see their long string of houses, built of cheap material, built in humble form, with a back yard of about 20 feet in the rear of the house in which are located all the modern improvements, the children on the door steps, the wife out on the ash-banks, the dumping-ground, collecting the refuse fuel from the ashes, and on the same soil is the goat that gives milk to the family. And yet you talk about protecting labor! It is not protected. Labor will never have protection from the manufacturing interests of the country. It must depend upon itself, assert its rights, maintain its own dignity and its worth, and then perhaps it will command the wages to which it is entitled.

It is all a delusion to talk about protecting labor by a tariff. You cannot protect labor in that way. There is no possible way in which you can protect it unless you open the Treasury and give a bounty to every man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow. You cannot do it by giving him employment, if you constitute the manufacturer the trustee to divide the profit of the protection which you afford. He will pocket the whole of it himself, and get his employes as cheap as he can.

That is the universal experience, I think, everywhere, and it is not worth while to get up in the Senate or anywhere else and attempt to delude the people of this country on that subject, because every man who has any experience in life knows that labor is an article which is employed according to the demand. Sometimes labor will command a higher price, because it is needed very much more at one time than at another; but you cannot regulate, you cannot fix it definitely—the value of labor—because that depends upon the necessity which demands it, not only in manufacturing, but in every other industry in the country.

ANOTHER WHOLESALE EVICTION CASE.

A Dreadful Story from St. Paul—The People Haven't Been Ousted Yet, but They Are Sure to Be—Some Two Thousand Men, Women and Children.

A touching story relating the sad fate of some poor people resulting from a lack of foresight, knowledge of the law, or some other gift or acquirement, is told in the local columns of the St. Paul papers. From time to time, during the past twenty years, people who were too poor to buy land that any one else wanted, have squatted on some low flat land bordering the river where the great city of St. Paul now stands until they now number about 2,000. The squatters, says the *Pioneer Press* newspaper, "are poor and ignorant."

Some of them have lived there on the flats as long as twenty years. They have seen their children grow up and wed together. They have made their little shanties, built with their own hands, snug and warm to withstand the fierce winters, and water tight to keep out the water when the spring floods come. They have their cows and chickens and flower beds and miniature gardens, and they the rightful owners."

But alas! they are not the *legal* owners. Whether they failed to secure a legal title to the land when it was worth nothing for the reason that they thought because the land was worth nothing then it would always remain worthless, or that because no one wanted it when they took it, it would never be wanted by others, at least during their life time, is not stated. The story only tells us that "the land on which the squatters have built their humble homes is owned by a syndicate, of which Ansel Oppenheim, Arnold Kahlman, P. H. Kelly, F. B. Clarke, William Dawson and R. A. Smith are parties; that "it is no longer a good-for-nothing waste," that it has reclaimed from the ravages of the river by the building (at public expense) of a levee, which the city has now nearly completed," while the building of great a bridge (also at public expense) has caused land values thereabouts to leap skyward. The syndicate now wants the land to sell at fabulous prices to moneyed men who may wish to build houses in which to do business in that particular place.

At last accounts Mortiz Heim, as attorney for the syndicate, has served notice on the squatters that they must evacuate, but one paper says it is feared that

The constables will meet with armed resistance from the squatters when they go down there to enforce the writs The syndicate has already sold some of the occupied lots, and one of the purchasers was driven off by the squatters when he went down to look over his property. The squatter are in an ugly frame of mind. They see winter staring them in the face, and will not be driven from their homes without making trouble.

But that the squatters will in the end be evicted there is no doubt, and they will have to travel a long way to find even a piece of low flat land upon which they may squat without price. They must now either pay some fellow being for the privilege of staying on earth or get off.—Standard.

The Irish Landlords and the English Democracy.

The government proposal to make another present of £5,000,000 of the British workers' earnings to the most infamous section of Irish rack renters is one of boundless effrontery.

In the first place, the toilers cannot, in their present miserable condition, afford to play the part of money lenders, even if they were assured of interest the most handsome. Many thousands of them are out of employment, many more are homeless wanderers, many are immured in work house bastiles, and many are slowly, silently, but surely dying of insufficient food, shelter and clothing. They are harrassed by inexorable rates, taxes, and other burdens to such a degree that it can be confidently predicated of the majority of them that "life is not worth the living."

Those of them that have any leisure to reflect on the causes of this untold misery have for some time—thanks especially to the enlightened teaching of the "Prophet of San Francisco" (Henry George), whom we are once more delighted to welcome to our shores—come to the conclusion that the cause of causes is the ungodly institution of landlordism. To the rent demon they have learned primarily to trace their woes. He is the monster that has desolated the fair face of the country, and peopled the towns with vagrants, paupers, prostitutes, thieves and "Jack Rippers."

This being so, if there is one clear determination in the popular heart stronger than every other, it is that landlords great and small, titled and untitled, shall on the earliest available opportunity receive, metaphorically speaking, "a short shrift and a long rope."

To the British "masses," the Irish landlords in particular are peculiarly obnoxious. The toilers now know Ireland's sad story pretty well, and understand the full dread significance of such words as "absenteeism," "eviction" and "coercion." They loathe the whole system of rent rapine, and would as soon think of paying an Irish landlord five millions sterling, or even fivepence, as of sacrificing their own children to Moloch.—Reynold's Newspaper, London.

Notable Reporters.

The New York *World* has engaged some very eminent gentlemen to report the proceedings in the police court for its columns. Rev. DeWitt Talmage and Henry George have already written their reportorial articles, and will be followed by Julian Hawthorne, Marian Harland, Daniel Dougherty and Col. Robert Ingersoll.

The *World* says if such scrutiny as this does not descern flaws in the police court system of the city surely it will be a system to be proud of, and if we have our way there will be less cause for saying as there has been in the past, by persons who saw enough of the system to know whereof they spoke: "Lots of these cases are not half tried." Mr. Talmage writes: "Here they pass on, the dreadful procession of men and women who are made in the image of God, but now defaced. At the start they meant no wrong. Perhaps they were overworked and they stimulated to keep up. Perhaps overwhelmed with grief they took strong drink to deaden their woe. Perhaps the wife and child were hungry, and could no longer hear the cry for bread and took what was not their own. I came away asking, 'what is the cure for all this?' I came away thinking of the almighty contrasts of city life of those who had such miserable homes, or no homes at all, while other homes were filled with luxury and peace."

Henry George, after relating the proceedings in the court room during the hours he sat with the judge, concludes his article with these earnest and eloquent words: Monstrous and unnatural are the sights that may be seen in the police courts—in what was once good human stuff, wrecked, distorted, decaying; poisoned and poisonous. But monstrous and unnatural is this great city itself—this immense row of tenement houses that is growing and growing. Monstrous and unnatural is it that men who do not work should command more of all that work produces than they can possibly use, while thousands who would gladly work to supply their wants seek in vain the opportunity. The police-man's club keeps order, and our courts shovel men and women into prisons and children into institution which, because of what they fail to do, are called reformatories. But there is no remedy in this. Better for them, for the most part, and easier and safer for us, if we were to quietly and easily put them out of life. And the conditions that were then remain. Said one of our metropolitan judges to me years ago, as he was discussing the Malthusian theory: "It is a cold matter of fact that there are thousands of families in this city whom an additional child means the breeding of a boy for the penitentiary or a girl for the almshouse." The poor—what are they but the disinherited? If people are crowded together so closely that healthy life is impossible, it is because there is not room enough. If men who would gladly work find it hard to get the opportunity to work, it is not because there is not work enough to do. If there are any who must stint and strain and worry, from year's end to year's end, to keep in life, it is not because the great natural reservoirs are exhausted or the human actor of production is not capable of drawing from them enough to supply all human needs. It is simply because we give to some what nature has intended for all. Would not police courts soon have to be established in heaven itself were the denizens of heaven to treat it as we treat this earth and make it the private property of those who grabbed it up first, leaving to the others what of itself is the utterly useless power to labor?—Milwaukee Review.

The San Francisco *Chronicle* speaks in this wise: "When a freetrader tries to make you believe that wages are no better in this country than abroad, ask him why nearly five millions of people were foolish enough to emigrate from Europe to the United States, since 1880." Ask one more question, Mr. *Chronicle*, and that is, why such a vast proportion of these immigrants come from those countries possessing the highest protection, such as Italy and Germany.—Pacific Union.

The Astoria *Pioneer* observes that four years' weaning of republican office holders is like shutting a yearling calf away from the cow. He is big enough to remember, and when he gets to her again he bunts her hind feet off the ground.

THE COMMONWEALTH

PORT ANGELES, - - W. T.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Str. Biz was in port Saturday.

The Rev. Str. Walcot was in Friday last.

Mr. B. T. Smith is seriously ill, being threatened with softening of the brain.

The logging crew have quite a lot of logs in the mouth of Ennis creek for the mill.

Mr. Fred Leise's house on the hill is nearing completion and will be quite a neat cottage.

Tug Sea Lion came in Tuesday night with a coal ladened ship, for a harbor. She proceeded to sea Wednesday.

The West Enders under the supervision of M. Geraghty are building a bridge and roadway over the creek on Laurel and Front streets.

The East Enders are intending to form a Literary Society also. A meeting was was held Tuesday night and some singing and reading was indulged in, but permanent organization was not effected.

Str. Tacoma lay at Laurel street wharf Monday night till after midnight. Since getting her new boilers this steamer burns coal instead of wood, as formerly.

Jno. Schaferstein is very low having been seriously hurt Monday. He had just cut a large tree and in falling, it broke a limb off another tree, which striking him knocked him senseless, and broke his left arm.

B. B. Meaghers horse was not hurt as reported in last COMMONWEALTH. The report came as we were going to press and we had no time to get at the real facts. It was a case of scare instead of hurt.

Mr. J. W. Stewart was badly hurt in the mill on Friday last, by being jammed against the side of the mill by a large log that had just been hauled up. He is now getting on nicely and will be out in another week.

Evangel left for Seattle and way ports Tuesday, by 10 a. m. Captain Morgan reported a heavy North Easter from Pysht to Neah Bay. No wind was blowing here, but judging from the swell in the bay, Port Townsend was having an old time South Easter.

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.

Geo. W. Meagher, our former townsman, but now of Seattle, has been visiting with us for the past week. He found the duck hunting good, and was quite successful in bagging the birds. Monday night a dance was given in his honor at the "Potlach." He enjoyed himself immensely during his brief visit, and left on Evangel Tuesday for home, regretfully, but feeling much better for his short vacation.

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.

Port Angeles is blessed in the fact that a South Easter cannot be felt. It is the prevailing wind of winter, and when in all other places on the Sound it is piping in different degrees, from a gale at Townsend and Discovery to a steady breeze in up Sound ports, it is calm as a mill pond on our bay—not the slightest breath of wind. In case it is blowing exceedingly hard in Townsend the swells strike on San Juan Island and are reflected across the Straits to us, so that it is not uncommon during winter months to have quite a swell on the bay, yet otherwise smooth as glass.

Port Angeles Literary Society.

Is meeting with marked success in its efforts to amuse, interest and instruct the residents of our town.

The entertainment of last Friday night (4th inst.) was well attended by an appreciative audience. The program was followed out as given in the last issue of the COMMONWEALTH, except that after the debate, a poem was recited by Mr. L. Williams; and a sermon preached by W. Ritchie, his text being, "Old Mother Hubbard Went to the Cupboard," which, needless perhaps to say, brought down the house. It is now generally conceded that Mr. Ritchie missed his calling when he went into the Real Estate business. Hereafter no parts with be assigned to speakers in the debates. They can take either side they wish, and speak their honest thoughts.

The following is the program for Friday evening, Jan. 11th.

1 Debate.—Prayer and its results
2 Song, Tom Bowles by W. Ritchie.
3 Paul Revere's Ride by P. Land.
4 Song, Good in All by Mr. Bowman.
5 Recitation by Mrs. Gordon.
6 Song, by Mr. Kelly.
7 Select Reading, by Mr. Howells.
8 Recitation, The African Chief by Mr. Smythe.
9 Poem by L. Williams.
10 Duet, by Miss Lida Beaumont and Wm. Vail.

WASHINGTON.

The Rapid Raising of a Young and Mighty State.

The splendid advance made by the territory of Washington from year to year during the past was nowise lessened in 1888. On the contrary a greater and grander progress can be placed to the credit of the twelve months just gone than to any of the years preceding.

Washington Territory has been a long way from the great centers of trade and population. Until of late it cost weeks and months of hard travel, and hundreds and thousands of dollars of money, to get here from those centers. Vast acres of desirable lands intervened in the region now covered by the great states of Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Colorado, Dakota and other territories. Their development necessarily preceded ours, as had Missouri, Illinois and other Eastern States preceded them. Even California and Oregon to a certain extent interfered with our growth. It was easier and cheaper to get into those states than it was to get into this territory, and they presented prospects so alluring that thousands of home-seekers were stopped who otherwise would have come among us. Our markets were few and far away, and we were known in them chiefly as producers of lumber. The country was not advertised. No railroads entered our domain, no ocean steamers entered our ports. In fact, 20 years ago Washington Territory was less known, was more inaccessible, and was generally considered less desirable than is Alaska today. When to these disadvantages are added the fears of trouble from Indians, the absence of roads and communications within our own borders, necessitating long, roundabout journeys to overcome short distances, and the lack of help of any kind from abroad, it is little short of marvelous that any visible growth whatever was made.

EARLIER PROGRESS.

Despite these and ten thousand other obstacles, however, the territory did grow. Little by little it was opened up to the world. A settler here and there took a quarter section of land; a sawmill was built and logging camps established; the opening of coal mines was begun; a new steamer was occassionally put into trade; talk of railroads, both local and national, was heard more frequently, and their talk would once in a while lead to the organization of a company. Every year a few hundred thousand dollars were added to the territorial assessment roll, and there was a corresponding increase of voters at every election. This progress, though infantile in the beginning, gained as the years went by, and gained not only in actual numbers and amounts, but in proportion also. This is illustrated by the cencus returns, and in various other ways. The first census, that of 1860, gave evidence of 11,594 inhabitants in the territory; the second census, that of 1870, of 23,450; the third census, that of 1880, of 74,723. The gain in the number of inhabitants of the first decade was 11,856, or about 100 per cent; the gain of the second decade was $51,208 inhabitants, or 200 per cent.

What the exact gain of the third decade will be (1880 to 1890) it is yet impossible to say, but there is abundant reason for believing that it will be fully 300 per cent and a probability of 400, carrying the population in number to 300,000 or 375,000.

GIANT STRIDES.

The greatest developement of the Territory has been since 1880, To the pioneer, the men who came in the earlier fifties, the changes of the last eight years have been almost bewildering. He had become accustomed to small things, and though he thought and talked of great ones he was but little prepared for them, and now that they have come is unable to fully realize them. A sort of vague idea haunts him that they have not come to stay; that the towns are overgrowing themselves; that the railroads are in advance of the requirements of the country; and that a flattening out, accompanied by partial retrogression, is about to come upon us. That it has not already come astonishes him and beats his calculations all hollow. During this time the territory has made gigantic strides. The world has been forced to take notice of it. It has secured a place among the great business communities of the Union. It speaks and trades for itself and no longer through and by the help of Oregon and California. The people have their own railroads, their own factories, their own banks, their own newspapers, their own ships, their own cities, in fact, everything that goes to make up a great commercial state. The chief thing lacking, and the thing next to come, is statehood itself. With political equality, voice a will in the affairs of the nation, with all the advantages that state government will give, Washington will take a start that will keep her moving on more rapidly during the coming decade than she has moved during the present. It will be disappointing if there are not 1,500,000 people in the state of Washington by the close of the nineteenth century. What has brought about the advance of the past few years? The primary cause is the same here as elsewhere in the United States—in the restlessness of the people, and the desire to get into newer, less crowded fields. The over-crowded millions of the Mississippi valley, of the Atlantic coast, and of Europe look with intense yearning to the country west of the Rocky mountains. To them it has heretofore been

A MOST INTERESTING REGION,

But one beyond their reach. It took a small fortune to get to it, and but a comparatively small number had the necessary money. When reached, however, its delights have been found no less than anticipated. There was land for all, awaiting the taking; there was work and at wages higher than were dreamed of in the old countries; there was climate to suit every taste, and a spirit of freedom above that even of the eastern portion of our own country. These desirable conditions were found to be accompanied by the comforts and luxuries of the lands they had left behind. Our railroads and steamers were like those elsewhere; our towns were as well built; there were daily mails, telegraphs, telephones, gas and electric lights. Instead of coming into a country populated by savage Indians, white trappers and hunters, with insignificent settlements, as a great majority imagined, the immigrants of the present decade have found everything to their hand. They have experienced none of the trials, struggles and hardships of the pioneer, while they have secured the benefits of his privations, labors and enterprises. Capital is always watching the people with a view to increasing itself by satisfying the popular demands. When the people show a disposition to go to a new section, capital stands ready to provide the necessary means. Vessels to carry them will be built and roads made, factories will be erected to furnish them employment, and mines opened to supply them with coal. So it has been here, is now, and so it will be. Railroad men came, and they proceeded to lay their bands of iron in every direction. Six years ago there was but one transcontinental railroad and that was 1000 miles to the south. Now there are three trading in Washington Territory—the Northern, Canadian and Union Pacific—and there will soon be four, followed quickly by a fifth and a sixth.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

There were five miles of railroad in Washington Territory, and ten years ago, two hundred miles. There are now over fourteen hundred miles, and more miles were built in 1888 than in any previous year. Previous to 1875 no ocean steamers were employed in our trade, and during the succeeding six years only two were engaged. Now there are a great many, and the ships are larger, more elegant and faster; as good ships of their dimensions as are to be seen anywhere. Our sawmills have each increased its cut of lumber from 30,000 and 40,000 feet a day 20 years ago, to from 100,000 to 250,000 feet at present. The one coal mine of 1868, with yield 50 tons a day, has has been succeeded by a dozen mines, with aggregate, average daily output of 3000 tons. The railroads brought competition in transportation and cheaper rates. They also extensively advertised the country. The mills and mines and a thousand other mechanical enterprises gave work to the newcomers. With these inducements they have come by thousands, and the streams of their migration are constantly swelling. It is now known that this is a land of great possibilities. Its soil yields more potatoes, wheat, oats, hops and other agricultural products to the acre than any other part of the world; its timber is unsurpassed; its coal beds are practically incapable of exhaustion; its iron deposits are among the finest in the world; its waters abound with fish; and the life-sustaining elements are abundant on every hand.—Seattle Post Intelligencer.

The Navy Yard.

The *Argus* is afraid that Seattle will wine and dine the Navy Commissioners and coax them into putting the Naval station on Lake Union. After speaking of expensive locks, etc., it says that Seattle will not tell of the superior advantages possessed by Port Townsend.

By the way, the *Argus*, speaking of places as competitors for the honor, does not mention Port Angeles, notwithstanding that the *Oregonian* recommends it as the proper place. The *Argus* knows that Port Angeles possesses every qualification that Port Townsend does and in a more marked degree, besides many advantages that Port Townsend does not have. In sounding their own praises to the Commissioners, to use the *Argus's* words:

"The superior advantages of '*Port Angeles*' will not even be hinted at, but the beauties and glories of the '*Port Townsend*' location will be sung in dulcet and seductive tones."

There are but three natural sites on Puget Sound for the Navy yard—Port Angeles, Port Discovery and Steilacoom. None of the three may be selected, however, as the people of Seattle, Tacoma or Port Townsend may so favorably impress the Commissioners by their wining, dining, etc., as to bias their judgement. We believe though that the Commission will perform their duty and not see through the eyes of interested parties. If they desire to recommend this place we are willing, but if they believe Port Discovery or Steilacoom is a better site, and so recommend, we shall have no hard feelings towards the gentlemen.

Among the Breakers.

Will be reproduced Saturday evening, Jan. 19th.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

DAVID MURRAY, Keeper of Fairpoint Light.....J. B. Spears.
LARRY DIVINE, his Assistant.....L. H. Smith.
HON. BRUCE HUNTER....W. R. Shearer.
CLARENCE HUNTER, his Ward.....A. Forsburg.
PETER PARAGRAPH, a Newspaper Reporter.....N. R. Smith.
SCUD, Hunter's colored Servant.....F. Edwards.
MISS MINNIE DAZE, Hunter's Niece.....Mrs. L. H Smith.
BESS STARBRIGHT, "Cast up by the waves.".....Miss Belle Shearer.
"MOTHER CAREY," a reputed Fortune Teller.....Mrs. J. B. Spears.
BIDDY BEAN, an Irish Girl.....Mrs. F. Foss.

To conclude with a laughable farce entitled A Soldier, A Sailor, A Tinker and A Tailor." After the play, there will be a dance. Admission 25 cents. Supper served in the Hall, extra.

L. H. SMITH, Manager.

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:—

N. P. R. R. Co. vs. TELESPHORE BROINLLETTE.
N. P. R. R. Co. vs. JAMES D. MINKLER.
N. P. R. R. Co. vs. CORNELIUS C. HENNES.
REUBEN N. MAYFIELD vs. United States.
GEORGE B. THOMHTON vs. John S. Baker.
Homestead Patents Issued.—Nos. 2021 and 2067.

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.

There is not much improvement in Schaferstein's condition, except that he is some quieter. His skull is not fractured and the doctors hope he will get over the severe concussion, without brain fever. His arm was broken in two places.

WEATHER REPORT.

Station, Port Angeles, W. T., for Week Ending Jan. 8th, 1889.

		Mean Temp.	Daily Precip.
Weds.	2	30.5	.00
Thurs.	3	35.6	.00
Frid.	4	33.0	.00
Sat.	5	36.5	.06
Sun.	6	37.6	.16
Mon.	7	30.5	.00
Tues.	8	32.5	.00

Max. Temp. 45.3, date 7th, inst.
Min. Temp. 22.6, date 2nd, inst.
Total Precipitation, .22.

BELVIDERE SALOON.

FRANK MEERWALDT, PROPRIETOR.

Finest Of

WINES and LIQUORS.

ALSO

Choice Brands of Cigars.

Foot of Laurel Street Wharf.

Port Angeles, W. T.

STEPHEN LAND,
Contractor and Builder,
Port Angeles, W. T.

N. D. HILL & SONS,
—DEALERS IN—
Drugs, Paints, Oils,
GLASS, TRUSSES,
WALL PAPER.
STATIONERY,
PIANOS,
FIELD and
OPERA GLASSES.
Head of Quincy Street Wharf,
WATER ST., PORT TOWNSEND, W.T.

DR. C. W. HUNT,
DENTIST,
PORT TOWNSEND, W. T.
Nitrous oxide gas, ether or chloroform administered for painless extraction of teeth.

CLOCK
WATCH AND JEWELRY
repairing well and carefully done by
J. STEADMAN,
East End, Port Angeles, W. T.

COLONY NURSERIES
Greenhouse and Nursery stock of all kinds for sale.
Script or wage credits taken as readily as cash.
Address:
J. M. GRANT, Manager.

For Small Maps of
PORT ANGELES
Townsite and Bay,
Address the COMMONWEALTH, Price 10 cents each.

East End Hotel,
JAS. ALLEN, Manager.
A few Rods from
the Colony Dock,
at which passengers may land. Rooms large and commodious. Rates very reasonable.
PORT ANGELES, W. T.

P. S. C. C. TIN SHOP,
L. H. SMITH, Manager.
Tin Ware of all kinds made to Order
Good Work and low Prices. Orders Solicited.
East End, Port Angeles, W. T.

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 taxes levied 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 Country Treasurer, at his office in New Dungeness Clallam County, Wash. Terr.

WILLIAM WARD.
Treasurer of Clallam County.

12 28 to 1 18

JAMES CAMPBELL,
—JOBBER AND RETAILER IN—
Hardware, Iron, Steel,
Ship Chandlery, Mechanic's Tools,
WAGONS, MOWERS. REAPERS, PLOWS, ETC.
SEATTLE, - - WASH. TER.

LUMBER, DRESSED OR ROUGH,
FOR SALE AT THE
COLONY MILL.
A good supply of Shingles and Laths always on hand. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Address:
PUGET SOUND CO-OPERATIVE COLONY,
Port Angeles, Washington Territory.

People's Market,
Corner Water and Taylor Streets
Port Townsend, Wash.
THOS. JACKMAN & CO.,
Proprietors.
THE very best quality of all kinds of Meat at wholesale and retail. Sausages, Head Cheese, Bologna Sausages, etc., always on hand
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

H. L. BURKETT. C. EISENBEIS.
PIONEER BAKERY.
Water Street, Port Townsend, W. T.
Burkett & Eisenbeis,
Dealers in all kinds of
GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS
AND GENERAL
MERCHANDISE
CANDIES, NOTIONS, &C.
Eisenbeis Stone Building.

WM. RITCHIE,
General Real Estate Agent
PORT ANGELES
Property a Specialty.
Full lists of town and outside property constantly on hand.
Office in Morse's Building, foot of Laurel Street Wharf.
PORT ANGELES, - - W. T.

NOW ON THE MARKET
Puget Sound Co-operative Colony's
FIRST ADDITION
To PORT ANGELES,
Comprising 161 lots immediately adjoining the original townsite.
Price from $40 to $75 per lot, payable in full at time of purchase or in installments as follows:
$25 to accompany application for each lot, one-half of balance in 60 days and the remainder in 120 days, without interest if paid when due, if not so paid then to draw interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum from date of purchase.
This is a splendid opportunity for those of limited means to secure homes
Address:
Puget Sound Co-operative Colony,
Port Angeles, W. T.

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

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

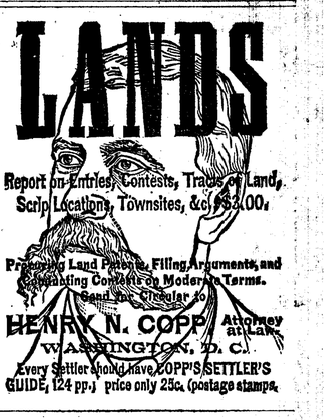
TO THE PUBLIC:—Subscriptions to the Capital Stock of the *Port Angeles and West Shore Railway Company* will be received by the undersigned until further notice. The par value of the shares is one hundred dollars each and may be paid for as follows:

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.



GOOD BOOKS
BY HENRY GEORGE

Progress and Poverty—paper	$ .35
Protection and Free Trade—paper	.35
Social Problems—paper	.35
Social Problems—cloth	1.00

For sale at this office or sent by mail on receipt of price.

ALSO
"THE STANDARD"
HENRY GEORGE paper; Price $2.50 per year furnished with the COMMONWEALTH for $3.00.
Henry George is the foremost political economist of the age. His writings should be read by every one who cares to think rightly upon this great question.

DO YOU WANT
Real Estate
In Port Angeles, the Finest Located Townsite on Puget Sound.
We Have On Sale a Number of the Finest Lots in the
BUSINESS and RESIDENCE Portions
of the Townsite.
ALSO OUTSIDE LANDS
IN QUANTITIES TO SUIT.
For Bed Rock Prices
Address:
THE COMMONWEALTH,
East End, - - Port Angeles, W. T.

DR. G. W. VAIL,
Physician and Surgeon,
PORT ANGELES, WASH. TER.
Can be consulted at the Office of Wm. Ritchie, Morse's block, West End, between the hours of 10 and 12 a. m., and from 1 to 4 p. m. and at all other hours at own residence.
All orders left at Mr. Ritchie's office or at own residence will be promptly attended to.
Special attention given to Chronic Diseases.

Photographs
Of Points of Interest in Port Angeles and vicinity, supplied at $5 per dozen.
Address:
The Model Commonwealth,
Port Angeles, Washington Territory

BOOTS AND SHOES
are now made to order at the
Colony Boot and Shoe Shop,
East End, Port Angeles.
Good work guaranteed and Prices are very reasonable.
JULIUS E. KRUGER, Manager.

American Good Nature.

"What was the temper of America before the year 1763?" was a question put to Benjamin Franklin in the house of commons. "The best in the world," was the prompt reply. "They submit willingly," he went on to add, "to the crown, and cast it little for keeping them in order. They were governed at the expense of only a little pen, ink and paper; they were led by a thread." The temper of the American people, although severely ruffled for a time toward Great Britain, became, as soon as the temporary irritation ceased in independence, "the best in the world," and the best in the world it continues to this day. In no respect is this good temper more conspicuously shown than in submitting to personal inconvenience.

The Frenchman will smirk and bow; and forthwith he is in a frenzy, with the guns unlimbered on the boulevards and grapeshot sweeping public squares. The German, during the funeral of the late emperor, to cite no other instance, was so exasperated by the dogged conduct of the military police that he got himself ridden down by cavalry hoofs and carried in platoons to the station houses. The Englishman, although a respecter of laws and ordinances by habit, is surly and gruff under the slightest personal discomfort, and shows his selfishness in street crowds, on railway trains, and on steamboats, with little regard for women, children, and other dependents on man's chivalry.

American good temper is part of the national philosophy. It is the economy of nerve power. The good tempered man saves not only his sensibilities from fruitless rasping, but his soul from wrath, and generally his body from blows. It requires fewer policemen to keep a public assembly of Americans in order than any other body of people in the world.—Chicago Tribune.

People of the Teche Country.

There are in some parts of the Teche land settlements where a fascinating and unique people dwell, so closely united, so materially independent of the outside world that they are almost like tribal communities. The climate has done almost its genial best for these people. They know nothing of books or literature; they never have heard of any of the ologies and isms that percolate brains elsewhere, but they live close to nature. They produce absolutely everything they use or eat. They make pretty pictures in their simple little homes, pictures that appeal to one as a barn yard scene on canvas, or the suggested coziness of a Dutch interior painted by a great master appeals, rather than the representation of a wizen Faust nosing over tomes in his dim laboratory.

The great truth of life for these is to live and to love, to dwell in comfort with many children, to fear God and to obey the priest, to die confessed and absolved, to lie shrived in the sweet little church and afterwards to sleep under the purple gorse and passion vines in the grass green cemeteries; this is life's truth and mission for these simple folk. This history of such a home, the convincing proof of its existence, is the best immigration document any parish can put forth. We want nothing better, more moral, more progressive than immigrants striving to earn sweet homes; for these will bring with them the manufacturer and the business man, planting industries that shall yield good harvests of work and prosperity.—Catharine Cole in New Orleans Picayune.

The Study of Diamonds.

Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, no two diamonds are exactly alike, but each has a virtue and a value peculiarly its own. It is just as rare to see two individuals exactly alike in face, form and feature as it is to see two diamonds. The idea, also, that a dealer in diamonds can tell by looking at a gem its exact value is all nonsense. A diamond has to be studied. While the aid of a glass will help to discover the slightest flaw or imperfection, it does not bring out its true value, by a long way. Men who handle money constantly can detect a light coin by simply handling and examining casually, but a fine diamond has got to be studied from all points before a safe estimate can be put upon its value. Shape, size, perfection of cutting and such matters cut an important figure in a diamond's value.—Diamond Dealer in Globe-Democrat.

It has been discovered that at least a portion of the "great American desert" is underlaid by a stratum of water which may be reached by boring from 100 to 200 feet. The wells flow so bountifully that one of them will water thoroughly five or six acres of land.—Frank Leslie's.

The Treasure of Franchard.

By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER I.

BY THE DYING MOUNTEBANK.

They had sent for the doctor from Bourron before 6. About 8 some villagers came round for the performance, and were told how matters stood. It seemed a liberty for a mountebank to fall ill like real people, and they made off again in dudgeon. By 10 Mme. Tentaillon was gravely alarmed, and had sent down the street for Dr. Desprez.

The doctor was at work over his manuscripts in one corner of the little dining room, and his wife was asleep over the fire in another, when the messenger arrived.

"Sapristi!" said the doctor, "you should have sent for me before. It was a case for hurry." And he followed the messenger as he was, in his slippers and skull cap.

The inn was not thirty yards away, but the messenger did not stop there; he went in at one door and out by another into the court, and then led the way by a flight of steps beside the stable to the loft where the mountebank lay sick. If Dr. Desprez were to live 1,000 years he would never forget his arrival in that room, for not only was the scene picturesque, but the moment made a date in his existence. We reckon our lives, I hardly know why, from the date of our first sorry appearance in society, as if from a first humiliation, for no actor can come upon the stage with a worse grace. Not to go further back, which would be judged too curious, there are subsequently many moving and decisive accidents in the lives of all, which would make as logical a period as this of birth. And here, for instance, Dr. Desprez, a man past 40, who had made what is called a failure in life, and was moreover married, found himself at a new point of departure when he opened the door of the loft above Tentaillon's stable.

It was a large place, lighted only by a single candle set upon the floor. The mountebank lay on his back upon a pallet, a large man, with a quixotic nose inflamed with drinking. Mme. Tentaillon stooped over him, applying hot water and mustard embrocation to his feet; and on a chair close by sat a little fellow of 11 or 12, with his feet dangling. These three were the only occupants, except the shadows. But the shadows were a company in themselves; the extent of the room exaggerated them to a gigantic size, and from the low position of the candle the light struck upward and produced deformed foreshortenings. The mountebank's profile was enlarged upon the wall in caricature, and it was strange to see his nose shorten and lengthen as the flame was blown about by draughts. As for Mme Tentaillon, her shadow was no more than a gross hump of shoulders, with now and again a hemisphere of head. The chair legs were spindled out as long as stilts, and the boy sat perched atop of them, like a cloud, in the corner of the roof.

It was the boy who took the doctor's fancy. He had a great arched skull, the forehead and the hands of a musician, and a pair of haunting eyes. It was not merely that these eyes were large, or steady, or the softest ruddy brown. There was a look in them besides, which thrilled the doctor, and made him half uneasy. He was sure he had seen such a look before, and yet he could not remember how or where. It was as if this boy, who was quite a stranger to him, had the eyes of an old friend or an old enemy. And the boy would give him no peace; he seemed

It was the boy who took the doctor's fancy.

profoundly indifferent to what was going on, or rather abstracted from it in a superior contemplation, beating gently with his feet against the bars of the chair, and holding his hands folded on his lap. But, for all that, his eyes kept following the doctor about the room with a thoughtful fixity of gaze. Desprez could not tell whether he was fascinating the boy, or the boy was fascinating him. He busied himself over the sick man; he put questions, he felt the pulse, he jested, he grew a little hot and swore; and still, whenever he looked round, there were the brown eyes waiting for his with the same inquiring, melancholy gaze.

At last the doctor hit on the solution at a leap. He remembered the look now. The little fellow, although he was as straight as a dart, had the eyes that go usually with a crooked back; he was not at all deformed, and yet a deformed person seemed to be looking at you from below his brows. The doctor drew a long breath, he was so much relieved to find a theory (for he loved theories) and to explain away his interest.

For all that, he dispatched the invalid with unusual haste, and, still kneeling with one knee on the floor, turned a little round and looked the boy over at his leisure. The boy was not in the least put out, but looked placidly back at the doctor.

"Is this your father?" asked Desprez.

"Oh, no," returned the boy; "my master."

"Are you fond of him?" continued the doctor.

"No, sir," said the boy.

Mme. Tentaillon and Desprez exchanged expressive glances.

"That is bad, my man," resumed the latter, with a shade of sternness. "Every one should be fond of the dying, or conceal their sentiments; and your master here is dying. If I have watched a bird a little while stealing my cherries, I have a thought of disappointment when he flies away over my garden wall, and I see him steer for the forest and vanish. How much more a creature such as this, so strong, so astute, so richly endowed with faculties! When I think that, in a few hours, the speech will be silenced, the breath extinct, and even the shadow vanished from the wall, I who never saw him, this lady who knew him only as a guest, are touched with some affection."

The boy was silent for a little, and appeared to be reflecting.

"You did not know him," he replied at last. "He was a bad man.

"He is a little pagan," said the landlady. "For that matter, they are all the same, these mountebanks, tumblers, artists, and what not. They have no interior."

But the doctor was still scrutinizing the little pagan, his eyebrows knotted and uplifted.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Jean-Marie," said the lad.

Desprez leaped upon him with one of his sudden flashes of excitement, and felt his head all over from an ethnological point of view.

"Celtic, Celtic!" he said.

"Celtic!" cried Mme. Tentaillon, who had perhaps confounded the word with hydrocephalous. "Poor lad! is it dangerous?"

"That depends," returned the doctor, grimly. And then once more addressing the boy: "And what do you do for your living, Jean-Marie?" he inquired.

"I tumble," was the answer.

"So! Tumble?" repeated Desprez. "Probably healthful. I hazard the guess, Mme. Tentaillon, that tumbling is a healthful way of life. And have you never done anything else but tumble?"

"Before I learned that I used to steal," answered Jean-Marie gravely.

"Upon my word!" cried the doctor. "You are a nice little man for your age. Madame, when my confrere comes from Bourron, you will communicate my unfavorable opinion. I leave the case in his hands; but, of course, on any alarming symptom, above all if there should be a sign of a rally, do not hesitate to knock me up. I am a doctor no longer, I thank God; but I have been one. Good night madame. Good sleep to you, Jean-Marie."

CHAPTER II.

MORNING TALK.

Dr. Desprez always rose early. Before the smoke arose, before the first cart rattled over the bridge to the day's labor in the fields, he was to be found wandering in his garden. Now he would pick a lunch of grapes; now he would eat a big pear under the trellis; now he would draw all sorts of fancies on the path with the end of his cane; now he would go down and watch the river running endlessly past the timber landing place at which he moored his boat. There was no time, he used to say, for making theories like the early morning. "I rise earlier than any one else in the village," he once boasted. "It is a fair consequence that I know more and wish to do less with my knowledge."

The doctor was a connoisseur of sunrises, and loved a good theatrical effect to usher in the day. He had a theory of dew, by which he could predict the weather. Indeed, most things served him to that end; the sound of the bells from all the neighboring villages, the smell of the forest, the visits and the behavior of both birds and fishes, the look of the plants in his garden, the disposition of cloud, the color of the light, and last, though not least, the arsenal of meteorological instruments in a louvre boarded hutch upon the lawn. Ever since he had settled at Gretz he had been growing more and more into the local meteorologist, the unpaid champion of the local climate. He thought at first there was no place so healthful in the arrondissement. By the end of the second year, he protested there was none so wholesome in the whole department. And for some time before he met Jean-Marie he had been prepared to challenge all France and the better part of Europe for a rival to his chosen spot.

"Doctor," he would say—"doctor is a foul word. It should not be used to ladies. It implies disease. I remark it, as a flaw in our civilization, that we have not the proper horror of disease. Now I, for my part, have washed my hands of it; I have renounced my laureation; I am no doctor; I am only a worshiper of the true goddess Hygeia. Ah, believe me, it is she who has the cestus! And here, in this exiguous hamlet, has she placed her shrine; here she dwells and lavishes her gifts; here I walk with her in the early morning, and she shows me how strong she has made the peasants, how fruitful she has made the fields, how the trees grow up tall and comely under her eyes, and the fishes in the river become clean and agile in her presence. Rheumatism!" he would cry, on some malapert interruption. "Oh, yes, I believe we do have a little rheumatism. That could hardly be avoided, you know, on a river. And of course the place stands a little low; and the meadows are marshy, there's no doubt. But, my dear sir, look at Bourron! Bourron stands high. Bourron is close to the forest; plenty of ozone there, you would say. Well, compared with Gretz, Bourron is a perfect shambles."

The morning after he had been summoned to the dying mountebank the doctor visited the wharf at the tail of his garden and had a long look at the running water. This he called prayer; but whether his adorations were addressed to the goddess Hygeia or some more orthodox deity never plainly appeared. For he had uttered doubtful oracles, sometimes declaring that a river was the type of bodily health, sometimes extolling it as the great moral preacher, continually preaching peace, continuity and diligence to man's tormented spirits. After he had watched a mile or so of the clear water running by before his eyes, seen a fish or two come to the surface with a gleam of silver and sufficiently admired the long shadows of the trees falling half across the river from the opposite bank, with patches of moving sunlight in between, he strolled once more up the garden and through his house into the street, feeling cool and renovated.

The sound of his feet upon the causeway began the business of the day; for the village was still sound asleep. The church tower looked very airy in the sunlight; a few birds that turned about it seemed to swim in an atmosphere of more that usual rarity; and the doctor, walking in long, transparent shadows, filled his lungs amply, and proclaimed himself well contented with the morning.

On one of the posts before Tentaillon's carriage entry he espied a little dark figure perched in a meditative attitude, and immediately recognized Jean-Marie.

"Aha!" he said, stopping before him humorously, with a hand on either knee. "So we rise early in the morning, do we? It appears to me that we have all the vices of a philosopher."

The boy got to his feet and made a grave salutation.

"And how is our patient?" asked Desprez.

It appeared the patient was about the same.

"And why do you rise early in the morning?" he pursued.

Jean-Marie, after a long silence, professed that he hardly knew.

"You hardly know?" repeated Desprez. "We hardly know anything, my man, until we try to learn. Interrogate your consciousness. Come, push me this inquiry home. Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy slowly; "yes, I like it."

"And why do you like it?" continued the doctor. "(We are now pursuing the Socratic method.) Why do you like it?"

"It is quiet," answered Jean-Marie; "and I have nothing to do; and then I feel as if I were good."

Dr. Desprez took a seat on the post at the opposite side. He was beginning to take an interest in the talk, for the boy plainly thought before he spoke, and tried to answer truly. "It appears you have a taste for feeling good," said the doctor. "Now, there you puzzle me extremely, for I thought you said you were a thief; and the two are incompatible."

"Is it very bad to steal?" asked Jean-Marie.

"Such is the general opinion, little boy," replied the doctor.

"No! but I mean as I stole," exclaimed the other. "For I had no choice. I think it is surely right to have bread; it must be right to have bread, there comes so plain a want of it. And then they beat me cruelly if I returned with nothing," he added. "I was not ignorant of right and wrong; for before that I had been well taught by a priest, who was very kind to me." (The doctor made a horrible grimace at the word "priest.") "But it seemed to me, when one had nothing to eat and was beaten, it was a different affair. I would not have stolen for tartlets, I believe; but any one would steal for baker's bread."

"And so I suppose," said the doctor, with a rising sneer, "you prayed God to forgive you, and explained the case to him at length."

"Why, sir?" asked Jean-Marie. "I do not see."

"Your priest would see, however," retorted Desprez.

"Would he?" asked the boy, troubled for the first time. "I should have thought God would have known."

"Eh?" snarled the doctor.

"I should have thought God would have understood me," replied the other. "You do not, I see; but then it was God that made me think so, was it not?"

"Little boy, little boy," said Dr. Deprez, "I told you already you had the vices of philosophy; if you display the virtues also, I must go. I am a student of the blessed laws of health, an observer of plain and temperate nature in her common walks; and I cannot preserve my equanimity in presence of a monster. Do you understand?"

"No, sir," said the boy.

"I will make my meaning clear to you," replied the doctor. "Look there at the sky—behind the belfry first, where it is so light, and then up and up, turning your chin back, right to the top of the dome, where it is already as blue as at noon. Is not that a beautiful color? Does it not please the heart? We have seen it all our lives, until it has grown in with our familiar thoughts. Now," changing his tone, "suppose that sky to become suddenly of a live and fiery amber, like the color of clear coals, and growing scarlet toward the top—I do not say it would be any the less beautiful, but would you like it as well?"

"I suppose not," answered Jean-Marie.

"Neither do I like you," returned the doctor, roughly. "I hate all odd people, and you are the most curious little boy in all the world."

Jean-Marie seemed to ponder for awhile, and then he raised his head again and looked over at the doctor with an air of candid inquiry.

"But are not you a very curious gentleman?" he asked.

The doctor threw away his stick, bounded on the boy, clasped him to his bosom and kissed him on both cheeks.

"Admirable, admirable imp!" he cried. "What a morning, what an hour for a theorist of 42! No," he continued, apostrophizing heaven, "I did not know that such boys existed; I was ignorant they made them so; I had doubted of my race; and now! It is like," he added, picking up his stick, "like a lovers' meeting. I have bruised my favorite staff in that moment of enthusiasm. The injury, however, is not grave." He caught the boy looking at him in obvious wonder, embarrassment and alarm. "Hullo!" said he, "why do you look at me like that? Egad, I believe the boy despises me. Do you despise me, boy?"

"Oh, no," replied Jean-Marie, seriously; "only I do not understand."

"You must excuse me, sir," returned the doctor, with gravity; "I am still so young. Oh, hang him!" he added to himself. And he took his seat again and observed the boy sardonically. "He has spoiled the quiet of my morning," thought he. "I shall be nervous all day, and have a febricule when I digest. Let me compose myself. And so he dismissed his preoccupations by an effort of the will which he had long practiced, and let his soul roam abroad in the contemplation of the morning. He inhaled the air, tasting it critically as a connoisseur tastes a vintage, and prolonged the expiration with hygienic gusto. He counted the little flecks of cloud along the sky. He followed the movements of the birds round the church tower—making long sweeps, hanging poised, or turning airy somersaults in fancy, and beating the wind with imaginary pinions. And in this way he regained peace of mind and animal composure, conscious of his limbs, conscious of the sight of his eyes, conscious that the air had a cool taste, like a fruit, at the top of his throat; and at last, in complete abstraction, he began to sing. The doctor had but one air—"Malbrouck s'en va-t-en guerre;" even with that he was on terms of mere politeness; and his musical exploits were always reserved for moments when he was alone and entirely happy.

He was recalled to the earth rudely by a pained expression on the boy's face. "What do you think of my singing?" he inquired, stopping in the middle of the note; and then, after he had waited some little and received no answer; "What do you think of my singing?" he repeated, imperiously.

"I do not like it," faltered Jean-Marie.

"Oh, come!" cried the doctor. "Possibly you are a performer yourself?"

"I sing better than that," replied the boy.

The doctor eyed him for some seconds in stupefaction. He was aware that he was angry, and blushed for himself in consequence, which made him angrier. "If this is how you address your master!" he said at last, with a shrug and a flourish of his arms.

"I do not speak to him at all," returned the boy. "I do not like him."

"Then you like me?" snapped Dr. Desprez, with unusual eagerness.

"I do not know," answered Jean-Marie.

The doctor rose. "I shall wish you a good morning," he said. "You are too much for me. Perhaps you have blood in your veins, perhaps celestial ichor, or perhaps you circulate nothing more gross than respirable air; but of one thing I am inexpugnably assured—that you are no human being. No boy"—shaking his stick at him—"you are not a human being. Write, write it in your memory—'I am not a human being—I have no pretension to be a human being—I am a dive, a dream, an angel, an acrostic, an illusion—what you please, but not a human being.' And so accept my humble salutations and farewell!"

And with that the doctor made off along the street in some emotion, and the boy stood, mentally gaping, where he left him.

[Continued next week.]

THE SEA ANEMONE.

A Queer Little Animal with Many Arms and Big Appetites.

In structure the sea anemone consists of a sac divided by vertical partitions into as many distinct cavities as there are fingers or tentacles, says the Baltimore *Sun*. At birth there are six of these cavities, then come twelve, next forty-eight, and so on. The mouth of the animal occupies the center of the crown or head of the anemone and of all the waving arms. The body of the creature may be described as a circular gelatinous bag. The upper part of this bag is turned in so as to form a sac within a sac.

The inner sac is the stomach of the animal. It has an aperture at the bottom, through which the food can pass into the outer cavity. The eggs are attached to and hang on the inner edge of the partition. When they mature they drop into the main body cavity and enter the stomach through the hole in the lower opening. From there the little ones are passed out through the mouth, from which orifice they are tenderly taken by two tentacles, which become wonderfully elongated for the occasion. These tentacles take up the young anemones, now perfect in form and functions, and very carefully and slowly deposit them on the rock around the base and close to the mother anemone.

The young anemones may remain for some time upon the spot where they are placed, but they have the means of locomotion. This is effected by a double set of muscles, one running around the body and the other longitudinally arranged. I have fourteen young anemones, all born in my aquarium since my return from Bermuda about fourteen weeks ago. Their ages vary from three months down to the youngest, born four days ago.

The anemones are possessed of a peculiar means of offense and defense. These are poisoned threads of arrows, embedded in the outer skin substance, and which are capable of being shot out with considerable force and inconceivable rapidity. They bury themselves in whatever object against which they are projected, and probably convey to the wound some poisonous matter which renders their prey a helpless victim to the anemone's greedy mouth.

The anemone has a sense of smell and also has rudimentary eyes—not of much use probably—but the most interesting sense which it possesses is that of taste. Notwithstanding its voraciousness, it has its pronounced likes and dislikes. I feed mine upon bits of oyster or clam or fresh meat, scraped fine. Every piece dropped in the water over them is seized by their outstretched arms and passed hurriedly to their mouths. The daintiest food for them, however, are the small crabs sometimes found in oyster shells. These the anemones fairly revel in. A good-sized sea flower could easily swallow a whole crab at a meal.

It is claimed that the tariff which enriches the manufacturers and protected interests incidentally helps the farmer. Would the manufacturer and the protected industries be willing to change off with the farmer and let him have the direct benefits and they take incidental advantages. Not much they wouldn't. You can't fool them.—Commoner.

CURIOUS CEMETERY.

The Peculiar Resting-Place of the Dead of a Mexican Town.

"Don't you want to see something fancy in the cemetery line?"

It was Mr. Williams, the United States Consul at Guanajuata, who spoke to a correspondent of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*. We were standing in front of the Hotel de la Union, and had been discussing the National Cemetery at Washington.

"Well, I don't care," I replied, and, suiting the action to the word, followed him out in the street and to the place where the "burros" were kept. We soon reached the cemetery, a half mile from the town. It is on the top of a hill, and only approached on one side. From every other point you looked down sheer precipices. The cemetery proper was walled in, and in this wall, which is ten feet thick, are the vaults for the coffins From the inside it looks more like an immense chest, with a thousand small drawers, than any thing else. On the head of each drawer was the name of its occupant, with occasionally the word "perpituidad." That means the body is allowed to stay in that vault forever. But as it costs one hundred dollars to have that word engraved there, it is looked upon as a needless extravagance by the average Mexican, and he rents it for five years. After the five years are up the bones are taken out and dumped in the vault beneath.

The body is never buried in a coffin, as in the United States, except among the rich. The undertaker furnishes the coffin to carry the body to the grave in, and it is there put into the stone box. Where the family of the deceased can not afford to hire a coffin, they are allowed to use one of the city coffins. There are six of these, and they are out nearly all the time.

If the people do not want to pay for the use of a vault, they can bury their dead in the vacant space in the center of the cemetery. The body is allowed to stay in the ground for awhile and is then dug up. Underneath the cemetery is a large vault, 1,000 feet long, 14 feet high and 6 feet wide. This is the final resting place. Here the bones are dumped for the last time, and although the cemetery at Guanajuata is only 23 years old, there are 20,000 cubic feet of bones there. The vault in another year will be full. There are twenty-five mummies in the vault.

When we got back among the small vaults once more I noticed a cabinet photograph of a young Mexican lady who was killed in 1883 by her lover. It created a great sensation at the time, and when she was buried her parents very kindly put her picture on her head plate.

As we were returning we passed a "Panteon Municipal" funeral. The coffin is carried by two men to the foot of the mountain and there transferred to the back of a burro.

BRUNO'S INTELLIGENCE.

How a Smart Dog Fooled His Mate and Secured a Warm Corner.

The anecdote in the New York *Examiner*, relating to a knowing dog who could only be unseated from a favorite chair by cries of "cats," and at last turned the ruse successfully upon his mistress, reminds the writer of a true story told him, a few years ago, by a Baptist deacon in Whitesville, N. Y., which may amuse some of the younger readers:

Mr. C——was one of the early settlers of Allegany County, and while clearing up his land owned two large Newfoundland dogs. These were not permitted to come into the house except in the kitchen. In the chimney corner was one particular spot which in cold weather was the favorite dozing-place of the dogs. As there was only room enough for one to lie down at a time, the place was greatly coveted by both, and when once in, nothing could induce the favored occupant to vacate until he was disposed to do so. On a cold day one of the dogs was asleep in this little nook, when the other came in with his master from the barn, and immediately a sharp battle began for the right of possession. The new-comer barked, bit and worried his mate, and even tried to draw him out of his snug quarters by main force, but all to no purpose. Seeing he was not likely to succeed in that way, a new thought seemed to strike him, for he suddenly ceased his attack and darted for the door. Presently he returned with a large bone in his mouth. There was no meat on the bone. It was weather-beaten and bleached by exposure, and as dry as a last year's stick of hickory wood; but Bruno crouched down on the floor, and began gnawing it with great apparent satisfaction. This was too much for the caution of the other. His eyes snapped; his tail twitched; his tongue ran around his jaws; and at last, unable to contain himself any longer, he made a spring for the bone. This was just what Bruno seemed to expect and had planned for, because he instantly dropped the bone and darted for the chimney-corner. And when master Jack saw how he had been befooled and turned upon Bruno, no amount of teasing or worry could induce the latter to leave the warm corner, but he held the fort successfully just as long as he chose to remain there.

Rights of Passengers.

A passenger boarded a train of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company, and before he learned that he could get no seat the train was going at a high rate of speed. On his fair being demanded the plaintiff refused to pay it unless a seat was provided for him, offering, however, to pay if a seat was provided. The Supreme Court of Minnesota held (Hardenburg versus the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba Railway Company) that the passenger had a right to refuse to pay the fare, and that he did not thereby become a trespasser. The Court said that a passenger has a right to a seat, and that a railroad having the right to eject from its train one not a trespasser must do so at a regular station.

A Perpetual Railroad Pass.

A perpetual railroad pass is a pretty rare thing to have, but a man living in Attlesborough, on the line of the Boston & Providence railroad, possesses one of these passes. In 1836, when the Boston & Providence was being built, Mr John C. Dodge conveyed to it a portion of his land in consideration that he and his family should ride free over the railroad as long as the land was used for railroad purposes. A grandson of Mr. Dodge lately claimed that he was entitled to the privileges named under the deed, and that the word family meant "descendants" of the grantor. The railroad company opposed the demand, but the Supreme Court of Massachusetts decided that the railroad must carry free the descendants of Mr. Dodge for all time.

Looking After His Fences.

Senator Sherman thinks he is the author of the phrase "going home to look after his fences." Once upon a time, the eve of an exciting election, he went to Ohio, and while there, thinking his home at Mansfield might need some repairs, he went there. A newspaper man caught him and desired, after the ingenious manner of his craft, to know what the Senator had come to Mansfield for. Senator Sherman replied that he had come to look after his fences. That tickled the newspaper man immensely, and straightway he made it a classic in the American language.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., November, 12th, 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 8 and E ½ SE ¼ Sec 22 Tp 23 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 Montgoss, of Seattle, County of King, Territory of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn Statement No. 8351, 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 Pyscht, Clallam Co., W. T., Hamilton J. Carr, of Pyscht, Clallam Co., W. T., Colen McDougall, of Shelton, Mason Co., W. T., Peter Young, of Seattle, King Co., 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 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 rebutal 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 22ad. 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 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.

JOB - PRINTING:

Letter Heads,

Note Heads,

Bill Heads.

Business Cards,

Shipping Tags,

Legal Blanks, &c.

GOOD WORK GUARANTEED

Address,

The Commonwealth,

THE PUGET SOUND

Co-Operative - Colony,

(INCORPORATED UNDER THE LAWS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY, MAY 10, 1887.)

OFFICERS:

Herman Culver, - - - - President
Robt. Shields, - - - Vice President
Thos. Malony, - - - - Secretary
Geo. F. Haines, - - - - Treasurer

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

Herman Culver, } Chairman and General Manager.
Robt. Shields, Thos. Malony,
Geo. F. Haines, Fred R. Thompson.
L. D. Stewart, J. W. Stewart,
Henry Westphal, Winfield Dean,
John C. Coolidge, Adolph Anderson.

GENERAL CORRESPONDENCE—Address general correspondence to Thos. Malony, Secretary, Port Angeles, W. T.

REMITTANCES—Remit money, with an accurate statement showing to whom and on what account it is to be credited, by draft, express, or registered mail, to George F. Haines, Treasurer, Port Angeles, W. T.

ACCOUNTS—Duplicate statements of remittances to the Treasurer, and all communications concerning accounts, should be sent to Thos. Malony, Port Angeles, W. T.

On Oct. 19th, 1888, this paper was leased by the present management from the Puget Sound Co-Operative Colony. A certain amount of space is reserved for their use in each issue. We are not responsible for any matter appearing over the signature of the Secretary of said Colony; nor is the Colony Company responsible for matter appearing elsewhere in said paper.

LEWIS & MASTICK. Publishers.

SECRETARY'S CORNER.

The Secretary's Corner will be a permanent institution hereafter. We will gladly reply to any inquiry sent us. Make them short and to the point. Remember there are from 500 to 1500 who have their eyes upon these pages each week and each one may want to be heard.

To Correspondents.

Write as often as you feel inclined, but be sure to have your inquires in short sentences. If you desire your letters published, write upon on side of the sheet only. We will reply to any inquiry whether connected with the Colony or not. If a personal letter is wanted, inclose stamps to cover postage.

How To Become A Member Of The Puget Sound Co-operative Colony—And What A Member May Expect.

1st.—Make your application to the Board of Trustees through the Company's Secretary. State your age, occupation and number in family.

2nd.—You will be required to assume the liability of paying off a subscription for $1,000 worth of the Capital Stock of the Company. This may be done at once or on the installment plan, $100 in cash, and at last $50 per year in cash or services thereafter, until the subscription is fully paid.

3rd.—You are not required to subscribe for lots without you choose to do so. You can purchase as many or as few as you please with cash, or you may lease upon something like the Henry George plan, some of the choicest of the Company's property.

4th.—Nothing definite can be promised you, for we are all forced to admit that a man is nearly always "confronted with a condition and not a theory," and must make the best terms possible with those who control the "condition." The company will aim to give you constant employment and your proportion of its earnings, adjusted upon as equitable a plan as can be devised. As each member is limited to one vote regardless of the number of shares he may own, your power will be as great as any other member's.

5th.—Saloons will not be allowed to be opened or operated upon any of the Company's property. Nor can the Company grant any privilege to any religious sect which is not granted to all others.

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.
P. S. C. C., Port Angeles, W. T.

The value of the lumber in the yard unsold, on Jan. 1st, was $2,822.60.

The Trustees did some effective work at their last meeting—they ordered the destruction of $1000 of Colony "scrip." This makes a total of $8,086.05 destroyed and as $311.19 are yet in the Treasurer's hands, only $674.31 are yet in circulation. The total amount issued was $9,071.60. It will be a happy day to all concerned when the last piece goes up in "smoke."

It is absolutely impossible for us to reply at once to the many inquiries we are now receiving concerning the colony and this vicinity. We will do what we can and in time hope to catch up. In the mean time our friends should read the COMMONWEALTH. We mail a copy to every one who writes for it. If they do not receive it, it is on account of our neglected mail service. As our prospects for statehood grow better and better each day, we hope for better treatment in the near future.

The mill will not be run again until a good supply of logs are on the landing. The mill men are divided among the logging and building division. The latter are engaged in constructing a large scow for the pile-driver. The logging is now being done in the valleys of White and Ennis creeks, southeast of the Central office. When the scow is completed, a force will operate the pile-driver, and extend the wharf to deep water. This will require a month or so and then it is expected there will be much custom work for the pile-driver at the West End.

The lots now offered for sale in the Colony's Second Addition formerly known as the Meagher Farm will all be cleared by the colony. This is one of the conditions of their sale. As the terms upon which they are sold are very reasonable, one-third cash, one-third in three months and the remainder in six months, the deferred payments to draw the low rate of only 6 per cent. per annum interest, there is no excuse for not owning one or more of the lots in this famous Addition. These lots are not disposed of at speculative prices and for speculative purposes. If speculation was the colony's desire, they would be held for several years for that purpose. But it is anxious to open up new industries, to discharge certain liabilities it has assumed; to see our town, county and state grow and become prosperous; to give the hard-working mechanic and day laborer an opportunity to get a home and earn a good living, and for these reasons offers these lots at these exceptionably low prices.

A Good Report.

On June 21st, last, there were $5,112.22 of "Scrip" in the hands of the Treasurer. Since then $8,086.05 have been destroyed, and $311.19 are yet in the Treasury, showing that $3,186.02 have been redeemed since June 21st. This is good for six months!

A Co-operative Work Outside of the Colony.

The settlers southwest of Port Angeles have had to come to town over rough and some times very circuitous trails, over which not even a horse could be led, ever since their courage and determination to get a home they can call their own induced them to enter those lands. There were cases where parties were but two miles or so back in a direct course, but by the trails they were several miles away and the prospect of hewing their way through the dense growth of underbrush between them and the town seemed a task too great for any one man. But one of these hardy fellows is a believer in the principles of co-operation. He said to his neighbors "The task of cutting a wagon road to town is too great for you to undertake alone. It is too great for me. It is too much to expect or ask of one man. But there are twenty or more of us interested in the opening of that road, now, let us all join a volunteer company, set a time for doing the work, and stick to it until it is done. We all can build it in good shape, and all will be benefited by it. Let a committee locate the route and now while the weather is pleasant, let us open the road." It was excellent advice, and the work was begun about four weeks ago. Nearly every settler has been at work continuously upon it since. We hear no complaints about A not working as many hours as B. A needs the road and is doing all he can to build it regardless of what B is doing. But B is doing—well, perhaps all he can do, and while it may not be his share in the eyes of the more selfish ones, it is all for the good of the whole, himself included, and can be excused. It is a good sign to see so good a work being done on the co-operative plan, with so little fuss. It is the quiet work that counts in the in the long run. We hope that other settlements will work upon this plan, and not depend too much upon the County Commissioners and the surplus in the County Road Fund. The winter season is the proper one in which to open roads. Two months from now, the garden and potato patches will require your attention and time. Let the good work of road building go on. Our friends will find that it is bread cast upon the waters, to return with a surplus in the future.

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.

FOR SALE.

80 acre tract; 8 miles from Port Angeles.

Good wagon road to the tract.

Good stream of water through the place.

60 acres bottom land.
20 acres good upland.
10 acres slashed for burning.

Further particulars

Enquire at this Office.

1-1 to 2-1-9

A Dog with two Tails.

"William McCarthy, who lives a few miles from Soda Springs, Col., received as a present a few days ago, a dog whose peculiarities are more marked than those of the ordinary canine, and which is attracting no little attention. The dog's tail is double, both parts reaching to the spinal column, and both attached to it by some natural movable joint. They are entirely disconnected from each other, and there is no power of moving both at the same time, except that of shifting the base from right to left and vice versa. this does not appear to be voluntary, but is occasioned by the feelings of the dog. When the tail on the right side is in the position of direct continuity with the backbone the dog has no power of moving the tail on the left side, or left branch of the tail, whichever it may be, and when the left side is in the same position there is no power of motion on the right side. This remarkable freak of nature is heightened in its singularity by the sympathy, if such it may be called, which exists between the separate divisions of the dog's tail and the sensation which exists in the brain. The right side seems to have a monopoly of all feeling of pleasure. When ever the animal is pleased the right side tail is switched on, and wags gayly in expression of happiness. While in this condition a harsh word from his master, or any thing else which causes him sorrow, effects a wonderful transformation. The right tail is shoved aside by the left side tail, which assumes the commanding position, and at once drops between his legs."—Daily Paper Item.

We find the above item going the rounds of the press.

We do not question its truthfulness. In fact, there are many things spiritual, mental and physical in this world of human affairs that tend to confirm the statement.

For instance, in the political world there are most remarkable parallels.

There is a big Dog Monopoly. It has its two tails; the Republican tail and the Democratic tail.

As in the case of the Colorado dog, the tails are apparently disconnected, but they are both wagged by the same dog.

The Monopoly Dog doesn't move its "tails at the same time either." It isn't necessary; it is better to move first one and then the other. It works better and affords more amusement to the poor, innocent fools who stand around and cheer, first one tail and then the other. The Democratic branch of the candle appendage will wag and up goes a shout from a multitude of Democrats; then the Republican branch will wiggle and up goes a myriad of hats in honor of the "grand old party."

The power to "shift the base" of the wagging machinery is also preserved in the Monopoly Dog. It shifts from one base to the other with perfect ease and exat nicety—but always successfully. Frst its down East, then its Out West; now its in Congress, then it is in the White House. It is like Jay Gould who said when he was in a Republican district he was a Republican, and when in a Democratic district a Democrat, but always an Erie man.

The most striking peculiarity, of the dog's two tails consists in the fact that one tail is affected by one set of sentiments and the other tail droops in despair.

How like unto the two old parties is this peculiar feature. The Republican section of the Monopoly Dog's tail stood erect for years while the Democratic branch was abjectly drooped between its legs. Then for a brief period the Democratic tail rose like a flag-staff, and the Republican tail dropped between the legs of the g. o. p. But alas! Another change—and the "Rep" tail is now wagging. The tail that is in office is the tail that manifests delight while the tail that is "out of office" is the one that wags with woe. And it strikes us as quite appropriate that the pleasure-feeling tail should be on the right side, for of course the winning side is the right side in politics. And the sorrow-expressing left side indicates the emotions of the party that "gets left."

It will be noticed that the writer of the quoted article uses the word "Monopoly" in describing the twin appendages of the spinal column. For instance, the one tail has "a monoply of all feelings of pleasure," and the other of all "feelings of fear." Therefore not only is the Dog a Monopoly Dog, but the Tails are Monopoly Tails.

We are glad we are not the responsible owner of the Colorado canine; if we were we would not know what to do with it. We think we should send it with our compliments to the "so called" United Labor party of New York. The "so calleds" could at least play the part of tin can to one, and possibly to both tails. In that way it could at least wag the tail, and might possibly make it amusing for the dog.—Ex.

Now What Do the Six Hundred Men Who Marched and Roared for Protection Think of it?

At its meeting on last Sunday the Central labor union considered the recent combination of the carpet manufacturers. Here is what the New York *Tribune*, which ought to know, said about what occurred, together with some other:

It was stated that the pool had kept its factories running on one-half or three-quarter time, and closed the Bigelow mills at Clinton, Mass., thereby throwing 3,000 hands out of work. The Sanford mills in New Amsterdam were also closed. At a meeting of the pool in Philadelphia it was resolved to advance the price of ingrain carpets two and a half cents a yard for the winter and next spring to advance the price two cents more. At a meeting of the pool in this city it was agreed to advance the price of Brussels tapestry and velvet carpets two and a half and seven and a half cents a yard, and to cut the production and cost from ten to fifteen per cent.

On November 12, E. S. Higgins posted in his carpet factory, Eleventh avenue and Fifty-third street, a notice that a reduction of wages would at once take place. A committee of the Carpet workers' Local Assembly No. 126 called on Mr. Higgins and demanded that he live up to his agreement with the local assembly not to cut wages. The reduction did not go into force at that time, but on last Saturday a notice was posted saying that a reduction of from ten to fifteen per cent would take place in the wages of the employes to begin on December 17. It is said that if the local assembly takes the reduction quietly another reduction will be made next spring, but the general impression is that there will be a big fight. The National executive boards of carpet workers will come together in Philadelphia next week to consider the ways and means of counteracting the pool.—Standard.

THE SAFE AND COMMODIOUS

Str. Evangel,

JAS. MORGAN, MASTER.

Leaves Port Townsend every Monday at 9 A. M. for New Dungeness, Port Angeles, Crescent Bay, Pysht and Neah Bay.

Leaves Seattle every Wednesday night for Port Townsend, New Dungeness, Port Angeles, Crescent Bay, Pysht and Neah Bay.

Leaves Port Townsend every Saturday at 9 A. M. for New Dungeness and Port Angeles.

RETURNING.

Leaves Port Angeles, every Tuesday morning for New Dungeness, Port Townsend and Seattle.

Leaves Port Angeles every Friday morning for New Dungeness and Port Townsend.

Leaves Port Angeles every Saturday afternoon for New Dungeness and Port Townsend.

For Freight or Passage apply to Capt. Jas. Morgan, on board or to

MORGAN & MANN,
Port Townsend, W. T.

Watchmaker & Jeweler!

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles for sale at lowest prices.

A specialty to fit Spectacles to the

EYE.

Repairs of all kinds carefully done at lowest prices. All work warranted.

Call on or Address: L. WILLIAMS, Jeweler,
Front Street, West End, Port Angeles

PIONEER MARKET.

Meats of all kinds constantly on hand.

AT LOW PRICES.

C. M. Armbrust,
Cor. Front and Lincoln Streets, Port Angeles, W. T.

BABCOCK & KELLY,

Blacksmithing and Wagon Repairing.

SPECIALTIES:

Horse Shoeing,
Sign Writing.

Front, near Lincoln Street, Port Angeles, W. T.

GRAY and CHITWOOD,

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Our Stock Consists of

GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS,
HARD WARE,
WOODEN WARE.

Orders Promptly filled and Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Front Street, Port Angeles, W. T.

PHILADELPHIA SALOON

J. F. MEAGHER, Proprietor.

Choicest Wines,
Liquors and
Cigars.

Front Street, Port Angeles.

VICTORIA

is 100 mile nearer to you than any port at which you can get

BLANK BOOKS MADE, —OR— All Classes —OF— BOOK BINDING

EXECUTED.

Also Self Inking Dating RUBBER STAMPS. The undersigned has complete Factories for the above work in any quantity, and solicits orders from Clallam County, and Port Angeles in particular, agreeing to do any work intrusted to his care in the best manner, and at a rate that will repay the sender, and sufficiently low to cover duty.

R. T. WILLIAMS,
P. O. Box 485 VICTORIA, B. C.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE

To Secure Some of the best

BARGAINS

In Port Angeles Real Estate that you will have during the term of your natural life. Every day that you put the matter off you are making a mistake.

Improve Your Chance to own Your own Home.

Call on or Address

D. P. QUINN, Port Angeles, Wash. Ter.

GORDON AND GORDON

DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND

Manufacturers of Gordon's Celebrated Wheat All—"Angel's Food."

THIS INTEGRAL FOOD

retains the precious Nitrates, Phosphates, Carbonates, Mineral Salts, Iron, etc. for the Entire Wheat is granulated or grated. It Secures Vigor of Muscle, Strength of Bone, Clearness of Brain and Tone of Nerve. It is founded on the Laws and Teachings Advanced Science. "New York doctors are prescribing bread made out of entire Wheat, with most satisfactory results." "It is eating excess of Starch food that causes Bright's disease, paralsis, etc."—N. Y. Star. "The outside part of wheat is most nutritious, and when rejected the bread is no longer capable of sustaining life longer."—D. Carlton. Our discoveries have proved that each kind of food has a special influence in stimulating and furnishing materials of growth to a special group of faculties. Thus Wheat affects the social faculties. Through past ages it has been a "tree of knowledge of good and evil." The lower branches produce fruit which is evil, if it is not used in connection with that of the higher branches.

Front Street near Laurel, Port Angeles, W. T.

PORT ANGELES SHINGLE MANUFACTURING CO.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

CEDAR SHINGLES AND BOX BOARDS

L. T. HAYNES, Manager.

—E. E. FISHER—

Prescription Druggist.

DEALER IN

DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
PAINTS & OILS,
BRUSHES,
WALL PAPER,
WINDOW SHADES,
PERFUMERIES,
STATIONARY
TOILET ARTICLES,

Choice Wines and Liquors for Medical Purposes.

Front Street, Port Angeles.

DAVIS W. MORSE,

DEALER IN

Groceries, Dry Goods,
Boots and Shoes,
Crockery, Hardware,
AND OTHER
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Farm Produce of all Kinds Bought and Sold.

COUNTRY ORDERS SOLICITED.

Corner LAUREL and FRONT Sts.
Port Angeles, W. T.

A. GOLDWATER

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Suits, Over Coats, Pants, Shirts, Etc.

Made to Order.

Good work and low prices a Specialty, Call and examine my stock. Particular attention given to outside orders.

Address, A. GOLDWATER.

Cor. Front and Lincoln Sts.
Port Angeles

EAST END STORE.

ROBT. SHIELDS, Prop.

DEALER IN

Groceries, Provisions, Hardware, Dry Goods, Notions, Etc.

MY MOTTO

"QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS."

Give me a Call at the East End, Port Angeles, W. T.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

Board and Lodging at Reasonable Rates Particular Attention paid to the Comfort of Guests.

E. G. MORSE, Prop.

Front Street, Port Angeles, W. T.

TOURISTS HOTEL.

Having lately rented and refitted the above Hotel, I am prepared to receive Boarders and Lodgers by the day, week or month at low rates.

Patronage Solicited.

C. W. BREWSTER, Prop.

Cor. Laurel and Front Sts. adjoining Wharf. Port Angeles W. T.

WELLS!!! WELLS!!!

The Undersigned, having lately received from the East a Complete Well-Boring Outfit, is now prepared to bore wells, obtaining the best of water at a less cost than it can be obtained by digging. Country Orders Promptly Attended to. Charges Reasonable. Call on or Address: W. W. BECK, Port Angeles.

Settlers Attention!!!

If you want good claims near Port Angeles, call on or address:

W. E. SMITH, Surveyor
PORT ANGELES W. T.

EAST END BAKERY.

Fresh Bread Every Day.

GEO. F. HAINES, Manager.

Port Angeles, W. T.