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. 14. PORT ANGELES, WASH. TER., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1889. $1.00 Per Annum.

THE COMMONWEALTH,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

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

PUBLISHED FRIDAYS

—AT—

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

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FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 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.

THE GALLED JADE WINCES!

The Seattle *Post Intelligencer* considers further congressional debate of the Tariff question futile as the matter has been settled for four years in favor of protection. There are none so blind as those who don't want to see, and the Editor of the *P.-I.* is one of the number. The fact is that nearly one hundred thousand more votes were cast in favor of tariff reform than were cast against it. However the time is past when the people of this country will concede a question of principle by a count of heads. What the worshipers of the protection fetich most dread is discussion, for they well know their idol cannot stand the test of intelligent scrutiny. The champions of protection from Blaine and Ingersoll down, were challenged repeatedly to meet Henry George in a debate in the last campaign but none of them had the necessary "sand."

If the Democratic party is wise it will not only continue the debate in congress during the present term but will fight every measure for the fortification of the protection humbug which comes up in the next four years.

It is of little importance to us which party draws the salaries for four years to come, but it is important that the people be educated on this question. There is nothing more likely to make them think than a congressional debate; and it will be the part of wisdom, if the democrats wish to carry the next election, to place a good crop of speakers in the field to keep the question before the people after Congress adjourns.

In such a course they have everything to gain and nothing to lose. It will only be necessary to show the people the fact that the party which was once the party of liberty has become the party of special privilege and monopoly, when the voters will desert it as rats, a leaky ship.

Papers of the ultra monopolistic school like the *P. I.* prefer to be blind as it serves the purpose of their pockets better to be so. Drawing their chief support from protected monopolists and speculators they become the tools of their patrons and shun all questions of public policy which threaten their masters with a just accounting to the public. There has never been a time when abuses were so fortified behind a venial press as is the case to-day.

But for that characteristic of the American people which made Barnum successful—the love of being humbugged—sheets like the *P.-I.*, which teem with fiction and insincerity, would lose their hold on the public.

But the issue of the Single Tax is here and it will have to be met. It will not be sneered down nor voted down. If met at all it must be by honest argument, and as the argument is all in its favor the editor who tries to understand it im order to properly discuss it is morally certain to become converted.

An illustration of how personal experience coupled with a little investigation makes converts is furnished by the case of the *New York Times*. That paper had on its lot a rickety old building which had served its purpose for many years as an office. Recently however the old structure has been pulled down and a magnificient building furnishing better accommodations and adding much to the appearance of the street has been erected, stimulating trade and furnishing labor to a large number of men. Now the *Times* has discovered, when too late, that for thus contributing to the beauty and prosperity of the city and for using its surplus in furnishing employment to labor, it is to be fined by the tax collector in perpetuity. The editor begins to study the matter of taxation from a business standpoint and the result is a remarkable editorial in a recent issue practically endorsing the Single Tax.

From present appearances the single tax campaign in Minnesota will soon be red hot. A petition numerously signed by merchants and business men in Minneapolis is to be presented to the legislation asking for authority to amend the city charter so as to exempt all products of labor from municipal taxation. In other words they ask for authority to collect the revenues of the city by a tax on land values irrespective of improvements.

Two Minneapolis dailies are advocating the scheme and it is claimed that such a measure will enable that city to out strip even Chicago in a short time. Here is what the *St. Paul Globe* says of it:

"As we understand, the proposition of the Minneapolis merchants, embodied in their petition to the state legislature, is to submit a constitutional amendment to a vote of the people, so that the future raising of taxes shall be by a direct tax on land values and excepting merchandise, buildings and personal property. . . It is further proposed, as an experimental trial of this single tax idea, to let Minneapolis embody it in its municipal system of taxation, so that two years hence the state legislature would have a practical demonstration of the successful operation of the plan; or, if it failed to work successfully there, the matter could be dropped.

"Viewed solely from the standpoint of local interest, the *Globe* is willing to admit that there is an element of business shrewdness in this proposition which speaks well for the business sagacity of our neighbors up the river. If the single tax system could be adopted in one city, and confined to that city, there is no question but what it would greatly promote its commercial interest. We are not sure but, if St. Paul and Minneapolis would pool issues in this single tax proposition and unite their commercial strength under its operations, in the next two years they would give Chicago the biggest jostle it ever got from a competitor. But, as we have said, the principle involved in the proposed change is too great and too far reaching in its consequences to be adopted without the maturest consideration. It is one of those things in which haste should be made slowly.

Here is a hint for the people of Port Angeles. If when they organize a city, they will adopt the single tax plan they will furnish the best possible inducement to manufacturers to locate there and thus build up their town. There is no question but that the city which adopts the single tax first will be the banner city on the Sound.

F. S. LEWIS.

The *Standard* comes out Jan. 5th, enlarged and in an entirely new make up The price remains the same, $2.50 per annum. Every one interested in reform, and who desires to know the truth and see things in their right light should subscribe for it. It would be cheap at five times the price. It is doing good work and gaining in popularity daily.

The Remedy, devoted to Ballot Reform, Free Trade and Single Tax, has made its appearance. It is printed in New York, 335 Eighth Avenue, at the low price of 50 cts. per year, and is thus within the reach of every one. We wish it every success.

The Chicago *Leader* is another new addition to the cause of Labor. It is neat and newsy, and we hope it will accomplish much good.

Condition of the Farmers.

From speech of Hon. J. T. Morgan in the Senate, Dec. 12, '88.

I do not believe in this doctrine of taxing a man to make him rich. My opinion of the American character and the American people is that if you will allow them the free and untrammeled enjoyment of the resources of their own genius and the fruits of their own labor they will rise into riches and power and prosperity; and if any are left behind it will be only those who will deserve it.

I believe, Mr. President and I take occasion here to announce it in a government that is not rich. I believe in a people who are rich. I believe in keeping the Government of the United States down to its necessary expenditures, and I think that those expenditures ought to be considered with great care in reference to economy. I do not believe that it is right to tax any man to enrich another. I believe that the only legitimate use of the taxing power is to support the Government, economically administered, and not to build up a favored class in this country, or favored classes, at the expense of the toiling millions.

Those are the views that guide me in respect to general legislation upon the tariff subject. I believe that there are no classes in the United States to-day who are so borne down with the oppressions of taxation as the agricultural classes, whether cotton-growers, wheat-growers, or the growers of any other kind of American production. There are 17,000,000 people engaged in this pursuit against about 5,000,000 engaged in manufacturers; and yet we find that princely fortunes are made by men who control manufactures. They grow rich in a year. Men spring up into enormous fortunes aggregating $20,000,000 and $30,000,000 who perhaps when they first set foot upon this soil only had a small handkerchief full of clothes and a staff to bear them about upon their shoulders. I do not object to this when it is fairly done; but when I come to count up the number of men that it has taken at a dollar a day to work out these profits in favor of these favored pets of your tariff system, I find that a fortune of $30,000,000 thus accumulaied has cost 30,000,000 men a hard day's work.

I believe in that sort of legislation which understands and respects the labor that it costs a poor man to earn a dollar. The men who understand that, the people who understand and feel it, will not be lavish in expenditures and not attempt to persuade the poor man that they are conferring untold blessings upon him when they are taxing him for the purpose of furnishing him a market, as it is called or for the purpose of making somebody else rich. Neither will he believe it when he comes to pay for his goods that his family uses, the sugar that they consume, the iron that they must use in their agriculture, the steel implements and all else, even to the school-books with which he educates his children. It is hard to make him believe that if a book costs 75 cents, which, without the tariff, would only cost 50 cents, that that extra quarter of a dollar is paid by somebody that prints it across the water. There is too much nice philosophy in that to bear the test of common sense.

These people, whatever they may have done in the past, are now on the march with a bold and defiant front, and they will continue it until they have compelled the Senate and the House of Representatives and the President of the United States to come down to a just basis of taxation and relieve them from some of burdens that are loaded upon them so enormously.

I wish in this connection to call attention to a fact, and that is the amount of mortgages that, as is stated, are upon the lands of the people of the Northwest. Before doing that, however, I desire to say that the capitalists in the Northern States, while the carpet-baggers were in force in the South and had the authority over us, were afraid to invest their money upon mortgages in our Southern lands. The result is that there are not many mortgages held in the Northern States upon Southern lands. Nevertheless, they are being mortgaged rapidly and at a terribly usurious rate of interest. Where does the money come from? Who are the mortgages? The British people. The British capitalists are swarming the South with their money. You cannot go to a considerable village in the Southern State to-day but you will find the authorized agents of British capital there loaning money to the people at from 12 to 25 per cent. per annum and taking mortgages for it.

Why are the agriculturists who produce three hundred and odd millions of money a year, and throw it into the exchanges of this country, so crippled and borne down that they are compelled to resort to the same plan that your agriculturists in the North were, to load their estates with mortgages at usurious rates of interest? The Northeastern people, from New York and the East mainly, own the mortgages upon the Northwest, but the British people own the mortgages upon us, and it is getting to be an evil of such dimensions that the thoughtful men of the South are beginning to inquire whether, after awhile, the British people are not going to dispossess them of their homes, and introduce immigrants from there own country to take possession of these lands.

You find some objections stated occasionally to British immigration into the Southern States, and this is what it means. The people of the South are afraid that their lands are going to be taken from under their feet in virtue of these mortgages by foreclosures, and that the occupants of the land hereafter will be the tenantry of the British landlords. There may come a time even in the South when landlordism will dominate the Southern States and come from England, as landlordism now dominates Ireland and comes from England.

What has been the effect upon your agriculture? It is stated in a speech made in the House of Representatives by Hon. Richard P. Bland, of Missouri, that in Ohio the mortgages amount to $701,000,000, in Indiana to $398,000,000, in Illinois to $920,000,000, in Wisconsin to $250,000,000, in Michigan to $350,000,000, in Minnesota to $175,000,000, in Iowa to $351,000,000, in Kansas to $200,000,000, and in Missouri to $237,000,000. That statement was denied in the House by Mr. Browne, from the State of Indiana; and the following is the remark of Mr. Bland, upon this objection being interposed:

Admitting the lowest estimate to be the most correct, it is simply appalling.

This is the estimate of Mr. Browne, of Indiana: Ohio, $350,000,000; Indiana, $175,000,000; Illinois, $200,000,000; Wisconsin, $100,000,000; Michigan, $125,000,000; Minnesota, $70,000,000; Iowa, $100,000,000; Nebraska, $50,000,000; Kansas, $50,000,000; Missouri, $100,000,000; in all, $1,295,000,000 of mortgage money upon their lands. Mr. Bland's statement was $3,422,000,000.

Take it either way; put the figures down just as low as you can get them, and yet the startling fact comes to the attention of the people of the United States that the agricultural industry of this country, for some cause or other, has been compelled to go deeply in debt, to mortgage the very firesides of the farmers in order to get money to conduct their operations.

What have these farmers been doing? Speculating in tariff profits? No. Where is the bounty that you have conferred upon them in any particular? Not one stiver out of all the thousands of millions of bounty that have been extracted by the tariff from one class of people and paid to another. You have been putting these people under the leech system of extracting their blood continually and precipitating them into the hands of these men, who, after the capital has been accumulated, are able to lend the money upon these mortgages to the people out of whom it has been taxed.

That exhibit shows in the Northwest precisely what is taking place in the South now. Those men who are enabled to accumulate enormous masses of capital from the tariff system and through the financial system of the United States and of England, through commerce, as it is called, have the power to lend money to these men at enormous rates of interest, which they are compelled to mortgage their estates to pay; and I dare say that these mortgages are not being cleared up. A friend called my attention to a humorous remark made by the editor of a Chicago paper the other day, in which there were a large number of foreclosures advertised. The remark was: "These homes will all be bought in the home market." Yes, they will be bought in the "home market." The farmer's home at last finds a home market, and his family the wilderness.

This exhibit shows that the agricultural industries of the United States are under foot and are being trampled out by the money power. The only chance we have to give them relief, as I have frequently remarked since I have had the honor of taking the floor, is to lift the burdens. If some Senator will devise a scheme by which the agriculturist is to receive out of taxation his part of the protection that is prated about on that side of the Chamber, then I shall be prepared for a new experience in life. As I see it, there is not a man on this earth who can devise a principle of tariff taxation or put an amendment in this bill which will relieve the agriculturists of this country to the extent of one cent otherwise than by lifting burdens off of them.

Therefore, Mr. President, I am in favor of low taxation instead of high. We have an abundant and overflowing Treasury. We have there a fund which stands in that Treasury as a temptation to constant corruption, as an inducement to constant raids, and the sooner we make up our minds to allow the people who earn this money to keep it in their own pockets the sooner we will do justice to ourselves and our constituency.

Canada's Cheap Lumber Has Lost Its Terror.

Congressman Butterworth and Senator Sherman, both statesmen of the high-protection school, and both from the state of Ohio, which has furnished a greater variety of nobodies in national politics than any other political division, are both seeking the annexation of Canada to this country. One phase of this annexation question is entirely overlooked by the Republican party press. There is a very general recollection that during the recent political campaign it was evinced by the organs of the high-taxers, and by their echoes on the rostrum, a touching sympathy with the poor laboring men in the lumber camps along our northern border. It was argued than the terrible Mills Bill was about to deprive every ax-wielder in the lumber district of his chance to earn a livelihood in the protected industry, by a removal of the tax on Canada lumber. No attention was paid to the fact that the whole effect of the tariff tax was to enhance the selling value of stumpage, thus increasing the cost of production, and to that extent decreasing the possible returns to every man engaged therein. A little thing like that was unworthy the attention of supporters of the untaught economist, who wanted to study "markets and not maxims," when that course happened to suit the argument. The sole consideration of the high-taxers was how to defeat English Free Trade, and prevent the impoverishment of the American laboring men by the influx of pauper lumber from the povertystricken forests of Canada. But the presidential election is over, the grand old party is again in power, and the needs of the laboring men press less heavily than during the months preceding November 6th. Now another important consideration presses itself upon the great intellects of the Ohio statesmen. A revolt against the theory of taxation blessing is too apparent among the workingmen in the great manufacturing centers. The bogy of Free Trade has lost its terrors, the superstition of protection its influence. But the great agricultural districts are still true to the grand old party, and the vast territory of Canada could be skillfully carved up into convenient states, whose representatives in Congress would form a solid phalanx to stand forever against the rebel element of the south. For these reasons the barrier that now "protects" the American laborer is to be entirely removed; the pauper lumber and starving labor of Canada is to be given free access and competition with those interests in Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, and free trade extended *en bloc*, after the manner of Col. Dudley's Indiana floaters.

Of course small matters are unworthy the attention of great minds. Such lofty statesmanship as that of Sherman and Butterworth cannot be expected to weigh the opinions or wishes of our Canadian neighbors. If sixty millions in the United States are to bow obedient to the will of befogged intellects, why should the dwellers across the border be allowed any special privileges? A little more fat fried from the coffers of our protected manufacturers, in consideration of extended markets for their productions, will furnish sufficient instruction in schedules, and little light upon maxims, to the end that Republican doctrines shall be accepted by the newly-made citizens, and the party of high taxes made secure in its new lease of power.—Chicago Leader.

And They Will Win!

The Single Tax men are reformers of the kind who don't have any such word as defeat in their dictionary. Every campaign is a palpable gain for them because it gives them an opportunity to spread the light on the great truth which they fully believe it is only needful for men to see and understand in order to become converted to. No sooner is the election over than the Single Tax men organize for a move to amend the State constitution so as to allow the Legislature to pass laws in accord with the Single Tax principle that it is unjust to tax men more for making land useful than for holding land idle.—Northwestern Labor Union.

LAND WAS A TRUST.

Proof That it Was So Considered by Early English Law.

John Wheelright in London Democrat.

To the Commons in Parliament Assembled:

Gentlemen: Now that the infamous jobbery and robbery of the tax payers by our corrupt rulers to support their dependents are exposed to astonish the democracy, it behooves all honest men, tories, such as Mr. Jennings or Lord Randolph Churchill, and radicals alike, to resist the nefarious design that is hatching to rob the tax payers for the benefit of another set of idle parasites—the Irish landlords.

Why should we purchase what is our own without purchase.

A land holder is simply a public trustee—nothing more nor less than a trustee. Is it usual to pay outgoing trustee the value of their trust when we change them?

Lawyers like Barrister Bramwell try to impose on our ignorance, though any one of common intelligence, can perceive the utter absurdity of construing a land holders' *estate* in the soil into private ownership.

An "estate" is the legal jargon for the plain English word "trusteeship," involving tenure, or tenancy, determinable by the will of the sovereign people who can direct the crown to resume the soil without compensation, only the lawyers find it convenient to forget them.

Hard as it may appear, we are not bound to compensate our tenants, the landlords, for their outlay on the soil. They themselves furnished the precedent of confiscating tenants' improvements by law of their own making, and "sauce for goose is sauce for gander." Landlordism capriciously and unjustly ousts its tenants, even for not voting according to order, but we can justly oust landlordism for breach of the original contract to maintain the army, navy and poor and to pay the taxes.

The whole case lies in a nutshell, bound round with the golden maxim in law that "No one can convey a better title than he receives."

By this test we quickly perceive that no individual can possibly have received a title to ownership. Whoever first pretended to convey such a title and succeeded in making the world believe him, usurped a power based on fraud or force—a robber's power—and the title he conveyed is null and void by the above maxim. If people cannot find this out for themselves their honest representatives should instruct them.

That everyday text book, Blackstone's "Commentaries," tells us plainly that the earth is the general property of all mankind from the immediate gift of the Creator (Bk. II., c. i.). It is the law of nature, and *naturam expellas fulca, etc.* You may pitchfork nature out into the middle of the street and she will always come back and bang at your door for readmittance, as she does now in Ireland, and will soon in Scotland and Wales, and obtuse witted England. Our rulers hear her mistakable notice to quit, and they want to secure as much plunder as they can before they do quit, by fair means or foul, by coercion or the specious form of an act of parliament.

Reproached in the columns of this periodical for my want of erudition, I resolved, as far as I could, to instruct myself, and in turn I can fasten the same reproach, and that of dishonesty as well, on you, liberal and radical members of Parliament, if you connive at the scheme of buying out Irish landlords who have nothing to sell. Yours duty is merely to tell them to resign their trusteeship and depart peacefully or make them depart. This is what history proves, and you are morrally bound to study the history of the country you aspire to govern.

I. Starting with the Conqest, to avoid details about folcland and blockland for brevity, William I. made the Domesday survey to ascertain what every holder paid to the state for the use of the land, the national property. No private property. No private property in land here; it was let to the landholder at so much a year, and *land was a trust.*

II. The Conqueror did not grant land by the acre, but by knight's fees, that was so much as would maintain so many knights for the public service, and their service was called the "reddit," i. e., the return (corrupted into rent) made to the state for the use of the national property. The very word rent proves in itself that *land was a trust.*

III. The king might transfer the land from an elder to a younger brother if he bid fair to make a better knight, as in the case of the Mandevilles cited by Madox ("Hist. of Exchequer"). Therefore *land was a trust* and the trustee could be changed for state reasons.

IV. This condition of affairs held out temptations to unscrupulous men who coveted their neighbor's holding, or trust. Such would conspire to inform the king secretly that the man was plotting treson, the king would there upon resume the land, which the conspirators would contrive to obtain in reward for their fidelity. The man's innocence might afterwards appear, butthe king did not reinstate him as a matter of course. This led to a clause in Magna Charta, that no man should be ousted from his tenure until his guilt was proved before his peers. *Land was a trust*, no more, no less.

V. After the barons had wrested certain concessions from King John, he, in retaliation, inserted a stipulation in Magna Charta that whatever concessions the court made to the chief landholders, lay and cleric, these in turn should concede the same to their sub-tenants. If, then, landlordism pays no rent to speak of and is not evicted, why should farmers be evicted for not paying rent? *Land was a trust*, no more, no less.

VI. Land tenure at one time was not hereditary. It afterwards became partible among all the sons. This entailed loss on the state, because a man might have more sons than knights' fees; each would claim exemption as not possessing a fee, and the state would suffer. So for public safety it was ruled that the eldest son should inherit the land, to keep the knights together. The very law of primogeniture proves that *land was a trust.*

VII. If a man conveyed away his land without licence first oblained from the crown, the land was forfeited unless he obtained a "pardon," obviously because *land was a trust.*

VIII. If a large conveyance or an exchange, or new road, bridge, water course, and such like was contemplated, a jury of landholders had to determine whether any damage would accrue to the state before the undertaking was sanctioned. The process was called an "*Iquisitio ad quod damnum.*" And the fact that such an inquiry was necessary proved that *land was a trust.*

IX. On the decease of every landholder, a jury of his peers sat before the king's escheator to injure into the nature of his tenure, and see if any land reverted to the crown, and who were the mesne. i. e., who were the chief lords of whom the defunct held land—and also to declare the name, sex, age and relationship of the next of kin. That such inquiries were held proves the fact *land was a trust.*

X. If the heir was under age, his lands were retained by the king or other chief lords until he attained his majority: he could then appear in the court of wards and liveries to prove his age and sue out his livery of seisin and pay certain fines in order to be entrusted with the land. He acquired a trust or an estate in the soil, but not ownership. *Land was a trust.*

XI. When heirs or heiresses were under age their wardship was of pecuniary value, and was sold by the king or chief lord for a sum large or small, in proportion to the tenure. If the defunct left a wife in possession she was obliged to marry whom the king pleased, or the state would lose the knight service, and so with an heiress, which all proves that *land was a trust.*

XII. If a man died without heirs his trust reverted to the crown. If he was guilty of treason, his lands were forfeited to the crown. This argument was used by the escheator in his charge to the jury in the time of Queen Elizabeth to prove that land was not private property but a trust. The charge was printed in the *Western Daily Mercury* a few years ago. Therefore, in Elizabeth's time, *land was a trust.*

XIII. If the state obtained no equivalent service from its trustees, the landholders, the king might and did resume possession on that account. Notably King Henry V. in resuming the lands of the alien priories, and King Henry VIII., in resuming the lands of the greater and lesser monasteries, the simple reason alleged was the necessity of the measure for the profit of the realm. Manifestly *land was a trust.*

XIV. Numerous acts of resumption have been cited in the *Democrat* from the works of Dr. Davenant, showing that *landholding is trusteeship.*

XV. With the abolition of the court of wards and liveries there was a loss of revenue which William III tried to make good by his four shillings in the pound tax. The trusteeship became obscured, nevertheless *land was a trust.*

XVI. We know if one man retains another man's land without paying rent for a certain number of years, the state resumes possession, ousts the right man for neglect of trust, and puts the wrong man in his place, this virtue of the statute of limitations, which emphatically proves that *land was a trust.*

XVII. We know that rents are reduced by the land commissioners in Ireland, sometimes 50 per cent or more; by the same right they could extinguish the other 50, which means resumption, and proves *there is no private property in land; it is a trust, and an estate in it is a trusteeship.*

Much more might be added and precedents innumerable adduced, but enough has been said above to prove that our early forefathers had no private property in land, and could convey no such title to their decendants. The land is as it ever was, the property of the population collectively, and collectively they can resume it through the instrumentality of the crown, and if Irish landlordism or trusteeship is working prejudicially to the well being of the Irish population the landlords can be constitutionally ousted from their trust. They have failed to fulfill their contract to yield *reddit*, therefore compensation means impudent robbery—just as if we were asked to compensate a thief for the loss of the use of a stolen horse which had been intrusted to him to hold.

Every honest representative of the people should oppose and expose the meditated wrong, and direct the wrong doers (who, unfortunately are landlords themselves) to make themselves better acquainted with the history of land tenure. It requires very little erudition to distinguish right from wrong.

In conclusion I entreat you to reflect that man cannot exist without the soil. Whoever gains possession of it acquires the mastery of man's existence and reduces him to a slave. but as every slave has the right to strike for freedom, Irishmen will deny your right to fasten a debt upon him and will repudiate it. The democracy is learning that property in land is theft, and a day of reckoning is at hand. It believes that special aptitude for legislating is not hereditary, and is coming to the conclusion that a house of lords is an anachronism. It feels that no man has a right to a plurality of votes, unless it be the poor man with a large family, whose comfort especially depends on good government. The comfort of the man of wealth is assured to him under most circumstances. Sound government is of vital moment to the one, and of comparatively little moment to the other. Education is teaching the democracy its power, and supreme necessity is impelling it to exercise it—on the evil doers.

"Ba, ba, black sheep,
Have you any wool?
Aye, Marry, have I
Three bags full.
Two for the landlord
And one for the boss;
But none for the laborer
Who works like a hoss,"

—N. Y. Remedy.

THE COMMONWEALTH

PORT ANGELES, - - W. T.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

J. R. Clark is building a two-story structure on Front Street near Laurel.

The Rev. Str. Walcott came in Monday and lay at Laurel st. wharf over night.

Eighteen settlers came in last week and took up places west of Elwha river.

C. M. Armbrust still holds down the Meat Market. Don't forget to call on him.

The funeral of B. T. Smith took place Tuesday last from Library hall, East End.

H. Simdars of Sequim paid our town a visit this week. He came on the sloop August for lumber.

Dr. Lull went to Dungeness, Tuesday to examine a man, before the Probate Court, said to be insane.

The next work will be to grade Laurel Street and fill in the old creek bed. That will help the looks of the town immensely.

Geo. Haines, manager of the Port Angeles bakery delivers bread three times a week. No need to go hungry hereafter.

The bridge across the creek on Front St. is ready for planking. The mill will have the plank out during the week, probably.

The colony has platted the old Meagher place and now offers the lots for sale at very reasonable prices. See ad. in another column.

John Schaeferstein is still very low though showing some signs of improvement. Hopes are now entertained of his recovery.

☞ Good Spectacles and Eye Glasses at J. Steadman's from 25 to 75 cents per pair Bargains not to be found anywhere else this side of Chicago. Call and examine my stock.

Mr. Jas. Meagher caught cold in his knee which was hurt New Year's and is good for a couple of weeks in bed. He has been threatened with erysipelas, but is improving slowly.

The School Directors of this Dist. have ordered the Clerk to have a room prepared at the East End for school purposes. There are more pupils in the Dist. than one teacher can take care of.

A G. A. R. Post has been established at Port Angeles. This will be the first branch of any order ever established in this town. Notice of meeting for organization will be given in the next issue.

Andrews and Etzel proprietors of Sloop August, are talking of building a larger schooner. They are negotiating with the colony for lumber, etc. and if satisfactory arrangements can be made, they will build the boat in this place in a few weeks.

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.

Work in the Seattle Land Office is so far behind, owing to press of business and lack of clerical force, that proofs in Timber Entries are delayed eleven months. Homestead and Pre-emption proofs will have also to be delayed until the officers catch up with their work or needed help is furnished by the General Land Office.

Work on Front Street hill is moving slowly. People are always ready to subscribe work, but don't come to the scratch as they should. It is discouraging when one comes in town before daylight and stands around waiting for others to come, and no one else puts in an appearance. Wake up, boys! Don't let the good work lag.

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.

The East End Literary Society was partially organized on Monday evening, with E. E. Seevers for President and B. Raymond for Secretary and Treasurer. The execution committee consisting of Mrs. Foss, Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Hoag in conjunction with the other officers will have prepared a simple constitution which will be presented at the next meeting. It is expected that the required admission fee will be 10 cents and monthly dues 5 cents for the furnishing of wood and lights. The program for the next meeting was too late for the press but there will be reading, recitations, etc.

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.

Sequim Bay Notes.

Messrs. Burrows and Fernie have briged Johnson Creek. Length of bridge being 110 ft.

With volunteer work, a bridge 65 ft. long and 20 ft. high has been built between Deans and Burrows, across a bad gulch.

The Jefferson-Clallam road is now passable for horses and cattle, and the two counties should make it a good wagon road the whole length.

A. E. Simmon's, Alex. Hutt and Jos. Jones fomerly of this place, have taken up claims at the head of Sequim bay. The Schooner "Falcon" is engaged in carrying freight to and from the bay. The "Falcon,, will be remembered as the vessel purchased by Mr. Simmons from the Colony last summer.

Mr. Fred Dean has started a paper called the *Home Circle*. and a society, "The Bay View Club" has been organized for debating, reading, etc. We hope they will continue in their good work. They have a pretty bay and plenty of good land thereabouts and we believe it will be an important point in Clallam County, in days to come.

Sequim Bay is coming to the front in good shape. Henry Freeland who took the contract from the County to construct a road around the head of the bay, is making good progress. He has completed three bridges 130 ft., 50 ft. and 30 ft. in length respectively, and is now at work filling the intervening stretches with sand and gravel to raise the road above high water.

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.

A Fiends Revenge and Just Deserts.

Albert Schaeffer, a Bohemian, to revenge himself on one Geo. Bodala, blew up a house with giant powder at Gilman an the 7th inst. Three persons were killed outright and three more severely injured, their recovery being doubtful. An eighteen month old child was taken from the ruins unhurt. He was promptly lynched by a mob, and the general verdict is, that "hanging was too good for him." We do not believe in lynch law, yet there are cases when men can hardly be blamed for using it, and this happens to be one of them.

Had he killed the man who he considered had done him an injury, then the law would probably have taken its course but to blow up half a dozen innocent parties for the sake of getting one was too fiendish and the neighborhood could hardly be blamed for setting the law aside.

The Newcastle Riot.

It is sad indeed when rival labor organizations come to open welfare, and thus bring disgrace on the cause of Labor. From accounts so far received it seems that there was no question of wages—no question between Capital and Labor whatever. Nothing but a jealousy between two labor organizations, the Miners Union and the Knights of Labor. One man was killed, and nothing but the appearance of the Milita saved a perhaps worse state of affairs. It appears that there has been bad blood between the two organizations for some time, and the Miners Union claim this trouble was precipitated by the Knights because of the employment of a man objectional to that organization. We hope by next issue to be able to give all the facts in the case. We do not care to take the reports in the daily papurs as we may yet find that things were not as bad as represented.

DIED.

Died, at Port Angeles, W. T., January 13th, B. T. Smith, a native of England, aged 52.

WEATHER REPORT.

Station, Port Angeles, W. T., for Week Ending Jan. 15th, 1889.

		Mean Temp.	Daily Precip.
Weds.	9	36.6	.00
Thurs.	10	37.9	.14
Frid.	11	34.5	.04
Sat.	12	34.5	.90
Sun.	13	35.2	.02
Mon.	14	29.1	.00
Tues.	15	34.6	.00

Max. Temp. 40.6, date 10th, inst.
Min. Temp. 28.2, date 14th, inst.
Total Precipitation, 1.10.

Observations have been taken but twice daily of late, at 4.46 a. m. and 4.46 p. m. Hereafter we will give the minamum temperature only.

The *Spotted Cayuse* is a weekly illustrated paper published at Seattle W. T. While we have not a very high opinion of "Cayuses" in general (having owned several during our eventful career) we cannot but compliment this spotted one on its appearance, and believe it may be able to redeem the reputation of its namesakes, if its succeeding numbers are as good as the one we received.

30 new settlers have gone into the Quillayute country within the last two weeks. J. A. Spencer of this place has just returned from an extended trip through that section, and reports finding many bottoms from 100 to 400 acres in extent. He also passed through large tracts of timber land and brought back some specimens of coal of exceeding good quality. There is but little doubt but that good coal mines will be found there, and the timber is the finest in the territory. When a railroad is built from this place, the hauling of timber will alone pay the operation of the road, and the land being of good quality will support an immense population, giving a bonanza to the road in local traffic alone. At present this country is not ovetly easy of access, but it can be but a few years at most before transportation will be furnished as capital will come where such good opportunities for profitare offered.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

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

KILLINGLY, Ct., Jan. 2nd, 1889.

Editor COMMONWEALTH.

DEAR SIR:—Your reply to my note concerning the factory girls, of Ipswich, Mass., is good, and sets the matter in the right light. I agree with all you say, and if Colonies would be careful at first not to allow drones to come in upon them, they would not have to go through with the experiences of the P. S. Colony; and that of Sinaloa, Mexico, and others.

I took it for granted that Mr. Baker's letter contemplated the bringing in to your Colony of reinforcements to some department of labor, which the girls could well fill, and that he asked suggestions from you—if any occurred to you—if you knew of any business that could well be followed by women in your Colony, such as agriculture, or horticulture, gardening—if there are markets accessible—then you would make it desirable for these women to club together, buy what land is needed, (for almost all of our New England factory operatives have money saved) and come and settle with you, expecting to work as many hours a day as necessary; and as I said before, have the society of intelligent, progressive people, and the same advantages as relates to public teaching by lectures and access to libraries that they now have in New England—for you will soon have them. The people who have come together to form your Colony are not a hap-hazard gathering of miscellaneous folks, who only congregate there to make money. They placed themselves on principles of progress from the time that they began to look with longing eyes to Port Angeles, and Puget Sound. They believe, not only that it is necessary to have bread and butter, but first of all in the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—so "all these things shall be added unto them," in good time, and not in a distant time either. Few men and women are perfect when tried, even if they seem so in their theories, but the very fact that the declaration of principles of justice was fundamentally enunciated in your platform, means that the people will, ultimately, grow up to the standard they have erected for themselves, and that the culture and refinement, which have been partially laid aside for a time, till pressing duties are first performed, will directly come to the front, and make the Puget Sound Colony a delightful place in which to have a home. You truly say: "those who join must put something into the common fund with which to start," and such might as well be the case with these girls, as with others who are still invited to come and take stock with you—I expect you will agree with me in this.

I read your article on Clallam county, and consider you cannot do better advertising than to print it once a month. It is well written, and gives just such information as people desire to get. Indeed, it makes me quite desirous of coming to Puget Sound myself. I hope I may do so, one day. I have a great interest in your success, and watch you faithfully and in love. I wish you to succeed, first for the good of the humanity that has cast its lot together, breaking up old ties, and leaving the homes of their lives to make a new home in the wilderness, as our Puritan forefathers did; and second for the vindication of Co-operation which is the only principle, carried out in all its ramifications by which this world can be saved, and go on to higher conditions of enlightenment. So you have my continual prayers for your prosperity, as does also every co-operative and reformatory work of which I am informed.

There are many occupations explained in the article on Clallam county, which are just as well managed by capable, energetic women, as by men. Hop bearing agriculture and fruit growing, cultivation of berries which with the fruit might give rise to canning factories. I noticed something about the sardine fisheries and these would emplo women in canning, when they are started.

I direct Mr. Baker's attention to the par. on last page of 23rd Nov., headed "Opportunities for New Homes" as containing hints, which might be followed up.

And finally, I am glad I called out an explanation of the sentence I expected to, from you, because it was a sweeping one and might have been taken to apply to all Co-operative Colonization. If you have as many colonists as can work to advantage at present, at Puget Sound, yet it is a fact that the formation of Co-operative Colonies would help wonderfully to draw off the superabundant population of our eastern cities, and would form homes and bring content and health. to many a bent frame and pale cheek Let other colonies be formed, and other bright spots on the earth be made by happy homes, and labor that will be content with the necessities and comforts of life. So mote it be.

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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.

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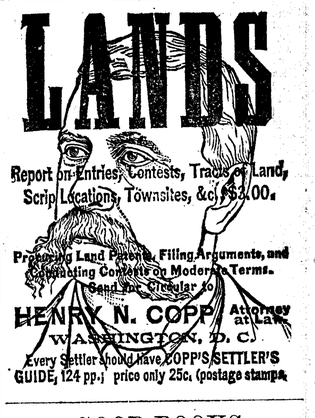
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All orders left at Mr. Ritchie's office or at own residence will be promptly attended to.
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JULIUS E. KRUGER, Manager.

The Grasping Oil Trust.

The manipulators of the Standard Oil trust having subjugated the United States, have been looking for other worlds to conquer. They control the output of the oil wells of America, but they are not content with that. They are growing restive, caused no doubt by the narrowness of the confines of their empire. They want to control the petroleum market of the world, and to that end are turning their attention to and buying up the oil fields of Russia. Not content with the profits growing out of the sale of the oil, the members of the trust conceived the idea of saving for themselves the profits which hitherto went into the pockets of the barrel makers and transportation companies and the great pipe lines were laid.

Now do they propose to monopolize the ocean oil trade. Fifteen years ago there were nearly 1,000 schooners, engaged in carrying refined petroleum, afloat on the Atlantic ocean, furnishing employment to many thousands of American sailors. This class of vessels was later displaced by the English steamers so far as the Trans Atlantic or export trade was concerned, but the coast trade was still left them. Now comes the announcement that the Standard Oil company will build several immense floating oil tanks capable of holding from twenty to thirty thousand barrels each and that when completed it proposes to handle all the oil exported from this country and retain the carrying profit for itself. A member of the consolidated exchange, who knows a thing or two about the petroleum market and who is not noted for his friendliness for the "Standard Oil company," has been interviewed on the "freezing out" plan of the big monopoly and says:

This tank idea is not a new one. It is simply an old idea rehashed. If the experiment proves successful transportation of oil to European ports will be entirely revolutionized. To transport in bulk saves a world of time, labor and money. To load a ship with barrels of oil it takes almost three times the time necessary to pump in a cargo of oil. Then it requires twice the number of men. The barrels cost considerable also. There is one thing that will certainly attend the introduction of these tank ships and that is all contained in the little word "grumbling." Workingmen will grumble; they are grumbling now. It means less work for them. It means more monopoly for the Standard Oil company. It means money out of the pockets of workingmen, with a corresponding amount in the coffers of the Standard Oil company. There is the situation in a nut shell.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

A Nail Trust.

The nail manufacturers of the country held a meeting in Pittsburg recently and formed a trust. The agreement entered into is to allow each factory to make a given quantity of nails and no more. If the owner, of a mill does not choose to operate his plant, he is at liberty to close down and get 10 cents a keg for his proportion of the profits of the combination. One man is to be selected by the members of the trust to distribute the product. The penalty for failure to observe the rules established by the trust has been fixed at $10 per day for each machine in use by the offending manufacturers. The object of the pool is to limit the output in order that the market may pass under the control of the conspirators and prices advanced.—Milwaukee Sentinal.

The Fortune of Franchard.

CHAPTER III.

THE ADOPTION.

Mme. Desprez, who answered to the Christian name of Anastasie, presented an agreeable type of her sex; exceedingly wholesome to look upon, a stout brune, with cool smooth cheeks, steady, dark eyes and hands that neither art nor nature could improve. She was the sort of a person over whom adversity passes like a summer cloud; she might, in the worst of conjunctions, knit her brows into one vertical furrow for a moment, but the next it would be gone. She had much of the placidity of a contented nun; with little of her piety, however; for Anastasie was of a very mundane nature, fond of oysters and old wine, and somewhat bold pleasantries, and devoted to her husband for her own sake rather than for his. She was imperturbably good natured, but had no idea of self sacrifice. To live in that pleasant old house, with a green garden behind and bright flowers about the window, to eat and drink of the best, to gossip with a neighbor for a quarter of an hour, never to wear stays or a dress except when she went to Fontainebleau shopping, to be kept in a continual supply of racy novels, and to be married to Dr. Desprez and have no ground of jealousy, filled the cup of her nature to the brim. Those who had known the doctor in bachelor days, when he had aired quite as many theories, but of a different order, attributed his present philosophy to the study of Anastasie. It was her brute enjoyment that he rationalized and perhaps vainly imitated.

Mme. Desprez was an artist in the kitchen, and made coffee to a nicety. She had a knack of tidiness, with which she had infected the doctor; everything was in its place; everything capable of polish shone gloriously; and dust was a thing banished from her empire. Aline, their single servant, had no other business in the world but to scour and burnish. So Dr. Desprez lived in his house like a fatted calf, warmed and cosseted to his heart's content.

The midday meal was excellent. There was a ripe melon, a fish from the river in a memorable Bearnaise sauce, a fat fowl in a fricassee, and a dish of asparagus, followed by some fruit. The doctor drank half a bottle plus one glass, the wife half a bottle minus the same quantity, which was a marital privilege, of an excellent Cote Rotie, seven years old. Then the coffee was brought, and a flask of Chartreuse for madame, for the doctor despised and distrusted such decoctions; and then Aline left the wedded pair to the pleasures of memory and digestion.

"It is a very fortunate circumstance, my cherished one," observed the doctor—"this coffee is adorable—a very fortunate circumstance on the whole—Anastasie, I beseech you, go without that poison for today, only one day, and you will feel the benefit, I pledge my reputation."

"What is this fortunate circumstance, my friend?" inquired Anastasie, not heeding his protest, which was of daily recurrence.

"That we have no children, my beautiful," replied the doctor. "I think of it more as the years go on, and with more and more gratitude toward the power that dispenses such afflictions. Your health, my darling, my studious quiet, our little kitchen delicacies, how they would all have suffered, how they would all have been sacrificed! And for what? Children are the last word of human imperfection. Health flees before their face. They cry, my dear; they put vexatious questions; they demand to be fed, to be washed, to be educated, to have their noses blown; and then, when the time comes, they break our hearts, as I break this piece of sugar. A pair of professed egotists, like you and me, should avoid offspring like an infidelity."

"Indeed!" said she, and she laughed. "Now, that is like you—to take credit for the thing you could not help."

"My dear," returned the doctor, solemnly, "we might have adopted."

"Never!" cried madame. "Never, doctor, with my consent. If the child were my own flesh and blood, I would not say no. But to take another person's indiscretion on my shoulders, my dear friend, I have too much sense."

"Precisely," replied the doctor. "We both had. And I am all the better pleased with ourwisdom, because—because"— He looked at her sharply.

"Because what?" she asked, with a faint premonition of danger.

"Because I have found the right person," said the doctor, firmly, "and shall adopt him this afternoon."

Anastasie looked at him out of a mist. "You have lost your reason," she said; and there was a clang in her voice that seemed to threaten trouble.

"Not so, my dear," he replied; "I retain its complete exercise. To the proof: instead of attempting to cloak my inconsistency I have, by way of preparing you, thrown it into strong relief. You will there, I think, recognize the philosopher who has the ecstasy to call you wife. The fact is, I have been reckoning all this while without an accident. I never thought to find a son of my own. Now, last night I found one. Do not unnecessarily alarm yourself, my dear; he is not a drop of blood to me that I know. It is his mind, darling, his mind that calls me father."

"His mind!" she repeated, with a titter between scorn and hysterics. "His mind, indeed! Henri, is this an idiotic pleasantry, or are you mad? His mind! And what of my mind?"

"Truly," replied the doctor, with a shrug, "you have your finger on the hitch. He will be strikingly antipathetic to my beautiful Anastasie. She will never understand him; he will never understand her. You married the animal side of my nature, dear; and it is on the spiritual side that I find my affinity for Jean-Marie. So much so, that, to be perfectly frank, I stand in some awe of him myself. You will easily perceive that I am announcing a calamity for you. Do not," he broke out in tones of real solicitude, "do not give way to tears after a meal, Anastasie. You will certainly give yourself a false digestion."

Anastasie controlled herself. "You know how willing I am to humor you," she said, "in all reasonable matters. But on this point"——

"My dear love," interrupted the doctor, eager to prevent a refusal, "who wished to leave Paris? Who made me give up cards, and the opera, and the boulevard, and my social relations, and all that was my life before I knew you? Have I been faithful? Have I been obedient? Have I not borne my doom with cheerfulness? In all honesty, Anastasie, have I not a right to a stipulation on my side? I have, and you know it. I stipulate my son."

Anastasie was aware of defeat; she struck her colors instantly. "You will break my heart," she sighed.

"Not in the least," said he. "You will feel a trifling inconvenience for a month, just as I did when I was first brought to this vile hamlet; then your admirable sense and temper will prevail, and I see you already as content as ever, and making your husband the happiest of men."

"You know I can refuse you nothing," she said, with a last flicker of resistance; "nothing that will make you truly happier. But will this? Are you sure, my husband? Last night, you say, you found him! He may be the worst of humbugs."

"I think not," replied the doctor. "But do not suppose me so unwary as to adopt him out of hand. I am, I flatter myself, a finished man of the world; I have had all possibilities in view; my plan is contrived to meet them all. I take the lad as stable boy. If he pilfer, if he grumble, if he desire to change, I shall see I was mistaken; I shall recognize him for no son of mine, and send him tramping."

"You will never do so when the time comes," said his wife; "I know your good heart."

She reached out her hand to him, with a sigh; the doctor smiled as he took it and carried it to his lips; he had gained his point with greater ease than he had dared to hope; for perhaps the twentieth time he had proved the efficacy of his trusty argument, his Excalibur, the hint of a return to Paris. Six months in the capital, for a man of the doctor's antecedents and relations, implied no less a calamity than total ruin. Anastasie had saved the remainder of his fortune by keeping him strictly in the country. The very name of Paris put her in a blue fear; and she would have allowed her husband to keep a menagerie in the back garden, let alone adopting a stable boy, rather than permit the question of return to be discussed.

About 4 of the afternoon the mountebank rendered up his ghost; he had never been conscious since his seizure. Dr. Desprez was present at his last passage, and declared the farce over. Then he took Jean-Marie by the shoulder, and led him out into the inn garden, where there was a convenient bench beside the river. Here he sat him down and made the boy place himself on his left.

"Jean-Marie," he said very gravely, "this world is exceedingly vast, and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortunately it is full of eager, shouldering people moving on, and there are very few bakers' shops for so many eaters. Your master is dead; you are not fit to gain a living by yourself; you do not wish to steal? No. Your situation, then, is undesirable; it is, for the moment, critical. On the other hand, you behold in me a man not old, though elderly, still enjoying the youth of the heart and the intelligence; a man of instruction; easily situated in this world's affairs; keeping a good table; a man, neither as friend nor host, to be despised. I offer you your food and clothes, and to teach you lessons in the evening, which will be infinitely more to the purpose for a lad of your stamp than those of all the priests in Europe. I propose no wages, but if ever you take a thought to leave me the door shall be open, and I will give you 100 francs to start the world upon. In return, I have an old horse and chaise, which you would very speedily learn to clean and keep in order. Do not hurry yourself to answer, and take it or leave it as you judge aright. Only remember this, that I am no sentimentalist or charitable person, but a man who lives rigorously to himself; and that if I make the proposal it is for my own ends—it is because I perceive clearly an advantage to myself. And now reflect."

"I shall be very glad. I do not see what else I can do. I thank you, sir, most kindly, and I will try to be useful," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the doctor, warmly, rising at the same time and wiping his brow, for he had suffered agonies while the thing hung in the wind. A refusal, after the scene at noon, would have placed him in a ridiculous light before Anastasie. "How hot and heavy is the evening, to be sure! I have always had a fancy to be a fish in summer, Jean-Marie, here in the Loing beside Gretz. I should lie under a water lily and listen to the bell which must sound most delicately down low. That would be a life—do you not think so, too?"

"Yes," said Jean-Marie.

"Thank God, you have imagination!" cried the doctor, embracing the boy with his usual effusive warmth, though it was a proceeding that seemed to disconcert the sufferer almost as much as if he had been an English school boy of the same age. "And now," he added, "I will take you to my wife."

Mme. Desprez sat in the dining room in a cool wrapper. All the blinds were down, and the tile floor had been recently sprinkled with water; her eyes were half shut, but she affected to be reading a novel as they entered. Though she was a bustling woman, she enjoyed repose between whiles and had a remarkable appetite for sleep.

The doctor went through a solemn form of introduction, adding for the benefit of both parties, "You must try to like each other for my sake."

"He is very pretty, said Anastasie. "Will you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?"

"Will you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?"

The doctor was furious, and dragged her into the passage. "Are you a fool, Anastasie?" he said. "What is all this I hear about the tact of women? Heavens knows, I have not met with it in my experience. You address my little philosopher as if he were an infant. He must be spoken to with more respect, I tell you; he must not be kissed and Georgy-porgy'd like an ordinary child."

"I only did it to please you, I am sure," replied Anastasie; "but I will try to do better."

The doctor apologized for his warmth. "But I do wish him," he continued, "to feel at home among us. And really your conduct was so idiotic, my cherished one, and so utterly and distantly out of place, that a saint might have been pardoned a little vehemence in disapproval. Do, do try—if it is possible for a woman to understand young people—but of course it is not, and I waste my breath. Hold your tongue as much as possible at least, and observe my conduct narrowly; it will serve you for a model."

Anatasie did as she was bidden, and considered the doctor's behavior. She observed that he embraced the boy three times in the course of the evening, and managed generally to confound and abash the little fellow out of speech and appetite. But she had the true womanly heroism in little affairs. Not only did she refrain from the cheap revenge of exposing the doctor's errors to himself, but she did her best to remove their ill effect on Jean-Marie. When Desprez went out for his last breath of air before retiring for the night, she came over to the boy's side and took his hand.

"You must not be surprised nor frightened by my husband's manners," she said. "He is the kindest of men, but so clever that he is sometimes difficult to understand. You will soon grow used to him, and then you will love him, for that nobody can help. As for me, you may be sure, I shall try to make you happy, and will not bother you at all. I think we should be excellent friends, you and I. I am not clever, but I am very good natured. Will you give me a kiss?"

He held up his face, and she took him in her arms and then began to cry. The woman had spoken in complaisance; but she had warmed to her own words, and tenderness followed. The doctor, entering, found them enlaced: he concluded that his wife was in fault; and he was just beginning, in an awful voice, "Anastasie," when she looked up at him, smiling, with an upraised finger; and he held his peace, wondering, while she led the boy to his attic.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EDUCATION OF A PHILOSOPHER.

The installation of the adopted stable boy was thus happily effected, and the wheels of life continued to run smoothly in the doctor's house. Jean-Marie did his horse and carriage duty in the morning; sometimes helped in the housework; sometimes walked abroad with the doctor, to drink wisdom from the fountain head; and was introduced at night to the sciences and the dead tongues. He retained his singular placidity of mind and manner; he was rarely in fault; but he made only a very partial progress in his studies, and remained much of a stranger in the family.

The doctor was a pattern of regularity. All forenoon he worked on his great book, the "Comparative Pharmacopœia, or Historical Dictionary of all Medicines," which as yet consisted principally of slips of paper and pins. When finished, it was to fill many personable volumes and to combine antiquarian interest with professional utility. But the doctor was studious of literary graces and the picturesque; an anecdote, a touch of manners, a moral qualification, or a sounding epithet was sure to be preferred before a piece of science; a little more, and he would have written the "Comparative Pharmacopœia" in verse! The article "Mummia," for instance, was already complete, though the remainder of the work had not progressed beyond the letter A. It was exceedingly copious and entertaining, written with quaintness and color, exact, erudite, a literary article; but it would hardly have afforded guidance to a practicing physician of today. The feminine good sense of his wife had led her to point this out with uncompromising sincerity; for the dictionary was duly read aloud to her, betwixt sleep and waking, as it proceeded toward an infinitely distant completion; and the doctor was a little sore on the subject of mummies, and sometimes resented an allusion with asperity.

After the midday meal and a proper period of digestion he walked, sometimes alone, sometimes accompanied by Jean-Marie; for madame would have preferred any hardship rather than walk.

She was, as I have said, a very busy person, continually occupied about material comforts and ready to drop asleep over a novel the instant she was disengaged. This was the less objectionable, as she never snored or grew distempered in complexion when she slept. On the contrary, she looked the very picture of luxurious and appetizing ease, and woke without a start to the perfect possession of her faculties. I am afraid she was greatly an animal, but she was a very nice animal to have about. In this way she had little to do with Jean-Marie; but the sympathy which had been established between them on the first night remained unbroken. They held occasional conversations, mostly on household matters. To the extreme disappointment of the doctor, they occasionally sallied off together to that temple of debasing superstition, the village church. Madame and he, both in their Sunday's best, drove twice a month to Fontainebleau and returned laden with purchases, and, in short, although the doctor still continued to regard them as irreconcilably antipathetic, their relation was as intimate, friendly and confidential as their natures suffered.

I fear, however, that in her heart of hearts, madame kindly despised and pitied the boy. She had no admiration for his class of virtues; she liked a smart, polite, forward, roguish sort of boy, cap in hand, light of foot, meeting the eye; she liked volubility, charm, a little vice—the promise of a second Dr. Desprez. And it was her indefeasible belief that Jean-Marie was dull. "Poor dear boy," she had said once, "how sad it is that he should be so stupid!" She had never repeated that remark, for the doctor had raged like a wild bull, denouncing the brutal bluntness of her mind, bemoaning his own fate to be so unequally mated with an ass, and, what touched Anastasie more nearly, menacing the table china by the fury of his gesticulations. But she adhered silently to her opinion; and when Jean-Marie was sitting, stolid, blank, but not unhappy, over his unfinished tasks, she would snatch her opportunity in the doctor's absence, go over to him, put her arms about his neck, lay her cheek to his, and communicate her sympathy with his distress. "Do not mind," she would say; "I, too, am not at all clever, and I can assure you that it makes no difference in life."

The doctor's view was naturally different. That gentleman never wearied of the sound of his own voice, which was, to say the truth, agreeable enough to hear. He now had a listener, who was not so cynically indifferent as Anastasie, and who sometimes put him on his mettle by the most relevant objections. Besides, was he not educating the boy? And education, philosophers are agreed, is the most philosophical of duties. What can be more heavenly to poor mankind than to have one's hobby grow into a duty to the state? Then, indeed, do the ways of life become ways of pleasantness. Never had the doctor seen reason to be more content with his endowments. Philosophy flowed smoothly from his lips. He was so agile a dialectician that he could trace his nonsense, when challenged, back to some root in sense, and prove it to be a sort of flower upon his system. He slipped out of antinomies like a fish, and left his disciple marveling at the rabbi's depth.

Moreover, deep down in his heart the doctor was disappointed with the ill success of his more formal education. A boy, chosen by so acute an observer for his aptitude, and guided along the path of learning by so philosophic an instructor, was bound, by the nature of the universe, to make a more obvious and lasting advance. Now Jean-Marie was slow in all things, impenetrable in others; and his power of forgetting was fully on a level with his power to learn. Therefore, the doctor cherished his peripatetic lectures, to which the boy attended, which he generally appeared to enjoy, and by which he often profited.

Many and many were the talks they had together; and health and moderation proved the subject of the doctor's divagations. To these he lovingly returned.

"I lead you," he would say, "by the green pastures. My system, my beliefs, my medicines, are resumed in one phrase—to avoid excess. Blessed nature, healthy, temperate nature, abhors and exterminates excess. Human law, in this matter, imitates at a great distance her provisions; and we must strive to supplement the efforts of the law. Yes, boy, we must be a law to ourselves and for our neighbors—lex armata—armed, emphatic, tyrannous law. If you see a crapulous human ruin snuffing, dash him from his box! The judge, though in a way an admission of disease, is less offensive to me than either the doctor or the priest. Above all the doctor—the doctor and the purulent trash and garbage of his pharmacopœia! Pure air—from the neighborhood of a pinetum for the sake of the turpentine—unadulterated wine, and the reflections of an unsophisticated spirit in the presence of the works of nature—these, my boy, are the best medical appliances and the best religious comforts. Devote youself to these. Hark! there are the bells of Bourron (the wind is in the north, it will be fair). How clear and airy is the sound! The nerves are harmonized and quieted; the mind attuned to silence; and observe how easily and regularly beats the heart! Your unenlightened doctor would see nothing in these sensations; and yet you yourself perceive they are a part of health. Did you remember your cinchona this morning? Good. Cinchona also is a work of nature; it is, after all, only the bark of a tree which we might gather for ourselves if we lived in the locality. What a world is this! Though a professed atheist, I delight to bear my testimony to the world. Look at the gratuitous remedies and pleasures that surround our path! The river runs by the garden end, our bath, our fish pond, our natural system of drainage. There is a well in the court which sends up sparkling water from the earth's very heart, clean, cool and with a little wine most wholesome. The district is notorious for its salubrity; rheumatism is the only prevalent complaint, and I myself have never had a touch of it. I tell you—and my opinion is based upon the coldest, clearest processes of reason—if I, if you, desired to leave this home of pleasures it would be the duty, it would be the privilege, of our best friend to prevent us with a pistol bullet."

One beautiful June day they sat upon the hill outside the village. The river, as blue as heaven, shone here and there among the foliage. The indefatigable birds turned and flickered about Gretz church tower. A healthy wind blew from over the forest, and the sound of innumerable thousands of tree tops and innumerable millions on millions of green leaves was abroad in the air, and filled the ear with something between whispered speech and singing. It seemed as if every blade of grass must hide a cigale; and the fields rang merrily with their music, jingling far and near, as with the sleigh bells of the fairy queen. From their station on the slope the eye embraced a large space of poplared plain upon the one hand, the waving hill tops of the forest on the other, and Gretz itself in the middle, a handful of roofs. Under the bestriding arch of the blue heavens, the place seemed dwindled to a toy. It seemed incredible that people dwelled, and could find room to turn or air to breathe, in such a corner of the world. The thought came home to the boy, perhaps for the first time, and he gave it words.

"How small it looks!" he sighed.

"Ay," replied the doctor, "small enough now. Yet it was once a walled city; thriving, full of furred burgesses and men in armor, humming with affairs — with tall spires, for aught I know, and portly towers along the battlements. A thousand chimneys ceased smoking at the curfew bell. There were gibbets at the gate as thick as scarecrows. In time of war, the assault swarmed against it with ladders, the arrows fell like leaves, the defenders sallied hotly over the drawbridge, each side uttered its cry as they plied their weapons. Do you know that the walls extended as far as the Commanderie? Tradition so reports. Alas, what a long way off is all this confusion—nothing left of it but my quiet words spoken in your ear—and the town itself shrunk to the hamlet underneath us! By and by came the English wars—you shall hear more of the English, a stupid people, who sometimes blundered into good—and Gretz was taken, sacked and burned. It is the history of many towns; but Gretz never arose again; it was never rebuilt; its ruins were a quarry to serve the growth of rivals; and the stones of Gretz are now erect along the streets of Nemours. It gratifies me that our old house was the first to rise after the calamity; when the town had come to an end, it inaugurated the hamlet."

"I, too, am glad of that," said Jean-Marie.

"It should be the temple of the humbler virtues," responded the doctor, with a savory gusto. "Perhaps one of the reasons why I love my little hamlet as I do, is that we have a similar history, she and I. Have I told you that I was once rich?"

"I do not think so," answered Jean-Marie. "I do not think I should have forgotten. I am sorry you should have lost your fortune."

"Sorry?" cried the doctor. "Why, I find I have scarce begun your education after all. Listen to me! Would you rather live in the old Gretz or in the new, free from the alarms of war, with the green country at the door, without noise, passports, the exactions of the soldiery, or the jangle of the curfew bell to send us off to bed by sundown?"

"I suppose I should prefer the new," replied the boy.

"Precisely," returned the doctor. "So do I. And, in the same way, I prefer my present moderate fortune to my former wealth. Golden mediocrity! cried the adorable ancients; and I subscribe to their enthusiasm. Have I not good wine, good food, good air, the fields and the forest for my walk, a house, an admirable wife, a boy whom I protest I cherish like a son? Now, if I were still rich, I should indubitably make my residence in Paris—you know Paris—Paris and paradise are not convertible terms. This pleasant noise of the wind streaming among leaves changed into the grinding babel of the street, the stupid glare of plaster substituted for this quiet pattern of greens and grays, the nerves shattered, the digestion falsified—picture the fall! Already you perceive the consequences; the mind is stimulated, the heart steps to a different measure, and the man is himself no longer. I have passionately studied myself—the true business of philosophy. I know my character as the musician knows the ventages of his flute. Should I return to Paris I should ruin myself gambling; nay, I go further—I should break the heart of my Anastasie with infidelities."

This was too much for Jean-Marie. That a place should so transform the most excellent of men transcended his belief. Paris, he protested, was even an agreeable place of residence. "Nor when I lived in that city did I feel much difference," he pleaded.

"What!" cried the doctor. "Did you not steal when you were there?"

But the boy could never be brought to see that he had done anything wrong when he stole. Nor, indeed, did the doctor think he had; but that gentleman was never very scrupulous when in want of a retort.

"And now," he concluded, "do you begin to understand? My only friends were those who ruined me. Gretz has been my academy, my sanatorium, my heaven of innocent pleasures. If millions are offered me I wave them back: Retro, Sathanas! Evil one begone! Fix your mind on my example; despise riches, avoid the debasing influence of cities. Hygiene—hygiene and mediocrity of fortune—these be your watchwords during life!"

The doctor's system of hygiene strikingly coincided with his tastes; and his picture of a perfect life was a faithful description of the one he was leading at the time. But it is easy to convince a boy, whom you supply with all the facts for the discussion. And besides there was one thing admirable in the philosophy, and that was the enthusiasm of the philosopher. There was never any one more vigorously determined to be pleased; and if he was not a great logician, and so had no right to convince the intellect, he was certainly something of a poet, and had a fascination to seduce the heart. What he could not achieve in his customary humor of a radiant admiration of himself and his circumstances, he sometimes effected in his fits of gloom.

"Boy," he would say, "avoid me today. If I were superstitious, I should even beg for an interest in your prayers. I am in the black fit; the evil spirit of King Saul, the hag of the merchant Abudah, the personal devil of the mediæval monk, is with me—is in me," tapping on his breast. "The vices of my nature are now uppermost; innocent pleasures woo me in vain; I long for Paris, for my wallowing in the mire. See," he continued, producing a handful of silver, "I denude myself, I am not to be trusted with the price of a fare. Take it, keep it for me, squander it on deleterious candy, throw it in the deepest river—I will homologate your action. Save me from that part of myself which I disown. If you see me falter, do not hesitate; if necessary, wreck the train! I speak, of course, by a parable. Any extremity were better than for me to reach Paris alive."

Doubtless the doctor enjoyed these little scenes, as a variation in his part; they represented the Byronic element in the somewhat artificial poetry of his existence; but to the boy, though he was dimly aware of their theatricality, they represented more. The doctor made perhaps too little, the boy possibly too much, of the reality and gravity of these temptations.

One day a great light shone for Jean-Marie. "Could not riches be used well?" he asked.

"In theory, yes," replied the doctor. "But it is found in experience that no one does so. All the world imagine they will be exceptional when they grow wealthy; but possession is debasing, new desires spring up; and the silly taste for ostentation eats out the heart of pleasure."

"Then you might be better if you had less," said the boy.

"Certainly not," replied the doctor; but his voice quavered as he spoke.

"Why?" demanded pitiless innocence.

Dr. Desprez saw all the colors of the rainbow in a moment; the stable universe appeared to be about capsizing with him. "Because," said he—affecting deliberation after an obvious pause—"because I have formed my life for my present income. It is not good for men of my years to be violently dissevered from their habits."

That was a sharp brush. The doctor breathed hard, and fell into taciturnity for the afternoon. As for the boy, he was delighted with the resolution of his doubts; even wondered that he had not foreseen the obvious and conclusive answer. His faith in the doctor was a stout piece of goods. Desprez was inclined to be a sheet in the wind's eye after dinner, especially after Rhine wine, his favorite weakness. He would then remark on the warmth of his feeling for Anastasie, and with inflamed cheeks and a loose, flustered smile, debate upon all sorts of topics, and be feebly and indiscreetly witty. But the adopted stable boy would not permit himself to entertain a doubt that savored of ingratitude. It is quite true that a man may be a second father to you, and yet take too much to drink; but the best natures are ever slow to accept such truths.

The doctor thoroughly possessed his heart, but perhaps he exaggerated his influence over his mind. Certainly Jean-Marie adopted some of his master's opinions, but I have yet to learn that he ever surrendered one of his own. Convictions existed in him by divine right; they were virgin, unwrought, the brute metal of decision. He could add others indeed, but he could not put away; neither did he care if they were perfectly agreed among themselves; and his spiritual pleasures had nothing to do with turning them over or justifying them in words. Words were with him a mere accomplishment, like dancing. When he was by himself, his pleasures were almost vegetable. He would slip into the woods toward Acheres and sit in the mouth of a cave among gray birches. His soul stared straight out of his eyes; he did not move or think, sunlight, thin shadows moving in the wind, the edge of firs against the sky, occupied and bound his faculties. He was pure unity, a spirit wholly abstracted. A single mood filled him, to which all the objects of sense contributed, as the colors of the spectrum merge and disappear in white light.

So while the doctor made himself drunk with words, the adopted stable boy bemused himself with silence.

[Continued next week.]

NOTICE.

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

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

JOHN Y. OSTRANDER, Register.

11 23 88 to 1 25 89.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

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

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

JOHN Y. OSTRANDER, Register.

12 14 8 to 1 18 9.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T.,
January, 7th, 1889.

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," John H. Roche, of Tacoma, County of Pierce, Territory of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn Statement No. 3890, for the purchase of the W ½ NW ¼ SE ¼ NW ¼ of Sec. No. 17, in Tp. No. 30 N, Range No. 7 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 Wednesday the 18th day of December, 1889. He names as witnesses: H. Halland, T. H. Brown, F. B. Patten, A. McDonald, all of Port Angeles, 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 18th day of December, 1889.

JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

1-18-5 to 3-12-9

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T.,
January 7th, 1889.

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," H. J. Conrad of Tacoma, County of Pierce, Territory of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3889, for the purchase of the SW ¼ of Sec. No. 17, in Tp. No. 30 N, Range No. 7 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 Wednesday the 18th day of December 1889. He names as witnesses: H. Halland, T. H. Brown, F. B. Patten, A. McDonald, all of Port Angeles, 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 18th day of December, 1889. JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

1-18-9 to 3-22-9

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T.,
January 7th, 1889.

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," Edward La Bounty, of Tacoma, County of Pierce, Territory of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn Statement No. 3891, for the purchase of the NE ¼ of Sec. No. 19, in Tp. No. 30 N, Range No. 7 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 Thursday the 19th day of December, 1889. He names as witnesses: H. Halland, T. H. Brown, F. B. Patten, A. McDonald, all of Port Angeles, 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 19th day of December, 1889.

JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

1-18-9 to 3-22-9

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Co-Operative Colony,

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

OFFICERS:

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

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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 inquiries in short sentences. If you desire your letters published, write upon one 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.
tf P. S. C. C., Port Angeles, W. T.

The Secretary is under obligations to Earnest A. Norris, of Albany, N. Y., for two copies of that charm ing novel, *Looking Backward*. They, of course, were intended for the library. and now can be found there by those who care to study co-operation from a Twentieth century standpoint. They were no sooner unpacked than they were in the hands of two famous book worms. It is unnecessary to add that they will have a wide circle of friends, all of whom will be much pleased with Bellamy's *Looking Backward*.

Peder Pederson, who settled upon his lot in Block 23, N. R. Smith's subdivision about one year ago, informs us that he has disposed of potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables to the amount of $18.50. His lot is 100x140 feet in size, and never was cultivated before. He kept more for his own use than he sold, and gave much to his neighbors besides. That it pays to garden on our admirable townsite, there is no question.

Two or three attempts have been made to organize a Magazine club. The proper thing to do is to fit up the room next to the Secretary's office for a reading room, start a subscription, and as rapidly as the money accumulates, send for the magazines wanted. In this way it would not be long until a number of magazines could be gotten, and "the many," as well as the "select few," would be provided with the best of current literature. The question of existence having been settled, next is the question of moral worth which is materially advanced by a continued course of reading. The reading should be of the best, and the magazines such as the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Century*, *Harpers*, and others belonging to this class. Who will be the first to come to the Secretary's office and say "here is one dollar for the magazine fund?"

Mrs. B. A. Lambotte, a faithful member of the Colony, who, until recently resided in Butte, Montana, informs us that our friend Peter Benjamin made a valuable discovery last fall in the shape of a quartz mine, located about 25 miles from Butte city. They are now engaged in developing the mine on the co-operative plan and much valuable ore is being taken out. They naturally feel delighted over their good fortune, but just now declare that it is not for them alone, but for all who have so nobly stood by the Colony in its hour of need and trouble. They propose having their lots cleared, a cosy house erected for them, in advance of their coming, and then put every surplus dollar where it will do the Colony and them the most good. We sincerely hope that no unforseen calamity will visit these good friends and cast its shadow over the page of the future so beautifully portrayed as fancy now paints it. We trust that "the wolf" may never have occasion to visit their door.

Sinaloa has a host in the person of John Bell. He is but a short time with them until he writes: "The Colony is in want of young, strong, ablebodied men who are accustomed to pioneering, and who are willing to rough it for a year." If such advice were strictly followed in all Colonies, more of them would succeed than statistics enumerate. Again he says: "The money spent by the Knights of Labor in sustaining strikes during the last ten years, if expended in efforts to make laborers their own employers, would have inaugurated a dozen or more co-operative industries of great magnitude; and if the money paid in monthly dues to such socities were contributed to a common fund, a new co-operative enterprise might be established each year." All of which is only too true, and if these suggestions were put to those assembled in any one of the meetings of those societies, not one would dare to assert that they were untrue. But the grasping demands of selfishness will undoubtedly be pandered to and have full sway for years to come. The only hope is for the few to establish themselves successfully and thus practically determine what is capable of being done by the many.

It is hoped that all who have not selected lots will settle for them and order them selected at once. All should bear in mind that they will not grow cheaper in price. The country adjacent to this town is growing more rapidly than is the town, but it will not be long until the town will take a "boom" and endeavor to keep pace. Then will the price of lots advance. They may be settled for at once by paying at least a third of their value in cash and giving a note, drawing six per cent. interest, for the balance. The lot may then be selected, and the deed for it given the Treasurer, unrecorded, as security for the payment of the note. On these settlements as much time as you desire will be given you; but payment for the Addition property must be made as stated in the advertisement—one-third cash, one-third in three months, and one-third in six months, the deferred payments to draw six per cent. per annum interest. It is useless to add that after this property passes from the Colony's control, such easy and reasonable terms may not be expected.

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.

Fallacy of Protection was Seen by Many.

The country is not becoming republican very fast. Those who believe it is, ought to read the following from an exchange: It is true, New York is the first manufacturing city in the country Its democratic majority increased from 43,000 in 1884 to 57,000 in 1888. Philadelphia is the second manufacturing city in the country. Its republican majority declined from 30,000 in 1884 to 18,000 in 1888. Chicago is the third manufacturing city in the country. Its republican majority of 5,000 in 1884 was transformed into a democratic majority of 9,000 in 1888. San Francisco is the chief manufacturing city west of the Missouri river. Its republican majority of over 4,000 in 1884 was changed into a democratic majority of of 3,000 in 1888. If the republicans can extract any consolation from the above, they are welcome to it.—Ex.

The National Petition.

To the Honorable the House of Representatives of the United States:

The undersigned respectfully pray for the appointment by your Honorable Body of a special committee for the purpose of making a full inquiry into and report upon the expediency of raising all public revenues by a single tax upon the value of land, irrespective of improvements, to the exclusion of all other taxes, whether in the form of tariffs upon imports, taxes upon internal productions, or otherwise.

The above is the simple petition that is being issued for signature by the New York Enrollment Committee; W. T. Croasdale, Chairman. Signatures to it can be procured at the same time they are sought for State petitions. The following is suggested as a short explanation of the Single Tax philosophy, convenient for presentation with the petition, either as a clipping from this paper, or printed upon a card:

THE SINGLE TAX.

Taxes on the products of labor tend to restrict production, and reduce the quantity of wealth annually to be distributed.

Therefore no taxes should be imposed on improvements or commodities—that is, no taxes should be imposed on wealth in any of its forms.

Taxes are made necessary by community wants; land values are created, not by individuals, but by the community. Therefore common sense and equity both point to the appropriation of the rental value of land for community uses, instead of allowing most of it to go into private purses.

We have already the machinery of taxation. In several States it would be perfectly constitutional to tax land values; by amendment State constitutions can be changed to allow the plan.

Whenever the annual rental value of land is thus taken for the support of government, industry and enterprise will be relieved from taxation, and no inducement will remain for holding land out of use. The latter is an important consideration—observation shows that men idle, though willing to work, and land idle, though capable of use, bear to each other the relation of effect and cause.

Comprehending the equation that the cost of a year's community wants always has to the community-created annual rental value of land, one can see that our whole clumsy, expensive and annoying system of tariff taxes on imports, necessarily advantageous to some producers at the expense of the consumers of their products, is unnecessary and unjust. Therefore to advocate land value taxation is to preach free trade—the free and profitable exchange of commodities for commodities of greater use and value; the kind of free trade that we have enjoyed for more than a hundred years between the various States of the Union.

There are many kinds of effort being employed to hasten the adoption of the Single Tax. You will make no mistake in aiding local, state or national agitation.

DO NOT STAND IN THE WAY.
—N. Y. Remedy.

Tariff Reform.

Looking at the matter from a selfish standpoint the thinking mon of the South declare that they will lose nothing by the result of the national election. They foresee the grand destiny of the South, Gov. Ireland of Texas says:

"There is likely to be a change in the views of the south as to tariff. I am not indorsing the theory when I say that tariff advocacy will doubtless grow in the south. We have a longer and better season for labor. It can live more cheaply here than there. We have the material and will have the ports. The time will come when New England will be where we have been. We will do the manufacturing she now does, and her bleak and barren hills will stand out deserted, like monuments of the past and lost industry. We will yet dominate in business, and we may have occasion some time in the future, to regulate a refractory and free trade East."

Governor Ireland agrees with *The Porcupine* that the Republicans will long retain power, as they will admit new states to meet the emergencies of the occasion when the result is doubtful.—Los Angeles Porcupine.

A recent dispatch to the New York *Sun* dated at Syracuse, tells of a woman about twenty years old, thinly clad and with a pinched face, who entered the office of the superintendent of the poor with a dead baby in her arms. It was a girl baby about six months old. The woman had come through the snow and piercing wind, and was so cold and exhausted that she could hardly stand. She said that she was married in Ilion two years ago. Last fall her husband deserted her when she was ill, and the day before the woman came to the superintendent,s office the child died from exposure and starvaiion. Not knowing what else to do, she had brought it there to ask to have it buried at the county,s expense. The child was taken to the Morgue and the woman was furnished with lodgings, and later on sent to her friends.

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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

THE SAFE AND COMMODIOUS

Str. Evangel,

JAS. MORGAN, MASTER.

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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.

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