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. 15. PORT ANGELES, WASH. TER., FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 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 25, 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.

STRIKES AND RIOTS.

The era of prosperity promised by republican managers in the event of that party's success is being ushered in by the usual number of strikes and lockouts. The latest is that of the employes of the Higgins carpet factory in New York who marched 400 strong in a republican procession to help keep up a high tariff so their employer could pay high wages. Having got the men to vote in his interest, Mr. Higgins not ooly reduced the force but cut the wages of the men 10 per cent. The present strike is for the restoration of the wages to the former figure.

While we hope the men will win we also hope that the experience of the last few months has not been lost upon them. They ought to see by this time that, as capital is commonly understood, the interests of capital are not identical with those of labor; that those men whose interest it is to buy labor cheap are not going to spend money to pass laws intended to raise wages. And we may as well lay down the rule, which we believe will ever hold good, that whatever monopoly wants in the way of legislation, labor does not want and ought to vote against.

Strikes are seldom directly successful unless at a time when the employer is under contract to furnish a certain amount of goods or complete a certain job in a given time. Generally, however, strikes are failures, at least so far as the people at large are concerned.

Take the case of the Dunsmuir mines where a strike is now in full blast; The mining company has on its dock in San Francisco, a large supply for the retail trade, while the bunkers of the Southern Pacific R. R. are full. The only effect of the strike will be to raise the price of coal in Dunsmuir's yards at San Francisco and there put money in his pocket.

To prolong the strike to the point where the company will begin to lose, is beyond the power of the men for they must eat, drink and wear every day, and in order to do so must work at least a major part of the time.

The only justification for the strike is downright oppression on the part of employers and in such cases, settlements should be made in courts of arbitration.

Then workingmen come more fully to a knowledge of the fact, that most strikes are really desired, if not provoked by monopolists in the hope to thus limit supply and raise prices; and the further fact that by thus being able to raise prices the cost of the strike is imposed on the whole community in the rates of their consumption; that as the larger part of the community is composed of laboring men and their families, they must pay the greater part of the expense thus imposed, then strikes will be less often resorted to. A strike is an industrial war and is always more or less injurious to both sides, though in varying degrees, and when they go so far as to interfere with the welfare of whole communities and even states, we are shown the necessity of a more careful study of economic questions be our law makers. The real cause of strikes lies in the perpetual robbery of labor by excluding it from its rightful ownership in the earth.

Surrounded by conditions which make work a boon, the laboring class finds itself forced to organize and keep up a running fight with employers ever ready to take advantage of their necessities, on the one hand, and men in such dire need of the necessaries of life as to be ready to take work at low prices, on the other. They are thus led to look upon those who are too thoughtless to enter their organizations as enemies, and resist the attempts of employers to hire them. They do this, too, well knowing that it is opposed to the law of equal freedom. Labor organizations are now everywhere keeping up a sort of martial law, which to them seems entirely justifiable. In their efforts to thus bar out the unorganized riots, with their attendant horrors, have often occurred. In such unfortunate affairs it is the blood of labor that always flows. Such was the case in the recent Newcastle riot where the fight was not between labor and capital but between two labor organizations. While labor is thus at war with itself, monopolists laugh in their sleeves. It is high time that each workingman learned to say of every other—he is my brother.

Workingmen with half an eye, are already aware that less and less labor is year by year necessary to satisfy the aggregate not of human wants, but of humanities ability to purchase; and that if the present system continues much longer the masses will be impoverished. For as machinery and improved methods of production destroy the necessity of human labor, competition between workingmen must grow more and more fierce, wages lower and lower, till the mass of workingmen will be able to earn wages but little above the point of bare subsistance. What they should be doing, instead of trying to secure a monopoly of a constantly decreasing quantity of work, is to seek to enlarge the opportunities for employment by freeing from the grasp of monopoly those natural resources which the Creative Mind intended for the use of all. It is upon this line that all the energy of labor organizations should be centered, for when land is freed from the dominion of monopoly, labor can employ itself. But while a few are allowed to monoplize the earth and make the many pay for the privilege of living on it, labor will be the Lazarus at the gate of Dives.

F. S. LEWIS.

A Lesson in Political Economy.

What is a trust?

It is a combination of individual, or corporate producers.

What is its object?

Its object is to *fool the profits of scarcity and decree famine.*

How can that be in this free country?

Because in order to make a trust successful, it is necessary to restrict the productions of commodities.

How does that benefit the individual members of a trust?

By creating an artificial scarcity they are enabled to (and do) raise prices.

Does doing so decree famine?

Certainly: In order to create an *artificial scarcity*, they must *force their work people into idleness* by closing down so many months in the year. or days in the month. Idleness means to most working people, *famine or partial starvation.*

What do the men who form trusts say of them?

Oh! They say a trust is merely an association of business men to regulate prices and protect those belonging to it from ruinous competition—a purely business transaction.

What excuse have they when they throw their employees into enforced idleness?

They excuse themselves for shutting their employees out of mill and mine, on the *theory of over-production* and then excuse themselves for *raising prices* on the *theory of scarcity*—it is a purely business transaction you know?

How do trusts reduce wages?

By forcing into idleness thousands of working people, in order to produce an *artificial scarcity of commodities*, they make an *artificial scarcity of work*, thus making the competition among people for work *more keen* and thus reducing wages.

If work people are paid according to what they produce, as is claimed by most employers, how can the enforced idleness of the few cut down the wages of the many?

Working people are not paid according as they produce (except in rare instances) they are only paid out of *what they produce.* Every workman knows there is *free trade in labor* and that competition for *leave to toil* can and does *reduce wages*; irrespective of the *toilers ability to produce.* Raising the standard of ability does not raise wages, under the present industrial system.

Are trusts voluntary associations?

Oh yes! They are all *voluntary of course*, but if any individual or company of producers, shows signs of backwardness about joining, they are *whipped into line* by competion, or, I should say, *by a conspiracy to ruin.*

What are the results of trusts?

Low wages, or no wages to working people—high prices to consumers—and fortunes to those who form the combinations.

Explain again the result of trusts upon wages?

Trusts, in order to produce a scarcity, force people into idleness. To those unfortunates thrown out of work, it means no wages for an indefinite time and lower wages when work is resumed again. Workingpeople are generally glad to get back to work after a period of enforced idleness even at reduced wages. When workingpeople *can at least, or earn nothing*, then trusts are making *fortunes* for their members.

Has the unnecessary and unjust taxation *miscalled protection to labor* anything to do with the formation of trusts?

Yes! A great deal, although protectionists of the Jas. G. Blaine stamp claim it has not.

Explain how?

With free trade in commodities, a trust would be difficult of formation almost up to the point of impossibility, because of the impracticability of a combination wide enough to take in world wide interests.

Is that the reason the men who form trusts are so bitterly opposed to a reduction of the tariff?

Certainly: It can be nothing else, although they claim *they want protection* for the sake of their *dear employees*,—only election blarney. It is a business transaction to raise prices and reduce wages, by means of a trust. If employers believed, that protectin raised wages and cheapened goods, they would not howl for it and spend money to elect those who represent the robbery. Any person, with a grain of sence, can see that employers are particularily interested in the very reverse—namely, low wages and high prices—and that is the real reason why they are protectionists if they have given the subject any thought. *High tariffs* on goods tends to raise the price of goods and helps the *formation of trusts* to further *raise the price.* Free trade in labor, while protection and trusts are creating an artificial scarcity of work, can and does reduce wages of labor.

ALEXANDER WALLS.

Commercial Conspiracies.

It is the view of the people who earn their daily bread, that trusts are conspiracies of forestallers and engrossers, whose hands are against every other man's hand. That these combinations of relentless and irresponsible men should be prevented, does not admit of general debate. The people hate the whole brood of speculators and cornerers.

The "peaceful" operations of these establishments have desolated many portions of the land. Plants have stopped; workmen have filed out of factories and fallen into destitution; the grass has grown in public paths; thriving communities have been forced to migrate like the most vicious of gypsies; railroads have passed into bankruptcy, and millionaires who have rejected the harsh terms on the imperial house have been reduced to penury as easily and quickly as the Romans ever subjected barbaric kings to slavery. These matters are public fame.

It has been seen that, to destroy a weaker rival, a trust will halt at no degree of selfishness. The competitor is advanced upon and ruined with an absence of remorse that must shock even its own agents. To destroy a business of $50,000 a million is appropriated, and devoted, too, with all the generosity of fanaticism. Railroads, pipe lines, refineries, cities themselves are bought for the mere purpose of refusing their service to the object of monopolistic wrath. Mortals once believed the gods were jealous gods. Ulysses, therefore, ought not to do too well. Let the independent manufacturer of to-day look well to his own ambition. Monopolies are now on Mount Olympus, and no Grecian deity was ever so actively concerned in the humiliation of the independent manufacturer, however humble.

The resources of cunning and barter seem to have been exhausted in the erection of the structures which now dominate our common trade. The cover of law has been strained to give respectability to the deeds of monopoly. Now the assassin and the incendiary have taken a part in trade. Conflagration is followed by explosion.

The people are of a mind to think that the forces which would operate to ruin a man simply because he desires to run his own business in his own way—these forces would not hesitate to fire a building, throw a bomb, or scuttle a vessel. The deduction may be incorrect, but it is not illogical. Things have been done in a lawful way that, in their spirit, were as brutal as any act of midnight prowler. If the commercial conspirators have not adopted the methods of nocturnal warfare it certainly is not for lack of piratical inclinations, as demonstrated in their past conduct.—Seattle Press.

The Other Side of the Question.

This is about the style in which a "Michigan lumberman" talks tariff to a protection: "It prevents the competition of Canadian lumbermen, and it enables us to use our forests to the best possible advantage.

But there is another phase to the lumber question. The tariff does not protect the American lumber worker from Canadian competition. Congressman Ford's committee discovered that large gangs of Canadian choppers and sawyers are engaged every winter by the protected American lumber lords at low wages, without the slightest regard to the native workmen's interests.

The tariff has made a dozen lumber millionaires, some of whom pose as statesmen in Congress to "look after their interests," while all contribute liberally to the campaign boodle of the party that protects their bounties.

The cost of every dwelling-house, barn and wooden fence in the country has been increased by the tariff; and it has also hastened the destruction of our forests by putting a premium upon their devistation. Besides this it has subjected 60,000,000 of the people to greed of about 600.

A GIGANTIC TRUST.

UNDER DOMINATION OF LAW AND PUBLIC OPINION.

The Words of the President of a Great Railroad System—His Virtuous Indignation—Criticizing the Railroad Managers' Morals.

How would it be, for a change, to let a first-class capitalist assist us in the propaganda? We have an opportunity to present a synopsis of a speech by Charles Francis Adams, President of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, in which he, perhaps unconsciously, arrives at a conclusion which might startle his fellow capitalists, did they but think logically, and expect that at some time or other the government, the people, may act on sound economic principles in the matter of the large industries. It was before the Commercial Club, of Boston, that Mr. Adams delivered this address which, while it dealt principally with the Interstate Commerce act, pointed out plainly the tendency toward the concentration of railroad administration. He said:

"You have asked me, as the representative of one of the large railroad systems of the country, to express my views this evening on the subject of the Interstate Commerce act, and its practical working" as seen through the experience of the last two years. Just now we hear, especially in financial and railroad circles, loud denunciation of this law. It is constantly referred to as the prolific source to which all the evils under which the railroad system is now suffering can be traced. For reasons which I shall presently state, I do not consider the Inter-State Commerce act as in all respects a well considered or a beneficent law. I am very sure that it has not produced the good results which were hoped from it; but yet I see no good reason for referring to it in the way so common of late.

"That the general railroad situation of the country is at present unsatisfactory is apparent, Stockholders are complaining; directors are bewildered; bankers are frightened. Yet that the Inter-State Comerce act is in the main responsible for all these results remains to be proven. In my opinion the difficulty is far more deep-seated and radical. In plain words, it does not lie in any act of legislation, State or National; but it does lie in the covetousness, want of good faith, and low moral tone of those in whose hands the management of the railroad system now is—in a word, in the absence among them of any high standard of commercial honor.

"These are strong words, and yet, as the result of a personal experience stretching over nearly twenty years, I make bold to say they are not as strong as the occasion would justify. The railroad system of this country, especially of the region west of Chicago, is to-day managed on principles which, unless a change of heart occurs, and that soon, must inevitably lead to financial disaster of the most serious kind. There is among the lines composing that system an utter disregard of those fundamental ideas of truth, fair play and fair dealing, which lie at the foundation not only of the Christian faith, but civilization itself. With them there is but one rule, that many years ago, was put by Wordsworth into the mouth of Bob Roy:

"'The simple rule, the good old plan,
That he shall take who has the power,
And he shall keep who can.'

"The thousand evasions of the Inter-State Commerce act cannot be proved in court. Yet among us railroad men the fact that these things are done is notorious. It is all part and parcel of that sneak-thief and pick pocket method of doing business which has become a second nature in certain grades of the railroad service.

"The Community, and least of all the railroad community, should not, therefore, either be deceived or deceive themselves. It is this absence of good faith, this greed of acquisition, this turning over of business to subordinates to hack away at each other at the expense of the stockholders, which has brought the railroad system to its present low condition and threatens to carry it still lower. To attribute it to the Inter-State Commerce act is an utter mistake. If that act were totally repealed to-morrow it would produce but a temporary and stock-jobbing relief. For a few days things might be apparently better, but they would be sure to drop heavily back again into their present bad state, unless the knife of reform went deeper and cut at the root of the evils I have referred to. The railroad system must heal itself; no act of Congress, or repeal of any act of Congress, will greatly help it. The process of gravitation and concentration, was going on fast enough before, but the Inter-State Commerce act has given to it a new impetus. It has done this through a process which is unmistakeable to all who make a study of the subject. The practice known as pooling, which the Inter-State Commerce act inhibits, was merely a method through which the weaker railroad corporations were kept alive. To prevent excessive and unequal competition, business was so divided that the less favored corporation had some share of traffic assigned to it. This practice the law put a stop to; and it further enacted that rates to competing points should not be less than rates to intermediate points.

"These enactments struck at the very foundation of the business system under which the railroads in the country, and the country itself had built up, and it took some time for them to produce these results. They have of late been doing so. Under the operation of the act the smaller local railroads throughout the country are being ground out of existence. It is the long haul which brings in the profit. The smaller independent railroads cannot have the long haul, and can only be operated profitably in connection with the large railroads. They are thus, one by one, becoming unremunerative, and being forced, whether they like it or not, into the maws of the few great systems into which the railroads of the country are rapidly crystallizing.

"So much for the practical working of the law inhibiting pooling. Next came the long and short haul clause. Just as the small local railroads are crushed out of existence by the anti-pooling clause, so the local points of distribution and second-class business centres throughout the country find themselves, because of the long and short clause, unable to compete with the great commercial centres. Traffic, under the provisions of the act, must inevitably seek the railroad having the long haul to the most distant and largest centre. The operation of the law in this respect is now beginning to make itself felt upon the smaller distributing points. They are deprived of their markets, for those who formerly bought of them can get the same goods on better terms from the larger and more distant centres. The old local system is broken up in favor of the centralized system. This fact is now making itself apparent to the manufacturers and jobbers in the smaller cities or towns as against Chicago, St. Louis or Cincinnati; but, as sure as the law of gravitation applies to all places and works under all circumstances, this same long and short haul clause will next make itself felt against Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati, and in favor of New York. In other words, contrary to every design of those who framed the act, its provisions have lent a new impetus to just those forces which it was intended to be held in check. Instead of building up the local road and the small distributing center, it is working the sure destruction of both. An artificial, but most powerful, impetus has thus been given to the process of centralization.

"Under these circumstances it may perhaps be asked what my view of the future is and what should now be done. While I do not care to set up as a prophet, the trend of events seems to be plain enough, nor do I believe that any act of Congress or of State Legislature can thwart or greatly change it. The railroads of this country are moving rapidly toward some great system of consolidation. I do not know when or how it will come about, nor is it necessary now to consider this. Neither do I believe it will prove an evil when it does come. Nevertheless, it is a matter of common notoriety that such a result is viewed with grave popular apprehension. We have seen what the progress of the last twenty years has been in this respect. Crystallization has gone on in those years, so that, while then a railroad of 200 or 300 miles was considered large, one of 5,000 or 6,000 miles is now far from being the largest. As I have pointed out, the movement is today going forth more rapidly, much more rapidly, under the artificial impetus given by the Inter-State Commerce act than ever before. The next move will be in the direction of railroad systems of 20,000 miles each, under one common management. The Inter-State Commerce act, acting on the tendency of natural forces, is at this moment driving us forward toward some grand railroad trust scheme. Even this, from my point of view, I cannot regard as a thing to be dreaded. I am very sure now, as I have been for the last twenty years, and as I long ago expressed myself, that a great consolidated corporation, or even trust, can be held to a far stricter responsibility to the law than numerous smaller and conflicting corporations. Under the existing system no one can be held to account. Evasion is always possible, and invariably it is "the other man" who is responsible for the wickedness. With one large corporation or trust, it would be otherwise. Both law and popular opinion could, and certainly would be directed against it."

The "covetousness, want of good faith and moral tone" to which Mr. Adams, after the fashion of individualists, attributes the "unsatisfactory railroad situation," is not monopolized by the managers of railroads. In all industries, great and small, are these traits exhibited. They are the legitimate children of the competitive commercial system. But his conclusions seem to be eminently correct and in accordance with the tendency of the times—in accordance with the manifest destiny of capitalism; and the "one large corporation or trust," he predicts, it is quite possible, may immediately precede the final incorporation of the railroad systems of this country into the coming national system of industrial administration.

The President of the Union Pacific has spoken, and socialists, at least, can appreciate the tenor of his thoughts.—Workingman's Advocate.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The week has been almost entirely devoted to the pleasures of the young dancing set. On Monday night Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge gave a delightful dance at her residence in East Thirty-fourth street. Mrs Dodge has an excellent house for the purpose, as it contains a spacious ball room beneath a long drawing room. The favors consisted of Dutch spoons of silver, large panal photographs of English beauties, bouquets bonbons in satin bags, trifiles in silver for the men.—New York Tribune, Dec. 23.

One of the largest entertainment at any private house this winter was that given by Mrs. Alexander J. Leith this week at her residenc, No. 4o Park avenue. The house formerly belonged to the late Commodore Garrison, but has been enlarged and demodeled by its present owner. The drawing room, newly decorated, is one of the handsomest in the city. The walls are of an olb blue brocaded satin, matching the ceiling, on which an oval disk of electric lights is placed. Two bay windows add greatly to the size of the room. The corriders are wide, the entrance hall being of light oak. The drawing room is paneled within three feet of the ceiling with beautifully carved dark oak, In both rooms and the passage are some very good pictures. one in the drawing room being an admirable likeness of Mrs. Leith, painted by Bertier, and opposite a handsome sea piece. The house was very handsomely decorated with flowers, which were placed on the mantels and on all the cabinets. The guests arrived about 9 o'clock, when Josefly, the pianist, played at intervals for a couple of hours. Then the Spanish mandolin players gave some selections, and were followed by the Hungarian band, who played dance music until close on 2 o'clock. Some very handsome dresses were to be seen.—Mail and Express.

Mrs. Sophie Malone, a Scandinavian woman who was evicted from 61 Wesson street, Chicago, said to a *Herald* reporter in the East Chicago avenue station: "I had 55 cents just before the baby was born. The neighbors brought me in food and were kind while I was sick. Then, when I got up about the house. I had some flour and oatmeal on credit from the grocery kept by the folks from whom I rented. But after I couldn't pay the rent they wouldn't let me have any more. I was hungry two days, and the children cried. The baby screamed and screamed. I begged the people in the house to give me something to eat, but they said, 'No, we will give you nothing.' Then, when I grew hungrier and the children kept crying more, I asked them to go out and tell the folks how poor I was. They said they would not go. Then they put me out in the street, and I went to a woman I knew at 47 Milton avenue. She let me stay with her until I came to the station. I can work. Oh, I'm strong when I have something to eat," said the pale, starved creature as she trotted her baby on her knee. "If people will give me washing to do, and I can find a room with a stove and bed, I can take care of the children."

With the $30,000 bequeathed by the late Annie Wain Ryerss for providing a home for infirm animals a farm of 110 acres has been purchased near Bustleton, says the Philadelphia *Record*. On the farm there is a large barn, which is being fitted up with twenty-two immense box stalls for horses. Another portion of the barn is prepared for cattle. A stone kennel is being built for the care of afflicted dogs. There will be a large space in which these animals may have a run when they are sufficiently convalescent to desire and enjoy any exercise. It has not yet been decided whether to admit cats and other animals.

Word was received at Fort Dodge Iowa, recently, of the death of Nathan Barber of Stratford, from the effects of his being evicted from the river lands. Barber's wife left him two weeks ago, and the sorrow he manifested made him ill. Then the marshal put him off his place, and the effects of the exposure and the additional sorrow caused his death. Barber was one of the eight men who, with there wives and children, were turned out of their homes about two weeks ago by the [illegible] to test a legal title to the Des Moines river lands. They had most of them lived there for many years.

George Vanderbuilt, who is twenty-four years old, is said to be worth $10,000,000. He is a son of the late William H. Vanderbuilt and resides in the big Fifth avenue mansion.

During the week ending last Saturday there were 779 deaths in New York city; 523 were in tenement houses and 126 in public institutions, leaving 130 to the apartment houses and private dwelling.—Standard.

THE GRAND OLD MAN.

Gladstones Says America Would Take First Place in Commercial Greatness Wite Free Trade, and That Wages Would Rise.

"On my way home from England," said a correspondent to the New York *Sun* on Sunday, Dec. 23, "I met Col. John Atkinson, a prominent lawyer of Detroit, who has the Irish cause very much at heart and has spent a vacation of a couple of months in close association with the leaders of the home rule party in the British parliament.

Colonel Atkinson told of a conversation he had had with Mr. Gladstone at a luncheon party. Here is one of the most interesting parts of the conversation:

He (Mr. Gladstone) inquired about the campaign in America, particularly whether the fisheries treaty had entered very largely into the discussions before the people. I ventured the opinion that, while it was often mentioned, it played no great part.

Do you think?" he askad, "that protection and free trade formed the issue?

I said "yes."

"And which side were you on?"

"I was for protection."

He expressed some surprise that protection should have such a hold upon Americans, but said: "I never argue with a man from another country about affairs which are purely domestic. Every nation must judge for itself. But what was the chief argument for protection?"

I said: "The main argument was that free trade would cripple our industries, deprive us of our home market, and compel us, in competing with Europe, to reduce wages to the standard of Europe."

"Do you know," said he, "that by and through free trade wages have advanced in England?"

I answered that it was generally admitted that English wages have advanced since free trade was adopted, but some of our people attributed the advance to other causes. He said he regarded free trade as the cause.

"And do you think, Mr. Gladstone," I said, "that free trade would effect us the same way?"

"I think so. As long as America maintains protection, England will be the foremost of commercial nations, but when America adopts free trade we must take a second place. You may say this is arguing against England's interest. Not so. England would gain immensely by free trade in America, but America would gain still more."—Standard.

The wider the market for the products of labor the more employment there is for labor; and the more employment there is for labor the better the price of it.—Rhode Island Democrat.

Subscribe for the COMMONWEALTH.

THE COMMONWEALTH

PORT ANGELES, - - W. T.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Thos. Malony left last Tuesday for a business visit to Victoria, B. C.

John Schaeferstein is improving rapidly and will soon be out of doors.

D. P. Quinn is having a sign painted by an artist at Seattle, which is to bring the first train of cars to Angeles.

The Elwah Indians are bringing some very fine salmon to town, speared in that river. The Indians predict snow during the latter part of February.

☞ 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.

The festive manipulator of the "ribbons" F. B. Morgart, has moved into his new residence on the hill. He says there is a vast difference between living on the hill and down in the gulch in poin t of warmth. We would advise him to go still further back and tackle the mountains.

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.

Wm. Beck is sinking wells on the hill with his boring machine, one for Mr. Martin was completed on Monday, one for Fred Morgart has just been finished and one is to be sunk immediately for Mr. Maloney on the McKenley property. Good water is found all over the townsite, on the hill, at from eighteen to twenty-six feet. Mr. Beck is doing good work.

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.

On last Saturday the Port Angeles Theatrical Club produced "Among the Breakers" followed by a laughable farce entitled "A Soldier, a Sailor, a Tinker and a Tailor. Although the audience was not large it was thoroughly appreciative and we wish to compliment the club on their rendition of both pieces. After the plays were over the hall was cleared and dancing commenced. Later the curtain was raised displaying a table loaded with refreshments to which ample justice was done,—particularly by the man with the bass horn, who has been since very appropriately dubbed the "Great North American pie biter and cruncher extraordinary.

The men who were up the Elwah, clearing land for Dr. Lull have returned, having finished their contract, they also built a house for another settler on the fertile bottom lands along this picturesque stream. While there has been some snow on the foothills these men state that no snow has fallen in the valleys beyond, and the temperature is much milder than along the coast. No frost having penetrated the ground up to date. Grass is green among the trees on the bottoms and for a considerable distance up the mountain sides along the valleys of the Elwah and its tributaries. While in the open bunch grass on the southern slopes of the first range of mountains back of Port Angeles good feed for stock is abundant. Game is very scarce this winter along the coast and among the foothills owing to the mild open weather in the mountains. A band of six or eight timber wolves are ranging along the base of the mountains this winter; the first heard since their wholesale slaughter by poison in seventy-seven and eight by the elk hunters.

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.

LAND OFFICE BULLETIN.

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

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

WILLIAM WRIGHT vs. Hans Larsen.
J. A. Stone vs. United States.
James Fogarty vs. United States.
ROBERT BREEZE vs. United States.
GOTTLIEB JAEGER vs. United States.
M. J. REILLY vs. United States.
CHARLES P. MASTERSON vs. United States.
Frank Dimick vs. CHARLES A. JOHNSON.
Frank Dimick vs. AUGUST ENDSTREIN.
HOWARD L. CLEAVES vs. Heirs of Andrew Anderson.
JOHN L. LARSEN vs. John A. Dwelly.

Cash Patents:—Nos. 7004 and 7720.

INCORPORATION OF PORT ANGELES.

The People Enthusiastic over the Measure.

On Saturday evening last, pursuant to notices posted in various parts of the town, the citizens of Port Angeles met in the room of D. P. Quinn at the West End, for the purpose of taking the necessary steps to incorporate this place "as a Body Politic and Corporate by the name and style of Port Angeles, W. T." A large number were present at an early hour, and manifested considerable interest in the matter, especially in the proper location of the northern boundary.

J. M. Grant was elected as Chairman and Thos. Malony as Secretary of the meeting.

A petition, which had been prepared for the occasion, was presented and read. The boundaries were precisely the same as those of the surveyed portion of the Townsite, except on the north or water front side. This read: starting from the northwest corner of the townsite; thence east along low water mark to place of beginning, which was the northeast corner. This description did not suit a majority of the citizens present, but as the matter of incorporating had been delayed so long, it was quite evident that their patience had been sorely tried so far as the matter of delays were concerned; and a motion to refer the matter to a committee of three who should have power to act in the premises, was promptly voted down. But a discussion of the boundary line along the water front brought out the fact that much of the most valuable property of the town was not included, so to correct the petition in that regard, a motion to refer the matter to Alfred Ware, who had the notes of the Government survey, prevailed, and the meeting adjourned until 7:30 p. m. Monday, January 21st.

THE MEETING OF MONDAY EVENING

Was very largely attended. The majority of the taxable inhabitants were on the ground at an early hour, and promptly at the appointed hour J. M. Grant called the house to order. The minutes of the former meeting as well as the prepared petition were read. A few corrections were made, when, by practically a unanimous vote, it was adopted.

Who shall be the Board of Trustees? was the next important question. It was decided that a ballot of those present should be taken and the five receiving the highest number of votes should be declared the choice of the meeting. Balloting soon began and resulted as follows:

E. G. Morse	58	Herman Fisher	42
L. D. Stewart	41	F. Hinckley	38
Thos. Malony	37	P. W. Gallup	33
D. P. Quinn	30	E. B. Mastick, Jr.	22

Scattering 9.

So that the first five in the above list have been recommended for appointment.

The petition is as follows:

To the Hon. Thomas Burke, Judge of the Third Judicial District Court, Seattle, W. T.

We, the undersigned, a majority of the taxable inhabitants of Port Angeles, Clallam County, W. T., hereby petition your honor that we may be incorporated as a town, and police established for our local Government. The metes and bounds of such town of Port Angeles, are as follows:

Commencing at the northeast corner of the Government Townsite of Port Angeles, thence south 13¼ degrees west, along the east boundary of said townsite 4239½ feet, thence north 60 degrees west, 8923 feet, thence south 30 degrees west, 705 feet, thence north 60 degrees west, 4170 feet, thence north 30 degrees east, 1410 feet, thence north 60 degrees west, 5000 feet, thence north 30 degrees east, to deep water, thence 60 degrees east, parallel to Front Street to a point opposite to the east side of Laurel Street in said townsite, thence easterly parallel with the meander line of the U. S. Survey, to a point north of the place of beginning, thence south to place of beginning, containing about 640 acres (more or less) and we petition your honor to declare said town a body politic and corporate, by the name and style of Port Angeles, W. T., and your petitioners as in duty bound will ever pray.

Then follows a list of names, all resident property owners. Perfect good feeling prevailed throughout. Not an obstacle has been placed in the way of incorporating by a single individual. The petition is to be presented at once and the Judge requested to consider the petition at his earliest convenience. It is hoped that he will do so at once in order that needed improvements may be properly carried on to completion.

East End Literary Society.

The East End Literary Society held their regular weekly meeting Monday evening. The evening was very enjoyably passed with readings, recitations, songs, etc. During the evening the constitution was read and a large number of names enrolled. The society has moved into new quarters, having fitted up the old colony office into a cosy room where they will meet hereafter, although, if appearances warrant anything they will soon have to put an extension to the room, as it was filled to overflowing and we have reason to hope it has not yet attained its growth. Following is the program for the next meeting on Monday evening, Jan. 28th.

J. M. Grant	Reading.
Belle Shearer	Recitation.
Mrs. Campbell	Reading.
Fronie Raymond	Song.
Mr. Hinkley	Reading.
Mr. Malony	Reading.
E. E. Seevers	Reading.
Lucy Allen	Poem.
John Martin	Reading.

Port Angeles Literary Society.

The society met at the usual place and hour on Friday evening, 18th inst., Mr. Babcock President. The question for debate was, "Shall Women have the Right of Sufferage?" As some of the regularly chosen debaters were not present, the debate was general and free to all.

Some of the ideas and arguments on the subject were as follows:

One speaker thought that certain qualifications as to intelligence, should decide the right to the ballot, and sex not be taken into account. Another thought that man showed deep respect and consideration for women, rather than a wish to keep her in subjection, by excluding her from the vexations and unclean business of politics.

Three or four speakers, declared unconditionally that there was no natural, or legal, or social reasons, why women should not cast her vote, on all questions of government just the same as the men did. The query was raised, in case women did vote, should she, or should she be asked, to bear arms in defense of the country?

Another said, that as a rule the women of this country did not wish for the ballot so why should it be forced upon them. This debater thought, the solution of the voting question would be, to have only families or households vote, one ballot only for each family.

After the debate, several songs were given, a good recitation by the president, about an occurrence in revolutionary times. A select reading by Mrs. Henson and then after a short recess, the business meeting of the society took place. All present were pleased to see at this meeting an intelligent gentleman from Seattle, who made a good speech on the sufferage question, and bid us as a society good speed.

Praiseworthy Donations

Following is the list of subscribers who donated money for the purpose of bridging the stream intersecting Laurel and Front streets:

D W Morse	$ 5 00	Jos Pearson	$ 1 00
J F Long	1 00	E G Morse	2 00
Cash	1 00	Alfred Ware	2 00
W R Dodge	2 00	J Cleland	1 00
W E Smith	1 00	Dr Lull	1 00
C W Brewster	1 00	F Meerwaldt	1 00
W Coville	1 00	B B Meagher	2 00
J R Clark	1 00	A Goldwater	1 00
Flora Fletcher	1 00	Chin Yak	1 00
L Williams	1 00	Lewis Levy	3 00
D P Quinn	1 00	J H Young	1 00
Capt Tucker	2 00	E B Mastick	2 00
Alfred Lee	1 00	J Hensen	1 00
S G Morse	2 00	Thos Hume	1 00
H Gilmore	1 00	Capt Glover	5 00
Jas Berry	1 00	P S C C	22 00
R & B	5 00	G & G	1 00
B & K	1 00	G & C	2 00

Total cash subscribed $79.00.

J. B. Cosser and Alfred Hickox have each agreed to do one day's hauling of plank from the mill. The Colony donated 2400 feet of plank, and Mr. Geraghty charges nothing for his time used in building bridge. There are many whom this bridge benefits, who would give nothing when called upon. Every one should be willing to give labor or money toward an improvement of such value to the town, and those refusing can hardly be considered valuable citizens. Too many of that kind have kept many a town down until some rival place, containing no drones, but all men of energy and push, has forged ahead and taken the trade the other place should have got. A close, mean policy does not pay.

WEATHER REPORT.

Station, Port Angeles, W. T., for Week Ending Jan. 22nd 1889.

		Min Temp.	Daily Precip.
Weds.	16	26.4	.00
Thurs.	17	32.0	.03
Frid.	18	33.6	.27
Sat.	19	30.0	.04
Sun.	20	34.0	.02
Mon.	21	34.5	.07
Tues.	22	30.0	.02

Total Precipitation, .45.

In an article about the misrepresentations printed in some of the Minneapolis papers of the personal property exemption petition being circulated in Minnesota, the Minneapolis *Star* says:

The single tax principle is up for discussion before the American people, and it ought to be candidly discussed, and plenty of time taken to ventilate its merits and demerits There is no such imminent danger of harm to come from its enactment into our laws as to justify misrepresention and falsehood in the statement of the question.

The talk of the single tax destroying the homestead and confiscating every farm is sheer nonsense. In the first place, it would relieve the owner of the homestead from the burden of taxation upon the home itself, the house, furniture and all improvements, and compel the owner of vacant property adjoining to come in and share with the farmer an equal burden of taxation in proportion to the number of acres he holds. Can the intelligent farmer see any confiscation in this? We guess not.

The monopolization of the land in the hands of the few robs the many of the means of living and degrades and pauperizes them. He that owns the land virtually owns those who live on and cultivate it, for they must come and go at his bidding.—Dayton Workman.

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Stoves & Ranges

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MECHANIC'S STORE,

Occidental Block,

SEATTLE, WASH. TER.

FOR SALE.

80 acre tract; 8 miles from Port Angeles.
Good wagon road to the tract.
Good stream of water through the place.
60 acres bottom land.
20 acres good upland.
10 acres slashed for burning.

ALSO

Stock or Dairy Farm of 320 acres.
95 acres cleared and fenced.
55 under cultivation.
Good house, barn, and orchard of bearing trees.
Some stock with place if desired.
Further particulars
Enquire at this Office.
1-1 to 2-1-9

BELVIDERE SALOON.

FRANK MEERWALDT,
PROPRIETOR.

Finest Of

WINES and LIQUORS.

ALSO

Choice Brands of Cigars.

Foot of Laurel Street Wharf.
Port Angeles, W. T.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

LUMBER, DRESSED OR ROUGH,
FOR SALE AT THE
COLONY MILL.
A good supply of Shingles and Laths always on hand. Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.
Address:
PUGET SOUND CO-OPERATIVE COLONY,
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People's Market,
Corner Water and Taylor Streets
Port Townsend, Wash.
THOS. JACKMAN & CO.,
Proprietors.
THE very best quality of all kinds of Meat at wholesale and retail. Sausages, Head Cheese, Bologna Sausages, etc., always on hand
☞ Orders from the country will receive prompt attention

H. L. BURKETT. C. EISENBEIS.
PIONEER BAKERY.
Water Street, Port Townsend, W. T.
Burkett & Eisenbeis,
Dealers in all kinds of
GROCERIES,
DRY GOODS
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MERCHANDISE
CANDIES, NOTIONS, &C
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WM. RITCHIE,
General Real Estate Agent
PORT ANGELES
Property a Specialty.
Full lists of town and outside property constantly on hand.
Office in Morse's Building, foot of Laurel Street Wharf.
PORT ANGELES, - - W. T.

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.

NOW ON THE MARKET.
Puget Sound Co-operative Colonys
FIRST AND SECOND ADDITIONS
TO THE TOWNSITE OF PORT ANGELES.
Lots are now sold on the installment plan: One-third cash, one-third in three months, and the balance in six months—the deferred payments at 10 per cent. per annum interest.
Prices range from $15 to $50 for lots in these additions.
The company has other property in different parts of the Townsite, which will be sold at reasonable prices. For particulars.
Address:
THOS. MALONY, Secretary.
Puget Sound Co-operative Colony,
Port Angeles, W. T.

LANDS
Report on Entries, Contests, Tracts of Land, Scrip Locations, Townsites, &c, $3.00.
Preparing Land Papers, Filing Arguments, and Conducting Contests on Moderate Terms.
Send for Circular to
HENRY N. COPP, Attorney at Law,
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Every Settler should have COPP'S SETTLER'S GUIDE, 124 pp.) price only 25c. (postage stamps.

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Progress and Poverty- paper - - - -	$ .35
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For sale at this office or sent by mail on receipt of price.
ALSO
"THE STANDARD"
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Henry George is the foremost political economist of the age. His writings should be read by every one who cares to think rightly upon this great question.

DO YOU WANT
Real Estate
In Port Angeles, the Finest Located Townsite on Puget Sound.
We Have on Sale a Number of the Finest Lots in the
BUSINESS and RESIDENCE Portions
of the Townsite.
ALSO OUTSIDE LANDS
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DR. G. W. VAIL,
Physician and Surgeon,
PORT ANGELES, WASH. TER.
Can be consulted at the Office of Wm. Ritchie, Morse's block, West End, between the hours of 10 and 12 a. m., and from 1 to 4 p. m. and at all other hours at own residence.
All orders left at Mr. Ritchie's office or at own residence will be promptly attended to.
Special attention given to Chronic Diseases.

Photographs
Of Points of Interest in Port Angeles and vicinity, supplied at $5 per dozen.
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BOOTS AND SHOES
are now made to order at the
Colony Boot and Shoe Shop,
East End, Port Angeles.
Good work guaranteed and Prices are very reasonable.
JULIUS E. KRUGER, Manager

Woman's Work.

Journal of Woman's Work.

"What can a helpless female do?"
Rock the cradle, and bake and brew.
Or, if no cradle your fate afford,
Rock your brother's wife's fo your board;
Or live in one room with an aged cousin,
Or sew shop shirts for a dollar a dozen,
Or please some man by looking sweet,
Or please him by giving him things to eat,
Or please him by asking much advice,
And thinking whatever he does is nice,
Visit the poor (trade his superfluous);
Doctor the sick, who can't pay a physician;
Save men's time by doing their praying,
And other odd jobs there's no present pay in.
But if you presume to usurp employments
Reserved by them for their special enjoyments
Or, if you succeed when they knew you would'nt,
Or earn money fast when they said you could'nt
Or learned to do things they'd proved were above you,
You'll hurt their feelings and then they won't love you,

The Treasure of Franchard.

CHAPTER V.

TREASURE TROVE.

The doctor's carriage was a two wheeled gig with a hood, a kind of vehicle in much favor among country doctors. On how many roads has not one seen it, a great way off between the poplars—in how many village streets, tied to a gate post! This sort of chariot is affected, particularly at the trot, by a kind of pitching movement to and fro across the axle, which well entitles it to the style of a Noddy. The hood describes a considerable arc against the landscape, with a solemnly absurd effect on the contemplative pedestrian. To ride in such a carriage cannot be numbered among the things that appertain to glory; but I have no doubt it may be useful in liver complaint. Thence, perhaps, its wide popularity among physicians.

One morning early, Jean-Marie led forth the doctor's noddy, opened the gate and mounted to the driving seat. The doctor followed, arrayed from top to toe in spotless linen, armed with an immense flesh colored umbrella, and girt with a botanical case on a baldric; and the equipage drove off smartly in a breeze of its own provocation. They were bound for Franchard, to collect plants, with an eye to the "Comparative Pharmacopœia."

A little rattling on the open roads, and they came to the borders of the forest and struck into an unfrequented track; the noddy yawed softly over the sand, with an accompaniment of snapping twigs. There was a great, green, softly murmuring cloud of congregated foliage overhead. In the arcades of the forest the air retained the freshness of the night. The athletic bearing of the trees, each carrying its leafy mountain, pleased the mind like so many statues and the lines of the trunk led the eye admiringly upward to where the extreme leaves sparkled in a patch of azure. Squirrels leaped in mid air. It was a proper spot for a devotee of the goddess Hygeia.

"Have you been to Franchard, Jean-Marie?" inquired the doctor. "I fancy not."

"Never," replied the boy.

"It is a ruin in a gorge," continued Desprez, adopting his expository voice; "the ruin of a hermitage and chapel. History tells us much of Franchard; how the recluse was often slain by robbers; how he lived on a most insufficient diet; how he was expected to pass his days in prayer. A letter is preserved, addressed to one of these solitaires by the superior of his order, full of admirable hygienic advice; bidding him go from his book to praying, and so back again, for variety's sake, and when he was weary of both to stroll about his garden and observe the honey bees. It is to this day my own system. You must often have remarked me leaving the "Pharmacopœia"—often even in the middle of a phrase—to come forth in the sun and air. I admire the writer of that letter from my heart; he was a man of thought on the most important subjects. But, indeed, had I lived in the Middle Ages (I am heartily glad that I did not) I should have been an eremite myself—if I had not been a professed buffoon, that is. These were the only philosophical lives yet open: laughter or prayer; sneers, we might say, and tears. Until the sun of the Positive arose, the wise man had to make his choice between these two."

"I have been a buffoon, of course," observed Jean-Marie.

"I cannot imagine you to have excelled in your profession," said the doctor, admiring the boy's gravity. "Do you ever laugh?"

"Oh, yes," replied the other. "I laugh often. I am very fond of jokes."

"Singular being!" said Desprez. "But I divagate (I perceive a thousand ways that I grow old), Franchard was at length destroyed in the English wars, the same that leveled Gretz. But—here is the point—the hermits (for there were already more than one) had foreseen the danger and carefully concealed the sacrificial vessels. These vessels were of monstrous value, Jean-Marie—monstrous value—priceless, we may say; exquisitely worked, of exquisite material. And now, mark me, they have never been found. In the reign of Louis Quatorze some fellows were digging hard by the ruins. Suddenly—tock!—the spade hit upon an obstacle. Imagine the men looking one to another; imagine how their hearts bounded, how their color came and went. It was a coffer, and, in Franchard, the place of buried treasure! They tore it open like famished beasts. Alas! it was not the treasure; only some priestly robes, which, at the touch of the eating air, fell upon themselves and instantly wasted into dust. The perspiration of these good fellows turned cold upon them, Jean-Marie. I will pledge my reputation, if there was anything like a cutting wind, one or other had a pneumonia for his trouble.

"I should like to have seen them turning into dust," said Jean-Marie. "Otherwise I should not have cared so greatly."

"You have no imagination," cried the doctor. "Picture to yourself the scene. Dwell on the idea—a great treasure lying in the earth for centuries; the material for a giddy, copious, opulent existence not employed; dresses and exquisite pictures unseen; the swiftest galloping horses not stirring a hoof, arrested by a spell; women with the beautiful faculty of smiles, not smiling; cards, dice, opera singing, orchestras, castles, beautiful parks and gardens, big ships with a tower of sail cloth, all lying unborn in a coffin—and the stupid trees growing overhead in the sunlight, year after year. The thought drives one frantic."

"It is only money," replied Jean-Marie. "It would do harm."

"Oh, come!" cried Desprez, "that is philosophy; it is all very fine, but not to the point just now. And, besides, it is not 'only money,' as you call it; there are works of art in the question; the vessels were carved. You speak like a child. You weary me exceedingly, quoting my words out of all logical connection, like a paroquet."

"And at any rate, we have nothing to do with it," returned the boy submissively.

They struck the Route Ronde at that moment; and the sudden change to the rattling causeway combined, with the doctor's irritation, to keep him silent. The noddy jigged along; the trees went by, looking on silently, as if they had something on their minds. The Quadrilateral was passed; then came Franchard. They put up the horse at the little solitary inn and went forth strolling. The gorge was dyed deeply with heather; the rocks and birches standing luminous in the sun. A great humming of bees about the flowers disposed Jean-Marie to sleep, and he sat down against a clump of heather, while the doctor went briskly to and fro, with quick turns, culling his simples.

The boy's head had fallen a little forward, his eyes were closed, his fingers had fallen lax about his knees, when a sudden cry called him to his feet. It was a strange sound, thin and brief; it fell dead, and silence returned as though it had never been interrupted. He had not recognized the doctor's voice; but, as there was no one else in all the valley, it was plainly the doctor who had given utterance to the sound. He looked right and left, and there was Desprez, standing in a niche between two bowlders, and looking round on his adopted son with a countenance as white as paper.

"A viper!" cried Jean-Marie, running toward him. "A viper! You are bitten!"

The doctor came down heavily out of the cleft, and advanced in silence to meet the boy, whom he took roughly by the shoulder.

"I have found it," he said, with a gasp.

"A plant?" asked Jean-Marie.

Desprez had a fit of unnatural gayety, which the rocks took up and mimicked. "A plant!" he repeated scornfully. "Well—yes—a plant. And here," he added, suddenly, showing his right hand, which he had hitherto concealed behind his back—"here is one of the bulbs."

Jean-Marie saw a dirty platter, coated with earth.

"That?" said he. "It is a plate!"

"It is a coach and horses," cried the doctor. "Boy," he continued, growing warmer, "I plucked away a great pad of moss from between these bowlders, and disclosed a crevice; and when I looked in, what do you suppose I saw? I saw a house in Paris with a court and garden, I saw my wife shining with diamonds, I saw myself a deputy, I saw you—well, I—I saw your future," he concluded, rather feebly. "I have just discovered America," he added.

"But what is it?" asked the boy.

"The Treasure of Franchard," cried the doctor; and throwing his brown straw hat

"The Treasure of Franchard," cried the doctor.

upon the ground, he whooped like an Indian and sprung upon Jean-Marie, whom he suffocated with embraces and bedewed with tears. Then he flung himself down among the heather and once more laughed until the valley rang.

But the boy had now an interest of his own—a boy's interest. No sooner was he released from the doctor's accolade than he ran to the bowlders, sprung into the niche, and, thrusting his hand into the crevice, drew forth, one after another, incrusted with the earth of ages, the flagons, candlesticks and patens of the hermitage of Franchard. A casket came last, tightly shut and very heavy.

"Oh, what fun!" he cried.

But when he looked back at the doctor, who had followed close behind and was silently observing, the words died from his lips. Desprez was once more the color of ashes; his lip worked and trembled; a sort of bestial greed possessed him.

"This is childish," he said. "We lose precious time. Back to the inn, harness the trap and bring it to yon bank. Run for your life, and remember—not one whisper. I stay here to watch."

Jean-Marie did as he was bid, though not without surprise. The noddy was brought round to the spot indicated, and the two gradually transported the treasure from its place of concealment to the boot below the driving seat. Once it was all stowed the doctor recovered his gayety.

"I pay my grateful duties to the genius of this dell," he said. "Oh, for a live coal, a heifer and a jar of country wine! I am in the vein for sacrifice, for a superb libation. Well, and why not? We are at Franchard. English pale ale is to be had—not classical indeed, but excellent. Boy, we shall drink ale."

"But I thought it was so unwholesome," said Jean-Marie, "and very dear, besides."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" exclaimed the doctor, gayly. "To the inn!"

And he stepped into the noddy, tossing his head with an elastic, youthful air. The horse was turned, and in a few seconds they drew up beside the palings of the inn garden.

"Here," said Desprez—"here, near the stable, so that we may keep an eye upon things."

They tied the horse, and entered the garden, the doctor singing, now in fantastic high notes, now producing deep reverberations from his chest. He took a seat, rapped loudly on the table, assailed the waiter with witticisms; and when the bottle of Bass was at length produced, far more charged with gas than the most delirious champagne, he filled out a long glassful of froth and pushed it over to Jean-Marie. "Drink," he said; "drink deep."

"I would rather not," faltered the boy, true to his training.

"What!" thundered Desprez.

"I am afraid of it," said Jean-Marie; "my stomach"——

"Take it or leave it," interrupted Desprez fiercely; "but understand it once for all—there is nothing so contemptible as a precisian."

Here was a new lesson! The boy sat bemused, looking at the glass but not tasting it, while the doctor emptied and refilled his own, at first with clouded brow, but gradually yielding to the sun, the heady, prickling beverage and his own predisposition to be happy.

"Once in a way," he said, at last, by way of a concession to the boy's more rigorous attitude, "once in a way, and at so critical a moment, this ale is a nectar for the gods. The habit, indeed, is debasing; wine, the juice of the grape, is the true drink of the Frenchman, as I have often had occasion to point out, and I do not know that I can blame you for refusing this outlandish stimulant. You can have some wine and cakes. Is the bottle empty? Well, we will not be proud; we will have pity on your glass."

The beer being done, the doctor chafed bitterly while Jean-Marie finished his cakes. "I burn to be gone," he said, looking at his watch. "Good God, how slow you eat!" And yet to eat slowly was his own particular prescription, the main secret of longevity!

His martyrdom, however, reached and end at last, the pair resumed their places in the buggy, and Desprez, leaning luxuriously back, announced his intention of proceeding to Fontainebleau.

"To Fontainebleau?" repeated Jean-Marie.

"My words are always measured," said the doctor. "On!"

The doctor was driven through the glades of paradise; the air, the light, the shining leaves, the very movements of the vehicle, seemed to fall in tune with his golden meditations; with his head thrown back, he dreamed a series of funny visions, ale and pleasure dancing in his veins. At last he spoke.

"I shall telegraph for Casimir," he said, "Good Casimir! a fellow of the lower order of intelligence, Jean-Marie, distinctively not creative, not poetic; and yet he will repay your study; his fortune is vast, and it is entirely due to his own exertions. He is the very fellow to help us to dispose of our trinkets, find us a suitable house in Paris, and manage the details of our installation. Admirable Casimir, one of my oldest comrades! It was on his advice, I may add, that I invested my little fortune in Turkish bonds; when we have added these spoils of the mediæval church to our stake in the Mohammedan empire, little boy, we shall positively roll among doubloons, positively roll! Beautiful forest," he cried, "farewell! Though called to other scenes I will not forget thee. Thy name is graven in my heart. Under the influence of prosperity I become dithyrambic, Jean-Marie. Such is the impulse of the natural soul; such was the constitution of primeval man. And I—well, I will not refuse the credit—I have preserved my youth like a virginity; another, who should have led the same snoozing, countrified existence for these years, another had become rusted, become stereotype; but I, I praise my happy constitution, retain the spring unbroken. Fresh opulence and a new sphere of duties find me unabated in ardor and only more mature by knowledge. For this prospective change, Jean-Marie—it may probably have shocked you. Tell me now, did it not strike you as an inconsistency? Confess—it is useless to dissemble—it pained you?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"You see," returned the doctor, with sublime fatuity, "I read your thoughts! Nor am I surprised—your education is not yet complete; the higher duties of men have not yet been presented to you fully. A hint—till we have leisure—must suffice. Now that I am once more in possession of a modest competence; now that I have so long prepared myself in silent meditation, it becomes my superior duty to proceed to Paris. My scientific training, my undoubted command of language, mark me out for the service of my country. Modesty in such a case would be a snare. If sin were a philosophical expression, I should call it sinful. A man must not deny his manifest abilities, for that is to evade his obligations. I must be up and doing: I must be no skulker in life's battle."

So he rattled on, copiously greasing the joint of his inconsistency with words; while the boy listened silently, his eyes fixed on the horse, his mind seething. It was all lost eloquence; no array of words could unsettle a belief of Jean-Marie's; and he drove into Fontainebleau filled with pity, horror, indignation and despair.

In the town Jean-Marie was kept a fixture on the driving seat, to guard the treasure; while the doctor, with a singularly slightly tipsy airiness of manner, fluttered in and out of cafés, where he shook hands with garrison officers and mixed an absinthe with the liberality of old experience; in and out of shops, from which he returned laden with costly fruits, real turtle, a magnificent piece of silk for his wife, a preposterous cane for himself, and a kepi of the newest fashion for the boy; in and out of the telegraph office, whence he dispatched his telegram, and where, three hours later, he received an answer, promising a visit on the morrow; and generally pervading Fontainebleau with the first fine aroma of his divine good humor.

The sun was very low when they set forth again; the shadows of the forest trees extended across the broad white road that led them home; the penetrating odor of the evening wood had already arisen, like a cloud of incense, from that broad field of tree tops; and even in the streets of the town, where the air had been baked all day between white walls, it came in whiffs and wafts, like a distant music. Half way home the last gold flicker vanished from a great rank upon the left; and when they came forth upon the borders of the wood, the plain was already sunken in pearly grayness, and a great, pale moon came swinging skyward through the filmy poplars.

The doctor sung, the doctor whistled, the doctor talked. He spoke of the woods, and the wars, and the deposition of dew; he enlightened and babbled of Paris; he soared into cloudy bombast on the glories of the political arena. All was to be changed; as the day departed it took with it the vestiges of an outworn existence, and to-morrow's sun was to inaugurate the new. "Enough," he cried, "of this life of maceration!" His wife (still beautiful, or he was sadly partial) was to be no longer buried; she should now shine before society. Jean-Marie would find the world at his feet; the roads open to success, wealth, honor and posthumous renown. "And oh, by the way," said he, "for God's sake keep your tongue quiet! You are, of course, a very silent fellow; it is a quality I gladly recognize in you—silence, golden silence! But this is a matter of gravity. No word must get abroad; none but the good Casimir is to be trusted; we shall probably dispose of the vessels in England."

"But are they not even ours?" the boy said, almost with a sob—it was the only time he had spoken.

"Ours in this sense, that they are nobody else's," replied the doctor. "But the state would have some claim. If they were stolen, for instance, we should be unable to demand their restitution; we should have no title; we should be unable even to communicate with the police. Such is the monstrous condition of the law. It is a mere instance of what remains to be done, of the injustices that may yet be righted by an ardent, active and philosophical deputy."

Jean-Marie put his faith in Mme. Desprez; and as they drove forward down the road from Bourron, between the rustling poplars, he prayed in his teeth, and whipped up the horse to an unusual speed. Surely, as soon as they arrived, madame would assert her character, and bring this waking nightmare to an end.

Their entrance into Gretz was heralded and accompanied by a most furious barking; all the dogs in the village seemed to smell the treasure in the noddy. But there was no one in the street, save three lounging landscape painters at Toutaillon's door. Jean-Marie opened the green gate and led in the horse and carriage; and almost at the same moment Mme. Desprez came to the kitchen threshold with a lighted lantern; for the moon was not yet high enough to clear the garden walls.

"Close the gates, Jean-Marie!" cried the doctor, somewhat unstendily alighting. "Anastasie, where is Aline?"

"She has gone to Montereau to see her parents," said madame.

"All is for the best!" exclaimed the doctor, fervently. "Here, quick, come near to me; I do not wish to speak too loud," he continued. "Darling, we are wealthy!"

"Wealthy!" repeated the wife.

"I have found the treasure of Franchard," replied her husband. "See, here are the first fruits; a pineapple, a dress for my ever beautiful—it will suit her—trust a husband's trust a lover's taste! Embrace me, darling! This grimy episode is over; the butterfly unfolds its painted wings. To-morrow Casimir will come; in a week we may be in Paris—happy at last! You shall have diamonds. Jean-Marie, take it out of the boot with religious care and bring it piece by piece into the dining room. We shall have plate at table! Darling, hasten and prepare this turtle; it will be a whet—it be will an addition to our meager ordinary. I myself will proceed to the cellar. We shall have a bottle of that little Beaujolais you like, and finish with the Hermitage; there are still three bottles left. Worthy wine for a worthy occasion."

"But, my husband; you put me in a whirl," she cried. "I do not comprehend."

"The turtle, my adored, the turtle!" cried the doctor; and he pushed her toward the kitchen, lantern and all.

Jean-Marie stood dumfounded. He had pictured to himself a different scene—a more immediate protest, and his hope began to dwindle on the spot.

The doctor was everywhere, a little doubtful on his legs, perhaps, and now and then taking the wall with his shoulder; for it was long since he had tasted absinthe, and he was even then reflecting that the absinthe had been a misconception. Not that he regretted excess on such a glorious day, but he made a mental memorandum to beware; he must not, a second time, become the victim of a deleterious habit. He had his wine out of the cellar in a twinkling; he arranged the sacrificial vessels, some on the white table cloth, some on the sideboard, still crusted with historic earth. He was in and out of the kitchen, plying Anastasie with vermouth, beating her with glimpses of the future, estimating their new wealth at ever larger figures; and before they sat down to supper, the lady's virtue had melted in the fire of his enthusiasm, her timidity had disappeared; she, too, had began to speak disparagingly of the life at Gretz; and as she took her place and helped the soup, her eyes shone with the glitter of prospective diamonds.

All through the meal, she and the doctor made and unmade fairy plans. They bobbed and bowed and pledged each other. Their faces ran over with smiles; their eyes scattered sparkles, as they projected the doctor's political honors and the lady's drawing room ovations.

"But you will not be a Red!" cried Anastasie.

"I am Left Center to the core," replied the doctor.

"Mme. Gastein will present us—we shall find overselves forgotten," said the lady.

"Never," protested the doctor. "Beauty and talent leave a mark."

"I have positively forgotten how to dress," she sighed.

"Darling, you make me blush," said he. "Yours has been a tragic marriage!"

"But your success—to see you appreciated, honored, your name in all the papers, that will be more than pleasure — it will be heaven!" she cried.

"And once a week," said the doctor, archly scanning the syllables, "once a week—one good little game of baccarat?"

"Only once a week?" she questioned, threatening him with a finger.

"I swear it by my political honor," cried he.

"I spoil you," she said, and gave him her hand.

He covered it with kisses.

Jean-Marie escaped into the night. The moon swung high over Gretz. He went down to the garden end and sat on the jetty. The river ran by with eddies of oily silver, and a low, monotonous song. Faint veils of mist moved among the poplars on the further side. The reeds were quietly nodding. A hundred times already had the boy sat, on such a night, and watched the streaming river with untroubled fancy. And this perhaps was to be the last. He was to leave this familiar hamlet, this green rustling country, this bright and quiet stream; he was to pass into the great city; his dear lady mistress was to move bedizened into saloons; his good, garrulous, kind hearted master to become a brawling deputy; and both be lost forever to Jean-Marie and their better selves. He knew his own defects; he knew he must sink into less and less consideration in the turmoil of a city life; sink more and more from the child into the servant. And he began dimly to believe the doctor's prophecies of evil. He could see a change in both. His generous incredulity failed him for this once; a child must have perceived that the Hermitage had completed what the absinthe had begun. If this were the first day, what would be the last? "If necessary, wreck the train," thought he, remembering the doctor's parable. He looked round on the delightful scene; he drank deep of the charmed night air, laden with the scent of hay. "If necessary, wreck the train," he repeated. And he rose and returned to the house.

[Continued next week.]

Washington Territory and the Single Tax.

W. E. Lockard, of Seattle, Washington Territory, writing to ask if Henry George cannot come out there (which is now impossible), says: Washington Territory, more perhaps, than any other that will be admitted, needs the single tax. Her wealth consists almost entirely of timber coal and iron, which is already largely in the hands of corporations, public and private, and now her people begin to feel the coils tightening. With the finest forests of timber in the world right at our doors, lumber is higher than in many of the states. Coal which is found in abundance within a few miles of Seattle and which can be laid down here at 95 cents per ton, retails at $7 per ton. City property is held at fabulous prices here and yet there are a few men who own many acres right in the heart of the city and will neither improve nor sell at a reasonable price. The single tax would do more for a country like this than for an agriculture country like Dakota, for here is the natural home of monopoly.—Standard.

Capitalists study business methods, while the people are taken up with the false issues raised by partisan politics. Hence the capitalists grow richer, while the people grow poorer. The national banks, for instance, loan the same money to the people for interest which, they obtain, through the government, without interest. The banker is looking out for his business, while the people are engrossed with partisan politics, blindly following self-appointed leaders. Let the people study business for awhile, and they may be able to turn the tables in in their own favor.—Labor Echo.

Making glass by machinery, and dispensing with glassblowers, is now seriously contemplated.—Craftsman.

A Mysterious Visit.

The first notice that was taken of me when I "settled down" recently was by a gentleman who said he was an assessor, and connected with the United States internal revenue department. I said I had never heard of his branch of the business before, but I was very glad to see him all the same—would he sit down? He sat down. I did not know anything particular to say, and yet I felt that the people who had arrived at the dignity of keeping house must be conversational, must be easy and sociable in company. So, in default of anything else to say, I asked him if he was opening his shop in the neighbood?

He said he was. [I did not wish to appear ignorant, but I had hoped he would mention what he had for sale.]

I ventured to ask him how was trade?" and he said "So so."

I then said we would drop in, and if we liked his house as well as any other, we would give him our custom.

He said he thought we would like his establishment well enough to confine ourselves to it, and said he never saw anybody who would go off and hunt up any other man in his line after trading with him once.

That sounded pretty complacent, but barring that natural expression of villainy which we all have, the man looked honest enough.

I do not know how it came about exactly, but gradually we appeared to melt down and run together, conversationally speaking, and then everything went along as comfortable as clockwork.

We talked, we talked and talked—at least I did; and we laughed, and laughed, and laughed—at least he did. But all the time I had my presence of mind about me—I had my native shrewdness turned on "full head," as the engineers say, I was determined to find out all about his business in spite of his obscure answers—and I was determined I would have it out of him without his suspecting what I was at. I meant to stop him with a deep, deep ruse. I would tell him all about my business, and he would naturally so warm to me during this seductive burst of confidence that he would forget himself, and tell me all about *his* affairs before he suspected what I was about. I thought to myself, my son, you little know what an old fox you are dealing with. I said:

"Now you never would guess what I made lecturing this winter and last spring?"

"No—I don't believe I could, to save me. Let me see—let me see. About two thousand, maybe? But no; no, sir. I know you couldn't have made that much—say seventeen hundred maybe?"

"Ha! ha! I knew you couldn't. My lecturing receipts for last spring and this winter were fourteen thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars. What do you think of that?"

"Why it is amazing—perfectly amazing. I will make a note of it. And you say even this wasn't all?

"All! Why bless you, there was my income from the *Daily Warehoop* for four months—about—about—well, what should you say to about $8,000, for instance.

"Say! Why, I should say I should like to see myself raking in just such another ocean of affluence. Eight thousand! I'll make a note of it. Why man!—and on top of all this I am to understand that you had still more income?"

"Ha! ha! ha! Why, you're only in the suburbs of it, so to speak. There's my book, 'The Innocents Abroad'—price $3.50 to $5.00, according to the binding. Listen to me. Look me in the eye. During the last four months and a half, saying nothing of sales before that, but just simply during the four months and a half we've sold ninety-five thousand copies of that book. Ninety-five thousand! Think of it. Average $4.00 a copy, say. It's nearly $400,000 my son. I get half.'

"The suffering Moses! I'll set *that* down. Fourteen-seven-fifty—eight—two hundred. Total, say—well, upon my word, the grand total is about $213,000 or $214,000. *Is* that possible?"

"Possible! If there's any mistake it's the other way: $214,000, cash, is my income for the year if *I* know how to cipher."

Then the gentleman got up to go. It came over me most uncomfortably that maybe I had made my revelations for nothing, besides being flattered into stretching them considerably by the stranger's astonished exclamations. But no; at the last moment the gentleman handed me a large envelope, and said it contained his advertisement; and that I would find out all about his business in it; and that he would be happy to have my custom—would, in fact, be *proud* to have the custom of a man of such prodigious income; and that he used to think there were several wealthy men in the city, but when they came to trade with him, he discovered that they barely had enough to live on; and that in truth it had been such a weary, weary age since he had seen a rich man face to face, and talked to him, and touched him with his hands, that he could hardly refrain from embracing me—in fact, would esteem it a great favor if I would *let* him embrace me.

This so pleased me that I did not try to resist, but allowed this simple hearted stranger to throw his arms about me and weep a few tranquillizing tears down the back of my neck. Then he went his way.

As soon as he was gone I opened his advertisement. I studied it attentively for four minutes. I then call up the cook and said,

"Hold me while I faint! Let Marie turn the griddle-cakes."

By and by, when I came to, I sent down to the rum mill on the corner and hired an artist by the week to sit up nights and curse the stranger, and give me a lift occasionally in the daytime when I came to a hard place.

Ah, what a miscreant he was! His "advertisement" was nothing in the world but a wicked tax-return, a string of impertinent questions about my private affairs, occupying the best part of four foolscap pages of fine print—questions, I remark, gotten up with such marvelous ingenuity, that the oldest man in the world couldn't understand what the most of them were driving at—questions, too, that were calculated to make a man report about four times his actual income to keep from swearing to a falsehood. I looked for a loophole, but there did not appear to be any. Inquiry No. 1 covered my case as generously and as amply as an umbrella could cover an anthill:

"What were your profits, during the past year, from any trade, business, or vocation, whenever carried on?"

And that inquiry was backed up by thirteen others of an equally searching nature, the most modest of which required information as to whether I had committed any burglary, or highway robbery, or by any arson or other secret source of emolument, had acquired property which was not enumerated in my statement of income as set opposite to inquiry No. 1.

It was plain that that stranger had enabled me to make a goose of myself. It was very, very plain; and so I went out and hired another artist. By working on my vanity the stranger had seduced me into declaring an income of $214,000. By law, $1,000 of this was exempt from income tax—the only relief I could see, and it was only a drop in the ocean. At the legal five per cent, I must pay to the government the sum of $10,650 income tax!

[I may remark, in this place, that I did not do it.]

I am acquainted with a very opulent man whose house is a palace, whose table is regal, whose outlays are enormous, yet a man who has no income, as I have often noticed by the revenue returns; and to him I went for advice, in my distress. He took my dreadful exhibition of receipts, he put on his glasses, he took his pen, and presto!—I was a pauper! It was the neatest thing that ever was. He did it simply by deftly manipulating the bill of "Deductions." He set down my "state, national, and municipal taxes" at so much; my "losses by shipwreck, fire, etc," at so much; my "losses on sales of real estate"—on "live stock sold"—on "payments for rent of homestead"—on "repairs, improvements, interest"—on "previously taxed salary as an officer of the United States' army, navy, revenue service," and other things. He got astonishing "deductions" out of each and every one of these matters—each and every one of them. And when he was done he handed me the paper, and I saw at a glance that during the year my income, in the way of profits, had been *one thousand two hundred and fifty dollars and forty cents.*

"Now," said he, "the $1,000 is exempt by law. What you want to do is to go and swear this document in and pay tax on the $250."

[While he was making this speech his little boy Willie lifted a two dollar greenback out of his vest pocket and vanished with it, and I would wager anything that if my stranger were to call on that little boy to-morrow he would make a false return of his income.]

"Do you," said I, "do you always work up the 'deductions' after this fashion in your own case, sir?"

"Well, I should say so! If it weren't for those eleven saving clauses under the head of 'Deduction' I should be beggared every year to support this hateful and wicked, this extortionate and tyrannical government."

This gentleman stands away up among the very best of the solid men of the city—the men of moral weight, of commercial integrity, of unimpeachable social spotlessness—and so I bowed to his example. I went down to the revenue office, and under the accusing eyes of my old visitor I stood up and swore to lie after lie, fraud after, fraud villainy after villainy, till my soul was coated inches and inches thick with perjury, and my self-respect gone for ever and ever.

But what of it? It is nothing more than thousands of the richest and proudest, and most respected, honored and courted men in America do every year. And so I don't care. I am not ashamed, I shall simply, for the present, talk little, and eschew fire proof gloves, lest I fall into certain dreadful habits irrevocably.

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 Monfross, 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. 21 N Range No 12 W, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Seattle, W. T., on Friday the 22nd day of March, 1889. He names as witnesses: Jacob Schaefer, of Pyscht, Clallam Co., W. T., Hamilton J. Carr, of Pyscht, Clallam Co., W. T., Colin 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. 4122 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.

1-18-9 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," 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. H. Iland, 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

THE PUGET SOUND

Co-Operative - Colony,

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

OFFICERS:

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

BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

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

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

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

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

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

LEWIS & MASTICK.
Publishers.

SECRETARY'S CORNER.

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

To Correspondents.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

12th—Address all communications to,
THOS. MALONY, Sec'y.
tf P. S. C. C., Port Angeles, W. T.

One correspondent writes us "that if only the 'single tax' idea would prevail he would gladly witness his possessions, now lying unused, taken by the public for the benefit of the whole community." How strange it would be, after years of struggle to wake up some morning and find the country well filled with people as unselfish as he! The rule is directly the opposite: "Take from the public what it is willing to give you and steal, if you can, what it supposes it retains for its own uses and benefits." And he who is the greatest thief is looked upon as the greatest of the community when the community's property is taken.

Not so when the property of the individual is taken. The individual himself feels his loss at once and demands that the power of the whole people shall be brought to his assistance in reclaiming his possessions. The authorities at once set out upon the task and do all in their power, if they be not the guilty ones, to restore what was taken as well as punish him who took it. The individualy is generally successful in getting what belongs to him, and what is very bad, sometimes, also, in getting what does not. But he who steals from the individual is but a common ordinary thief and suffers the full penalty of the law when a chance is offered to convict him.

We have within the the boundaries of this Territory of Washington, an empire within itself. It is endowed bountifully with all the resources possible for a great commonwealth to enjoy. A great navigable waterway on one side, and a magnificent inland sea, having 2000 miles of coast line, on the other, affording unequaled opportunities for transporting to the markets of the world all its great surplus of the important productions. Its great wheat and other grain producing areas east of the Cascades are rapidly becoming occupied by the ever tireless pioneer; and its oceans of timber, coal and iron on the west, are rapidly becoming sources of great power and wealth. This vast Empire has the population, the intelligence, the resources—in short every requisite which should entitle it to become one of the stars in the constellation which forms the American Union, and to longer keep it as a ward of the nation is to continue a system which is a barrier to the progress of a great people.

The pride of the people of Kansas is centered upon their schools. It is a noted fact that a Kansas man will pay his school taxes and wear thread-bare clothes. He will have good roads and respectable bridges. He takes a great interest in all public improvements. He is proud of his state and desires that she shall take front rank with the greatest. How is it here? If a school is to be supported the apportionment received from the Territory, if any at all, is very limited. If a settler desires a road or a bridge, he must go down into his pockets and pay the expense of building it. He cannot compel his neighbor, who is absent, to pay proportion. The law may give him that privilege, but being a "territorial law" it may be questioned, and then lawyers must be paid. Now, if we were under a state government, the law would not be questioned. The improvements would go on as they should, and the vast area of land which some day will be sold for the "state school fund," would do us some good, in the way of providing the means for a partial support of our schools whereas now, under territorial government, we receive not a penny. It is very patriotic to contribute funds towards the support of the movement of "Home Rule" in Ireland, but it would be more consistent in us to get "Home Rule" at home at first.

It does us good to see so many colonists determined upon getting a foothold in Port Angeles. Several have continually forwarded all their available means towards the payment on additional lots. They always write, "We believe in Port Angeles, and know that if we purchase lots of the Colony we are not only helping ourselves but assisting the Colony also." If only 200 would purchase property of the Colony to an amount that would average $75.00 for each person its interest bearing debt, and very much of its wage debt would be paid off. It is only a question of a very short time when this will be done, but Colonists are not getting as much of the real estate as they should. Just think of it! Lots in the Second Addition, cleared and under cultivation, can be purchased now for $30 to $40 each—the latter for corners. Those in the slashed portion for $20 to $30 each and those unslashed for $15 to $20, according to location, and only one-third of the amount of the purchase to be paid at the time of selection, the balance in two equal payments in three and six months, at 10 per cent. interest. Here is a chance of securing a lot on an average payment of $2.50 per month. These are good large lots, all beautifully located on streets 70 and 80 ft. in width. Something like 22 have already been spoken for at this writing (Jan. 21st.) Let all applications be directed to the Secretary.

NOTICE.

To whom it may concern:

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

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

THOS. MALONY, Sec'y.

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Address,

The Commonwealth,

About Alien Laborers.

The time has gone by for any talk of protection and tariff reform as a political dodge, but one cannot help noticing that those men who have been found guilty of being hardest upon the laboring class, screamed the loudest for Protection to American industry during the campaign.

The *Boston Globe*, in speaking about this, says:

The special committee of the House of Representatives engaged in investigating the matter of immigration is expected to finish its work in connection with the inquiry at Detroit and return to Washington tomorrow. Some of the features of its discoveries at points along the Canadian boundary have been referred to already. Later developments show that large importations of alien laborers are made to work in the lumber camps of northern Michigan. In this case, as in almost every other which has been brought to the attention of the committee the curious fact appears that the violators of the law forbidding the importation of alien laborers under contract to perform work in this country are those which claim most loudly to be "protected" from the competition of imported products of foreign labor. The law in question was enacted at the instance of labor organizations under the supposition that it would "protect" American laborers. It is the only piece of legislation looking in that direction. Its persistent violation by "protected" monopolists, from the "large owners" of Gloucester to the lumber kings of Michigan, is sufficiently suggestive.—American Citizen.

The Leaven is Working.

In any case, let the land be restored to its true owners, the people. To talk of compensation is absurd.—Bobcaygeon (Ont.) Independent.

The adoption of the single tax in Minnesota would inaugurate a building boom throughout the state, the like of which has never been seen heretofore.—Minneapolis Star.

A single tax on land values cannot diminish the supply of land, nor the demand for land. The only effect it can have is to cause speculators to sell the land they hold in idleness at its true market value to men who will make it profitable to themselves and to the state.—Hempstead (Tex.) Advance Guard.

The New Democracy.

Don't forget, men and brethren, that the protective tariff is a system of legalized robbery, immoral and unjust, taxing the consumer to enrich the producer. It is in direct opposition to all sound principles of justice and political economy. The time is not far distant when the common people of this country will rise up and hit that system, and, don't you forget it, they will hit it hard.—Fulton, Ill., Journal.

The tax on thread is one of the meanest of tariff exactions. It is a tax on the worst paid form of labor; but the beneficiaries of protection are not satisfied with dividing among themselves a part of the wages of poor sewing women; they insist also on cutting down the wages of thread makers as well as thread users. These are the persons who are loudly crying out against the Mills Bill lest wages be reduced.—Philadelphia Record.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., January, 14th, 1889

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Seattle, W. T., on Wednesday, March 13th, 1889, viz: Clara J. Robertson, wife of Chas. M. Robertson, (dec'd) Hd E No 7594 for the lot 8 and SW ¼ SW ¼ Sec 23 and lot 8 and E ½ SE ¼ Sec 22 Tp 28 N R 15 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: John Carnes, David Smith, C. T. Harris, and Ollie Smith, all of Quillayute, Clallam County, 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 B. BAIRD, Register.

1-25-9 to 3-1-9

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. 2891, 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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