Not yet hath Liberty found where, in Peace, to Rest her Weary Pinions. She Still Soars.

The Commonwealth.

Abolish all Taxes save on Land Values, Repeal all Special and Unjust Laws. Result, Freedom.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CLALLAM COUNTY.

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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, MAY 31, 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.

TAXATION OF RAILROADS.

All should read the article on the above question from the pen of Mr. Thos. G. Shearman which appears in this issue. A common objection of persons not aquainted with the philosophy of the single tax, that such a system would exempt railroads, is here answered so far as the ability to reach those corporations is concerned. We are not prepared, however, to relinquish the idea of government ownership of railroads as well as telegraph and telephone lines, even though a considerable debt in the shape of *transportation bonds* should be incurred by their purchase. Such institutions should be run on the same plan as the postal system thus enabling the people to have the benefit of increasing traffic in the reduction of rates, and enormously facilitating that exchange of products which constitutes trade.

Another reason for government ownership of all means of inland transportion is the enormous expense of the existing system to the people. A R. R. franchise confers upon the corporation the rights within certain limits to tax the community through which it runs at will and to take land by condemnation.

These are powers which are essentially governmental in character and should not be conferred on any individual or corporation. By means of jobbery contracts are let to favorites at ruinous rates and by thus largely enhancing first cost piling up an enormous bonded debt which the people must pay in addition to the expense of operating and dividends on stock. All the so called "fixed charges" of a railroad bear the same relation to the people as a government debt for they must pay it, both principal and interest, in their tolls.

Another objection to private ownership of railroads is the frequent building of duplicate lines where no real necessity exists thus doubling the burden upon the people. For, some how or another the corporations will contrive to draw dividends from them on both roads. Under government control no lines would be duplicated till it was necessary to do so to accommodate traffic, and roads could and would be extended to sparcely settled districts much more rapidly than now and at far less cost to the people.

If, however, we cannot have government ownership, it is cheering to know that there is a way to reach these corporations by means of the single tax so as to return to the people that part of their income which is in excess of a reasonable return upon capital invested. This will be a great relief. For while it may be impossible to prevent a company from charging in tolls "all the traffic will bear" nothing could prevent the government from taxing them all the franchise would bear, and thus the people could recoup a portion at least of the robbery.

HOLED.

Respectfully dedicated to the editor of the Port Townsend *Call*.

When, in ante belum days, an abolitionist pointed out to unwilling hearers the iniquity of human slavery the mob, unable to meet argument with argument, some times resorted to tar and feathers or some other brutal means of silencing the voice of truth.

Farther back in the days of Galileo we read of the meeting of argument and facts with the prison and the fagot. It has now become the custom to regard threats of personal violence used against the advocate of any theory as, prima facia, a confession of the truth and justice of his position. Driven into its hole error and ignorance show the teeth of malevolence and seek to silence by threats the arguments they cannot meet. This is the unenviable position occupied by the *Call*. Lacking brains it resorts to *insinuation* and *innendo*. We would advise the editor of that sheet to use a more nutricious oil on his hair.

TWO—NOT OF A KIND.

"Poverty" it is said "makes strange bed fellows." This proverb holds true whether it be poverty in this worlds goods, poverty of ideas or poverty of resources. Only a few months since the monopoly press, more especially the Republican branch, was denouncing socialism in all the vile language it could command. The hatred thus manifested was heartily reciprocated by the Socialists who in language metaphorical, allegorical and paregorical sought to pay back the subsidized press in kind. A few weeks pass and lo! we find Socialists and Republicans hob nobbing together and finally taking passage in the same ship. the socialists of course in the steerage. The Socialists, in the last election for president, voted with the Republicans and thus enabled that party to return to power. Thus endeth denunciation of socialism by republicans.

What solder could have so united two such, seemingly, discordant elements? Were they driven or drawn together? A little examination will show that their uniting was caused both by external and internal forces.

A prophet had arisen in the land who proclaimed the doctrine of individualism in language new and startling. "The foundation of the rights of property is mans right to himself." "What a man makes out of the spontaneous productions of the earth is his as against the whole world," said the prophet. "Man is the child of the state," shouted the socialist. "This is a paternal government and should protect the business interests of the people," screamed the Republican stump orator and they embraced. Fitting close of a mistaken alienation! They had found each other.

Henceforth socialists and republicans would find a sufficient common occupation in opposing the doctrines put forward by the prophet of San Francisco. Really there is nothing incompatible in the union.

The doctrine of protection is essentially a doctrine of state socialism. That it does not do what is claimed for it matters not. If it stifles production, hampers trade, starves labor, multiplies tramps, and at the same time pampers the rich manufacturer, what of that. It is state control of business and that is what the socialist wants only the state should do so some more. Protection is all right, says the Republican only the duty is not high enough. It is the same song, why not sing it in the same tune? And so they have concluded to do.

The doctrine of Henry George is the exact reverse of that of Carl Marx. The George theory may be summed up in one word—justice. Man has equal rights to the earth, and what he produces with hand or brain is his own as against the whole world. The proper function of government is to protect him in those rights—the right to life and property. When government goes beyond this it must be in the performance of some function like distribution which is beyond the power of individuals to manage successfully. It is only necessary to tear down the tariff wall, remove restrictions and restore to the whole people their rights in the earth, to enable them to take care of themselves, in other words to abolish poverty, lessen crime, promote happiness and permit civilization to rise to yet nobler heights.

As against this doctrine of universal freedom is advanced the doctrine of a paternal government with mankind a mass of dough to be moulded by a governmental intelligence of his own creating; each individual but a cog in a great machine; a condition of universal slavery. This is the legitimate out come of protection, an insult to the intelligence of all classes, even the poorest, who love liberty.

PORTLAND TRADE.

Portland is a victim, in a double sense, of the protective tariff. Her merchants have been before the Senate committee on relations with Canada and given their version of the difficulty. Canada has a retalatory tariff which, in a great measure has cut off the trade with British Columbia which heretofore has largely been monopolized by Portland. Then the Canadian Pacific R. R. is taking the China and Japan trade because the English have a line of Steamers plying between those countries and the Sound, As under our protective system Portland merchants cannot buy English made ships, and American ships cost so much more that they cannot afford to buy them the Canadian Pacific is in a fair way to keep the trade.

The cause, therefore, of the decline in Portland trade is the protective tariff. Canada cannot be blamed for protecting her people against the *pauper* productions of the United States. It hurts our manufacturer of course but charity begins at home and if we will not receive her productions why should she recieve ours? If her people only saw it, it is cutting of their nose to spite their face, but that is their business. And if we want to tax everything that enters into the construction of a ship so as to enable the British to monopolize the carrying trade of the world, why that is our business, But all this interferes with trade and does none but a few monopolists any good.

What Portland wants the whole country needs—freedom.

The British intend to make a second Gibralter of Esquimalt which lies northwest of Port Angeles on the opposite side of the straits. If this government cares to keep up its end in the matter of armament it should fortify Port Angeles. This is the first harbor of any account on the south side of the straits and in time of war would be a point of great interest.

While we have no fears of war we might as well get our share of the money the government insists on blowing in in that direction.

Hon. Jno. P. Hoyt of Seattle has been mentioned as a fit presiding officer for the Constitutional Convention. A long acquaintance with that gentleman enables us to testify to his sterling qualities, as a man, and his honesty and ability together with his wide acquaintance make it peculiarly fitting that he should take the helm in this initiatory step of state making. It is safe to say that no better man could be secured.

The amount of money required for pensions is now about 88,000,000 dollars per annum. This is equivalent to $400 each for 220,000 men. War is an expensive luxury.

The Shah of Persia and the Emperor of Pussia had a meeting recently and to save themselves from dynamite they were surrounded during the meeting by a large army. "Uneasy rests the head that wears a crown."

Cosgrave's New Poem.

Man hungers with fatness around him; he
thirsts while the waters flow near;
For the Masters of Mammon have bound him
and dulled all his senses with fear.
"Go hence from the fields that are waving
from the vineyards where ripens the vine;
Go hence with a stomach that's craving; go
hence, for these broad lands are mine."

"Go, slave, to the cities o'ercrowded, and toil
in this land of the free,
Till your hunger and rags are enshrouded in
the soil that belongs all to me.
When you walk in the dust of the highway
your footprints I claim as my own.
Sneak, tramp, by the fence and the by-way,
and whine like a dog for a bone!"

But those rags have a soul that is waking and
Watching the coming of dawn,
And Freedom the dark cloud is breaking with
footsteps as light as the fawn;
With the sky all aflame with her glory, the
earth shall glow red in the sun,
For 'tis told in the pages of story that Freedom
by battle is won.

Let him wander through sunshine and rain;
let him shiver in hunger and cold;
Let him suffer the pangs and the pain that
they feel who are starving for gold.
For, at best, he is but a machine that is used
and is then cast aside;
A thing without manhood, I ween; dead to
hope, dead to joy and to pride.

J. P. COSGRAVE.

$50 REWARD.

For the discovery and conviction of the party or parties who set fire to the slashing of Chas. Zimmerman's on Sec. 16 Twp. 30 N R 5 W

C. ZIMMERMAN.

Climate of Oregon and Washington.

The report recently transmitted to the Senate by Gen. Greely, Chief Signal Officer of the army, on the climate of Oregon and Washington, is peculiarly interesting at this time by reason of the large emigration to the Pacific Northwest. The report was made in response to a resolution of the Senate passed last July. It presents in tables of rainfall and temperature the results of obseavations at the Signal Service stations in the region covered, and is accomanied by valuable illustrative charts. Gen. Greely says that the rainfall in the coast region, lying between the Coast Range and the Pacific Ocean, is the heaviest in tha United States, ranging from 70 to 170 inches annually but this enormour fall covers only six per cent. of the aaea of Oregan and Washidgton. On the other hand the area where less than ten inches falls is less than five pea cent of the whole. Wheat can be grown in nine-thents of these two States without irrigation. Owing to equable rainfall, agricultural operations are more fruitful with the small rainfall thau in some sections of other States with a considerable larger parcipitation. Remarkable equable temperature conditions also obtain, the entire range of mean annual temperature over this State being but eight and one-half degrees—from forty-five and one-half degrees at Ft. Colville, in Northeastern Washington, to fifty-four degrees at Ashland, Oregon. In 300 miles of latitude along the coast the range of temperature in the summer-time is only three and one half degrees—from fifty-six at Port Angeles, Washington, to fifty-nine and one half degrees at Ft. Stevens, Oregon. During the winter months the mean temperature of more than half of these States is above the freezing point, and on the coast ranges between forty and forty-five degrees,

The summary of the report given in the newspapers does not explain the important fact that whereas the mean annual temperature for the entire area of the two States is almost the same, varying, as stated, only eight and one half degrees at Ashland, in Southwestern Oregon from that at Ft. Colville, in Northeastern Washington, there are marked differences of climate, especially between the region west of the Cascade Range and that east of the same range. In the eastern parts of both States the Summers are much hotter than in the western parts, but the annual mean is nearly equalized by the colder winters. In fact the Cascade Range is a climatic boundry so distinct and peculiar that it is probably paraielled in this regard nowhere in the world unless it be by the Andes, in South America, From a region of heavy rainfall and luxurant vegetation, of cool, moist summers and mild winters, you pass, in a few miles, when you cross the summit of the Cascades, into a region of very light rainfall, of scanty vegetation and of sharp, but short winters and of long hot summers. Then as you go farther east, and approach the western Range of the Rocky Mountains, and the long arm of the Blue Mountains, after crossing the Great Basin of the Columbia, you come into a region of ample rain fall for the cultivation of the soil without irrigation, plentiful growth of grass on the plains and hills.

In concluding his report, Gen. Greely says: "To summarize Oregon and Washington are favored with a climate of unusual mildness and eqability. While the immediate coast regions have very heavy rainfalls, yet, December to February, and in all cases the wet season gives place gradually to the dry season, during July and August. While the preponderating amount of rain falls during the winter, yet the Spring, early Summer, and late fall are marked by moderate rains of not infrequent intervals. These climatic conditions favor to a marked extent the growth of most cereals, and other important staples.—*Northwest Magazine.*

THE NATIVES WERE ROBBED.

Land Grabbing Proved to be at the Root of the Troubles in Samoan.

NEW YORK SUN.

The question of land titles is really at the bottom of the Samoan controversy and it is a good sign that the Berlin conferences are considering a proposal to establish a court to determine land tenures to consist of one representative for each of the three treaty powers and two Samoese. A land tenure court was called for by Mr, Bates in his report on Samoan troubles. He found that German subjects claimed ownership of 135, 122 acres, mostly on the island of Upolu, in which Apia, the capital, is situated; that British subjects claimed in all over 200,000 acres mostly in Savaii, and that 250,000 more were claimed by an American company, whose rights had been bought out by British subjects. Mr Bates declared it was "impossible that the acreage claimed by foreigners has all been honestly or fairly acquired," and he found not only great complaints among the people but conflicting claims of territory among the foreign residents. Two documents which came into his hands by accident were appended to his report to show the character of the conveyances which even the most intellegent natives were sometimes induced to sign. In one of them Chief Asi, who has been prominent in the late troubles had actually signed a blank deed, or at least one in which the quantity of land the consideration, and other essential particulars were left blank. The paper was filed among the land title documents of the German company at Apia, which had not concluded what quantities to write into the blank spaces, although the signature and seal of the chief and the signatures of the witnesses had been carefully procured. A second document cited by Mr. Bates is a confirmation by the king of the title to about a quarter of a million acres claimed by the British company by purchase from the so-called American company. He calls it a paper such as ought never to have been executed, and says it was undoubtedly signed by the king without investigation of the facts and in reliance upon the good faith of his advisers. Many of these conveyances are made, according to Mr. Bates, in payment for arms and ammunition, the traffic in in which is illegal:

The natives who buy these arms have usually no money to pay for them, and resort to the sale or mortgage of their lands on terms most disadvantageous. Very much of the land claimed by foreigners has been purchased on ruinous terms in exchange for fire-arms. Besides, the well-known disposition of the natives, when war is anticipated, to dispose of their lands for such consideration, and on such terms as they can get, has a tendency to tempt unscrupulous white men to stir up civil strife for the purpose of creating an opportunity to buy the land at a low price.

Here accordingly, we have evidence that it has been the interest of the white men to incite war among the natives for the express purpose of selling them fire-arms and taking their pay in land; and the report of Mr. Bates shows by incontestable instances that "it is undoubted that the sale of arms to the insurgents is conducted principaly by the German company of which Mr. Weber is the head.

But Commissioner Bates is not the only authority on this subject. Acting High Commissioner John B. Thurston, who represented Great Britin at Apia, in 1886, simultaneously with Mr, Bates, gives similar statements in his report. According to his figures, which very likely may be the ones referred to by Mr. Stowall, the total claims of the Germans amount to 135,122 acres; those of the British to 283,000 acres; those of the Anglo American to 276,000. Here is an aggregate of 694,722 acres. But the total area of land in Samoa, excluding small claims, is stated by Mr. Thurston to be 670,720 acres. In other words the foreigners claim 24,000 acres more than the actual area to which their claims apply. That is to say, in order to fully satisfy these claims so large a proportion of which are nominally sanctioned not only by regular deeds or foreclosed mortgage, but by royal decree, it would be necessary for the unfortunate aborigines to manufacture 24,000 acres of land in addition to what nature has favored them with.

Of course the explanation as to the deficit is that the foreigners have conflicting claims upon the same pieces of property. For example the Messrs. McArthur & Co. of Aukland, dispute 10,000 acres in Savaii with the German Commercial and Plantation Company. But Mr. Thurston says that "even if a deduction of 24,000 acres is made' by way of adjusting these conflictions, there still remains nothing for the natives of the soil." Two other suggestions of Mr. Thurston may also be worth considering:

It will be conceived without difficulty that in respect of charges against natives of trespass, pilfering of nuts, bread fruit, etc., it may so happen that the native must either "trespass" and "pilfer" or die.

The idea may also obtrude itself that there has been some "pilfering" on the other side. The governments of the claimants severally concerned, it is respectfully submitted, ought without delay to appoint commissioners consisting of competant and independent-minded men to decide upon land claims in Samoan, and so relieve the unfortunate natives from a state of affairs painful to reflect upon.

There, then, are the facts upon which the Americans claim that the natives have been robbed of their lands and gradually driven to a condition almost of servitude may safely rest.

Social Inequalities.

We are told that there always have been rich and poor people, and there always will be; and that it is evidently a providential arrangement and it has the express sanction of Jesus. He said: "The poor ye have always with you." This is a very precious text of the rich, who use it as if it exhorts us to the duty of always seeing to it that the poor shall not depart out of the land. There are many who agree with Archdeacon Mackay-Smith in his recent utterance in Heber Newton's pulpit that it is necessary to have the poor people in order that the gutters and sewers may be cleaned. To the average mind it seems rather odd that God should decree such differences in worldly condition among his own children, but this objection is met with the pious explanation that the poor will be compensated in the next world for their lack in this life, and by the declaration that poverty is really a blessing in disguise, because the Lord loveth whom he chastiseth and privation and sorrow are necessary to the development of character.

If this is really true, however, it is very remarkable that more rich christains do not become voluntarly poor for the sake of the other world compensation and the honor and blessings of poverty in this world. It needs no argument, I hope, to prove how false is such teaching. It is inconceivable that God can desire the sufferings and degradation which attend poverty as we know it. The same thing was said of slavery. Ministers used to say that the slave ought to be very thankful that God had raised such kind masters to care for them, because otherwise they would be quite helpless and forlorn. They used to point out how much better off their slaves were than their ancestors in the forests of Africa, just as the same class of persons now tell us that the poor are better off than kings used to be, because they live in houses with chimneys and have running water in the hallway of every floor in the tenement. No man in this country would now think of saying that slavery was a divine institution, but they do not hesitate to declare that poverty is. We have learned that men were slaves because stronger men enslaved them, and we shall yet learn that men are poor because other men empovished them by unjust legislation.

Then there is that wretched doctrine of Malthus, himself a priest of the English church, a doctrine as dear to the favored classes as the one I just illuded to. Malthus taught, as everybody knows, that population tends to press upon the means of subsistence and if it were not for wars, pestilence and accidents, together with voluntary checks by parents refraining from reproducing their kind, the world would be overrun with people. He said that because this is true, theoretically, of rabbits or even slower breeding elephants, it is therefore true of man. The reason why so many are poor, according to the infernal theory, is that there is not and cannot be enough wealth to go round and in the struggle for what there is the fittest get the most, as it is quite right that they should.

The Malthusian doctrine, however is false. The earth is not crowded with inhabitants and never will be. It is doubtful if there are many more people upon its surface now than there were thousands of years ago. Population shifts but does not increase much. It only seems to be crowded because natural opportunities are withheld from use. Even should population increase very rapidly, men will always be able to take care of themselves if they have a chance, because, unlike rabbits, man not only consumes the product of the field but makes ten blades of grass grow where only one grew before. Up to any extent of population that we are likely ever to reach, it may be truthfully said that the more people there are the more wealth each may have if they are only wise enough to work together for good. This is really a poverty stricken world at present, even with its sparse population, because we do not as yet understand what open opportunities and co-operative labor are.

Malthusians do not comprehend the ability of man to produce food by wise industry freely applied to natural opportunities, and do not seem to take into account that as we increase in wealth the tendency is to propagate less rapidly. It is the poor that have large families. As man becomes more prosperous the animal passions dominate him less imperiously. He has fewer children of better quality because of better surroundings. The whole population of the world could live in the United States, under right conditions, and be richer than they are now. It is not the niggardliness of nature that keeps nine-tenths of the people poor. It is the meanness, the short-sighted selfishness of one-tenth who make our laws for their own supposed but not actual benefit. I say short-sighted selfishness because when inequalities of wealth are as great as now the poor are a constant trouble and menace to the rich. Even the rich would be better off if they were less rich in a community where there were no poor.

PROSPECTING FOR ORE.

Gold, Silver, Copper, Coal, and Iron of Western Washington.

Mr. G. W. Morley, a mining prospector, has just returned from a two weeks trip to the Olympian range of mountains, bringing with him some excellent specimens of gold quartz found in a twelve foot ledge in a canyon that has hitherto been inaccesable to the enterprise of prospectors and mountain climbers. The canyon is located in the range of mountains about fifteen miles in from a point opposite Seabeck, on Hood's canal. It was reached by Mr. Morley and his partner James Durpee, of Marysville, only after the most ardaous journey over rocks, fallen logs, steep ascents and interminable underbush. The quartz brought out Mr. Morley thinks will assay from $80 to $100 per ton. He is so well satisfied with the prospect that he will return to the ledge with his partner next week, stake a claim and work it sufficiently to hold it.

Mr. Morley is by profession, a prospector, having followed that vocation for a number of years in New Mexico, Colorado, Kansas, Indian Territory and Arizona. He came to Seattle about a year ago, and has since then traveled extensively along the coast, looking for indications of gold, silver, iron, copper and coal. He has been up the Snoqualmie, Pillchuck, Steilaguamish, Nooksack and Sultin rivers, and has visited the country about Roslyn, Cle-elum and Ellensburg. On the Steilaguamish river he found quartz that will assay $160 to the ton. He found here also placer mining grounds that in mining parlance yielded "fifteen colors to the pan." At Canyon creek, up the Pillchuck river, copper ore was found, that besides the copper, will yield $18 in gold to the ton.

Mr. Morley discovered the outcroppings of great undeveloped coal fields up the Steilaguamish Nooksack and Pillchuck rivers. He is confident that each of these places will one day be a vast region of coal mining operations. The coal is a first-class bituminous gas coal of very fine quality.

In Mr. Morley's opinion, the Northwest will one day be a greater mining country than either Colorido or Arizona. There are here immense deposits of coal and iron, and gold, silver and copper waiting to be developed by the enterprise and money of the miner and capitalist. There are now a number of prospecting parties in the Cascade range, and a few in the Olympian range. The reports from everyone of these parties are very encourageing, and all are confident that they will make a rich strike.—*Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

The Gulf Widening.

The gulf between the rich and poor is fast widening. It may be imperceptible from day to day, but from year to year and from generation to generation it is plainly visible.

Not that labor is worse off than years ago, but that wealth is fast outstripping labor in the great race and leaving it far in the rear. They are both moving—labor but very slowly, while wealth at a rapid pace is broadening the chasm between them and making it deeper and more difficult to overcome; the contrast is becoming plainer and more distinct as the unequal race proceeds. As wealth amasses in the hands of a few it makes the masses more dependent: as palaces and pomp appear, so do poverty, rags and the tramp, which are soon followed by crime and debauchery—an unerring indicator of the degree of a country's prosperity.

It has been but a compartively few years that wealth has assumed such gigantic proportions, and with such accelerating speed piled wealth upon wealth, wrenched from the hands of toilers who produced it without giving an equivalent. There is something wrong in our industrial system that makes it possible for one man who may happen to have a few thousand dollars and possessing perhaps but little ability, able to live a life of ease and comfort—surrounded by the wealth brought forth by the hand of labor, and transferred by the magnetic and unseen powers of distribution into the pockets of the non-producers, enabling them to live an indolent life of ease, commanding the luxuries brought forth from the bosom of mother earth, that in right belongs to those whose touch caused it to leap forth and yield its bounteous fruits.

The man who is compelled to toil for his daily bread, though he may be his superior in every way, is doomed to a life or the soverest servitude—to sup the bitter gall of self-denial, poverty and want. This is a boasted free country, but our freedom is more in the mind and Fourth of July oratory than in fact.

It will never be a free country in fact until the people open their eyes to a realizing sense of their true situation, and throw off their shackles which have been placed upon them through their blindness, liberate their minds and bodies, assert their dignity and demand their rights by reconstructing the machinery of production and distribution, so that he who labors and produces the wealth shall have more of what he creates, and the drones, those who do nothing but live in idleness and consume the labor of others through their income, shall have less, and if it be that they want more of the good things of this world, let them work and produce it, then they will be entitled to its use and not before.

Subscribe for the COMMONWEALTH.

THE COMMONWEALTH

PORT ANGELES, - - W. T.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

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.

Another brick yard is to be started at the West End.

The S. M. Benton brought down the mail Monday.

The Port Angeles shingle mill at Dry Creek has shut down.

Buckner and Pritchard of Sequim and O. C. Palmer of Seattle are in town.

The Evangel brought down five thousand brick for N. R. Smith & Co's saw mill at Dry Creek.

W. R. Dodge is putting up a small building alongside of the one now used for the drug store.

E. E. Fisher has rented Wm. Bell's lot on Front street near Lincoln and is erecting a one story building for his drug store.

Chancey Brockway, Keats Montrose, Chas. Williams, Fred Brockway, and Fred Raney were passengers on the Benton from lower straits ports.

Mr. and Mrs. Whiteman, Mrs. Shields, Mrs Westphal and J. H. Young went up Sound from this place Tuesday. Mr. Young was on his way to Ashland Oregon at which place he will take charge of the U. S. Signal Office.

Mr. Brumfield but lately ordered from Pysht to this place, has recieved orders to relieve Wm. Bell at Roseburg, Oregon. Mr. Bell is ordered to take charge of the office at Clevelaud Ohio.

The Colony are about to build a large two story buiding on the SE corner of Front and Laurel streets. The lower floor is to be used for stores and the upper story for a public hall.

The Port Angeles Base Ball Club played a match game with the West End club Sunday afternoon which resulted in the victory of the former: Score, Port Angeles 16, West End 14. They will play again Sunday June 9th.

The tug Mogul brought in the bark Normandy for Montevideo, and the Pioneer the bark Howrah for Valparaiso both lumber laden from Port Blakely. The Captains spent the day in town, getting underway again late Monday afternoon.

Our friend Mr. Suttle had qui te an experience on his trip to Victoria on Str. Idaho. After arriving in Victoria he went up town returning to the wharf for dinner. Meantime the Mexico had arrived at the outer wharf and mistaking her for the Idaho he went aboard. Soon after the steamer got underway, and supposing she was going to the inner wharf he possessed his soul in patience, but when she had steamed out into the straits he began to realize his situation. He interviewed the Captain and finally got put ashore below Race Rocks, twenty miles from Victoia. Walking was fair and he managed to get back in time to take his steamer home. Tired out from his walk he went to sleep on a bench and the steamer landed her Angeles passengers and arrived in Townsend before he woke up, and was on her way to Seattle before he found out that the steamer had already been to Angeles. The Idaho landed him in Townsend Saturday and he returned home by the Evangel that day. He probably views excursions now, as a delusion and a snare.

The Bon Ton Hotel recently opened by Coventon & Smythe, is doing a t riving business - nearly all the rooms being constantly occupied. "The boys" are well deserving the success they have attained.

Promoted.

The following from a recent issue of the *Umpqua Herald* will be read with interest by the many friends of Mr. Bell who join us in congatulating him on a well deserved promotion.

Sergeant Wm. Bell, U. S. Signal officer at this place received orders of transfer to Cleveland, Ohio, this morning. Mr. Bell has been a citizen of Roseburg for less than a year, but has made many warm friends whose best wishes always attend him and his bright little daughter, Elaine. Of course, he will some time return to Oregon, as no one who has ever enjoyed its glorious climate and scenery could ever remain away.—Umpqua Herald.

Moly Hoses! A newspaper boom in Puyallup, a pretty little town which has just attained to the proper size to begin to support one paper properly! One paper uses plates prepared in Chicago; another is a patent outside printed in Portland, and the third is too small to start a fire with without resorting to the perilous expedient of using kerosene in generous quantity. We confess that we do not quite understand the nature of the combination, but it will evidently prove a case of the survival of the fittest. It is possible that Col. Beddington has formed a newspaper trust, but, if there is anything in experience, much newspaper trust means newspaper bust.—Orting Oracle.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T. } May 20, 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 Judge or in his absence clk Dist. Court at Pt. Townsend W. T., on Tuesday, July 23, 1889, viz: Herman Molin Hd. 9634 for the lots 1 and 2 S 2 NE 1-4 Sec. 6 Tp. 30 N R 8E. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Olaf Johnson, John Iverson, Hans H. Lepso, and John O. Lee, all of Crescent Bay, W. T. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

5 31 7 12 JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., } February 20, 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 m de before Judge or Clerk Probate Court at Port Angeles, on Thursday July 18, 1889, viz: Cle Thompson, Hd. No. 9624 for the Lot 4 Sec. 5 Tp. 30 N W1-2 SW1-4 and SE1-4 SW1-4 Sec. 32 Tp31 N R 8 W. He names he following witnesses to prove his continuous esidence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Olaf Johnson, Norman L. Gullickson, John O. Lee, John J. Leadbeatter, all of Cresent Bay, W. T. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, knows of any substantial or who 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.

5 31 7 12 JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE W. T. } May 22, 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 Judge or clerk District Court at Port Angeles, W. T., on Saturday July 20, 1889, viz: John O. Lee pre. No. 12660 for the lot 3 SE¼ NW¼ SW¼ NE¼ and NE¼ SW¼ Sec. 5 and Tp 30 N R 8 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Norman L. Gullikson, Ole Thompson, Olf Johnson, John J. Leadbeatter all of Crescent Bay, W. T. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows of any substantial reason, under the law and the regulations of the Interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

5 31 7 12 JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T. } March 20, 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," C. E. Schmitt of Seattle, County of King, Territory of Washington has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 4464, for the purchase of the W ½ SE 1-4 SE 1-4 SE 1-4 Sec. 1 NW 1-4 NE 1-4 of Sec. 12, in Twp. No. 31 N, R 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 Tuesday the 25 day of Sept., 1890. He names as witnesses: George Merrill, W. C. Taggert, Fred A. Brockway and Jacob Schaefer all of Clallam County, W. T. Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 23rd day of September, 1890.

12—6 21 JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., } January 8th, 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," David Robinson of Tacoma, County of Pierce, Territory of Washington has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 3896, for the purchase of the lot 3, 4 and E ½ SW ¼ Sec. No. 7, in Tp. No. 30 N., R. 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 Saturday the 21 day of December, 1889. He names as witnesses: J. A. Cosner, C. H. Beers, J. L. Cooks and W. H. Hanson all of Tacoma, 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 21 day of December, 1889.

4 5 6 21 JNO. B. BAIRD Register.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully,
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San Marino.

There are in Europe several states, not larger than ordinary townships in England or America, yet permitted to enjoy perfect independence of the powerful governments which surround them. That which has least escaped notice is the ancient republic of San Marino, so called, as some say, after an old monk who was its founder, though another account is that this honor is due to a pious Mason of Dalmatia in the Fourth century. It is a craggy tract of country in the hills near Rimini, on the Adriatic, and includes about 33 square miles, with a population of about 8,000, and an army of 40 men, commanded by several "generals," for it is said that offices and titles and decorations are to be had for a suitable consideration, independent of meritorious service. Though inclosed on all sides by what were the dominions of the pope, and though it was severely menaced by Napoleon I in his conquering career, yet he was induced to respect its venerable autocracy, and so have all the powers into whose hands the surrounding parts of Italy have fallen, both before and since; so that this little republic has continued independent for at least fourteen centuries, a longer period than any other government in Europe can boast of.

Austria, Prussia and France have each had 1,100 years of united independence, England 800, and Russia 350 years only. It has an unwritten constitution, according to which the legislative power is vested in a council of 60, elected by the people. Of these 20 are nobles, 20 are townspeople and 20 are from the rural population. The executive lies with two of the councilors, who are chosen every six months and act jointly as regents.

The judicial power is exercised by a doctor of laws, who must be a stranger and cannot hold office longer than three years. The village of 1,500 people, which forms the capital of the republic, is situated high up on Mount Titan. It has a castle, which was fortified by King Berenger, of Lombardy, and as its principal object of interest a splendid collection of medals numbering about 40,000. The principal inhabitants reside in a more sheltered locality. The people generally are in a very backward condition. They have no printing press, but rejoice in four convents, five churches and a theatre.—Journal of Health.

Killing Cattle Mercifully.

Any one acquainted with the management of slaughter houses, and who has previously witnessed the manner in which the animals are stunned, must have been shocked by the horrors attendant on the proceedings frequently involved in the admission of novices to the trade by using the living animal as a block on which to practice. The amount of torture caused in this way by unskilled hands baffles description. Young men come forward each in turn to strike a blow at the same ox. The ax may sometimes fall ten times upon the same unfortunate animal, whose eyes are often put out and his whole skull battered in a pitiable way before the practiced blow of the master butcher puts an end to his sufferings and lays him low. In order to end these cruelties the directors of the Berlin slaughter house have provided a practicing apparatus, upon which apprentices are bound to learn their trade. They are obliged to practice upon it till they have acquired sufficient strength and dexterity to hit a button in the machine with the same force as is required to make a strong ox insensible; and they are only permitted to touch the living animal when they have proved their competence with the machine.

The apparatus consists of two cast iron cylinders fitting into one another and pressed by means of two powerful springs. When the button upon the apparatus is struck the springs are pressed, and the cylinders slip together, while the exact strength of the blow given is indicated upon the dial. The apparatus hangs in a strong wooden frame and is movable, so that the button can be raised or lowered according as the practice is intended for large or small cattle. A mallet of forged iron about 7 inches long is used with this apparatus. It has on both sides a rounded surface of about 2 inches in diameter. The handle, which measures 27½ inches long, must not be used too short, to avoid risk of breaking.—Freiburger Tagblatt.

The Race Improving

An English newspaper has been making a collective investigation regarding the questions given below: "1. Does your experience suggest to you that the race of Englishmen is degenerating physically? 2. Do you think that the great advance in the healing art is responsible for keeping alive much weak life that will in time affect the whole race injuriously? 3. Do you think that the increased indulgence in physical sports has, on the whole, a good influence on health? 4. Has it ever struck you that probably the great attention paid to health in these days may be producing an anxiety about bodily ailments which is a disease in itself?" Answers have been received from a long array of practitioners, among whom are the names of eminent London physicians. The general view taken, according to The Medical Record, is that Englishmen are not degenerating, but that, on the whole, the race is improving in vigor.—New Orleans Picayune.

Rapid Building.

The Dayton Democrat relates the following, which illustrates pretty well the rapidity as well as extent to which building is carried on these days:

Citizen (to builder)—What are you going to put up there?

Builder—We're just beginning the finest row of flats ever built in New York city.

Citizen—I'd like a nice flat in this neighborhood.

Builder—Well, you stop on your way home from down town this evening and I'll show you through; but get here as early as possible or they may be gone.

THE SECRET OF BEAUTY.

I could not tell—I do not know
What classic lines, what curves of grace
Must meet and blend and intergrow,
To make a beauteous human face.

I do not know—I could not tell.
With all the lines and curves complete,
What look within that face must dwell
To make the faultless beauty sweet.

Unknown the laws that make it sweet,
And, flower like, mold it as it grows;
Enough, that when that face I meet,
I know it as I know the rose.

—Cassell's Magazine.

Happened on the Wabash.

"Heard of the Wabash river, I reckon?" he queried as he combed his long yellow whiskers with his fingers and pulled down his vest.

"Yes."

"Probably never heard of Jerry Dewlap? Jerry lives on the banks of the Wabash, and he's pizen biled down. About a month ago he come to town one day and said a boat had up sot in the bend above his house and drowned two men. He wanted us to go up and help drag fur the bodies. We was willing, of course, and Jerry proposed we try a plan he said had worked in thousands of cases. It's an ole belief with some folks, you know, that if a loaf of bread is flung on the water it'll float to whar a dead body is lying and then stop. We reckoned to try it, and every man chipped in and we took up about a hundred loaves."

"Jerry bossed the job," continued the man with the yellow whiskers, "and we got out two boats loaded with bread and keerfully dropped the loaves overboard. Some of 'em went humping along at the rate of six miles an hour, while others sort 'o circled around and went off slowly. We used up the hundred loaves, and Jerry was taking up a collection to send to town after more, when a feller come up stream in a canoe and called out:

" 'What ar' you uns a-doing over thar?'

" 'A-rising the dead,' I answered.

" 'Oh, ye are!' he continued. 'Well, when I come around the bend ole Jerry's wife was out in a boat a-picking up them loaves, and I reckon she'd got up to ninety-five! You uns had better send down some pork and 'taters to keep company!'

"Well, sir, that ar' was a put up job on us by ole Jerry to git a heap o' bread without working fur it, and when we took him ashore to administer a great moral lesson what did he do but turn to and outrun the best of us and git clear off!"—New York Sun.

Lady Dufferin's Connemara Cloak.

The papers have been talking about who brought the first Connemara cloak into fashion and it is like the tailless evening coat, credited to every social personage of any importance. The tailless coat, by the bye, is credited to the dude, while the cloak is credited to the bud. The truth about it is that it had its birth in the smart world through Lady Dufferin. Her ladyship had been to Ireland and was there presented with a very fine piece of Irish frieze. She took it to London with her and asked her tailor if he couldn't make her a long wrap out of it—something out of the common and which would be stamped as decidedly individual. With quick wit he suggested just such a cloak as the Irish peasant wears, and so it had its birth, Lady Dufferin had a number made and soon all London was wearing them because they were so useful and could be so easily assumed. However, I do not think her ladyship expected them to be worn as street wraps, nor did she foresee that, caught in the March wind, they made the slender woman look like a balloon and the stout woman like the whole earth, not with a fence, but a cloak about it.—Philadelphia Times.

The Fourth Temperament.

A Boston woman remarked the other day, in a conversation which turned upon the peculiarities of an acquaintance:

"Well, you see the trouble with Eunice is that she's got the fourth temperament."

"I have heard," one of the hearers remarked, "of the fourth dimension, but never of the fourth temperament. What is it?"

"I was instructed by a wise woman," was the smiling reply, "that there are four temperaments: the nervous, the physical, the pious and the worrying. Now Eunice undoubtedly has the worrying, and that explains why it is so hard to live with her. She is a most excellent woman, but we wouldn't one of us be hired to live with her."

"We respect her, of course," another observed, "but when it comes to living with her—well, all I can say is that I'd rather take my chances with the cannibals than with her. She worries me to death; she fusses about anything and about nothing with equal readiness. You are right; she has the fourth temperament."—Boston Courier.

A Rare and Curious Medal.

John Bedford, of East Freemont, Sanilac county, showed us a very great curiosity, being one of the ten medals struck in 1846 by order of parliament and presented to the only known survivors of the troops who took possession of Detroit at the time of Hull's surrender. The medal which is dependent from a bar marked "Fort Detroit," fastened to a heavy red ribbon edged with blue, has on the obverse a medallion portrait of Queen Victoria with the inscription, "Victoria Regina, 1846." On the reverse is a vignette of the queen crowning a kneeling man with a wreath of laurel, and bearing the inscription, "To the British Army, 1793-1814." On the edge of the medal is engraved the name of Mr. Bedford's father, to whom it was awarded, "J. Bedford, Canadian Militia."—Detroit Free Press.

Country Customer—Mister, do you keep them non-romantic watches? Storekeeper—Non-magnetic, I suppose you mean? Country Customer—Yes, that's them; our gal Liz is gitten skittish, and I thought one of them non-romantic kind would kinder quiet her.—Jewellers' Weekly.

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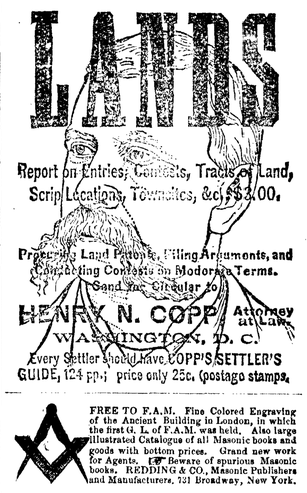

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Self Inking Dating RUBBER
undersigned has con-
the above work in
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S,

B. C.

esterday;
No. ..ppl.. ..d the stream—
Life seemed like a tranquil dream.

Dimple-cheeked and rosy fair,
With sunny locks of golden hair,
Maude knew not my inmost wish—
All her mind was just to fish.

Each of us our lines threw in,
But I could not draw a fin—
While Maud was busy throwing out
Now a chub and now a trout.

Long I toiled and much I thought—
Still no fish I moved or caught;
All the beauties of the brook
Ran to Maud's, and shunned my hook.

Yet their choice I could not blame—
I own I should have done the same;
And, finding nothing else to do,
I was caught on Maud's hook, too!

We furled our lines. I cannot tell
When or how this change befell;
But her soft hand held by mine
Outth illed the gamiest trout and line!

Though no fish adorned my hook,
On my lips reward I took—
Took it often and anew,
As our homeward lines we drew.

—Galveston News.

Van Deckermann's Bargain.

By M. THEED.

It was through the children I first became acquainted with Mr. Van Deckermann. They were pretty little tots then, the two of them, and had such friendly ways with them that it would not have surprised any one, I imagine, that they should attract where their elders seemed rather to repel; but my wife and I were nevertheless conscious of a certain feeling of triumph when we first saw them in animated conversation with the funny old gentleman, about whom people knew so little and speculated so much.

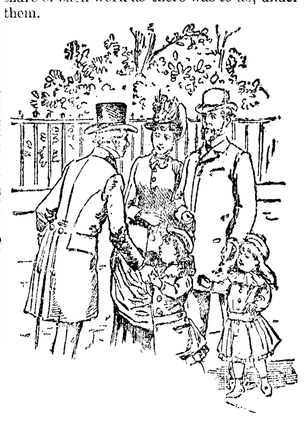
We were living at that time in a small house in one of those old fashioned suburbs, whence the city is easiest of access, even the omnibus fare to and fro being a matter of consideration to us, and we knew as little of our neighbors as most people even in London.

We were very happy, all the same, being fully occupied—I on the city treadmill which I am working still, with this difference, that I am better paid for it—Mary looking after the house and children, and keeping both after such a fashion that in our poorest days it was a pride and a pleasure to come home to them.

"You are the luckiest man I know," Mr. Van Deckermann said to me once—"or have known," he said, correcting himself. "To say whom I know would not be to say much," which, indeed, judging from our observation, was true enough.

Nobody seemed to know him to speak to, but everybody in the neighborhood must have known him by sight, for he was to be seen daily, summer and winter, taking the same monotonous walk, and dressed in the same odd fashion, in a brown coat cut in the style of at least fifty years before, with brass buttons, and a wide brimmed hat, beneath which he wore the most transparent imposture, in the shape of a wig with which I have ever come in contact. It was in great measure the contrast between this, which was of a somewhat lively brown, and the iron gray of his bushy eyebrows which conduced to the oddity of his appearance. His eyes were the only striking feature in his face, being dark, prominent and piercing, and the skin was a network of wrinkles on parchment, but no one who had seen his countenance light up as I saw it that Sunday evening, at the innocent prattle of the children, would have received other than a pleasant impression of the little old man.

We had come upon the trio rather suddenly, Mary and I, and had the reluctance to speak upon either side been ever so strong, it must in common courtesy have been overcome. We exchanged greetings accordingly, and from that day forth the acquaintance thus inaugurated ripened steadily into an intimacy, in the course of which I arrived at these primary facts concerning Mr. Van Deckermann. He was, as his name indicated, of Dutch extraction, he had no occupation, and he lived, and had lived for years, in a house which would have contained three of mine, in the most expensive situation thereabouts. What he wanted, or ever had wanted, being a bachelor, with a residence of such dimensions it would not have been easy to determine—the less so that he saw no company, and that the establishment was restricted to two old servants—like himself English by birth and breeding, but of foreign origin—with a sort of "slavey," upon whom doubtless devolved the giant's share of such work as there was to do, under them.



know."

as I have already
deal of him; more
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ugh to stay at home in
I got there, and he felt
his age, equally indisposed to
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ent," he replied. "I had gone back further than you could go, either of you. That was my father's house; the house in which I was born and bred. It has remained as he left it, with such patching up as has been positively necessary, ever since he died."

"But not empty, as it is now? Somebody has lived in it since then, surely?" my wife said timidly.

"The old couple who take care of it, nobody else," he replied, as we walked away from it. "Everybody has a craze of some sort, they say, Mrs. Thurnell, and that is mine. You have heard of certain rooms in a house being kept sacred to the memory of certain people? Why should not I go a little further and keep the whole house so, when I am about it?"

The sharp tone and the laugh that accompanied it grated on the ears of us both, and my wife's hand pressed my arm a little nervously as she answered:

"Certainly, you have a right to do what you like with your own. If you did not care to live in it yourself"——

He turned round upon her before she had time to finish the sentence, striking the ground with his stick as though he would have driven it into it to emphasize his words, and repeating them after her in a shrill falsetto voice, which bore evidence to his excitement.

"Live in it myself—I—after all that had happened in it! I would rather have begged my bread on the roads—rather—Good heavens! what would I not rather? But there, I beg your pardon," he added, cooling down. "I can't expect you to understand, how should you? If you had spent there the most miserable boyhood, barring one thing, that ever man had to look back to, you would hate it as I do."

"And yet you don't get rid of it altogether?" I interposed at this juncture. "Why not pull it down and sell the land for building upon? You would make a good thing of it."

"Why not? Because I am a fool, I suppose," he returned curtly. "Because, if there are many memories for which I hate it, there are a few for which I love it. What was it I saw in your little maids, do you suppose, but a likeness to another little maid, dead and buried long ago—the only bit of sunshine that ever strayed within those four walls, the only creature that loved me, or that I had to love. She was my cousin, and she was an orphan. How she came to be left to my father's care I never clearly understood, but she came to us before I could remember, and she was more to him than ever I was. There was too good a reason that he should not care much for me. He had not been fortunate in his marriage, and it had soured him, but he must have been hard and cruel to begin with, or he could never have done by his own flesh and blood as he did by me. I was not good at my books, what cleverness I had lay in another direction, and, unhappily for me, I went to a day school, so that my father's eye was never off me, and he took it upon himself to see that I did the task that was set me. There was no kind of punishment he did not resort to. I was flogged, starved, imprisoned by turns. It was as though he thought he was wreaking his vengeance upon my mother through me. The only way in which Alice got into trouble was by espousing my quarrels—the only way, heaven help her sweet soul!—from first to last!"

He paused for a moment, his voice husky with emotion, and Mary laid her hand gently on his arm.

"Another time, Mr. Van Deckermann, tell us another time," she said in her sofe voice.

"I should like you to know," he replied, unsteadily, "and I should never bring myself to speak of it again. By the time I was 16 I had come to the end of my patience. My father was fast becoming as miserly as he was cruel, and I could see plainly if I were to wait for him to give me a start in life I might wait for ever. I knew that our name was well known at the Cape, and I trusted to its being a passport there of which, in conjunction with the business faculty I was conscious of in myself, I might make use to my advantage. I resolved to work my way out, and as soon as I had made enough to keep a wife, to come back for my cousin. It was at the gate at which you found me standing just now I said good-by to her.

"I had been away nine years before I saw my way to making a home for her. For the greater part of the time it had been such hard work that but for the few pounds she managed somehow—I often feared by going in rags or something approaching to it herself—to send me now and then I must have starved outright. But at the end of the nine years I was able to write to her and say I would come for her. She wrote me in reply that my father was very feeble, that she had owed him a home all her life, and that we should wait until I could come home for good. It was a great blow to a man who had already served for her so long, and was thirsting for the sight of her, but it was as if I had no will of my own where she was concerned. I stayed on where I was and set my shoulder to the wheel harder than ever for another three years. The Cape owed me nothing; then at last I turned my back on her. I had gone out a beggar, I came home with a handsome independence. And what was it, think you, I came home to? I had toiled and slaved and denied myself all these years for what? Merciful heavens! for what?"

He stopped suddenly in the road, and wrung his hands, with an expression upon his face which haunts me to this day when I am troubled and out of spirits. The same thought occurred at the same moment to my wife and myself. For some reason—possibly with little, if any, blame attaching to herself—his old love had been false to him. So completely, as we found when we came to compare notes afterward, had this idea taken possession of both our minds, that his next words took us quite by surprise.

"You don't ask me how I found her?" he said in a harsh voice. "You don't ask me whether she was waiting to meet me where I had left her—where you found me just now. You don't picture her as I had pictured her to myself hundreds and hundreds of times, with the sea rolling between us; with her arms round my neck, and her lips pressed to mine, and the welcome I had been waiting for so long looking out of every feature of her sweet face. But you can fancy what it was to me to look for her like that, and think of her like that, and then to find her, as I found her—dead and buried!"

His voice sank to a whisper in the utterance of those last words, and except for a murmur of surprise and sympathy, which seemed all to which we found ourselves equal, we went our way for the next few minutes in silence. Whether he would have told us more had we questioned him, I cannot pretend to say, but I have often since regretted what was possibly a lost opportunity. He may never have meant us to be any wiser, but, on the other hand, if he did mean that, and was checked by a reticence, which sprang rather from too much feeling than too little, how much might have been spared both him and us! The inclination, supposing it ever to have existed, had ceased to animate him before he spoke again.

"You can understand now," he said, with a resumption of his ordinary manner, which was so rapid as to be remarkable, "why the very walls of that old house are at once sacred and abhorrent, dear and hateful to me. I can neither make up my mind to let other people live in it nor to let it go to rack and ruin, and I would not live in it myself if there were not another roof in the wide world for me to shelter under. But there, it is all over and done with, and we will find something pleasanter to talk about."

It was about midsummer, to the best of my recollection, this little conversation took place, and not long afterward our house, of which we had only the half yearly tenancy, was sold over our heads—a circumstance which would have concerned us very little, had not the new owner required it for his own occupation. Conceive my astonishment when, under these circumstances, Mr. Van Deckermann offered me the long uninhabited Cedars! I say advisedly offered me, for the proposition was only submitted to my wife after it had been talked over at considerable length between us.

The fact was, Mr. Van Deckermann frankly admitted, the house during its years of disuse had acquired a bad name, and though he believed me to have no more belief in the supernatural than he had himself, he had no wish to withhold from me the knowledge of what would, it must be confessed, from the vulgar point of view, constitute a drawback to the very substantial kindness he talked of conferring upon me.

"You are welcome to the house," he said, "rent free, and I will have it done up for you from top to bottom. It shall not cost you a penny piece so long as I live, and when I am dead and gone you will be your own landlord, but I am not going to saddle you with it under any false pretenses. The people who take care of it say it is haunted. It is to their interest to keep others out of it, and they have contrived to live there themselves a good many years in spite of it; but you may take what they say for whatever you think it is worth. I am not afraid of you, but women are weak upon these points, and there is your wife to consider."

I was obliged to confess that my wife was not in this respect superior to the rest of her sex. She might face a burglar—she would certainly not wittingly run the risk of collision with a ghost.

"I suspected as much," he said equably, "and that is why I thought it better to introduce the subject in her absence. I should be sorry for her to stand in her own light and in yours, if it can be helped, and the chances are she would. Now my own belief with regard to the Cedars is that there has been some sort of knavery carried on there for years, and my object is to get at the bottom of it and to do you a good turn at the same time. We can't offer Mrs. Thurnell the house with the ghost attached to it, with any reasonable hope of her acceptance of it—so much we may take for granted. The question is, is it worth your while to try and clear the coast of it before anything is said to her about it?"

The proposition was an odd one, to say the least of it, but the game seemed worth the candle, and I felt, moreover, how poor a figure I should cut in the old man's eyes were I to decline it. What it was he wished me to do precisely, he was either undecided himself or did not choose to tell me, but I consoled myself with the reflection that impostures of the sort he suspected were, as a rule, of the clumsiest, and, to make a long story short, I accepted the Cedars on his own conditions. My wife, who was told nothing to disquiet her, and who naturally, therefore, was overcome by the generosity which was being shown us, accompanied Mr. Van Deckermann over the house and was charmed with it, with the style in which he proposed doing it up, even with the old furniture stowed away in the attics, and which was to supplement our own, and it was finally arranged we were to take possession at Lady day.

It was not, however, until close upon Christmas week, which we were going to spend, as usual, with my wife's father down in Sussex, anything more was said of the private understanding between my new landlord and myself; I had been trying to overcome Mary's scruples about remaining behind with the children, after I was compelled to return to the office, and as there was annually the same little discussion between us, my unselfish little woman generally getting the better of it, I was not surprised to find that our shrewd old friend had reckoned upon this, and was prepared with a suggestion in his own interest. Mrs. Thurnell might, he said, make herself quite happy about me and do him a favor at the same time by allowing me to become his guest for the few evenings I should otherwise have to spend by myself. The longer change could not but be beneficial to her and to the children, and why should she not have it? Besides, it was necessary for the carrying out of what he called our innocent conspiracy against her that some such arrangement should be made. To Mary it seemed only a further proof of his kindness and consideration, and the invitation, the curious circumstances of which were known only to him and to me, was accepted accordingly. It was not, however, until I had dined for the first time, tete-a-tete, with Mr. Van Deckermann, I was made aware of what was expected of me, and shall I confess that the knowledge did detract somewhat from my enjoyment of the best glass of Madeira I had ever been privileged to taste?

The proposition my host had to make to me was simply this: In all respects but one I was to be, as my wife had been led to suppose, his guest in his own house; that is to say, I was to breakfast with him before I went cityward in the morning, and to return to Woodlands to dine and spend the evening, but my sleeping quarters were to be at the Cedars! I should thus be in a position to satisfy myself as to the fitness of the house for the accommodation of my family, and the absurdity of the reports which had been circulated respecting it. We both knew the folly and credulity in which such stories originated, but we knew too the rascality which not unfrequently took advantage of such weakness to answer its own purpose, and it would be well to ascertain that there had been no such agency at work in the present instance, or if there had, to discover it.

"I do not say that I have reason to distrust either old Minchin or his wife," added Mr. Van Deckermann, "but my loss has been their gain all these years, and human nature is weak. The old woman was shaking in her shoes the day I took your wife over the house, and she would not have been behindhand in putting a spoke in the wheel, had the opportunity been given her, on the bare suspicion of the real facts of the case. If there has been any roguery at work, it is for you, in your own interest as well as in mine, to get to the bottom of it. You are not to be scared by the fear of the supernatural—that bugbear of the ignorant and the superstitious—for you do not believe in it, and I will see that you have the means of turning the tables upon any clumsy impostor who may try his hand at frightening you."

The words were cheery and confident enough, but there was a certain eagerness in the utterance of them, and the old man's keen eyes had a curious shiftiness of expression I had never remarked in them before, as he thus addressed me. I could not help thinking he was trying to convince himself, as well as me, of the force of what he was saying. That the whole thing appeared to him less commonplace than he wished to make it out, I felt as certain as that I myself was not, really and truly, going to the investigation of it in the proper daredevil spirit. I did not believe in ghosts or ghost-lore, that I maintain; but if I had ever had much of the spirit of adventure in me the monotony of a business life had knocked it out of me, and I had come to regard a good night's rest as one of the best things in life. Still the stake was well worth the playing for, and I did my best to look pleased over it.

One thing I did ask my host. What was the story attached to the house, and what form did the apparition take?

He tapped his snuff-box and shook his head.

"No, no," he said, "I am not going to put things into your head. How can I answer for the state of your digestion, or your probable immunity from nightmare, as it is? You know too much—that is too say, you would know too much, supposing you were a man of weak nerves or vivid imagination, already. If I could have kept you in utter ignorance the test would have been a surer one, but that I could not, and I have to require of you, on your honor, that you neither seek nor accept at the hands of any one the information I withhold from you. You will not seek—of that I am satisfied—what I wish you distinctly to promise me is that you will refuse to lend an ear to any one who may try to enlighten you—the woman Minchin, for example."

I gave him my word that I would respect his wishes, and an hour or so later found me in possession of the room which had been assigned me at the Cedars. Mr. Van Deckermann had not himself faced the cutting cold of the moonlit December night, but the old couple were on the lookout for my appearance, and things had been made more comfortable than I expected. Some of the old furniture, of which my host had spoken when he first entered upon the subject of the house, had been brought down from the garrets, and disposed in what would appear to have been its original quarters, while a bright fire burned frostily in the old fashioned grate. I observed, with a certain remorseful appreciation of a thoughtfulness for my comfort for which I should not have given her credit, that Mrs. Minchin had not limited her provision for my accommodation to absolute necessaries. Of the two windows, the one nearest to the bed was closely and carefully curtained—for the other, as she took occasion to explain, there was no curtain forthcoming, and an armchair and footstool, with the faded coverings of which the moth had long since made acquaintance, had been drawn up to the fire. The old woman seemed indeed to have remembered everything, even to the night light in a saucer on the mantle piece, to ignite which was her last care before leaving me for the night. For the rest, she was as taciturn as her employer could have wished. She received my thanks in silence, and, having ascertained at what hour she was to call me, left me to myself with all possible celerity.

When she had turned her back I proceeded to take a minute survey of the room. That it was, or had been at some time, the scene of whatever mystery was connected with the house, I could not reasonably doubt, seeing the object with which I had been sent there. The first thing for me to do then was to discover in what way—if any—it was likely to lend itself to the perpetration of a fraud.

Briefly, I could find nothing in it to reward my inquiries. It was a large room, almost square, with nothing remarkable about it. There were, as I have said, two windows, and there was one of the closets my wife's heart had delighted in. I opened the door of this and looked in. It was empty, as it had been, in common with the rest, on the occasion of my previous visit. The bedstead, which had been brought down from the attics, was of mahogany, minus poles or hangings. Nowhere was there any ambush for anything; one could see the room and all it contained at a glance. I went to the curtained window and examined it carefully; it fitted well and was fastened; so was the other, the blind of which I drew up, and saw the garden lying below me, every shrub that it contained clearly defined in the moonlight. I left the blind up—undressed with my usual expedition, and went to bed and to sleep.

It was between 3 and 4 in the morning when I awoke, for I took note of the time afterward, but what it was that caused me to awake I cannot say. All I know is that the room was as light as day, and that I was not alone in it.

Creeping stealthily across the room, and feeling his way with his hands as one might who was blind, was the figure of Andrew van Deckermann. He had his profile toward me,

He had his profile toward me.

and his head was even more shrunk within his shoulders than usual, so that I could not rightly distinguish his features; but his gait and dress were as familiar as they were remarkable. About the cut of that brown coat, of about the peculiar inclination of the head and body, there could be no mistake. But I was glad with what object had he come thither? I had left him in his own house—true, there was nothing to prevent him from following me, but what could be his motive? Was it possible I was the dupe after all of a madman, and that the traits I had regarded as mere eccentricities ought, in reality, to have given me the clew to the truth? Was it to be accounted for in this way, or was it that the sarcastic humor, of which I had seen a good deal in my intercourse with him, had prompted him to subject my boasted scepticism to an ordeal which, malicious though it might be, was, perhaps, not undeserved? But this last hypothesis would not hold water for a moment. Granted that the old Dutchman had the will to conceive a practical joke of this sort, he would assuredly, were he in his right mind, have chosen a more convenient season for carrying it out in his own proper person. There was but one elucidation of conduct so extraordinary—my first conjecture was the right one—Mr. Van Deckermann was not accountable for his actions.

Concluded.

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

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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.

Taxes for 1888 aid.

All parties who have purchased property of the colony or of E. B. Mastick, Jr., as Trustee since last July up to April 1st last, are hereby notified that the taxes against that property has been paid for the year 1888.

Quick Work.

Work on our large school building was begun about six weeks ago with a small force of men. To-day it is ready for the plasterers and painters. The stairs will be completed this week and after being plastered the inside casing and wainscotting will be all that remains to be done to complete the work. The Directors have had a well dug. Other needed improvements will be made at once. It is evident now that the next term of school may be held in our new school building. In the meantime, all who are delinquent in the payment of taxes for 1888, should pay them at once, so that as much of the debt created by the erection of this building may be paid and interest stopped.

The Tacoma *Ledger* has devoted much, of its space lately to the "woman suffrage" question, by giving a hearing to both sides. Of course we may be prejudiced having always believed that woman's rights were or should be, equal to man's in every respect, but had we never given the question any consideration, the articles from the women themselves convince us that if given an opportunity they can do our country much good by guarding its interests with the ballot.

Talking of the "ballot" reminds us that this is a year of ballots for this Territory. We just had a very quiet affair of the ballot selecting men to represent the various parts of the Territory in the forth coming constitutional convention. When the constitution is framed and submitted in September another "battle of the ballot" will take place on its adoption. Then in November, state, district and county officers will be voted for to start the machinery of the new state government in motion. For one we favor the idea of woman taking an active part in all of these elections. To deny her this privilege is simply sticking to the old ruts in the old trail. It is time the people were attaching themselves to methods that double their power. A ballot in the hand of a husband and a wife certainly doubles their political power. And this is what "hurts" those who are opposed to woman suffrage.

GRAND EXCURSION.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Citizens Of Port Angeles, Port Townsend and Seattle Join in a Visit to Victoria.

The people of Port Angeles have not forgotten the visits of the Victoria citizens upon the two occasions where they made excursions to this place and for sometime have been trying to arrange for a return of the compliment.

The putting on of the Idaho by the O. R. & N. Co. gave them the longed for opportunity and she was accordingly chartered for the 24th of May. Owing to delay in getting coal at Seattle, the steamer was about three hours later than the advertised time—reaching here at about 10 p. m.

About two hundred people from Seattle and Port Townsend had taken advantage of the occasion and the upper deck seemed crowded as she neared the wharf where the Port Angeles Cornet Band was waiting the opportunity to play a welcoming tune.

When the gang plank was lowered the delegation from this place filed on board 102 strong and the Idaho steamed direct across to Victoria. There was considerable of a scramble for berths, but considing the crowd all were well accommodated, few, however, retiring till the Victoria wharf had been reached, at about 1 a. m.

VICTORIA

the seat of government for British Columbia is at the southeastern extremity of Vancouver Island, and is one of the oldest settlements on the Pacific coast. It is well built and the streets are abundantly ornamented with shade and fruit trees, while from every garden comes the perfume of roses. There are also other flowers in abundance, but roses bloom so plentifully as to give the city almost an oriental appearance.

The suburbs abound with picturesque views and shady walks and avenues which, with the mild climate, makes Victoria one of the pleasantest of cities.

Our warty found a varied and exciting program in the way of base ball and boat and yacht racing from which to choose and scattered themselves throughout the city bent on enjoyment.

We concluded to witness the boat racing in the Gorge and made up a party of seven and engaged a boatman for the trip of 1½ miles to the "start" where, from our skiff we could get a splendid view of the commencement and finish of each race as it was announced by the firing of a canon. The sport proceeded to the finish in the most regular manner which was very exciting and abundantly enjoyed by the immense crowd which occupied boats or gathered upon the hillsides over looking the water. Most exciting or all was the Indian canoe race in which five canoes each manned with thirteen stalwart braves took part.

Returning, the Idaho left Victoia at 10.30 p. m., reaching Port Angeles about 1 a. m. The time of the passage was utilized by the young people with a dance on the upper deck, the band furnishing the music.

Mr. Wm. Ritchie, who managed the excursion, deserves great credit for its successful carrying out, and the officers of the Idaho will be long remembered for their kind courtesy which contributed in no small measure in making the occasion an enjoyable one.

Travel for the Millions.

"The railroads are getting desperate." Such is the news as telegraphed over the land. They are embarrassed and are running into bankruptcy.

Now, there is probably no more important question than that of the railways, because it necessarily is complicated with some others. The road-managers contend they must charge more. My opinion is that they must charge so much less that all the people can use them, and that billions of tons of freight that is now not carried can be transferred.

Why are the Pullman companies so prosperous? We never hear of their embarrassment, They charged, in the start, about one-fourth as much as the roads, were at much more expense, had to pay the roads for hauling the cars, and yet grew rich. Moreover, they were never more than half filled. Just study that a little,

About two-thirds of all the profits of the roads come from freight. It is certain that countless millions of tons of material that should be valuable at some places are left unmoved because the charges for carriage are too much. In the region where this is written, millions os bushels of apples are left to perish, and two hundred miles south the same may be said of peaches, simply because the railroad charges are a little higher than it justified to pay. Two hundred miles north, no fruit of the kind is ever raised. Millions on millions of tons of rock, brick, sand, fertillizer, ice etc., might be transferred were freights low enough to permit. The question simply is this—if the roads are prepared to carry twenty times more than they afford to do so at rates low enough to justify and increrse that increased patronage? It seems impossible to convince a few managers of public business that the lowest possible profit in the public service is the true policy. Remember the difficulty about getting penny postage, and then ponder over the mighty consequences standing behind that "simple, ridiculous fool's proposition," as it was stigmatized when proposed by Rowland Hill. Think how many obstacles were thrown in the way after the bill passed, to prevent its operation. Think of the street cars at first charging twenty-five cents and making trips every half-hour, and what a fool he seemed who first suggested three cents per trip and starting a car every minute each way! Perfectly wild! But the competition of the legs of the public forced the car companies to adopt the cheaper rates. And if it were possible to devise some competition of the kind as against the railway companies, their rates would be reduced so low that all the world would go traveling, and the railway question would solve itself. But just so long as a few individuals have it in their power to "charge all that the traffic will bear," at the expenditure of the least possible capital, the monopoly policy will be pursued.

As behind the "fool's proposition of penny postage" stood all the tremendous consequences of cheap literature, daily papers, universal diffusion of knowledge and news, the premotion of inventions and discoveries, encouragement of immigration, and of rapid exchanges and communications, so behind this other "wild, crazy idea," entitled, "Overland for one dollar," or unrestracted travel for the millions, stand more than was ever dreamed of. Just imagine that all the millions of people who are new bound to their localities can take long pleasure excursions as well as the rich—that the poor laborer can take his wife and "wee ones" where ever he chooses because he can get work at one place as well as another and cost of travel is but a trifle. What wonderous influence in national life and thought! What an education and expansion of the popular mind! Amazing thought! We can not trace all the consequences to their splendid terminations. Terminations? There could be no end to the beneficent results. Never in the world were such opportunities given to mankind as have been offered by the genius of invention in this century; but monopoly has interfered to sweep from mankind into the possession of the few many of the most glorious privileges. How shall the millions enjoy easily the grandest of all inventions? is the question.

Not long ago during a rate war the roads charged $10 from the Missouri river to San Francico. The writter went on a train that had over eighteen hundred passengers when it left Topeka. To prevent way passengers taking advantage of the terms a deposit of $30 was required, and returned at the end os the route. This prevented thousands on thousands from traveling; yet so great was the uprising of people living along the Missouri to take this trip that the railroad officials were elarmed. Now, it does not cost more than ten dollars extra to haul a car additional, once the train is made up, from the Mossouri to the pacific, and at $5 per head the receipts would be nearly $300. It has been proved to a demonstration that the roads could make more money by hauling passengers as freight, provided enough people traveled. Here is what the railroad managers overlook—that is, that their rates are prohibitory on the great masses. Five-sixths of the masses are women, minors, and very poor men, none of whom ever travel, yet all of whom would be often journeying if they could afford it.

I confidently assert that if the roads would charge not exceeding twenty cents per head per hundred miles or less, they would make very much more than they do now. Does not the same law as to profits apply to railroad service that dpes to other business? Is not the rule of the enterprising merchant generally applicable—"Quick sales at small profits?" The railways have another advantage, too. They can give a more luxurious and exclusive service to the wealthy who prefer to pay for it, and realize just what they do today; and they can in addition add millions of dollars to their daily receipts by carrying the masses of our people at rates they can afford. But to do this they must bear in mind that even the lowest rates ever yet offered are out of the reach or the great masses. Surely, as has been said, if they can carry a hog from the mosouri to the Pacific for $2 on a slow freight train, load and unload, feed and water him, and give him exercise every thirty six hours, they can carry a man equally as cheap. Undoubtedly they could; but they will not until compelled.

One word more. It is objected to government ownership of the roads that government becomes a common carrier. Oh, how they are trembling lest government become the owner of the Union Pacific for the debt due! How they are prevaricating and deceiving! Let government accept the proposition made by that road (not in good faith, however), and once begin to operate it, and the question will reach a rapid solution. For then it will be seen what is the real truth, that the train-dispatcher is necessarily master of the situation; that while a hundred different men or companies may own the train and running stock and all the other trains on the road, all must obey one mind while on the track. It will then disclose itself that all the government need do is keep the road bed in order and hire the train-dispatcher, and that is all the company can properly do as regards the road. Often the running property belongs to several firms. Here is a solution of what has seemed a great objection to government ownership.

This is the grandest question of the hour because its solution settles so many others, or aids to do so, namely, How shall the great masses, the five-sixths of us, easily enjoy the privileges of railway journying? What harmony, what quiet, what satisfaction it will give, and above all what intelligence to the masses for the settlement of vexations! For "the voice of the people is the voice of God." Who said it spoke wiser than he knew. But that voice must be free, unrestrained, unmuffled—the utterances of the people's enlightened intellect.—HOLT, Oregon Mo. Truth Seeker.

NOTICE.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T. May 20, 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 Judge or Clerk Probate Court at Dungeness, W. T., on Monday, July 8th, 1889, viz: Thomas Slater, Pre No 8,417 for the lots 2, 5, 7, SW NE NW SE ¼ Sec 18 Tp 31 N R 11 W He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Patrick Covagher, S. B. Laughlin, Sam'l Nelson, and John Ericson all of Pysht 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.

4 5—5 10 JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T., May 14, 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 Judge or Clerk Probate Court at Port Angeles, W. T., on Saturday Aug. 10, 1889, viz: Bernard Dolan Pre. No. 11,949 for the E 1-4 SE 1-4 Sec. 19twp 30 N, R 6 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: Wm Klaunig, Thmas Gilmore, Alex. Fesberg, and Lewis Cohn, all of Port Angeles, 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.

5 3 JNO. B. BAIRD Register.

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PORT A

May 23,—89

Dr. F, S. Lewis:

As an opportunity presents itself, I desire to express my hearty commendation of the radical stand you have taken recently in the COMMONWEVLTH on the marriage question, and notwithstanding the forces of ignorance are on the "war path" against you, yet I trust you will not falter but stand firm to the position you have assumed. All existing governments, institutions, and laws, and all "isms" as well must tolorate a full, free and thorough examination of their claims by the newest and best thought of the age, or go to the wall by an appeal to brute force, and be swept into merited oblivian. Let hoary-headed errors sustained by the "powers that be" gnash its teeth and shake its gray locks but it will learn in the end and at fearful cost to itself, that the spirit of free thought, and the thorough examination of all questions with which the human mind can grapple, is abroad in all our world to-day, and has come to stay till the end of time, and that no person can stop its onward course. It is only error and wrong that fear investigation, and offer prisons, dungeons, and scaffolds as arguments. Allow me then, once again, to express my earnest commendation of the liberal and advance position you have taken in the late issues of the COMMONWEALTH on the vital issues of the day.

Most Truly,
R. F.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, W. T. May 6, 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 Clerk of District Court at Port Townsend, W. T., on Saturday July 13, 1889, viz: Anton Weber D. S. 13,699 for the Lot 1: SE 1-4 NE 1-4 Sec. 5 Tp 30 N Lot1: SE1-4 SE 1-4 Sec. 32 Tp. 31 N R 7 W. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: E.F.Bolsheck. F. Naiger, T. Brown, and H. Hiller, all of Pt. Angeles 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.

5 31 7 12 JNO. B. BAIRD, Register.

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
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DR. W. W. MCGEORGE,

Physician and Surgeon,

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Subscribe for the COMMONWEALTH.

Notice is h ance with order of Commissioners, May; 6, 1 will be received by the County Auditor until 12 o'clock, noon, August 5th, 1889, to open and grade the Clallam-Jefferson road from where already completed to the boundry line between Clallam and Jefferson counties. The same to be made passable by wagons and at least fourteen feet wide.

All bids to be sealed and endorsed: "Bid on Clallam-Jefferson road." The Board of County Commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

Witness my hand and the seal of the Board of County Commissioners this 20th, day of May, 1889,

Smith Troy, County Auditor and ex-officio clerk of said Board.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that, in accordance with the order of the Board of County Commissioners, May, 6th, 1889, sealed bids will be received by the County Auditor until 12 o'clock, noon, August 5th, 1889, "to grade so as to make a good wagon road of the county road from N. Shomar's barn to a point about three hundred south from the old Rex camp, from thence to intersect Front street in the townsite of Port Angeles.

The grade on the west side of Morse's Creek, on said road to be at an easy incline, graveled, at least 20 feet wide, and with a ditch sufficiently deep to carry off all surplus water, on the upper side." All bids to be sealed and endorsed: "Bids on Dungeness and Port Angeles road."

The right is reserved by the Board of Commissioners to reject any or all bids.

Witness my hand and the official seal of the Board or County Commissioners this 20th day of May, 1889.

SMITH TROY,—County Auditor, and ex-officio clerk of aforesnid Board.

NOTICE.

The Treasurer of Clallam County W. T. will pay on presentation at his office in New Dungeness W. T.

All amounts drawn on the Treasury of said County prior to and including No. 110 issued Jan. 2nd, 1889.

No interest will be allowed after this date.

W. L. CHURCH, JR.
Treasurer.

May 8th, 1889.

STEPHEN LAND,

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