The Port Crescent Leader.

Democrat

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THE WEALTH OF BEAUTY

That is But One Feature of Port Crescent's Rich Endowment.

THE GRANDEUR OF AGATE BAY.

That With Sublimity Sways the Heart, With Beauty Feeds the Hungry Eye, and Which Carried Delight to a Poet's Soul—On the Beach at Sunset, to Revel in "A Sky of Rose, a Sea of Wine, the Wave's Soft Speech, the Wind's Low Voice."—A Trip to Lake Crescent, to Enjoy That Beautiful Body of Water in the Sunset's Glow, and Under the Starlight's Magic Spell.

A FEW WEEKS AGO, Mr. Lee Fairchild, the brilliant editor of the Pacific Magazine, made a trip to Port Crescent that was all too brief. A lover of all that is beautiful and ennobling in Nature, he came here to enjoy, to the limit of the time at his disposal, the gorgeous combinations of beauty and color, in sea and mountain, forest and lake, that here obtain on such a magnificent scale—scenic attractions that are rightly making Port Crescent famous, for nowhere else on this coast are they equaled.

As a result of this visit, the appended beautifully written description of Mr. Fairchild's excursion to Agate Bay and Lake Crescent, appeared in the last issue of the Pacific Magazine.

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Lee Fairchild, the literary genius whose bold and beautiful poetic flights and gorgeously-wrought word paintings have won for him a reputation that extends far beyond the Pacific Northwest, to the enduring literature of which he has contributed so much, came to Port Crescent from Seattle, yesterday, to revel in the glories of Agate Bay and peerless Lake Crescent.

Mr. Fairchild is now editing the Pacific Magazine at Seattle, and under his brilliant guidance, that periodical is becoming famous.—PORT CRESCENT LEADER.

The above, if it were not written in earnest (I am frequently over-estimated) may have been penned as a dare to Ambrose Bierce, the owl of San Francisco. Now I must tell you, if you will yield the floor (which I have), of my trip to Port Crescent and Lake Crescent.

There be few, if any, lovelier places than Port Crescent. Its scenic attractions are many and varied. The quiet vale and the green slope; the peaceful mound where Nature seems to sleep in her own grave; the eloquent sea perpetually piling on the shore her blue billows, that phantom-like roll on inland in unseen waves of sound, that die away on the far strands of space; the deep forest and the far blue range of mountains—these make up a picture so full of pretty details one might spend a summer noting its beautiful excesses.

AGATE BAY.

To the left and oceanward a tall brown ledge. To the right a rugged mountain thrusts itself into the Straits of Fuca. Between these walls is Agate Bay, about 900 yards in width. A wooded vale runs down to meet the sea and catch in its gray hands the agates with which the blue waves are gemmed. Traveling from the far Orient, the multitude of billows pour their soft thunders into the ravished ear of pilgrims on Agate Bay.

The shore of the bay is like a bow wrought of agates and many-colored stones. Against this the sea rolls with much power. Swiftly descending, the beach runs downs fifteen to twenty feet. The flow and ebb of the tide are very marked. As the waters ebb away over the stone-painted beach, they sound like a reaper in a wheat field, followed by sounds as of myriad little insects in a stubble field when the very atoms of air seem grating against each other. However, the sounds are soft, not harsh. Then comes the returning flow, the bank-up tide, curved round like a bowed wall; it turns a delicate green, as if it imaged the grass and foliage towards which it moves. Anon it whitens and crumbles and through its vanishing form breaks the snow-edged wave and the ocean's soft thunder. The jutted hill of stone leading into the Straits to the right of the bay is broken into caldrons, in which the white waters boil forever, now overflowing with the heat of passion, now sinking away in spent fury! In the center of the ledge is a long tunnel into which the waters pour, and from its mouth a stream of spray shoots away out horizontally, the sunlight shattered to a rainbow in its snowy depths.

O, beautiful Bay! With what sublimity you sway the heart! With what beauty you feed the hungry eye!

SUNSET FROM AGATE BAY.

On the shore of the bay the green trees stand with bowed heads, as if in the presence of the Mighty. Whether the wind blows or not, these trees are bent as in a blast. So often have the heavy gales bade them moan that now they bend as in eternal obedience to the unforgotten storms. And as I thought on those trees, grown in such a world, it occurred to me that the trees that are straight have stood in mutual strength and well away from the stress of the mightier storms. And as God's lightning spares those trees, so will His mercy spare us who have been made crooked in the blasts of adversity. When the mountains are purple and the distant trees begin to melt into each and the Day has set his Eye low in the west, then is the time to approach, light-footed and light-hearted, Agate Bay. You are soon under those trees that do always bend their heads. The sound of the waves billow the air around you. A few steps more and the very sea appears to applaud the splendid close of day. The Straits of Fuca are one broad pulsing sheet of flame, and the cold blue mountains lean inward toward the burning waste—a rolling, mellowed field of ripened sunlight into windrows piled. To fanciful? I fancy so. But now the sun melts into the wave and is—gone out of the world! Look, we did not know how bright the sky was until the Day had closed his eye!

A change. A sky of rose, a sea of wine; the wave's soft speech, the wind's low voice. A lover of Nature wends his way homeward, fonder of human hearts and made gentler and kinder.

TRIP TO LAKE CRESCENT.

Mr. Carrigan, editor of the Port Crescent LEADER, secured two horses and we started for the lake. We soon entered a deep forest—the eternal realm of night—and went through the shadowed way. And such a wood! Trees twenty-four feet in circumference stood along the road-side, old in years, but young in life. Seldom did the sun reach his red hand of light down through the darkness of shadows wrought. Cool and dim was the air we breathed. The road was good in places and over these we galloped. Carrigan does not know how to ride or else he is the only man that does know, for he galloped his horse down hill and walked him over level places. That is his way of being merciful to the beast. My companion came nigh meeting with an accident because he met a man. Doubtless meeting a man is almost equal to meeting with an accident. Just as he crossed a bridged creek his horse swung swiftly round and lo! a man, instead of a bear, stood in the bend, as who should say, "I'll scare your horse." He should have been strung up to a limb. But we were in a hurry and left him in possession of himself. A little advice: Whenever you are traveling through the woods and hear horsemen coming, no matter how you look, plant yourself (for immediate growth) in the middle of the road and yell at the top of your voice—*Here's a scarecrow, blindfold your horses.*

A six-mile ride brought us in view of Lake Crescent, that gleamed upon our eyes through the trees like bits of silver. Anon we were upon its border and into a boat, my friend hold of the oars. Lake Crescent, as its name indicates, bends round in the mountains and would look at night, to a being in the skies, like a large half-moon laid in between black mountains. My companion—may he never go blind—saw a tall mountain, that rises upward in conical form and fashions a million firs into one great green cone, on whose top we saw the evening star, like a silver lamp, flaming. Around this mountainous cone the Lake reaches its silvery arms. The sunset sky shone rose above us and looked like a vast painted window in the temple of night. The winds were chilly and being without my overcoat, I attempted to assist my companion. We caught our oars, and the more I helped him the less was he helped and the farther from shore we found ourselves. He kindly asked me to put in my time enjoying the scenery. I concluded it would be better to freeze a little while and get to shore rather than to stay warm and at sea or lake all night. So I rested "on my oars" and rested my friend in the meantime!

The moon was one fourth grown and seemed a little crescent lake floating through the sky. Finally one end of the piece of bent silver—called the quarter moon—slid below a mountain peak and the rest of it appeared to be a burnished buffalo horn; and imagination at once wrought to Fancy's eye a transfigured buffalo standing just behind the mountain top. How beautiful this world would be were poor Fancy still alive and ignorant!

Night had settled on the bosom of the Lake. The evening shade turned the waters to ink, and with our oars we wrote the measure of our speed. A shower of stars continually fell and danced upon the waved and uncertain floor of the Lake. Through those heavenly gemmed waters we glided towards our landing. We mounted our steeds and started through the dark, went back for a lantern, and came to Carrigan's home and found waiting us such coffee as would have complimented a superlative epicurean taste, thanks to Mrs. Carrigan.

The Contract is Still Unlet.

There does not seem to be a wild rush of applicants for the contract for carrying the mail between Gettysburg and Twin. It has been open to bidders for many weeks, but no one seems inclined to tackle it, at the price offered.

The contract to carry the mail over that route was awarded by the Post-office Department at Washington to one of the Eastern job-lot Star-route contractors, who have about as much idea of the difficulties and disagreeable features attending carrying the mail over a ten-mile trail through a Washington forest, as a dog-fish has of Italian opera. This contractor agreed to carry the mail from Gettysburg to Twin, one round trip a week, for something like $5.30 a trip. Now this gentleman wants to sublet his bonanza for as much under that figure as possible, or even at $5.30 a trip; but no one seems to want it even at the full price he is to get from the Government, the prevailing opinion being that the contractor didn't know what he was figuring on, and made his figures too low. It is claimed, by those familiar with the route, that from $7 to $8 per trip would be but fair compensation.

As it is, the contract is still awaiting a taker. Full information concerning it can be obtained from Mr. Robert N. Getty, Postmaster at Gettysburg.

He Was After Cabbage, Not Lead.

Mr. Joseph Proll stepped out of the door of Mr. Frank F. Schulz's house in Twin Rivers township, Friday, and promptly stepped back again.

It was raining; but Mr. Proll had seen it rain before in Washington, and that wasn't the cause of his excitement—for Mr. Proll was excited.

"Get your gun, Frank! Get your gun!" he exclaimed.

"What for?" clamly asked Mr. Schulz, who was carefully nursing an injured foot.

"Get your gun, quick!" was all that Mr. Proll deigned to reply. And obeying, Mr. Schulz took down his gun, opened the door, and looked out.

There, directly in front of the house, and doing a sort of hilarious Highland fling about a big head of cabbage growing in the garden, was a young black bear—a cub weighing about twenty-five pounds.

After watching the bear's queer, jubilant antics for awhile, Mr. Schulz raised his rifle, pulled the trigger—and the dance was over.

Wrecked in Monday's Storm.

The fishing sloop Gypsy, which was wrecked during the fierce storm Monday, came ashore at Freshwater Bay, Tuesday, in a badly battered condition. Her bottom had been completely knocked out, and she bore other evidence of having been driven on the rocks. The Gypsy was owned and operated by a man named Johnson, and was frequently seen in the harbor here. There was no one on the wreck when it came ashore, and nothing has been heard or seen of Johnson. It is feared that he has been drowned. The vessel has been pretty thoroughly dismantled by wreckers.

Reducing the Force.

Work on the new county road has progressed westward as far as Emanuel Wasankari's ranch, south-east of Port Crescent. The rapid pace at which this work has been going for several weeks past will be somewhat slackened, as Contractor Burlingame released about twenty-five men on this division, Tuesday. The majority of these workmen had been imported from Seattle, whither most of them returned.

He Went Through All Right.

Mr. Frank F. Schulz made final proof on his claim in Twin Rivers township, Tuesday, before Commissioner Harry E. Lutz. His witnesses were Messrs. A. L. Palmer and Joseph Proll.

Mr. Arthur B. Paton of the same township will offer final proof on his claim before Commissioner Lutz, tomorrow.

MR. O. J. AUSTIN of Lake Crescent township, was here, Friday, to procure a shipment of fruit trees, which are to be planted on his excellent ranch a few miles south-west of Port Crescent. Mr. Austin's stay was brief, but it was long enough to permit him to express his gratification over McKinley's splendid triumph in Ohio.

MR. EDWIN BROWN, one of the most popular and deserving young men of this neighborhood, went up to Dungeness, Tuesday morning, for a stay of indefinite length.

MR. ARTHUR H. MOORE was in from the Solduck, Tuesday, to look after the transportation of a new stock of goods to his store in the valley.

CAPT. BEN LEWIS of the Lady of the Lake went up to Port Townsend, this morning on a business-and-pleasure visit.

POSTMASTER Win Miller's new and handsome residence is rapidly nearing completion.

HIS FIRST DEER HUNT,

And of Course it Was a Gay and Brilliant Success.

EAGER TO MAKE THE FIRST KILLING

The Leader Promptly Struck "Fresh Tracks" and With Breathless Eagerness Followed Them to a Startling Conclusion—The Blight of Disappointment Attending a Peep Over a Cedar Log—The Experts Were After Deer, But a Fat and Good-Looking Bear Was Out That Afternoon, and So They Gathered His Shagginess In.

MESSRS. George D. Raney and M. L. Hollister are two of the most skillful, and consequently two of the most successful, hunters that Port Crescent can boast. When they shoulder their rifles and start for the hills, it's an off day indeed when they return empty handed, or bearing aloft the proverbial banner of the sportsman.

They know the haunts and habits of all the game common to this locality, and understand the art of "getting there" in good shape. A record of their successful hunts during a season would make a mighty interesting story, to those fond of exhilarating sport through field and forest.

A few days ago they took a little run on the hills—that's the modest way they put it—and before nightfall, returned home bearing a beautiful buck, that dressed 140 pounds.

The LEADER, seeing this proud headed victim of their prowess brought into camp, was seized with a wild, tumultuous ambition to go out and slay a buck, too—one with large, many-pronged antlers, on which various editions of a thrilling tale of the chase could be hung; the sort of a head that you could have mounted in gorgeous style, to be hung over your desk, and to which you could point with pride and lie about with much versatility.

The two experts were good enough to volunteer to take the novice out on a deer hunt, and so on Saturday, the party started for the Elwha heads—that slightly elevated, saw-tooth ridge that presents a most picturesque front to the Strait, to the north-east of Port Crescent.

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After the newspaper man had greased his hunting suit by rubbing it over with the inner side of a fresh deer pelt, and putting the hoofs of the newly-slain animal in his pockets as "scent bags" with which to partially overcome the shyness of the coy and nimble deer, the party started for the mountains.

The LEADER had some doubt as to the accuracy of his marksmanship with a rifle, and right at the outset the question as to whether he could hit a deer if one was started up, was satisfactorily settled by the LEADER nailing a fir tree eight feet in diameter, at a distance of ten yards, the very first shot. No especial significance need be attached to the fact that the ball penetrated the tree three and three-quarter feet to the left of the center. For how do you know any attempt was made to hit the center?

Finally "deer ground" was struck and the party separated, the LEADER being given the middle range, in order that he might have an opportunity to kill any deer that the other hunters should scare up.

Soon the LEADER struck "signs"—and fresh signs at that—in a well-beaten deer trail. It had rained the night before; all old tracks were almost obliterated, and those on the trail were fresh—very fresh.

With that unerring instinct possessed by all one-hour-old hunters, the LEADER knew he was hot on the trail of a deer—a fine large buck, at least eight feet high, and with no end of horns. There could be no mistake about it. There were the tracks—large, firm, clean-cut. No ordinary buck could have made them. And say, wouldn't it be fun to astonish Raney and Hollister by making the first "killing," and making it right away? Ambition was ablaze in an instant, and with flushed face, a thumping heart and a Winchester at half cock, the newspaper man stole along that trail—stole along with the stealth of a panther, the swiftness of death.

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The tracks were first struck in a little grassy opening, that afforded good pasturage. Thence, the trail led up on the mountain, in one direction, and in the other, into the valley below. The tracks led down toward the valley—through a heavy thicket, a stretch of salal bushes, past a clump of maples and into a slough rank with ferns and salmon-berry bushes. On through the marsh it ran, up over a bit of rolling ground, and toward an alder thicket near the breast of a bunch of green timber.

The signs were growing fresher and fresher all the time; and at every yard, the LEADER was growing warmer and more excited. It was jolly sport. Every sense was alert; every muscle tense; every breath was one of exultation.

Into a second marsh dipped the trail—but who cared for mud, and a cold bath from the tall, dripping ferns?—then rose again over a wave of earth and bore off to the left, skirting the alder, beyond which a little glade gleamed green. The tracks were "hot," and the game could not be far off.

Cautiously the LEADER advanced. What was that? A crackling of brush? And what is that to the left—over behind that log? A bit of bobbing horn? Surely it is. The buck is there—and what a splendid chance to get it!

"Creep up behind that log with utmost caution," the LEADER said to himself, "and from that safe cover you can get a shot that will make the buck yours."

And so to creeping the LEADER went. Once off the trail, it was no easy matter. A single false step—the snapping of a twig—might spoil the sport. The distance was not great, however, and finally the log was reached without accident. The game had not been alarmed, and was still quietly grazing, just beyond the log.

Think of that—a beautiful buck within a few yards of you, on the other side of a protecting tree. O joy, that was your hour!

With infinite caution, the rifle was brought to full cock; and inch by inch, the LEADER raised himself to the height of the log. Almost choking with delicious excitement, he peered over the fallen cedar into the glade beyond—to be confronted by Mrs. Eliza R. Hart's red heifer!

O sickening, disgusting sight! What a realization of a feverish, heroic dream! Faint at heart, and trembling from the shock attending that humiliating termination of an exciting "chase," the LEADER, with uncertain hand, lowered the hammer of the rifle, leaned against the log and—swore.

If Mrs. Hart found the hair on that infernal heifer's hide singed, Saturday, or discovered the beast roasted alive in that little glade, she will now know who to blame for her animal's undoing.

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Where were Hollister and Raney, meantime? What would they think of a man who had, for an hour, been trailing a heifer over the hills and through marsh and thicket, with the dying sobs of a beautiful buck filling his deluded ears? Should he hunt them up, or quietly withdraw from the field and go off somewhere and get a job at bull-punching? The latter seemed the correct thing to do.

Just then there was a low whistle—once, twice, thrice. Not being answered, it was repeated. Then a cautious whistle from the LEADER acknowledged the call, and soon Hollister came into sight, crossing the marsh.

"Have you seen anything?" he asked, lowly, as soon as he came up.

"Not a thing," answered the LEADER, haunted by the fear that the heifer might, at any second, give a betraying bawl.

"Struck any fresh signs?"

"Not a sign. Have you?"

"No. The game is evidently on the other mountain, and higher up. We'll go over there."

Raney was soon whistled up, and a start at once made for the boldest "head" in the range.

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The new grounds reached, the party again divided up, the LEADER being given the middle range to hunt over. Alone, he found himself pretty well up in the air. Over to the south, across a wide, timbered valley, stretched the snow-robed Elwha mountains, seen through a haze of silver-blue. Westward, as far as the eye carried, were thousands of acres of timber, and to the north-west, the gleaming waters of the Strait merging into the wide Pacific. Still above were rugged heights, that barred a far-reaching view to the northward, the superb beauty of which was enjoyed later in the day—a view that seemed to bring Victoria and the islands beyond almost within hailing distance.

All about was what the hunters pronounced ideal deer ground. But the LEADER saw no deer. A red heifer filled either eye, to the exclusion of aught else, save the noble, soul-soothing scenery.

About the middle of the afternoon, Raney carefully crept to the edge of a long, narrow park, covered with a mat of salal bushes, with here and there a patch of grass. It promised well for deer—but there were none in sight. Far down the park, though—full 150 yards—there was a black object bobbing up and down in the salal bushes. Moving forward into a grass plot, it was soon in full view—a black bear.

Up went the Ballard that has carried a message of death to many an animal. There was a sharp crack, a loud report and a dead bear. That was a most successful shot at so long a distance. The bear it brought down was less than a year old, weighing about fifty pounds, and wearing a most beautiful skin—the hair being long, dense and silky.

The hunter's knife was soon at the animal's throat, and it was promptly bled. The entrails were then removed; the legs tied together so as to make good pack-straps, and the forward tramp was resumed, with the bear on Mr. Raney's back.

It was getting late and a descent would soon have to be made from the mountains. Fresh deer signs were struck by both Hollister and Raney, and a deer was started up; but it was so far away that a chance shot sent after it did not reach its mark.

Down the mountain the party went; and when level ground was reached, the LEADER was glad to place the bear's legs about his neck and humbly assist in packing home the result of the day's sport—secretly happy in the thought that, if the bear had, from its lookout, seen any part of that miserable heifer chase, it was not in condition to say anything about it.

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Yesterday morning, Messrs. Hollister and Raney again went out after deer, and before noon, Mr. Hollister had killed a festive buck, that dressed 125 pounds. It's a very wintry day when those gentlemen fail to get game, when they go after it.

A Thrifty Financial Institution.

The Bank of Port Angeles, which entered the financial field a few months ago, is growing in popularity with surprising rapidity. Starting out with six[illegible] depositors the first month, it has be[illegible]

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This bank was organized by Mr. B. F. Schwartz, who is its President and Manager, and he proposes making his institution a Clallam county bank, in the best sense of the word, and his efforts to this end are receiving encouragement from every source. The Bank's motto is, "Safety, Courtesy, Promptness, Liberality," and its patrons are accorded every reasonable accommodation. A general banking business is transacted, and interest paid on deposits.

Pretty Good Wheat.

Mr. Henry Littleton of Twin Rivers township, was here Monday, on a matter of business. He has but recently returned from Eastern Washington, where for a few months he was engaged in running a threshing machine, operating in the famous Palouse district. He says that some few yields of wheat were put through his machine, that averaged 65 bushels to the acre, while the lowest return that he had any knowledge of was 20 bushels to the acre. Ordinary yi[illegible]

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at $7 an acre; the second, by Mr. John Udd, at $7.75 an acre; and the third by Mr. Udd, at $10 an acre.

Judge Swan on Scared Whales and Political Jonahs.

"Are there whales in the Sound?"

"There certainly are," said Professor J. G. Swan of Port Townsend to a reporter of the Seattle Telegraph, a few evenings since, "but don't imagine every time a big fish is seen that a whale is in that vicinity. Many of the big fish that persons mistake for whales are the big black fins, or as they are scientifically called, the orcinata. They are big fierce fellows from 25 to 30 feet long, and can kill a whale in a very short time. They are seen in greatest numbers about Whidby island, but occasionally get up as far as Seattle. No, I have never known of any to go as far as Tacoma.

"There are not only whales in the Sound, but there are political Jonahs on land.

"When Herbert Beecher made a big opium seizure some years ago, he lost his position by it. Anyone who knows anything of the circumstances will not deny that Senator Jones was interested in the ring. Every citizen of the United States, as he lies in his bed on dark and rainy nights, has the satisfaction of knowing that upon Puget Sound some seafaring buccaneer is at the helm of a little ship that is carrying Chinamen into the land of the free and the home of the brave.

"The restriction laws have but one effect. It is to give us the very worst class of Chinamen, with none of the better class. The latter will not come because they know they are prohibited by law. The others, many of them liberated Chinese convicts, stand in no fear of the law and flock to this country in large numbers. Like every other patriotic American citizen, I hate to see my country invaded by the godless heathen, the despised of all the earth, with their curse of leprosy and vicious opium habits. The fact that this admitted evil is not eradicated induces me to believe there are some high in the councils of the nation who are financially interested in having a continuance."

THE PORT CRESCENT LEADER.

A REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER.

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M. J. CARRIGAN,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Six Months	1.00
Three Months	.75

Thursday, Nov. 12th, 1891.

THIS MAY INTEREST YOU.

SETTLERS living at a distance—at any of the various points west of Port Crescent—can have their papers, giving the Land Office notice of their intention

TO MAKE FINAL PROOF,

Made out and forwarded to Register Reed, by sending the editor of the LEADER their filing papers, containing the number and description of their claims, the names and places of residence of their witnesses and the date on which they desire to prove up. All filing papers so sent in, will be returned to their owners by the first mail after their receipt, with the required final proof blanks properly filled out and ready for the signatures of claimants. After being signed and returned to the LEADER, they will be at once sent in to the Land Office at Seattle, and a notice for publication will be issued within a few days.

McKinley's plurality in Ohio is estimated at 21,000.

The State Agricultural College muddle has been finally settled by the Supreme Court. The institution will go to Pullman.

The Tammany Tiger has demonstrated anew that it is a wonderfully aggressive and capable beast. It gobbled J. Sloat Fassett blood-raw, in New York.

Martin Flavin, a butter merchant of Cork, has been elected to the seat in Parliament made vacant by the death of Parnell. Flavin is a McCarthyite.

Senator Sherman is satisfied that Congress, which assembles next month, will pass a free coinage bill; and he is equally satisfied that if passed, it will be vetoed by President Harrison.

Admiral Montt has been elected President of Chile for a term of five years, and now, the chances are that the trouble between this country and the gamey little Republic will be quietly and satisfactorily settled.

Secretary Rusk's third annual report, now out, is full of information encouraging to farmers. He estimates that the increase in the value of this year's crops, over those of 1890, will be not less than $700,000,000. The exports of cereals, for the first three months of this fiscal year, aggregated $76,000,000, and are largely on the increase. Millions of foreign gold will be brought back to this country, to purchase our surplus agricultural products.

Lieut. A. J. Glave, who distinguished himself in Africa as a member of Stanley's exploring party, is just back from an interesting journey to the interior of Alaska. He has demonstrated the fact that a great territory, rich in minerals, but heretofore deemed inaccessible, is available for the use of pack-horses for transportation purposes, and he is now on his way to Washington, to ask the Government for an appropriation of $25,000 to aid in opening up trails through that new country.

The report comes from Berlin that the Kaiser has caused Bismarck to be notified that any attempt to reveal facts or documents connected with affairs of state during his ministry will be followed by prompt and earnest prosecution.

This warning has been given in view of the current statements that Bismarck intends in the reichstag to present certain evidence as to the cause of his dismissal from the chancellorship.

Bismarck is said to have received the admonition with very ill grace. All his valuable papers, save those of strictly a family nature, are in London. He retains copies of some of them, however, and it is these copies he proposed to use in the reichstag.

Answering the question of a representative of the press, who called upon him at his home at Mansfield, as to what effect the result in Ohio would have upon the election next year, Senator Sherman said:

"In so far as the Republican party is concerned, the result in Ohio fixes the silver question as one of the issues of the next presidential contest, and decides it so far as this state is concerned. I am convinced that a free coinage bill will be passed by Congress, which assembles in December. I also believe that such will be vetoed by President Harrison. That will naturally make free silver a feature of the next Presidential fight. In fact, it will be a leading issue, upon which there is a vast differnce of opinon in both parties. It is exactly like the tariff. Local conditions and interests govern sentiment and action. I doubt very much whether the democracy in their national convention will proclaim for free coinage. If they should there will be no other issues of significant importance in the next campaign. The financial battle that we fought in Ohio will then be transferred to the nation and contests such as we have never seen will be the result. The tariff will be prominent, but not the vital point of the contest."

"Then the McKinley bill is not the only thing in sight?" was asked Sherman.

"Not by any means. Its principles, in the main, are correct. It is extremely difficult to make a measure that will be acceptable alike to the consumer, producer or manufacturer.

"The tariff question is practically settled for the time being, but it will always be a source of agitation as long as the government lasts. During the next session of Congress it can hardly be considered, but in the next campaign it will be a leading issue, with the silver question, just as it has been in Ohio this year."

Bill Nye as "Justice of the Peace."

Edgar Wilson Nye, otherwise Bill Nye, is writing a series of Autobiographies for the Century. From the first paper, in the November number, we quote as follows: "I forgot to say that the office was not a salaried one, but solely dependent upon fees, the county furnishing only the copy of the Revised Statutes and a woolsack, slightly and prematurely bald. So while I was called Judge Nye, and frequently mentioned in the papers with great consideration, I was out of coal about half the time, and once could not mail my letters for three weeks because I did not have the necessary postage. Friends in the Eastern states may possibly recall the time when my correspondence, from some unknown cause, seemed to flag. That was the time. Of course I could have borrowed the money, but I had, and still have, a foolish horror of borrowing money. I did not mind running an account, but I hated to borrow.

"The first business that I had was a marriage ceremony. I met the groom on the street. He asked if I could marry people. I said that I could to a limited extent. He said that he wanted to get married. I asked him to secure the victim, and I would get the other ingredients. He then wished to know where my office was. It occurred to me at that moment that there was no fire in the stove; also, no coal; also that the west half of the stove had fallen in during the night. So I said that I would marry them at their home. He maintained that his home was over eighty miles away and that it would consume too much time to go there.

"'Where are you stopping at?' I inquired—using the Pike county style of syntax in order to show that I was one of the people.

"'Well, we met here, Squire. She come in on the Last Chance stage, and I'm camped up in Gov'ment Canon, not fur from Soldier Crick. We can go out there, I reckon.'

"I did not mind the ride, so I locked my office, secured a book of forms and meeting the young people at the livery stable, went out with them and married them in a rambling, desultory sort of way.

"The bride was a peri from Owl Creek, wearing moccasins of the pliocene age. The Castilian blood of the cave-dwellers mantled in her cheek along with the navy-blue blood of Connecticut on her father's side. Her hair was like the wing of a raven, and she wore a tiara of clam-shells about her beetling brow. Her bracelet was a costly string of front teeth, selected from the early settlers at the foot of Independence Mountain. With the shrewdness of a Yankee and the hauteur of the savage she combined the grotesque grammar of Pike county and the charming naivete of the cow-puncher. She was called Beautiful Snow. But I think it was mostly in a spirit of banter. She was also no longer young. I asked her, with an air of badinage, if she remembered Pizarro, but she replied that she was away from home when he came through. The cave-dwellers were a serious people. Their plumbing was very poor indeed; so also were their jokes. Her features were rather classic, however, and—I was about to say clean-cut, but on more mature thought I will not say that. Her nose was bright and piercing. It resembled the breast-bone of a sand-hill crane.

"The groom was a man of great courage and held human life at a very low figure. That is why he married Beautiful Snow without any flinching; also why I have refrained from mentioning his name; also why I kissed the bride. I did not yearn to kiss her. There were others who had claims on me, but I did not wish to give needless pain to the groom, and so I did it. He had no money, but said that he had a saddle which, if I could use, I was welcome to. I did not have anything to put the saddle on at home, but rather than return empty-handed, I took it."

The Motive Power of the Future.

Edison says that electricity will certainly displace the steam locomotive altogether, and that "it will begin to do it between Chicago and Milwaukee at the world's fair." He claims for the coming motor economy, speed and safety. One hundred miles an hour can be made more easily than 60 miles with a steam locomotive and two pounds of cheap coal will do the work of six pounds of dear coal. He says there will be neither trolly wire nor storage battery. A third rail will be laid between the ordinary rails, and this will connect with apparatus on the bottom of a car. For passenger travel there will be no motor necessary; each car will propel itself. Three 10,000 horse power engines would run the whole Pennsylvania railway system between New York and Philadelphia, and do it with very much less wear to the rolling stock and track and with much less expense than it is done at present. Mr. Edison puts the possible maximum speed attainable at two hundred miles an hour, but thinks the best roads would be scarcely able to stand a higher speed than one hundred miles. This, he thinks, is quite practicable if the track is rock-ballasted. The proposed innovation would reduce the cost of running trains, as under it one man would do the work of the engineer and fireman. The matter has passed beyond the field of experiment, and electric locomotion on the great railway lines will be a thing of the very near future.

CAPITAL $50,000.

— THE —

BANK OF PORT ANGELES.

(INCORPORATED.)

TRANSACTS A

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

B. F. SCHWARTZ - - - PRESIDENT.
J. JEROME SMITH - - VICE-PRESIDENT.
G. B. CRAICK - - - ASSISTANT CASHIER.

WE BUY AND SELL Foreign and Domestic Exchange and transact a General Banking Business.

COLLECTIONS A SPECIALITY.

TERMS CASH.

EVERY ACCOMMODATION consistent with sound banking accorded patrons of the bank.

OUR MOTTO:

"SAFETY,
COURTESY,
PROMPTNESS,
LIBERALITY."

INTEREST PAID ON DEPOSITS.

L. B. HASTINGS. W. G. STRONG.

L. B. HASTINGS & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware,

Stoves, Ranges

And Tinware,

336 WATER STREET,

Port - Townsend, - Wash.

TO SETTLERS

— IN —

THE SOLDUCK VALLEY.

I HAVE OPENED UP A CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

General Merchandise,

AT MY HOME on the Solduck River, four miles from the West End of Lake Crescent, and am now prepared to supply you with Choice Fresh Groceries and Provisions of every description, as well as with all those articles of merchandise usually carried by a general store. You will find it advantageous to buy your supplies as near home as possible. I want your patronage, and hope to merit it, by placing at your disposal good goods at reasonable prices. Let me fill your orders.

Arthur H. Moore,

SOLDUCK VALLEY.

RANCHERS'

Winter Supplies.

OUR STOCK embraces full lines of everything desirable to most satisfactorily meet the requirements of the trade of this section, and ALL GOODS are being sold at prices that will commend them to purchasers.

Especial Care Has Been Taken

TO PLACE BEFORE our patrons a stock of goods that will fully meet their needs, at this season of the year. Heavy additions have been made to our lines of Groceries, Provisions and Canned Goods, and you can always rely upon getting good, fresh goods at Reasonable Prices.

WE CAN FIT YOU OUT

WITH ANYTHING you may need in the way of Groceries, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Rubber Goods, Hardware, Stoves, Tinware, Blankets, Ammunition, Proprietary Medicines, Notions, Etc.

S. J. LUTZ & CO.,

PORT CRESCENT, WASH

FOR - SALE.

HIGH GRADE

DURHAM CATTLE

Berkshire Pigs

AND

Leicester Sheep.

APPLY TO

J. W. TOLMIE,

P. O. BOX 226, VICTORIA, B. C.

THE STEAM LAUNCH,

LADY OF THE LAKE

IS NOW MAKING DAILY ROUND TRIPS OVER

LAKE CRESCENT,

LEAVING from the wharf at Lake View at 12 o'clock every day. The West End of the Lake is reached at 1:30. Returning, the launch leaves from Michell's wharf, for Lake View, at 2 P. M. Landings will be made at all intermediate points, either going or returning, as desired. FARE.—One way, 75 cents. Round trip, $1.25.

SATISFACTORY ARRANGEMENTS will at all times be made for the accommodation of

Pleasure - and - Fishing - Parties,

AND EVERY possible facility will be extended to patrons, to contribute to their enjoyment of the Lake.

Port Angeles and Neah Bay Route.

The Fast, Commodious and Elegantly Appointed Passenger Steamer,

HERMOSA

A. W. HORNE, MASTER,

LEAVES PORT TOWNSEND FROM UNION DOCK, FOR

Port Angeles, Port Crescent and Neah Bay

AND WAY PORTS, MONDAY, WEDNESDAY AND FRIDAY, at 8:30 A. M. Returning, arrives at Port Townsend Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 9:30 A. M. Calling both ways at Port Crescent, Lyle River, Pysht and Clallam Bay. Leaves Port Townsend FOR SEATTLE every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 9:30 A. M. Returning, leaves Seattle every Tuesday and Thursday at 8 P. M., and on Sunday at 3 P. M. ARRIVES AT PORT CRESCENT AT 2:00 P. M. Leaves for Port Townsend and Seattle at 2 A. M. For Passage or Freight, apply on board.

Port Townsend Chop House

H. Trapeur, Prop'r.

The Best Restaurant

IN THE CITY. Only Experienced Cooks employed. Apartments for FAMILIES and Dinner Parties. Private entrance for Ladies.

PRIVATE - DINNERS - SERVED - AT - SHORT - NOTICE.

MT. BAKER BLOCK, PORT TOWNSEND, WASH.

FROM OVER THE MOUNTAINS.

Comes the Story of Mr. Charles H. Kingsbury's Successful Elk Hunt in the Olympics.

Yesterday's mail brought to the LEADER a copy of the Spokane Daily Review, containing the following account of Mr. Charles H. Kingsbury's most satisfactory elk hunt in the Olympics, south of Port Crescent:

"Mr. Charles H. Kingsbury, of this city, has just returned from an outing that was made chiefly pleasurable by a successful elk hunt in the Olympics. He returned to Spokane with a bona-fide elk's scalp and a pair of as fine six-pronged matured antlers as any elk could wish for. Mr. Kingsbury has an affidavit and can produce ample circumstantial evidence to prove that he is responsible for the ghost of the perforated monarch of the Olympics.

"He left the city several weeks ago, and at Tacoma was joined by Mr. E. A Spaulding, of the Traders' Bank of Tacoma, Mr. W. A. Sternberg of Tacoma, Mr. R. M. Swartout of Hartwich Seminary, N. Y., with Mr. Charles Jones for a guide. The party reached Port Crescent Thursday, September 24, and set out for the Solduck. The details of their trip into the wild and picturesque Olympics contain many incidents of interest, but when men are sighing for elk they do not take time to recline on pillows of fragrant pine needles.

"About 6 miles above the Hot Springs in the Solduck, where the hunters ducked themselves to their hearts' content, the tragedy of the lone elk occurred. Mr. Kingsbury has the antlers and head of the deceased, and also the hoofs, which he will mount into an inkstand.

"The story of the death of the elk, as told by Mr. Kingsbury, is touching. Mr. Kingsbury laughs when he tells about it, but he was forced to admit yesterday that he did not give the elk a fair show.

"The elk was much older than Mr. Kingsbury, and the latter's friends think that he should have had more respect for gray hairs.

"Mr. Spaulding started the animal, but unfortunately for him he could not get a fair shot at the elk, which came toward Mr. Kingsbury, who was some distance away. This is Mr. Kingsbury's story: 'I caught sight of the animal when he was about 120 yards distant and blazed away at him. He kept going, and when within 75 yards and in fair sight I put three shots into him in quick succession. He stopped. I stopped also. As I ran toward him he quivered and wavered for half a minute and fell dead. Four shots had struck him. One broke his fore leg, two ranged back in his short ribs and one struck him above the heart. He was an immense old fellow, an old buck, sixteen and one-half hands high, and as big as a horse. I secured the skull and horns, as you see, and have carefully preserved the head skin, purposing to have the head mounted by a skilled taxidermist. The antlers and skull fairly weigh forty pounds, and the head-skin weighs fully thirty pounds.'"

Francis Murphy is conducting a great temperance revival at Seattle, and is bringing hundreds of bibulous unfortunates into the camp of sobriety. Over 4,000 persons have signed the Francis Murphy pledge within a week.

A POPULAR FAMILY.

JENNIE: "How is it, Kate, that you always seem to 'catch on' to the last new thing? Do what I may, you always seem to get ahead of me."

KATE: "I don't know: I certainly do not make any exertion in that direction."

JENNIE: "Well, during the last few months, for example, you have taken up painting,

without any teacher; you came to the rescue when Miss Latarge deserted her Delsarte class so suddenly, and certainly we are all improving in grace under your instruction; I heard you telling Tommy Eames last evening how his club made mistakes in playing baseball; you seem to be up on all the latest 'fads,' and know just what to do under all circumstances; you entertain beautifully; and in the last month you have improved so in health, owing, you tell me, to your physical culture exercises. Where do you get all of your information? Even in this little out-of-the-way place for you never go to the city."

KATE: "Why, Jennie, you will make me vain. I have only one source of information, but it is surprising how it meets all wants. I very seldom hear of anything new but what the next few days bring me full information on the subject. Magic? No! Magazine! And a great treasure it is to us all, for it really furnishes the reading for the whole household: father has given up his magazine that he has taken for years, as he says this one gives more and better information on the subjects of the day; and mother says that it is that that makes her such a famous housekeeper. In fact, we all agree that it is the only really FAMILY magazine published, as we have sent for samples of all of them, and find that one is all for men, another all for women, and another for children only, while this one suits every one of us; so we only need to take one instead of several, and that is where the economy comes in, for it is only $2.00 a year. Perhaps you think I am too lavish in my praise; but I will let you see ours, or, better still, send 10 cents to the publisher, W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York, for a sample copy, and I shall always consider that I have done you a great favor; and may be you will be cutting us out, as you say we have the reputation of being the best informed family in town. If that be so, it is Demorest's Family Magazine that does it."

HARRY E. LUTZ,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE—ON CRESCENT AVENUE.

PORT CRESCENT, WASH.

A GREAT MAGAZINE.

The Century's Programme in 1892 A New "Life of Columbus"—Articles for Farmers, etc.

That great American periodical, THE CENTURY, is going to outdo its own unrivaled record in its programme for 1892, and as many of its new features begin with the November number, new readers should commence with that issue.

In this number are the opening chapters of

"THE NAULAHKA,"

a novel by Rudyard Kipling, the famous author of "Plain Tales from the Hills," written in collaboration with an American writer, Wolcott Balestier. It is the story of a young man and a young woman from a "booming" Colorado town, who go to India, he in search of a wonderful jeweled necklace, called "the Naulahka" (from which the story takes its name), and she as a physician to women. The novel describes their remarkable adventures at the court of an Indian maharajah. Besides this, the Century will print three other novels during the year, and a great number of short stories by the best American story-writers.

The well-known humorist, Edgar W. Nye ("Bill Nye"), is to write a series of amusing sketches which he calls his "autobiographies," the first one of which, "The Autobiography of a Justice of the Peace," is in November. This number also contains a valuable and suggestive article on "The Food Supply of the Future," which every farmer should read, to be followed by a number of others

OF GREAT PRACTICAL VALUE TO FARMERS,

treating especially of the relations of the Government to the farmer, what it is doing and what it should do. This series will include contributions from officers of the Department of Agriculture, and other well known men will discuss "The Farmer's Discontent," "Co-operation," etc., etc.

A celebrated Spanish writer is to furnish a "Life of Columbus," which will be brilliantly illustrated, and the publishers of the Century have arranged with the managers of the World's Fair to print articles on the buildings, etc.

One of the novels to appear in 1892 is

A STORY OF NEW YORK LIFE

by the author of "The Anglomaniacs," and the magazine will contain a great deal about the metropolis during the year among other things a series of illustrated articles on "The Jews in New York." In November is an illustrated description of "The Players' Club," founded by Edwin Booth, and one of the features of the splendidly illustrated Christmas (December) number is an article on "The Bowery."

To get the Century send the yearly subscription price ($4.00) to The Century Co., Union Square, New York, N. Y.

Consumption Cured.

A old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

Land and Timber Notices.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, WASH., OCTOBER 30th, 1891.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Superior Court at Port Angeles, Wash., on Monday, December 14th, 1891, viz:

HANS HENRY GUECK,

Hd. App. No. 13,067, for the NW ¼ Sec. 35, Tp. 28 N., R. 15 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Peter Klein, Herman Schroeder, William Hill and William Schmidt, all of Port Angeles, Wash.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, WASH., OCTOBER 30th, 1891.

To Samuel S. Blake and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Seattle, Wash., on Thursday, December 17th, 1891, viz:

J. ANDREW GUSTAFSON,

Pre. D. S. No. 16,676, for the S ½ SE ¼ Sec. 17 and S ½ NE ¼ Sec. 20, Tp. 28 N., R. 13 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Andrew Anderson, August Bark, Peter Nilson and O. P. Nilson, all of Forks, Wash.

T. M. REED, Jr., Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, WASH., OCTOBER 30th, 1891.

To Felix McLindon and all others whom it may concern:

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Register and Receiver at Seattle, Wash., on Thursday, December 17th, 1891, viz:

ANDREW ANDERSON,

Pre. D. S. No. 16,672, for the Lots 5 and 11, Sec. 20 and W ½ SW ¼ Sec. 21, Tp. 28 N., R. 13 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

John A. Gustafson, August Bark, Peter Nilson and O. P. Nilson, all of Forks, Wash.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, WASH., OCTOBER 7th, 1891.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Superior Court at Port Angeles, Wash., on Tuesday, December 1st, 1891, viz:

MERRILL D. WHITTIER,

Hd. App. No. 8,363, for the SW ¼ SE ¼ Sec. 4, W ½ NE ¼ and SE ¼ SW ¼ Sec. 9, Tp. 28 N., R. 13 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

L. M. Ford, J. J. Sutherland, W. D. Waterhouse and Peter Nelson, all of Forks Wash.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

Notice of Public Sale.

IN THE UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, SEATTLE, WASH., OCTOBER 5th, 1891.

NOTICE is hereby given that under instructions contained in Commissioner General Land Office letter "C," September 21st, 1891, under authority in him vested by Section 2455, Revised Statutes, we will offer at public sale at this office on

Wednesday, November 25, 1891,

at the hour of 2 o'clock, p. m., the following tract of public land, to wit:

Lot No. 1, Section 27, Township 28 North, Range 14 West.

Any and all persons having any pre-emptions, or any other rights to said tract, are required to file the same in this office on or before said date, or otherwise their rights will be forfeited.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

C. M. OGDEN, Receiver.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, WASH., SEPTEMBER 23rd, 1891.

To Horace E. Merkel and all others whom it may concern:

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 Barry E. Lutz, Commissioner U. S. Circuit Court, at Port Crescent, Wash., on Friday, November 13th, 1891, viz:

ARTHUR B. PATON,

Hd. App. No. 13,956, for the E ½ NW ¼, SW ¼ NW ¼ and NW ¼ SW ¼, Sec. 29, Tp. 31 N., R. 10 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Willard Wilcox, Jeremiah Downey, David Carrol and Wm. Hawkins, all of Pysht, Wash.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, WASH., SEPTEMBER 18th, 1891.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Superior Court, at Port Angeles, Wash., on Tuesday, November 10th, 1891, viz.:

GEORGE A. STRICKLAND,

Hd. App. No. 13,778, for the S ½ NW ¼ and S ½ SW ¼, Sec. 17, Tp. 28 N., R. 14 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

John Sather, L. D. Williams and C. O. Gordon, of Quillayute, and Hans L. Watby, of Boston, all of Wash.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT SEATTLE, WASH., OCTOBER 5th, 1891.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Clerk of Superior Court at Port Angeles, Wash., on Thursday, December 3rd, 1891, viz:

OHLIN H. ADDIT,

Pre. D. S. No. 16,465, for the SW ¼ Sec. 32, Tp. 31 N., R. 11 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz:

Lawson W. Cagle, Otto Dunnell, Joe P. Bay and N. W. Humphreys, all of Pysht, Wash.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

Notice for Publication.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, SEATTLE, WASH., AUGUST 31st, 1891.

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,"

HENRY BALDER,

of Tacoma, county of Pierce, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 6106, for the purchase of the NE ¼ of section No. 28, in Township No. 28 North, Range No. 13 West, 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, Wash., on Monday, the 26th day of November, 1891.

He names as witnesses: August Parks and Ole P. Nelson, of Forks, and James W. Fisher and Charles E. S. Stephens, of Tacoma, all of Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office, on or before said day of November, 1891.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

Notice for Publication.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, SEATTLE, WASH., OCTOBER 7th, 1891.

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,"

VIOLA WELLER,

of Callam Bay, County of Callam, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement [illegible] section No. 6, in Township No. 27 N., Range No. 12 W., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agriculture, and to establish her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Seattle, Wash., on Tuesday, the [illegible] day of [illegible], 1892.

She names as witnesses: [illegible] Graham, Wm. Mann and [illegible] Callam Bay, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said day of January, 1892.

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

NOTICE.

IN THE U. S. LAND OFFICE, SEATTLE, WASH., AUGUST 17th, 1891.

To Lochin G. Wolf, Walla Walla:

COMPLAINT having been entered in this office by Edward Smith, of Seattle, Wash., that [illegible] against the allowance of your pre-emption [illegible] made [illegible] and to show cause why your said entry should not be cancelled, upon the ground of illegality, made [illegible] and full knowledge of the duty of claiming land in said above described tract, the government of the United States, you have [illegible] in the United States Land Office at Seattle, Wash., on the [illegible] said day of November, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., and offer testimony to show that [illegible] said tract [illegible] Register and Receiver, at Seattle, Wash., on the [illegible] day of November, 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., and offer testimony to show that [illegible] said tract [illegible]

T. M. REED, JR., Register.

Washington Fur Company.

OUR STOCK OF

Crockery, Hats, Caps,

Boots and Shoes,

Medicines, Paints, Etc.

IS NOW COMPLETE, and we respectfully invite a careful examination thereof, believing that we can satisfy everyone in our territory that it is to their interest to make purchases here. Arrangements have been made for keeping regularly supplied with new goods.

LA PUSH, - - - - WASH.

Still in the Ring,

—AND READY—

To Fill Your Orders

At Living Prices.

I HAVEN'T much to say to my old patrons and the public, this whirl, (meaning to see you later), but I want to say that little plainly:

I am Again in the Grocery Business,

AND I AM IN IT to sell you your Groceries and Provisions, Boots and Shoes, and all the staples that you ordinarily look for at a General Store, AT THE LOWEST PRICES at which goods can be sold to afford me a living profit. A nice line of well-selected new goods will soon be here to supplement my present stock. I want your trade, and will do my level best to sell you the kind of goods you want at prices that you will say are right.

J. F. RANEY,

PROPRIETOR FARMERS' STORE.

WM. NEWTON,

Real Estate Broker, Conveyancer and Financial Agent.

LOTS FOR SALE in all parts of the city, from $40 upwards. Large Lists of Acreage, close in.

PORT CRESCENT, - - WASHINGTON.

TO THE PUBLIC.

I TAKE PLEASURE IN ANNOUNCING TO THE PUBLIC, THAT I HAVE OPENED AT

LAKE VIEW, LAKE CRESCENT,

A WELL-STOCKED

General - Store - and - Comfortable - Hotel,

AND HOPE to make both establishments conveniences that residents at the Lake and the Traveling Public will appreciate.

THE STORE

HAS BEEN STOCKED with a full line of General merchandise—Groceries, Provisions, Boots and Shoes, Wearing Apparel, etc., and an excellent line of Fishing Tackle of every description.

THE HOTEL

WILL AFFORD entertainment to travelers, or to pleasure parties at the Lake, of a character that I will strive to make wholly satisfactory. Patrons may always rely upon a good, well-served table, and clean and comfortable beds, and reasonable charges. The steam launch, "THE LADY OF THE LAKE," has its landing directly in front of the hotel, where small boats may also be procured. I will try to merit the patronage of the public.

Richard McDonnell,

NOLTON & ADAMS HARDWARE CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Hardware, Stoves, Ranges

AND TINWARE.

Mill - and - Loggers' - Supplies.

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES AND HARNESS,

GUNS, AMMUNITION, AND FISHING TACKLE.

401-403 WATER ST., COR. TYLER,

PORT TOWNSEND, WASHINGTON.

WAREHOUSE ON TYLER STREET WHARF.

BONES OF MASTODONS.

WHY COMPLETE SKELETONS ARE RARELY FOUND NOWADAYS.

Portions of Animals Are Frequently Carried Away by Smaller Creatures and Then the Bones Generally Decompose. Evidence That Men Saw Them.

A reporter has had an interesting talk with Professor Ward on the subject of the mastodon remains discovered at Oakfield. "A man came to me yesterday," said he, "and showed me a rib which he said he had dug up. It was certainly a mastodon rib. He said he was going to dig for the rest of it, but I doubt if he finds very much more. You can easily see how this might be. Suppose an ox gets stuck in the mud and dies, wolves tear the flesh and gnaw the bones; perhaps a skunk will carry some of the smaller ones into his hole. Bones decompose. If there is a flood they become scattered.

"So, you see, before time has dug a grave in which the remains of our imaginary ox may rest undisturbed for ages, chance has scattered them far and wide. So it is with the fossil remains of the mastodon and mammoth, and the man who finds one bone of the animal and digs for the rest is very apt to be disappointed. There is hardly a county in the United States west of New England where remains of mastodons have not been found at one time or another. The country was full of them. I believe that a mastodon tooth was found in this city some twenty years ago, and several bones were found near the Brighton lock. The mammoth bore about the same relation to the mastodon that the Indian elephant does to the African.

"Mastodons were more numerous in this country and mammoths in Europe and Asia.

THE STUDY OF BONES.

"I have here," continued Professor Ward, "the skull and upper jaw of a baby mastodon which, as you see, is very perfect. The teeth are milk teeth, and you can see one of the second teeth imbedded in the upper jaw. The teeth formed at the rear and were pushed forward. I say a baby mastodon, and so it was; but it was as large as the largest ox [illegible] seen at a county fair. Under the upper layer of skull you see this sort of honeycomb of bone. You know enough of anatomy to remember that the human skull is composed of an upper and under layer of hard bone, with softer bone between. The human head does not require to be large to be in proportion to the body, and a caput just large enough to hold the brain is all that is required.

"An elephant, mastodon or mammoth does not require a large brain, but they all need a massive head. Here you have the upper and under layer, as in the human skull, but the porous bone between is magnified enormously. It is nearly a foot in thickness in some of the larger specimens. I remember when I was on the coast of Africa seeing what I supposed to be an enormous hornet's nest. The natives told me it was the head of an elephant which they had killed three or four years previous. The upper layer of the skull had been shelled off, leaving the middle honeycomb of bone exposed to view. It was some time before I could bring myself to believe that it was only an elephant's skull."

Professor Ward showed his visitor his collection of mammoth and mastodon bones. He has nearly enough of different sizes to reproduce entire animal, [illegible] the variation in size would [illegible]. It is much more [illegible] than obtained to take the [illegible] for models and restorations in plaster from wood. "I suppose [illegible] prolonged [illegible] earthquakes, I suppose [illegible] never saw these woods [illegible] turned over the [illegible] so long ago."

THE ONLY EVIDENCE.

"Was [illegible] then," said Professor [illegible] has been [illegible] of science until recently. Some of the mastodon have been found [illegible] in such a way that the [illegible] accident. It was [illegible] the arrow within. But [illegible] of a hatchet with [illegible] done has been found [illegible] there are no animals [illegible] stone hatchets to break up bones. The hatchet head was once the [illegible] of some primeval warrior. A shoulder blade of the mastodon, a bone comparatively thin, has been found [illegible] by a spear, and the spear [illegible] found with it. The spear [illegible] and withdrawn [illegible] of the animal, and when [illegible] its head was probably torn off. Animals don't carry spears.

"But, though these evidences are convincing enough, they are not the best proof we have that man existed in the days of the mammoth and the mastodon and has survived them both. Antiquarians who have spent so much time in an endeavor to discover the meaning of the mounds erected by the mound builders have made one thing certain. Many of these mounds were constructed in the shape of animals and birds. There on the wall hang a number of facsimiles of these mounds. They were prepared by a member of the Milwaukee Historical society. There is one which evidently represents a hawk or some similar bird of prey with outstretched wings, and there is another which evidently portrays some squirrellike animal with a remarkably long tail, and here you have as perfect a representation of an elephantine animal as could well be contrived.

"Now, had the mound builders been as learned in comparative anatomy as we are, and had they reconstructed a mastodon as we have, they could never have understood the meaning of the cavity in the skull which indicates to us that the animal had a trunk. We could never have gone wrong had we not seen an elephant. No, the mound builders saw the mastodons before they became extinct. They hunted them and, perhaps, were practically instrumental in their extermination."—Rochester Post-Express.

THE BIRTH OF A PRAYER.

About the church soft music flowed,
Fair voices borne on organ waves,
With tinted light the dim aisles glowed,
Like caves that sunlit water laves;
The twelve Apostles carved in stone
Looked grimly down upon the nave,
Where faces chilly as their own
No sign of kindling fervor gave.

The music and the sunshine kept
The secret of their gladness well,
As o'er our heavy souls they swept
The tale of empty praise to tell;
Nor ruby light, nor old gray walls,
Nor vested priest, nor music fair,
Nor the sweet holy hush that falls
Within a church, move hearts to prayer.

I saw a gray old man bend down
His shaggy head, his furrowed face,
And, with a pleased and patient frown,
Help his wee lass to find the place;
The two heads bobbed about the page,
Roses and withered leaves at play;
One finger plump, one crooked with age,
Picked verse by verse the doubtful way.

Great glasses, jigging to the lines,
Braced his dim eyes the words to trace,
While the small pouter watched the signs
Of hope or failure in his face;
The knotted finger stopped at last,
So did the plump one, with an air,
And up and down such looks were cast
That in my heart was born a prayer.

—John Reid in Good Words.

How to Be Healthy and Hairy.

A new prophet has arisen. His claims to attention are imperative from the fact that he guarantees his followers exemption from two of the greatest afflictions to which fashionable flesh is heir—dyspepsia and baldness. The name of the prophet is Khorf, a Russian, and he bears his credentials writ large on his person.

Though he has already passed the span allotted to humanity by the Psalmist, he is as agile as a young opossum and as well thatched as Absalom. His rules of longevity are refreshingly simple. Eschew all drugs, never shave, live in the open air as much as possible, and wear as little clothes as you can—these are the cardinal doctrines of hygiene according to Khorf. So shall you become healthy, happy and hairy; for in the view of the new prophet the natural condition of the human being is to be all hairy like Esau, or all downy like Stanley's pygmies. Above all, you must "walk rhythmically," for Dr. Khorf maintains that we digest with our legs and not with our stomach. Meat, spirits, mineral waters, and theaters are all tabooed in the Khorfian system. Personally, he never wears a hat, and takes his meals in the open air. No doubt, if this hirsute sage's mode of life were compulsorily enforced on the entire population we should all be speaking Simian in a couple of generations. If ever there is a czar or an emperor who is an ardent Darwinian, the temptation to try the experiment will probably prove irresistible.—London Globe.

Bombay's Big Dam.

The distinction is now said to belong to Bombay of possessing the greatest piece of solid masonry construction that the world has ever seen in modern times. It appears that for years past the water supply of Bombay depended upon works known to be defective, involving the possibility of a water famine in that great eastern seaport, and in view of this a consultation of eminent engineers was held, under the direction of the government, with the result that a large dam was determined on, to inclose the watershed of the valley which drains into the sea south of Bombay.

This gigantic structure, designed and accomplished by the superior engineering skill of T. C. Glover, is two miles long, 148 feet in height, and 163 feet wide at the base, with a roadway on the top 24 feet wide, the stonework alone costing $2,093,000. The lake of water which this dam imprisons is some eight square miles in area, and sixty miles of pipe perfect the service. Twelve thousand Hindoos were specially trained by Engineer Glover for employment on this work.—New York Sun.

No Place to Spend Money.

The pay aboard the South Shoal lightship is somewhat higher than on other lightships. The captain receives $1,000, the mate $700 and the crew $500. These salaries may not seem large, but it must be borne in mind that even the prodigal son would have found it impossible to make away with his patrimony on the South Shoal lightship, especially as the government furnishes all supplies. Opportunities for extravagance are absolutely wanting. Occasionally a member of the crew may remark in a sadly jocose tone that he is going around the corner to order a case of champagne or to be measured for a dress suit; but there is no corner.—Gustav Kobbe in Century.

Bright Little Edith.

Little Edith had the habit of eating out the soft part of her bread and tucking the crust under the edge of her plate. Her mother had frequently reproved Edith for this reprehensible practice, but it appeared to have no lasting effect. The other evening Edith was detected at her old trick. Said her mother:

"Edith, how often have I told you about leaving your crusts? There may come a day when you'll be glad to get them."

"Yes, mamma," replied Edith, with a demure, whimsical countenance, "that's what I'm saving them for."—Boston Transcript.

That which most endears woman to man is her willingness to sacrifice herself for his sake—and that which most endears man to woman is his refusal to accept the sacrifice.

In many places out of New England—and there are few such banks except in the eastern states—there is no institution where five dollars, when saved, can be put at interest.

The South American trumpet tree might furnish a band with musical instruments, inasmuch as its hollow branches are utilized for horns and also for drums.

The improvements in the long distance telephones have raised the question of the probability of their being put into operation between this country and Europe.

CATCHING KING CRABS.

A Unique Industry on the Delaware River That Lasts Three Months.

Down along the shores of Delaware bay, on both the New Jersey and Delaware sides, there is a thriving industry which is seldom heard of and still more seldom seen in operation. Or, if it is seen, few persons stop to inquire into it. The industry in question is the king crab fishery, and one year 1,674,670 of the hard shelled, crustaceous fellows were taken from their native element, while in some years the yield has reached as high as 5,000,000. The season only lasts three month, and sometimes less. The story is told by Hugh M. Smith of, the United States fish commission.

The fishery for king crabs, while not primarily intended to provide a food product, indirectly contributes to that result, furnishing one of the best fertilizers known. This variety of crab, although having no value as an article of food, furnishes the basis for an industry of no little consequence to the community, for, while farmers in most of the seaboard states utilize small numbers of the crabs for purposes of fertilization, it is only in Delaware bay that it can be said to be a well defined industry, and it is only here that special forms of apparatus have been employed in capturing the festive king.

A trip down the bay and an inspection of the fisheries proves the industry to be in a flourishing condition. The fishing seems to center on the Jersey side, between Cape May Point and Heislerville, twenty miles above. About seven-eights of the entire catch is made between Dennisville and Fishing Creek. At the intervening settlements of Goshen, Dias Creek and Green Creek the catch in round numbers has been 335,000, 410,000 and 411,000 crabs respectively.

Two forms of apparatus are in common use along the Jersey shore. One resembles a type of pound net, but the other is entirely unlike anything else used in the waters of the United States, and is designed for and especially adapted to this fishery.

The stakes which form the framework for the pounds are 8 feet to 10 feet long and 4 inches to 6 inches in diameter. They are located 4 feet to 6 feet apart. To the bottom of the stakes, constituting the "hedge," boards one inch thick are nailed to the height of a foot or more; the bottom of the bowl and the sides to the height of 1 foot to 2½ feet are formed in the same way. The door to the first bowl is from 18 inches to 24 inches wide on each side of the leader; the funnel-like entrance to the second bowl is narrower, and only a few crabs pass through it. The netting consists of either wire or twine.

The weir, or "stake net," as it is here called, is very different from the pound net, although both have some parts in common. It consists of poles or stakes driven into the muddy or sandy bottoms, so as to form a leader or "hedge," wings and a bowl or "pound." The poles constituting the bowl are 8 feet to 10 feet long and 2 inches to 4 inches in diameter at their larger ends and 1 inch to 1½ inches in diameter at their smaller extremities. For the wings and leader, poles from 3 feet to 6 feet long are employed. The poles are placed from 1½ inches to 3 inches apart to permit the sea to wash through.

The bowl is somewhat semicircular in shape, the extremities of the brushwork joining the wings about midway their length. Its capacity is encroached upon by the leader and the door or entrance to the pound, which is the most important feature of the apparatus. It consists of a wedge shaped platform of boards fitting into the space between the wings as they approach the leader. The platform is inclined at a gentle angle, and is about five feet long, projecting about one foot over a sunken sill. It is important that the pitch of the platform shall not be too great nor that the floor shall not be too smooth, otherwise the crabs cannot or will not walk upon it. The floor of the bowl is made of cheap boards to prevent the crabs scratching holes in the mud and loosening the poles.—Philadelphia Record.

The Wine Expert.

The wine expert is a man born with such a keen sense of smell and taste that he is able to take different wines and find in one a little too much acid, another is too thick, still another is too thin, and so on. After looking them all over he is able to blend them together and make a clean, full bodied, palatable wine. Almost any ordinary man with good "horse sense" can learn the mechanical part of wine-making, but when it comes to getting wines through their fermentation without disease, preparing them for the bottle—what we call "finishing"—an expert wine taster is required. Such men, abroad, earn from $5,000 to $6,000 a year, and some of them even larger salaries; in this country they receive from $1,200 to $3,500 per annum.—New York Epoch.

Orange Blossoms All the Year.

Paris is probably the only northern city where brides may obtain orange blossoms at all seasons of the year. When they are in bloom in the south they are, of course, imported, but at other times the greenhouses of the city and its vicinity furnish an uninterrupted supply, and it is said that the forced flowers are superior to those brought from the south, as the latter soon turn gray and dingy when exposed to the air.—Garden and Forest.

Questions About Growth.

Why do we attain a certain size and weight of body and then cease to grow? Why is one person limited in stature to a few inches while another stretches up several feet? Why is it that one at maturity weighs not above fifty pounds and another attains a weight ten times as great? These are all questions of growth.—New York Times.

An Adept.

Gentleman—I never had such a perfect polish on these boots as you have given them.

Hotel Porter (modestly)—I used to be a private soldier in the regular army.—New York Weekly.

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