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## The Northern Star.

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### Telegraphic News.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14.—The Times of St. Louis, a Tilden paper, praises Grant for ordering troops South and says, judging from the present order in its entirety, we see no reason to condemn or question his fidelity to his unqualified demands for honest returns for President.

HAMILTON, Nev., Nov. 15.—To-day's stage from Eureka to Hamilton was stopped and robbed of Wells, Fargo's treasure box containing \$15,000 coin, by two masked men, with shot-guns. The mail sacks were unmolested. No passengers on board.

The Tribune's special from Sidney, Neb., says that passengers on the stage from Red Cloud agency say that the Cheyennes have left their camp on Bad Land creek, and gone north to join Crazy Horse. These Indians are better fighters than the Sioux, and this exodus will add great strength to the forces opposed to Gen. Crook.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—Dispatches from Columbia, South Carolina, name several Republicans who openly admit that the returns as received, and without eliminating those claimed as fraudulent, elect Hampton Governor. The same returns give Hayes a small majority.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—Excitement in New York and through the country is apparently toning down. The Republicans at head quarters have no word of reproach to offer Democrats for their seeming determination to make the most of the situation in behalf of Governor Tilden, so long as fair means are used. They said they would accept the truth and right of the matter in good spirit, if the result would go against them, but they would yield nothing of what was justly due them.

The Herald's special from Tallahatchie says it is considered settled that full returns from county canvassing boards will give the State to Drew by more than 900, and to Tilden by more than 500 majority. These majorities will be attacked before the State canvassing board, and the Republicans are confident that they can throw out several precincts. The Democrats are equally confident that they can successfully defend every return from county boards, and have, with hardly any exception, canvassed the vote and referred all matters to the State board.

A dispatch is already received at the Republican headquarters stating that Mr. Cespedes, Republican candidate for the Legislature, in Monroe, protested against the canvass of the vote in the Third district, in Key West, on the ground that the ballot-box was taken away from the polls and counted by the managers, in violation of the law. This precinct gave a large Democratic majority. The protest was not heeded by the county board.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEV., Nov. 14.—A party of gentlemen, consisting of Lorenzo Sawyer, U. S. Circuit Judge, R. S. Mes-

sick, attorney for the Comstock Mining Co., Williams, attorney for the Sutor Tunnel Co., and Adolph Sutor, had a narrow escape from death on Sunday noon, while inspecting shaft No. 2 of the Sutor tunnel. They had no sooner left the shaft building than the flywheel of the hoisting engine, weighing four tons, burst, making a report like that of artillery, and by centrifugal force, sending fragments weighing from one hundred to one thousand pounds in every direction and through the roof, some of them landing on a hill to the westward, six hundred feet distant. The damage is rapidly being repaired, and the work on the tunnel leader was only delayed one day.

VALUE OF EDUCATION.—Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth, who goes to school at the Atlanta colored university:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes to school, don't yer?" "Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Gettin' eddykashun, ain't yer?" "Yes, sir."

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half way through the ash barrel.—Atlanta Constitution.

A BIT OF ROMANCE.—A father romantic ending of a leap-year adventure occurred in one of our neighboring towns a few days ago. One of the belles of the place, remarkable for her good sense, as well as her education and good looks, joined with her sisters in inviting some of the young men to accompany them to the Literary Club one evening last spring, in the usual spirit of fun which characterizes such adventures, intending nothing but fun. Soon afterwards her friend returned the call, and then came again and again, apparently much pleased with the company he found in the girl who had escorted him to the club.

Things went about as usual in such cases until a few weeks ago, when she interrupted the usual course of events by saying, "See here, Henry, I'd like to know if you mean business by these repeated calls? I mean business, and if you love me as well as I love you, I'd like to make you my husband, and the sooner the better." Henry said, "Yes, business, and any time you may fix will suit me." The two were joined in one soon after, everybody, but old prudes, admiring the matter-of-fact manner of terminating what was begun in a bit of juvenile fun. Why not? She had as much right to make her sentiments known in plain English as he had, and she showed her good sense in doing it. Score one for the Centennial leap year.—Indianapolis Journal.

Bulwer said on purpose. "What men want is not talent; it is purpose."

The quin nine base ball club is no great shakes. Beware of brokers if you would not get broke. Troubles get larger by nursing. The small boy sighs for a circus.

### Farmers have no Influence.

Prof. Perry, author of an excellent treatise on political economy, says there are six millions of farmers in the United States and forty thousand lawyers; and yet he can pick out one hundred lawyers who do more to control and shape the legislation of the country than the entire six millions of farmers. Rather hard on the farmers! What nonentities they are! Will they always remain so? Is there no hope that the influence and power of that great class, composing half our population, will ever be felt? Must those who make our laws and hold our highest offices of honor and trust, always come from what are termed the learned professions? Because a man happens to follow the plow, is it to be taken as proof positive that he is an ignoramus and unfitted for the duties of a legislator and statesman? The Rural World is laboring zealously to bring about a change in these matters, to qualify farmers to be their own representatives, and to present in Congress and elsewhere their own views and interests, and to put a stop to such class legislation as has disgraced the country for the past few years and made of us a nation of bankrupts.

What a commentary! Six millions of intelligent men have less influence in making our laws, than one hundred men! This must bring the blush to the cheek of every intelligent farmer. And shall such statements always remain true? Will the farmers always be so lacking in representative men to attend to their dearest interests? Let us hope not.—Rural World.

### DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

The following story was told of a Yankee ship-captain and his mate: "Whenever there was a plum-pudding made, by the captain's orders all of the plums were put into one end of it, and that end placed next to the captain, who, after helping himself, passed it to the mate, who never found any plums in his part of it. Well, after the game had been played for some time, the mate prevailed on the steward to place the end which had no plums in it next to the captain. The captain no sooner saw the pudding than he saw he had the wrong end of it. Picking up the dish, and turning it in his hand as if merely examining the china, he said: "This dish cost me two shillings in Liverpool," and set it down again, as though without design, with the plum end next to himself. "Is it possible?" said the mate; "I shouldn't suppose it was worth more than a shilling;" and, as if in perfect innocence, he put down the dish with the plum end next to himself. The captain looked at the mate, the mate looked at the captain. The captain laughed, the mate laughed. "I tell you what young one," said the captain, you've found me out, so we'll just cut the pudding lengthwise this time, and have the plums fairly distributed hereafter.

### NICARAGUA CANAL VS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

It is conjectured that the Nicaragua canal is likely to come up in some form in Washington next winter, either in a demand for a charter for a private corporation or for a subsidy, or in proposals from France, which is eager to invest in that interest for a joint construction of the work. The French, however, seem to have quite overlooked the extent to which this country has surveyed the isthmus, practically establishing the superiority of the Nicaraguan route, the cost of which is put at \$65,000,000. The Philadelphia press understands that the Pacific railroad interests will present a "united front" in opposition to this enterprise, which would naturally be a powerful competitor with them.

## The Obligation of God to Man.

A Discourse Preached in the Church of the Unity, Boston, on Sunday, October 8, 1876, by Rev. M. J. Savage.

When I announced my subject for this morning it was my purpose to have discussed several of the phases of the relationship in which we stand as children of God; but, as I thought more and more of it, the first one of those relationships grew upon me so that I found myself compelled to confine myself simply to that one; so that the subject announced does not quite accurately express the topic which I wish to bring before you.

I have taken my text from the 12th chapter of Paul's second letter to the Corinthians, a part of the 14th verse. I will read all of it, and then emphasize in a second reading the part which I take for my text: "Behold, the third time I am ready to come to you"—that is, to visit this church—"and I will not be burdensome to you; for I seek not yours, but you; for the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children." This last part of the verse is my text: "For the children ought not to lay up for the parents, but the parents for the children."

The oldest name in the written religious records of the world, the oldest name attributed to God, is that of "Father." I used to think as I read the New Testament that this was an idea revealed to us for the first time in history by Jesus Christ; that he first gave utterance to the grand conception—"Our Father, which art in heaven." But if you will turn to the records of the religious thought of the most ancient nation that we know of as occupying India, the nation from whose thought as well as along whose physical line of descent we have come, in their scriptures, the Rig Veda, you will find that the oldest name on record for God is Heaven Father; the same name which was afterwards translated and used among the Greeks and Romans and is known to us as "Jupiter." "Jupiter" is simply another way of saying "Our Father, which art in heaven"—"heavenly Father." And as this is one of the oldest names for God so it is the one that the thought and the heart of humanity cling to and seem most fully to justify; and it is the name, probably, which will live as long as any applied to him—the object of our aspiration, of our love and our worship. There have been names of fear, of terror, or of beauty, of strength, of greatness, of majesty, applied to God; but there is no one of them that comprises the justice, the tenderness, the majesty and the love so completely as does this name of father, as given to him who has made and who rules all things.

But we have a great many experiences in our lives that seem to us utterly inconsistent with our being able to attribute the character of a Father to Him who has ordered those lives; and there is a large school of thought, very prominent at the present day, which is ready to deny our right to argue from our human relations up to the divine. One of the prominent representatives of this school of thought is John Stuart Mill. He says: We simply know what exists here. We know that, as far as this world is concerned, two and two make four; but there may be a planet somewhere in the depths of space, and there may be inhabitants of that planet, and if we could transport ourselves to them we should find that two and two there make five. That is, he denied the right to argue from what we know toward the infinite, the high, the distant, which we do not know. So that the representatives of this school of thought are ready to say, "We have no right to claim that God is anything like a human father; that he has anything of the love for humanity, as his children, which a father ought to have; that he feels anything of a father's tenderness; that he is ready to exercise anything like a father's care, or to feel himself bound by a father's obligations." But one thing I feel sure of: Here are fathers and mothers having just this father and mother love, this tenderness, this care, toward the children of their bodies and their hearts. This father-love does exist as a fact; this father-care is a fact—as much a fact as are mountains or trees; and this fact must be accounted

for; it has come from somewhere. And this thing I feel sure of—argue it, if you choose, on the basis of the strictest scientific method to satisfy those who are not content with the logic of the heart—this father-love, this mother love, this tenderness, this care, have come from some fountain that possesses a love, a tenderness, a care, fully equal, at least, to that which has been produced, and which we know as a fact in our own experience and all about us. So it seems to me that, by a logic absolutely unanswerable, we have a right to claim that if God be not just like a human father in his feeling toward the children of his created power, he is, at least, as wise, as good, as tender, as loving, as true, as careful of the welfare of his children; for all the tenderness and the love of our human life is simply a single ray of the Divine brightness which fills the whole universe with light. That which is the fountain cannot be less than the streams which flow from it; so that God, we may believe, is not only as good as a human father, but his feeling for us, his love, his care, his tenderness, infinitely transcends anything we can conceive of as belonging to humanity.

And, more than that. Human fathers are not always wise. We may plan the best we know for our children, but we are liable to all kinds of mistakes. We lay out a pathway for our children's feet to walk in; but after a series of years we find that we erred, and that it is too late now for them to take the other path, which would have been a better one for them to have followed. We human fathers are weak. We stand beside our children and see them suffer, seeing them, perhaps, in poverty or sorrow, and are utterly unable, though our hearts ache with the longing to do it, to extend to them the needed aid. Some of us have within the past year stood beside the bedsides of sick darlings, and longed with hearts that were breaking to do something that should deliver them from their sorrow, from their pain, that should keep back the shadow of death that was slowly coming over them, and that should rescue them from the power of the destroyer, and all in vain, because of the limitations to our human faculties. We were not as strong as the enemy that invaded our homes. But as we think of God and form a conception of him which is infinite and perfect, we must eliminate from this thought all these elements of unwisdom and of weakness. God is perfect wisdom. He never has made a mistake and never can. If we could conceive such a thing possible then we should conceive the throne of the universe vacant. There is no God unless he be perfect in his wisdom.

And then, God is perfect might, and whatever may happen in the long course of the history of things we must never feel that it comes because of any lack of power on the part of God. He does not stand by seeing this universe with its gigantic wheels, like the Juggernaut, rolling over and crushing the lives and hearts of his dear ones for the reason that he is unable to block the wheels. Whatever else be the inference, whatever else be the reason that we are compelled to adopt, we know that God, if he be God at all, is omnipotent; that he holds in his hands all power; that he is able to wield the destinies of nations and the destinies alike of the individual, down even to the minutest speck of life that is revealed by the microscope on the surface of the globe.

And then, to build up the conception of God we must think of him as perfect benevolence. Earthly fathers, however much they may love their children, are not perfect in that love. They are liable to be swayed by bias, by fits of anger or passion, and sometimes, out of pure spite or malignity, ordinarily loving fathers may do things so unworthy of them that they should be ashamed of for the rest of their lives. But God loves us perfectly, if he be God at all, and therefore nothing that has come to pass in the course of our lives has come because of any fit of anger, or any feeling of jealousy, or any malignity, or any ill-will or evil purpose on the part of God. We must eliminate perfectly all these human elements of weakness, ignorance and wrong, before we have anything ap-

proaching the perfect, bright, beautiful, glorious character of Him whom the intelligent heart of humanity can bow down before and worship.

God, then, being this perfect Father in heaven, what follows? It is this to which I ask your attention this morning. You have been accustomed, I have been accustomed, all my life, to hear sermons preached, dwelling with all the power that men could put into them, on the obligations of man to God. I propose this morning to consider the reverse of that proposition, and reverently and lovingly to speak of God's obligation to man.

God being this divine, perfect Father, what ought he to do for humanity? Under what kind of obligation does he stand to us? How is he bound? This thought may be new to many of you. Whether or not you have ever heard it preached upon or seen it suggested anywhere in your lives I cannot tell; I certainly never have. It may, even, at first sight, seem to have about it a touch of irreverence, to your thinking, and you may feel like saying, "Why, God cannot be under any obligations to humanity!" Whether you feel it and believe it or not, this idea that God is utterly free from obligations towards his human children has been the basis of the theology of Christendom—the basis of most of the religions of the past of humanity. If I do not misinterpret the popular thought, the common idea is that God, being the source of right, makes right and wrong by the mere act of his will. "Whatever God wills is right; whatever he condemns is wrong." This has been the popular thought. In a certain sense it is true; and yet, as usually accepted and understood, it has created a very dangerous misconception. Of course whatever God wills is right. Not because he wills it, however, but because God can never will anything that is wrong. By this I do not mean to intimate that there is a standard of law or right outside of God, to which he must bend; for then he were only a sub-deity, and this something that was outside and back of him would really be the God of the universe. I do not mean this, but I do mean that God, being the source and the fountain of right, of truth, of love, of all beauty and of all good, whatever he wills must be simply the expression of this universal right and love and truth. God cannot, therefore, will anything that is wrong. The misconception to which I refer grew up in the times when the world was ruled by irresponsible despots. Whatever they chose to think, or say, or do, there was no man in all the empire who dared to say them Nay. The king's will was divine; and the king's will meant simply the king's caprice. Whatever he chose to command the nation must do. This was "the divine right of kings," to which all nations must bow. The conception of God of which I am speaking grew up in those times. God was to the thought of the world of that age simply a heavenly despot, making right and wrong by a turn of his finger; choosing to do whatever he pleased without regard to the claims that might be made upon him by the creatures he had brought into existence. But God is under the highest obligation to every being in the universe simply to do, to will, to think, and to wish that which is right. There is a popular idea—I find it everywhere, and I am very much astonished at the want of logic in it—there is a popular idea that it is not necessary that right and wrong should be the same thing up in heaven that they are here on earth. I was talking with a lady, only the other day, and pointing out to her some of the horrible things that some parts of the Old Testament attributed to God; and she admitted at once that if there was a man on the face of the earth who was capable of such things he would blacken his character and make himself an outcast criminal. And yet she could not possibly see the logic that should compel her to accept this statement—that which is wrong for man to do cannot possibly be right for God. She seemed to have the idea that God could do what he pleased, and, though we should call it infamous if perpetrated by man, it might be, somehow, by some magic or other, between here and heaven, changed to divinity!

Greatness does not release God from obligation. If you will look through human society you will find that the sense of obligation, the breadth of it, the depth of it, the height of it increases just in proportion to the civilization, to the advance, to the greatness, purity and dignity of individual men. The man who knows the most, who is master, who stands the highest of all the world to-day, that man is bound by the grandest obligations of any human being. God, then, is the one being who is the most bound of any in the universe.

What are some of the practical applications of this? God has no right to sacrifice the least or lowest creature that he has made for the sake of his own glory. It has been taught, as a part of the theology of the present day, that God has a right to sacrifice thousands and millions, if need be, for the sake of displaying some one of his own divine characteristics to the universe. According to any human standard of righteousness that we can conceive, a being capable of doing such a thing as this would be simply displaying to the universe the record of his own infamy. We could not admire or worship any such characteristic as this.

Not only this, but God has no right to sacrifice the life or the interests of one person to another, in the long run. The human father may find himself under the necessity, sometimes, of sacrificing the welfare of one child for the welfare of another child. He is placed where he must choose one of two evils, and if he be wise, loving, tender, he will choose the least, under the stress of this necessity. But God, if he be perfect wisdom, perfect power and perfect love, can never be under any such necessity. There can be no such possible exigency arise as shall compel Omnipotence to a choice of evils, for the very conception of Omnipotence carries with it the idea of power to control all evils, and to ring out of them all good. So that God, I say, has no right (I speak it reverently) to sacrifice the right or welfare of the least and meanest creature on earth to the welfare or the honor or the glory of any other creature that he has made.

God is under just this obligation to humanity: to see to it that the life of every one of his children shall on the whole, in the long run, be to that child a blessing, and not a curse. If there were a human father on earth capable of bringing into being a child, foreseeing that that child would all his life long curse the day of his birth, that father, I say, by all the standards of judgment to which human righteousness is compelled to refer, would be condemned as selfish, as wicked, as infamous; and certainly God is as good as men. God, then, I say, is under obligation to humanity to see to it that the life of every creature he has made shall, on the whole and in the long run, be a blessing to that creature.

What are some of the practical results of this doctrine? It at least creates a grand probability in favor of a future life. One of the strongest arguments I know in favor of a future life for man are the children whom God has made whose whole lives are lives of suffering and sorrow. There are other children worse still than these whose lives are stunted at the beginning, so that they never develop intellect, or thought or heart, or anything that constitutes the grandeur or the glory of humanity. Worse even than these simply stunted ones, in the depths of human wickedness, ignorance and crime, there are every year born hundreds and thousands who grow up from childhood to manhood without the least opportunity of conceiving what a true manhood and womanhood means; who never hear the name of God, except as it is defamed; to whom virtue is simply a name and a scoff. The criminals, the outcasts of society; the dregs of civilization—dregs, not by reason of their own fault, but by virtue of the very necessity of their birth. Just such dregs as you and I would have been in their circumstances. So that we have no right to look down upon them with virtuous indignation; rather should we look upon them from the standpoint of a divine compassion. These children of the perfect Father in heaven—what shall we say of their future? They have no opportunity here on earth. If God be as good as a human father, they shall have

opportunity sometime, somewhere. They shall feel the thrill of pleasure as they have felt the year long pang of pain. Having no opportunity for growth here, they shall be transplanted into the garden of God, where, surrounded by genial airs, and shaded upon by warm suns, they shall grow up into that which they are capable of. Those that know not virtue, or purity, or peace, or love, or God-likeness, and had no chance even to understand the meaning of those words, they, sometime, if God is just and loving, shall have that opportunity. If all the men in the world were wise and good there would not be one half the reason for believing in a future life that there is when we look over the problems of misery, of sin, of ignorance, and of crime.

One other result follows with the force of demonstration: In the light of such a fatherhood as this there is no rational possibility of believing in an everlasting future punishment. Think what it means for a moment! Think how you would hold a human father in your thought who was capable of creating a child and placing him in the midst of temptations and dangers where he was sure to fall, and then laying upon him the burden of life long suffering and torture, as the result of the natural action which followed from the conditions in which he had placed him. If, in the millions of ages that are to come, away out on the farthest verge of the universe, in the lowest deep of space, where the sight or the thought cannot reach, there shall exist one single creature that God has made, though forgotten of him and passed out of mind, whose life is a torture, whose speech is a wail, who remembers the past only with regret and remorse, and looks forward to the future without hope—if, I say, there is one such creature in existence, in the millions of ages that are before us, then the throne of the universe would be unstable, God's character would be impeached, his righteousness would be blotted and blurred, and all the creatures that he has made would have the right to gather around his throne and demand of him, by virtue of his own character and holiness, that he redeem and lift up the child whom, without its asking, he had created. I would even say that, if such a thing were possible, such a being as this would have an undoubted right to kneel before the throne of God, or to stand there, if you will, unabashed, and, instead of asking pardon of God, claim that God should ask forgiveness of him!

But there are some results that we are apt naturally to think should flow from a thought like this, which do not naturally follow. And this is perhaps, the more practical part of my subject, to which I wish to call your attention. In the hours of sorrow, when we find the flowers that we have gathered so tenderly and lovingly withering and falling to dust in our hands; when the hopes of the future, that were so bright, are fading out, and a dull, leaden sky has taken their place, with, perhaps, threatenings and mutterings of the storm; when we are wearied and burdened with the loads that are on our shoulders and are crushing us down; when our friends are suddenly rent away, snapping the cords that bound them so tenderly to our hearts; when we are struggling, with hard endeavor for the place which we are to hold in society—fighting for a position and for bread; when we are struggling with ignorance or sin; when we are in the midst of poverty, and feel pinched and cramped, and surrounded with all sorts of ills, we are very apt to reason that God cannot be a father, God cannot love us, God does not take care of us, as we would love to take care of our children. But a little careful, sober thought will lead us to the conviction that this is not logical or fair. I said, God is under this obligation, to see to it that, in the long run, and on the whole, our life be a blessing and not a curse; to see to it that when in the future we look back over the past we shall be able to say, "We are glad we were created, and not sorry." But that does not necessarily imply that he is under obligation to keep us from poverty. If you will look over the history of the world you will question, as I sometimes do, whether poverty, at certain stages of a man's career, is not one of the greatest blessings that could come upon him. At any rate, this is true: If

you will look over the history of those men who have wrought the noblest and achieved the most, who have done the grandest and greatest things for humanity, you will find that they were not the men who had everything they wished. They were the men who fought the battle of life inch by inch, by sheer force of will and character, and who came off conquerors at last in spite of the difficulties that were before them; and they wrought themselves up into higher and nobler men and women by virtue of this struggle with the difficulties of their surroundings, just as the men in the gymnasium fits himself for the contest—makes his muscles strong, his tendons firm, and regulates and builds up the whole physical condition of his being.

We have no right, on the score of this Divine obligation to humanity to say that we should be spared the loss of friends, for, since I believe that God is under obligation to answer these yearnings of our hearts—at any rate, a father world—since I believe, I say, that he is under obligation, by virtue of his own goodness and love, to answer these yearnings of our hearts that long for those who have been taken away from us, we may believe that death does not contradict his goodness, does not contradict his love, does not contradict his fatherly, tender care. He is under no obligation to keep us from sorrow, from struggle, from heart-ache, from tears; for so far as we can see, these things consist perfectly with the noblest human character, and the grandest outcome of human life. The finest, truest, sweetest characters that I ever met have been those who have suffered; and God's obligation to us is not that he shall give us always sunshine, but that he shall give us that which is best. Do you not know, do you not experience it every day—you who have children about your feet—how sometimes your very love and tenderness compel you to force a child into a path that means temporary suffering to the child? It is your foresight that it will be for the child's good, that it is a necessity of the child's condition—it is this alone that gives you the nerve to do it, for it is not the child only that suffers when the true and tender father lays upon it some burden. The father's heart and the mother's heart, perchance, suffer more than the child was capable of; and yet the wisdom and the love compel the suffering. God is under obligation, then, to see to it that our life, on the whole, be for the best.

I have just one or two practical suggestions. I know that a doctrine like this which I am speaking of this morning is liable to misconception, liable to be turned from its true intent and made an excuse for looseness, for laziness, for selfishness of living. I believe that every single human being on earth is to use the expressive phrase of Frances Power Cobb "doomed to be saved." What then? Does it make any difference? May we indulge ourselves—have a good time—eat and drink? No; salvation is no such easy thing as it has been popularly conceived—simply released from one place and admitted to another; having a gate open at your feet, and being welcomed into the gold-streets city. Salvation, I say, is no such easy thing as this. Salvation is a thing of character, of life, and the simple fact that you are "doomed to be saved" may mean to you all that you can conceive of hell. It may mean sorrow; it may mean scourging; it may mean the divine discipline that shall take away from you all that you have learned and habituated yourself to love; because the power of Omnipotence and the wisdom of Omnipotence, and the love of Omnipotence are committed to this work of driving you, if need be, into noble character and noble living. As Robert Falconer says to his father, in that wonderful work of George Macdonald, "Father, it is of no use for you to indulge yourself any longer. It is no use for you to run away from the memories of the past, to forget you have ever been a man, and sink down to the lowest depths of degradation. It is no use for you to do it, and thus seek to escape your destiny. You must some time be a man, and the lower you go, the more with painful step, must you climb and ascend to your former condition. Some time you must leave this off. Some time you must begin to be divine, to live a

divine life, and the longer it is postponed the more you habituate yourself to selfishness and to the line that is away from God, the harder the process by which finally you must be redeemed again."

But, rather than to speak of this prudential reason, let me appeal to your ambition, to your love, to the nobility of your character, to your love of God, to co-operate with him in the building-up of a divine character, a divine life, and thus become yourselves divine. Thus it is not simply to save yourselves, but to be saviors of others. I have a higher ambition, for one, than simply, like a mere wreck, to be towed at last into the harbor, with crew and cargo all gone, simply the hulk of being, saved by the mercy of an ever-living and ever-loving Father. I would desire, rather, to do something to help those who are in peril, so that at the last I might, full-rigged, full-manned, full-cargoed, with all divine possibilities developed, with all noble manhood, noble aspiration, noble purpose, on board, sail myself up the harbor, one of the great fleet that shall at last furl its sails on the ocean of Infinite Love, and find rest in that "peace of God that passeth all understanding."

Let me appeal to you, then, simply, not to rest in this idea of the divine obligation to you, but remember that the nearer you approach to God, the more grows your own obligation. And remember, also, that this obligation is no something to be worn as a chain. It is the law of your being, and the law of your joy.

#### A Touching Romance.

The following touching story is vouched for as being strictly true by Captain M. C. Wilkinson of this city, who is an intimate friend of Lieut. Reade's, they having served for several years in the same regiment. The San Francisco Bulletin says:

More than a year ago the Bulletin published under the head of a "Charming Romance" one of the truest stories of worthy love and laudable ambition ever told. Briefly related the facts were these: Lieut. Philip Reade, a young army officer, heard in a Topeka church choir a voice so sweet and musical, so tenderly sympathetic, that his soul was touched to know more of the sweet singer. He sought her acquaintance, was introduced, and found a young lady struggling against the hardships of pecuniary misfortune to make headway. She was ambitious to go abroad and study under great masters in the foreign lands of poetry and song. Her genius, her aspiration, and more than all, the nobility of her character and her modest worth found ready admiration in the mind of the young officer. He made her cause his own, and so readily responded to every aspiration of her young life that he pledged his own fortune to enable her to go to Italy and there finish her musical education in the best schools of Florence and Milan. Poor in purse but rich in womanly pride, she declined to accept the gift of so much money. Alone, and with the aid of money she earned in local concerts and private tuition, she visited Boston and further progressed toward the fame she wished to achieve. Her refusal to accept the money increased rather than diminished the young officers' regard for her, and he renewed the offer to aid Minnie Beals, for such was her name, with a proposal of marriage. They were married in New York one morning more than four years ago. At noon on the wedding day the bride sailed for Italy and the husband started for Arizona, where he had been ordered on military duty. frequent letters brought him tidings of her success. Her voice was like a "string of pearls," said one renowned impressario. Time wore on, and she made her debut in the finest theatre of Florence to a dense assemblage of music lovers. Fortune seemed to smile, and she secured an engagement to sing in the leading theatres of Europe. Her singing in Constantinople elicited the highest praise from the press and the populace.

During the past year every letter exchanged between the two referred to the happiness reserved for their reunion. The aim of their lives seem to have been realized, and they had by common consent centered every hope and thought in

expected enjoyment of what had been obtained at the cost of so many sacrifices and the peril of so many adverse chances. She had fixed the date of her departure from Italy next November. Fate fixed it otherwise. A single sentence from a strong man utterly crushed and broken down, concludes the story:

SAN DIEGO, Cal., Sept. 5, 1876.—Minnie Reade died Aug. 24. PHILIP READE. Mrs. Reade died in Paris. Lieutenant Reade has been stationed on the southern border for over a year, in charge of a military telegraph construction party, and is at present in San Diego.

Elder Evans, of the Mount Lebanon (N. Y.) Shakers, sent recently this original note to the Tribune: "I propose that the American government change the Sabbath to any day of the week except the Jewish or Mohammedan Sabbath day. The Pagan Sunday is, of all others, the most improper. As a Shaker, I and my people observe it as a day of rest, as rigidly as any people. As an American citizen, proclaiming liberty of conscience to all mankind, I protest against the sectarian superstition of closing the World's Exposition on Sunday. It is not the true scriptural Sabbath. The government did right in blowing up Hell Gate on the sabbath. Now let the Christian clergy blow up the Gates of Hell, open the World's Exposition, free of expense, to the world's poor, on the remaining Sabbath days. Then we may keep any day, and as many Sabbath days as we please, unmolested. And we—Jews, Quakers, Catholics, Materialists, Atheists, and Protestants—will all unite and keep any day the American government may appoint as a day of rest to man, beast, and cook. F. W. EVANS."

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WINEs,  
LIQUORS,  
& CIGARS.

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W. B. Stevens,

Proprietor.

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That very desirable piece of property in Snohomish City, known as the Riverside Hotel, the oldest hotel in town is now offered for sale. It is elegantly situated, in an excellent state of repair, and yields its proprietor a handsome income. It will be sold, subject to a lease which expires in four years from February next. Apply to

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v1:42

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At the 29th Joaquin County Fair, 1876.

JOHN PIKE, Agent,  
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v1:44.

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Furnished with a BILLIARD TABLE, and the best brands of

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## THE TABLE

Will be supplied with the best that can be obtained in this market

v1:70.

CHARGES REASONABLE.





Nasby.  
CONFIDENTIAL X ROADS,  
WHICH IS IN THE STATE OF KENTUCKY.  
Sept. 22, 1876.  
The depth of wickedness has been soundly by the Abolitionists at last. They have Bob Ingersoll in Illinois, on the stump, shrieking for Hayes, and again our reform candidate, Samyood Tilden. To say I am shocked is to state the state of my feelings mildly. Don't they know that Ingersoll is an infidel? Don't they know that he don't believe in revealed religion? Don't they know that he hasn't no vital piety?  
I told Deekin Pogram of it, and when I explained to him what an infidel he was he was shocked.  
"Wat!" sighed the Deekin, "not believe in religion? Well, I'm d—d! Let's hold a meetin' and protest agin the cuss."

The Deekin's suggestion struck me as being an exceedingly good one, and I determined to act upon it. I had my mail to get thro' with first, and that took me nearly all day. I couldn't stop even to rebook infidelity till I did my biznis, I had received \$1,000 from the New York Comitty to be used in sending voters to Injenny—I had to read two letters from John Morrissey, instructin me how to use the money, and I had to find quarters for an Irish brooser, who had been pardoned out of State's Prison to assist in this comin' campaign, and who had been sent on to show us how to work respecters to the best advantage. Afore I could assist in rebookin Republikin infidelity and castin a stigma on religion I had to get all this out of my way.

I called the meeting at Bascom's, our church not havin bin opened for religious meetings since Johnson went out in 1869. It wuz a lively meetin. When the Corners wuz informed of the impiety and irreligion of this pet of Republikinism there wuz an indignashun manifested that wuz trooly encourridgin. They wuz all convint that ef such a contemner of religion wuz permitted to go loose without rebook there wuz cussid little hope of Republikin institooshens; and after drivin around two or three times we organized, I takin the cheer.

I remarked that it wuz no ordinary occasion that had called us together. Our liberties wuz in danger from the Republikin party, and our religion from the shockin infidelity of one of its chief advocates. We may lose our liberties, but shal we lose our religion?  
"Not by a d—d site!" ejaculated the awjence, ez one man.

I then presented a series of resolooshens, ez follows:—  
Whereas, the Republikin party hev, on the stump, advocatin its heresies, Bob Ingersoll of Illinois; and  
Whereas, Sed Ingersoll is an infidel of the most radical stamp, a man which denies the trooths of holy writ—  
"Wat is Holy Writ?" asked a dozen.

I had to stop and explain to em that Ingersoll wanted to destroy the Bible? Wat'll we have to swear witnesses on in hoss cases?" they indignantly demanded. "Go on! go on! down with the infidel!"  
Whereas, The appearance of such a man on the stump is calculated to outrage the feelings of the Corners, and tare up the bulwarks of society, therefore be it  
Resolved, that the election of Ingersoll and Hendrix is a necessity, and that after this exhibition of infidelity on the part of Ingersoll every Republikin which don't immediately jine us and cast his ballot for Tilden and reform is unworthy of salvashen.

Afore we took a vote on the resolooshens we adjourned to take a drink, and while a takin of it Joe Bigler and Pollock come in. I shuddered when I saw em, for in all the twelve years them car-p-baggers hev been here I never saw em without antissipatin trouble, and I wuz never yet disapintid.

When we came to order agin Josef askt permishun to make a few remarks. He sympathized with the meeting hartily. He knowd Ingersoll, and knowd him to be an infidel and a unbeliever. Feelin that he must add his unworthy testimony agin sich a man and sich doctrines he wood—but if the meetin wanted to hear him they must git away from the bar.  
It took me some time to git em away, for a Louisville drummer for a likker

house happened to come in for a drink, and the entire meetin had gathered around him expectin to be askt to take suthin. It wuz a bitter thing for me to stay away with such an opportunity afore me, but "Dooty first!" is my motto, and I stuck it out.

The Louisville man havin treated the crowd twice, and there bein no show that he would do it agin, they reassembled.

Josef then remarkt that, sympathizin with the objects of the meetin, he had prepared some resolooshens hisself, which he shoold offer, with the remark that ef he wuz interruptid he would to-wunst lick the interrupter out of his boots in less than a mint:—  
Whereas, The Republikin party is lissenin, just now, to Bob Ingersoll, of Illinois, an infidel which denies the trooths of revealed religion, therefore, be it.

Resolved, That Bob Ingersoll, in denyin the divinity of our Saviour, inflict a mortal stab at Democratic party, to which a Saviour is, especially, a necessity.  
Resolved, That Bob Ingersoll, in denyin the divinity of our Saviour, hurts our feelings ez Democrats, ez it wuz for us mostly, that he come into the world and died.

Resolved, That when Bob Ingersoll denies the trooth of one of the holy skripters he denies it all, and when he shakes our faith in the savior of the thet upon the cross he destroys the only hope the averidge Democrat hev in a blessed immortality beyond the grave.  
Resolved, That when Bob Ingersoll denies the necessity of a place of fuchen punishment which shal be eternal it shows that he hev never lived in the Corners, and is therefore ignorant of wat the requirements of the sitooshen really is.

Resolved, That Bob Ingersoll ought to be immediately suppressed.  
These resolooshens, Bigler's and all, wuz passed yomanimously, and we wuz agoin on with other biznis when the Louisville man happenin to come in agin the meetin all rushed to the bar so ez to be in time ef he shoold invite the crowd to another drink. The fool treatin two or three times, it wuz with difficulty I got em back to biznis. I had another resolooshen which I had given to Deekin Pogram to present, but the old saint wuz too much overcome by so much gratootus likker, and he sunk prostrate on the floor, afore he could read a word of em. Then, jist ez Capt. M'Felter wuz about makin some remarks agin the alarmin increase of infidelity in consekence of toleratin sich men ez Ingersoll, the Louisville man assaulted him for pickin his pocket of his handkercher, while at the bar, and the brooser that Morrissey had sent me jinin the skrimmage without knowin where, or wich to strike, the meetin ended in a skrimmage that wreckt Bascom's place. I managed in the row to git the Louisville man's hat and coat, wich he had injoodishusly thrown off, for my share (I shal stamp for Tilden and reform in that coat), and got out to put em away in a safe place.

When I returned the entire meetin wuz snorin soundly on the floor, for they had got at a bar of Bascom's, and it had finished em.  
I writ out the resolooshens denouncin Ingersoll's infidelity on Deekin Pogram's back, for every table wuz bustid, and sent em to Louisville to be published, and went home. It won't do for the Abolitionists to put any infidels on us.  
PETROLEUM V. NASBY,  
Reformer.

THE BAR-ROOM AS A BANK.—You deposit your money—and lose it. Your time—and lose it. Your character—and lose it. Your health—and lose it. Your strength—and lose it. Your manly independence—and lose it. Your self-control—and lose it. Your home comfort—and lose it. Your wife's happiness—and lose it. Your children's happiness—and lose it. Your own soul—and lose it.

The Astorian estimates the present population of Astoria at 2,000, says next year (including Chinese) there will be 5,000, and in three or four years longer she will have a population of eight or ten thousand. We hope the prophecy may be fulfilled.

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v1 n24

JOE JEFFERSON AND "SCHNEIDER."—Story goes, that Jefferson went to a bank to cash a check—during the long run of Rip Van Winkle—and the bank officially demanded that he should be identified.

“Why,” said Joe, “I’m Jefferson, playing at Booth’s.”  
That may be,” returned the cautious clerk; “but I’ve seen Rip many a time, and it seems hardly possible you are the man; anyway you must get some one who knows you.”

Jefferson took against a post in the peculiar, forsaken air of the returned sleeper and said in the words of Rip: “If my toz Schneider was here he would know me.”

“Pay that check,” cried the cashier. “No one but Joseph Jefferson has that heart-breaking voice or could utter those words in that way.”

And thus an allusion to the dear old unseen dog that never existed, except in Jefferson’s imagination, saved him a deal of trouble.

Abstract remarks by Mary Clemmer, perhaps from concrete inspirations: “For did you ever see a man so holy, so learned, or so lofty, that he was not exhilarated by the praises of a pretty woman? Ministers, as a lot, are a conceited set, and take on the most insufferable airs of condescension to women; yet there is no other class in the world who subsist so utterly upon the support of women—mental, moral, emotional, material. In fact, women have supported them ever since the world was made, and probably will to the end of it, and it is women who have made them the conceited and arrogant creatures they are.”

Scene in a telegraph office at Vienna. An operator takes out his watch, and yawning, says:—“Too bad I cannot go to the concert to night.” “Why not?” asks a companion. “I am waiting for the dispatches from Belgrade, and they generally don’t turn up till about midnight.” The other operator thinks a moment and then, with a gleam of light in his eyes he says:—“Have you received the Constantinople dispatches?” “Yes,” rejoins operator No. 1. “Well just write out precisely to the contrary, and go to your concert.”

Says the Walla Walla Union of last Saturday: “During the week James W. Foster has been engaged in hauling wagon loads of grapes from his ranch on the foot of the mountains to Frank Orselli’s place in town. One load we noticed consisted of 2,510 pounds of grapes thrown loosely into a wagon bed. The grapes are unloaded with a pitchfork. This mode of hauling grapes is the common practice in California, but is a new thing here. Mr. Orselli is converting the grapes into wine.”

The semi scientists who are condemning Professor Huxley’s cowardice in hitting Moses over the shoulders of Milton seem, as the New York Nation has pointed out, to have missed the humor of the controversy. It is not probable that professor Huxley intended seriously to demolish “Paradise Lost,” but he may have intended to imply that the Mosaic account of the creation was as purely a work of imagination as Milton’s great poem.

Israel Washburn, who died recently at Livermore, Maine, aged nearly 93, was the father of a famous family. Israel, the eldest, is ex-Governor of Maine; Elihu, the second, is Minister at Paris; C. C. the third, served ten years in Congress, and is ex-Governor of Wisconsin; a fourth has, for a long time, been Minister to Paraguay; another is prominent in Minnesota politics, while two others are less known citizens of Maine.

Norwich Bulletin: A Preston man was very angry on going home the other night, to find that his wife had lent the only Bible in the house. He said it was a disgrace that in this period of Christian enlightenment a family should have only one copy of the Bible. It seems he wanted to decide a bet as to whether it was Paul or Cephas who said “Consistency, thou art a jewel.”

Seabeck has launched her new ship, the largest ever built on the Pacific coast. It is of 1500 tons, carpenter’s measurement. *Cassandra Adams* is the name given the craft.

## W. H. Pumphrey,

SEATTLE, W. T.

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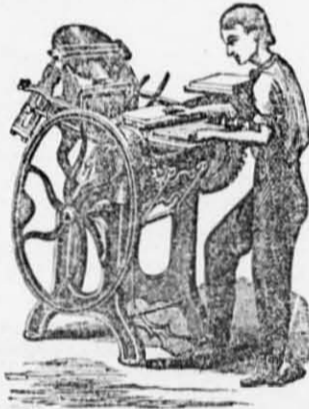
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It runs easy and quiet. Has no cams for shuttle motion. Has no springs to get out of order. The needle is set correctly without screw-driver, or tool of any kind. It can be cleaned or oiled without lifting from the table; and the best thing of all, it has Perfect Self Adjustable Tensions. Call and examine this Machine before buying elsewhere. v1n8,6m. BENJ. VINCENT.

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING OPENED A

New Blacksmith Shop, AT

Snohomish City, Washington Territory,

IS READY TO DO

ALL KINDS OF LOGGERS AND FARMERS WORK IN HIS LINE.

WITH NEATNESS AND Dispatch.

SHOP IS BACK OF MARK'S SALOON.

Call and see my work.

L. HANSEN. v1n26.

**DOLLY VARDEN SALOON**

FRONT STREET, NEAR THE PAVILION SEATTLE, W. T.

**At the DOLLY VARDEN** WINES, LIQUORS, BEER AND CIGARS,

Of the BEST QUALITY, will always be served to our customers.

**CUTTER'S OLD BOURBON WHISKEY**

AND THE BEST CIGARS IN SEATTLE, Are the specialties at this house.

**SMITH & JEWETT.** Proprietors.

v14

E. SHONE.

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**RIVER SIDE HOTEL!**

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,

Shone Brothers

Having recently leased this convenient and well known Hotel

Building, for a Term of Years and refitted it in good style, beg leave to inform the community that they are now prepared to accommodate the public. They propose keeping a strictly

**First Class Hotel.**

The Table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

FIRST QUALITY OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS ALWAYS ON HAND

Every attention will be shown for the convenience of the patrons' This House.

v15

**NEW STORE**

For the Exclusive Sale of

**BOOTS AND SHOES!**

The largest and best selected stock North of San Francisco

Have personally superintended the manufacture of our splendid stock. Shall keep an extensive stock of goods of the BEST EASTERN MAKE.

Boots specially made for Loggers and Farmers, from the Celebrated house of

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All goods warranted, and sold at San Francisco prices,

AT THE STORE FORMERLY OCCUPIED BY J. L. JAMIESON, ON

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**ELLIOT M. BEST & CO.**

v141

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Stores Pumps iron and Lead Pipe.

All job work pertaining to the business done in a workman-like manner.

ORDERS FROM ABROAD Receive Prompt Attention.

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**Wm. H. WARD, BLACKSMITH.**

One Door West of Snohomish Exchange.

SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.

All orders received at this shop will be attended to with neatness and dispatch.

FARMERS WILL BEAR IN MIND THAT IN ORDER TO GET ONE OF THE

Improved horse Hay Forks

They must leave their orders in time.

All tools used in Logging Camps made to order, and as cheap as can be got on the Sound. v1n1

**A Sermon Preached by the Microscope.**

The mineral polishing powder lately brought into use under the name of electro-silicon consists, as shown by the microscope, entirely of silicon or flint shell of the *Diatomaceae*, species *epiliscus*, each shell being a flat disk. We recently measured their diameters and found them to average 1/20000th inch, while the thickness was 1/8000th inch. Therefore, when piled up like coin (and in this way they appear in the mineral,) 8,000 of these are one inch thick; while a square inch can contain more than 2000x2000, or over 4,000,000 such disks; and the number present in every cubic inch is thus more than 8000x4,000,000, or over 32,000,000,000. When we consider that the thickness of the deposit in Nevada, where this mineral is found, is reckoned in hundreds of feet, and the length by hundreds of miles, we can only be struck by the immensity of the organic creative power with which the atoms of matter are endowed, a power which forms these atom-like objects, in regular shape and in numbers to be counted, not by millions of millions, but by countless myriads. Not this alone but this power also ornaments most of the species in the most tasteful and intricate manner; an ornamentation which is revealed only by the most powerful microscope.

When we were once visiting the cathedral of Strasbourg, Germany, an architect in our company made the remark that the artisans who cut the ornamental stones had expended just as much care in giving the utmost finish to the highest parts at the top of the spire, where scarcely ever any one had a chance to admire their admirable workmanship, as to every part of the cathedral below, where it is daily seen by the worshippers. "But," said our friend, "those men labored not so much for their wages as they do now a days (often trying to cheat in the value of their work when they have a chance); but in those good old times, every artisan labored for the glory of God; it was a species of religious enthusiasm which induced them to finish their work there as conscientiously as anywhere else, although it could only be seen by God."

Considering the discoveries of the exquisite ornamental finish of those little objects belonging to the hundreds of species of *diatomaceae*, what is more natural than that the religious enthusiasm of the medieval church builders is taking hold of the microscopists of our day, who really are enabled to see what God wrought thousands of centuries before it could be seen by any human creature? And these wonders have waited through all these ages before the fact could be appreciated and acknowledged; that the creative power is infinitely great, even in the infinitely small.—*Scientific American.*

**A MOSLEM BURYING GROUND.**—As we travel on, by and by the railroad skirts a Moslem burying ground, and such should you see would you have an impression of a barrenness beside which the desert looks fertile, and image of absolute death, with no suggestion of further life of spirit or matter, hopeless as eternity is long and petrifying your spirit as you gaze. There is not one blade of grass, nor a flower, tree or shrub; no wreath, no ornament, symbol of remembrance and affection of surviving friend; no beautiful design in marble; no gracefully outlined stone to mask the ugly skeleton of death; no reverent or loving inscription. All that you see is a wide field baked under the burning sun, with no color of earth or stone but the dead gray of ashes. The tombs, which are a low pile of stone and mortar, from either end of which arises a low, rough-hewn, upright stone, looks as if the great army and "innumerable procession" of the dead had indeed here pitched their everlasting tents in an eternal desert, and death has built himself a fitting throne upon this ashy, livid, colorless plain. In the near distance we discern the minaret of a neighboring mosque; and, beyond a solitary palm tree lifts its broad leaves high toward heaven as if its lonely color were seeking sympathy with the blue above.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

The best thing written is what makes another fellow use his scissors and say, "I wish I had said it."

**The Rifle Trophy.**

The following is a description of the Trophy for which the riflemen of the world have been shooting:

The trophy is well named, for it is strictly such. Its form was suggested by the old Roman standard, and its materials are iron, copper, silver and gold. The standard is of iron, seven and a half feet high. On this is an iron banner inlaid with gold tracery, over which are the words in silver, "In the name of the United States of America to the Riflemen of the World." The gold tracery is flush with the iron, and the silver lettering is raised. This banner is suspended from a bundle of copper rods, emblematic of unity. Above the rods is a bar of iron, bordered with copper, on which is the word "Palma" in raised silver letters. Overlying this inscription is a large silver wreath, and the whole is surmounted by a burnished copper eagle. On the banner is a chain of silver wreaths, each surrounding a copper medallion, on which the name of the winning team will be inscribed from year to year. The shaft of the banner is of iron, with copper fillets, and the banner is entirely surrounded with a raised scroll border, in gold, which is inlaid with gold fringe. The back of the banner is covered with monograms of the letters "U. S." The trophy must be seen to be appreciated, for it is of elegant workmanship. It surpasses in workmanship and design the Elcho shield, and is worthy to be the great national trophy.

**Py Shiminy! Ish Dot So?**

There is doubtless such a thing as excessive promptness in emergencies. Presence of mind and determination are admirable qualities in themselves, but it sometimes happens that a decision made upon the spur of the moment is regretted upon a more deliberate survey of the field. This remorse seems to have overtaken lately a worthy Dutchman of Anada county, Minnesota. The Dutchman was seeking to reach a town at some distance from Sauk Centre, and to accomplish this must drive over the prairie to the latter town. He was unaccustomed to the road and night overtook him with his vehicle fast in a slough and no town in sight. He sought the solitary farm house visible and asked permission to stay till morning, the farmer telling the traveler, however, that it would be necessary, for him to sleep with the children or with the farmer himself, as their accommodations were limited. Quick as lightning the Dutchman expressed his resolution not to sleep with the "bodderation shiltren;" so he slept with the farmer. The rest of the story may be given in his own language:

"Vell, in der mornin', ven we come mit the sthars down, I see two girls about seventeen and nineteen years old, und I asked the old man: 'Pees dem girls die shiltren you told me apout?' und he say 'yaw: dem ish mine only shiltren!' und I say to myself, py shiminy! ish dot so?"

The richest lead mines found in America have been discovered near Baxter Springs, Kansas.

The long life of Jim Mace proves the Darwin theory of "The survival of the fittest."

**National Business College.**

—10—

EDUCATES THOROUGHLY FOR BUSINESS.

Receives students any week-day of the year. State of advancement not material.

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**CENTRAL HOTEL.**

*Situated at the head of Union Wharf.*

Port Townsend - - - W. T.

This new and elegant hotel contains 30 rooms, possessing all the appointments of a **FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.**

Its bar is supplied with the best of WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. There is a first class Billiard Table and Reading Room in the Hotel. Nothing will be left undone to make this Hotel second to none in the Territory.

**DODD & PUGH.**

v1:35

**JOHN H. HILTON, BUTCHER.**

Market on Union Avenue, East wing of Blue Eagle Building, SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.

Will endeavor to supply the community with the best quality of

FRESH MEATS.

All orders left in my absence will be promptly attended to.

Logging Camps Supplied.

v1:20

**TAKE NOTICE.**

That the tax roll of Snohomish county, Washington Territory, are now in my hands, and I am now ready to receive taxes thereon. All parties not paying before the first of January 1877, will have to pay 10 per cent additional thereon.

T. F. MARKS, Treasurer.

**The Olympia Transcript.**

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**For Sale.**

150 acres of good land lying near the mouth of the Skykomish River, with 15 acres cleared and 75 bearing fruit trees, for sale at a bargain. For further particulars enquire of

W. H. WALE, or M. W. PACKARD.

v1:n34

**NEW BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.**

**JOHN L. JAMIESON,**

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**School and Miscellaneous Books,**

STATIONERY, CUTLERY—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS,

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Subscriptions solicited for all San Francisco and Eastern Papers and Periodicals

All orders will receive prompt attention.

v1:n3

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DEALERS IN

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Our Stock Consists of

Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps, & Under Clothing of all kinds.

We sell the best goods for the least money of any place on the Sound.

Give us a Call.

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