



"The Times" Pulpit.

TWO NOTABLE DISCOURSES PREACHED ON LAST SUNDAY—REWARD AND PUNISHMENT—RATIONALISM AND UNBELIEF.

REWARD AND PUNISHMENT.  
DISCOURSE BY PROF. DAVID SWING.

Prof. Swing delivered the following discourse at McKicker's theatre, on Sunday forenoon, before a very large audience:

Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God, and keep His commandments; for this is the whole duty of man.

For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good, or whether it be evil. Ecclesiastes xii, 13, 14.

That man should have been created with the power to do wrong seems at once the chief enigma in the question of evil. The power and the bad use of it being in the world as a fact, nothing remains but for us to find in it what of philosophy we may. Our theme shall be reward and punishment, but before we come to its discussion let us observe hastily the possible reasons why man was permitted to possess the power to do any wrong. So far as we can look into the nature of a moral being, it would seem that the power to do wrong is involved in the very idea of a moral being. The Creator Himself must possess the power to do wrong. The bible speaks of angels that kept not their first estate. In the qualities that go to make up a rational being, one must reckon freedom of the will, and this implied the liberty of transgression. The power of choosing good must be the great source of human and angelic happiness. A virtue forced upon man or invariably inborn and immovable would bring little nobleness or happiness compared with a virtue resulting from intellectual and spiritual effort and power. While self-conceit is one of the most forlorn and ridiculous of all weaknesses, on the contrary self-love is one of the noblest sentiments. To be seeking a path of action that will bring on a consciousness of loving God and man and the right is a form of self-love that yields daily its fruits of blessedness. It is a blessed thing when one had the power of sinning and declined its use. Had the power to injure one's neighbor and instead blessed him and made him happier. In a machine-like worked by some outside force, there could be little cause of pleasure. Man never feels proud of the fact that his blood flows outward through arteries and inward through veins, nor that his pulse beats so many times to the minute, because he feels that nature, coming along with its inevitable method, arranged this; but with pride he will show you his paintings or publish his literature or will point you to his house or farm, because these are places where his own labor and choice became embodied. The learned man answers questions with delight because each branch in his field has been studied and the mastery of the province is the reward of his long and patient toil. This pleasure does not spring from vanity but the relation of the soul to its work. The mother is proud of noble children, not with the pride of an egotist, but with the joy of a soul that perceives the relation of self to the valuable works of self. When the natural happens upon some specimen in some class, he smiles with childish delight, because the detection of the new individual comes from his long labor in a special field. His toil finds this a reward. Thus in morals. When a mind in the midst of the world's temptation has built up a strong and delicate sense of honor, it enjoys a consciousness of a personal worth and work that would never come in a world where virtue was involuntary like the circulation of the blood. The reflection that between two paths the heart selected the path to the right and deliberately rejected the path of wickedness makes up a noble consciousness without which there could be no moral character worth the possessing. Into the idea of man, of angel, of God, there enters the idea of ability to do the right or the wrong. From the wise exercise of that power comes the great character. Morality assumes the possibility of sin. Thus it would seem impossible to have an intelligent moral

world without there being within it in some shape the problem of evil. Free will is a great element in manhood.

We need not bestow now any more time upon this branch of our thought. The fact stands that right is in the world to be done, and wrong is in the world to be avoided; and it is in doing the right and in shunning the wrong the soul is developed and fitted for earth and heaven.

Such being the fact, the Creator has come to the help of the will by His making wrong carry within itself a calamity that frightens the heart away. As the breakers' roar that in the night the vessel may turn away and sail toward the deep waters so the life of sin is full of noise and distress that the heart may be warned before it comes into the great gulf. With many virtue is a beauty that allures, but to all punishment for transgression is a power that alarms, and hence its tumult is in religion like the roar of the breakers to the sailing ship. Punishment possesses two influences—the one upon the person who sins, and the other upon those who are standing where the two paths diverge and are not fully resolved which path to take. The voice of virtue that attracts and the voice of punishment that warns are both powerful and lawful voices in the world of religion, and are to be suffered forever to speak right on. He who makes religion all love to all does man a great injustice, and he who makes religion full of the terrible has again done great wrong to society. Neither the individual nor society can endure any departure from justice on the side of too much forgiveness or too much punishment. A heaven open to every kind of character and a hell not founded upon reason are ideas full of injury to public and individual morality. There is no principle more valuable than that of simple justice. It must obtain as between man and man and God and man. Any deviation from justice on the side of leniency and love weakens at least the moral sense, and makes man weak in principle, and any deviation from justice on the side of punishment makes man timid and cowardly and slavish. Out of an over development of love would come at last an age of unbridled passion. The calamity of nations begins when they begin to pass by the sins and vices of their leading men. When David and Solomon and Belshazzar and the later Caesars began to forgive vice, then their nations begin to sink, not because their money is wasted by plunderers, but because their public morals have no guides nor motives, no energy. The new generations come up without compact minds and hearts, come up in the shape of idlers and libertines. A nation can afford to be poor, but cannot afford to produce idle and languishing young men. The Netherlands were poor, and so were the colonies, but they were rich in the sentiments of honor and justice. The sentimental leniency of an age is more fatal to the public mind than it is to the national treasury. A new tax levy might restore stolen gold, but there is no method by which a tax could be levied to restore stolen energy. The decay of justice has no doubt been the great fact that has preceded the ruin of nations, and from this source we may fear most for the future of our own land. The moderation of its government, the slowness with which it pursues offenders, the many instances in which it overtakes them, the lightness of the penalty that follows conviction, the swiftness of the pardon that follows the sentence, have all been conspiring for a half-century to disintegrate and destroy the rugged character left upon this continent when the smoke of the battles of liberty first cleared away. But look at all the history of man and mark that the license of the human mind has always preceded the ruin of the empire or state. That condition of moral philosophy and practice which gave the world the French revolution and the commune, and which offered our country free-loveism a few years since, a gift which we had not yet fallen low enough to accept, is a philosophy which abolishes the idea of hell from religion and, if espoused, will work the same havoc in the sanctuary that it wrought in the domestic life of France or in the palaces of old Rome and Baby-

lon. Religion is a shape of human life. Man is a political and social and religious creature, and justice is the atmosphere he must breathe in the midst of these political and social and religious things. It is the temperance at the great feast, keeping him from dying of famine or dying of gluttony. The moment justice is forgotten the doors of home and state and church may be closed, for the great occupant has ceased to go in and out, the door-sill remains to be crawled over by moral lazaroni or imbeciles. Right and wrong may indeed be great mysteries in their deepest analysis, and that God should have made man capable of falling into the wrong may be a greater mystery still; but the fact remains that in the midst of this great discrimination between good and bad, right and wrong, the character of man is formed, and even the beauty of God Himself seems to spring up from the fact that His throne is founded upon righteousness. He is called cultured who perceives the delicate beauty in the airs or in nature or literature; who can almost weep for joy amid the unfolding beauties of spring, but the world always reserves its highest words of praise for the cultured soul that perceives the import and whole beauty of justice. From the sudden ruins that have overtaken all men and all nations that have defied it, and from the glory of God that springs out of it, we may well conclude that there is a moral splendor in this quality of mind which our poor eyes have not yet seen in the dark atmosphere of this world. As we are so far away from the planets that they only twinkle as little lamps, and are called by the poets "drops of light," and as, could we approach them, we should see worlds more beautiful than our own, so by practice and by nature and by insensibility we stand so far away from justice or righteousness that in our heavens it twinkles only in a cold sky; but could we go nearer what a stupendous world of beauty would lie before our tearful eyes. In presence of that world which would seem a great white throne one sorrow would fill the heart—that we had known our duty and had done it not.

If, my friends, you will follow further this line of thought you will feel what utter ruin will come to religion when any use shall rob it of the idea that punishment, both here and hereafter, must follow sin. There are minds which have come to such a condition, or have been born into such a condition, that they need say little or even think little of the punishment that will follow sin. They have ceased to sin willingly. The great quantity of their thought flows along the channel of hope and peace and happiness. But the vast majority of us all still need the impulse found in the idea that punishment will follow sin. For the most part you are all allured by the beauty of the good, but there are hours when the ruins that sin brings should be before the mind in all their solemnity. Not only should we look to the reward of virtue, but it will be no cowardice or weakness in us if we confess that we are unwilling to risk the sorrow of transgression. The heroism that can face the guns in the field of honorable war is commendable; and all bravery along true paths is a beautiful feature in the soul, but when it comes to facing the results of sin, facing a God whose beneficent laws one has willfully broken, there is no heroism in the act. Such courage is a deformity compared with the kneeling heart, saying, "Lord be merciful to me a sinner." Around all, however much they may wish to be allured by heaven rather than driven by hell, there may be heard the voice of punishment saying "Come not here." About two years ago a venerable clergyman wrote to me a letter of religion, and among other things said: "The great doctrine to be held firmly is that of reward and punishment." No truer or more useful words can sink into the hearts of any who carry or preach the Christian religion. That religion must help or compel society to walk in that great discrimination of right and wrong which makes up the happiness and character of men and God. Punishment is not a devil but an angel in religion.

Let us come now to the second part of our theme. I asked you to believe that

society cannot endure a politics or a religion of unbounded license or forgiveness or love, and neither can it prosper under an idea of punishment excessive, unavoidable, mysterious. Let us think of punishment as a valuable element in religion I did not mean the perdition defined by Dante or Milton or by the church. The word should indicate the just punishment of sin here and hereafter. The old idea may have done good in its day, but is no longer capable of usefulness. There is a form of punishment that defeats the ends of justice. When a bloody despot occupies a throne, a Nero or a Torquemada, dealing out the most cruel tortures for the least offense, the result never comes in the form of noble, reformed citizens, but in the form of either assassins, or scoundrels, or broken-down, tumbling men and women. The lash of the slave-driver never made men, but broke down the spirit of those who might have become men. As, according to Mr. Buckle, the inhabitants of earthquake lands in South America build no good houses, and spring up and rush forth from their mud huts on any alarm in the night, and at last become children of cowardice, so a political despotism like the inquisition or the empire of old Russia in the days of the knout and Siberia never made noble citizens, but either men of dark treason or of broken hearts. Punishment, in order to be useful as to the offender and as to the spectator, must be just. It must be such that one may escape it by simply doing his duty. This is the idea of punishment that becomes useful in the home and state. Hence this is the only doctrine of hell that can hold true or be useful in religion. The idea of a hell in which a soul must burn eternally on account of the sin of a man of whom it never perhaps so much as heard, the idea of a torment that should take eternal possession of a mind that had not been baptized, the idea that God will pursue with infinite wrath forever the soul that did not see God as clearly in the days of the flood as Chalmers or Know saw Him in the Christian era, the idea of a punishment that condemns the "mere moralist" to the anguish that should descend upon murderers and hypocrites, is a view of punishment that made trembling slaves of the Catholics and Protestants who once held it, and makes infidels of those who in our century must choose between it and unbelief. Few things have injured Christianity so much as the act that the church has tried to carry along through our age a hell that had in it not the least element of justice. Out of the discrimination of right and wrong we have declared that great characters are made. The perception of the good and the true has always educated man more than has the perception of the beautiful. In the face of this most obvious fact of human nature the church has too long and too widely placed before man a heaven into which mean men could pass by ceremony and a hell from which perhaps moral men and kind men and some infants could not possibly escape. Representing for the whole world the ideas of right and wrong, the Christian church should long since have hastened to throw aside edifications of heaven and hell that instead of teaching the ideas of rewards and punishments made eternal happiness and eternal sorrow turn upon contingencies incredible or monstrous.

In order to purify the doctrine of the church and to check the infidelity that is springing from the follies of the theologians it was or is necessary only to break away from the figurative language of an old figurative age and from the pictures of Dante and Milton and from the terrific scenery that gave us the Catholic terrorism and the inquisition and to found a new heaven and a new perdition upon the fundamental words of Jesus Christ. In the summons of Christ (and remember from Christ comes Christianity) there are found a heaven and a hell which reason may daily ponder upon without finding anything in them except the whiteness of truth. The curses of this Christ fall upon hypocrites and all the consciously wicked, and His infinite love falls like tears of mercy upon all who are faithful to the laws of God,

Hear His words and behold the bad sinking and the good rising:

19. Whosoever therefore shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven; but whosoever shall do and teach them, the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.

20. For I say unto you, that except your righteousness exceed the Scribes and Pharisees, ye shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.

In his great inspired vision St. John saw this Founder of the Christian religion revisit earth for the last time. He uttered the final words the deepest truth of his church, truth was to pervade all the centuries to come between Bethlehem and the final judgment. What were these words? Were they full of fatalism, or injustice, or caprice? Oh, no! they hold in their solemn depths a heaven and a hell which command reason to bow as in the presence of a thrilling truth:

10. And he saith unto me, Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book, for the time is at hand.

11. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still; and he that is holy, let him be holy still.

12. And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

13. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last.

14. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.

Thus the holy book was closed, and we want no Roman church, and no Dante, and no Milton, and no Puritanism, no Calvinism to come with the brain wild with figures and fit and injustice, with the heat not with passion toward enemies or timid with self-congratulation, and re-open this book and insert a future world whose gates admit the dishonest to paradise and consign the moral to eternal torments.

Neither dare we welcome a religion of unbounded love and permit it to tear open the sealed book and erase the awful destiny of the unjust. This wicked world and good world cannot part with the religion that rewards here and hereafter the faithful and punishes here and hereafter the wicked. We need a heaven easy of access to those who seek it by the obedience of God, and we need a sorrow of wide open gates for those who trample under foot that jewel of earth and heaven called the right. Out of the right every state draws its value, each man his honor, each child its protection, each home its peace; and hence over those who trample the right under foot there must be seen rising a storm of punishment. The great ruins sin has wrought in the world of government point out what it is doing in the individual soul. A nation is only a soul so enlarged that its life covers centuries, its cradle becomes not a little bed which a mother can rock with her foot, but a peninsula like Greece, or a vast domain like Asia or old Rome. A nation is a man a thousand years old, whose cradle and grave cover a continent. In the fate of nations read the destiny of the wicked soul. All the tottering ruins where lixars sleep and owls hoot only tell us what sorrows overtook the Herods, the Pilates, the Aspasias, and Borgias when the blaze of their sin had burnt out the fuel of these brief years. All history of nations and individuals, the written history of the past, the unwritten memoirs of men and women, of many just dead or dying, tell us that the angel of love and joy does not fly across the universe any more surely than flies the dark figure of Nemesis, that daughter of night, carrying in one hand a scourge, in the other the balances of justice. But this Nemesis is not an angel of revenge or blind anger, but according to the oldest poets was the emblem of conscience after the soul had sinned. It was painted as a beautiful and crowned angel moving on a sublime errand, that of punishing the guilty and thus of leading the human family to love those ways that are pleasant and those paths that are peace.

(concluded on third page.)

Of the final shape to be assumed by rewards and punishments we know little. But we need not know more. As in youth we go to school each day and study faithfully, not reading the future, not knowing whether the bar or the pulpit or the path of business will ask for our mind and heart, and as in our childhood days we know not where our home shall be, whether by the Hudson or the Mississippi or by ocean or lake, and as we know not what friends will stand nearest us in far-off future days, but in our ignorance move on until time slowly evolves the plan of God, so as to the greater future beyond the tomb we must clasp the present to our heart and thus walk on and on waiting for the flowing stream of time to carry us to the great sea. As to the laughing babe, at last old age comes with snow-white hair, so to us all here to-day in health and in ignorance of the future the great eternity will come at last telling us all its joy and sorrow in words never to be recalled.

**What Will He Become?**

This question is often asked by parents in regard to their sons, and by the friends of many young men; and, although there is no rule for ascertaining, we may get some idea of what a young man will become by observing his actions and works.

Solomon said, many centuries ago, that "even a child is known by his work, whether it be good or evil." Therefore, when you see a boy slow to go to school, indifferent about learning, and glad of every opportunity to neglect his lessons, you may take it for granted that he will be a blockhead.

When you see a boy anxious to spend money, and who spends every cent as soon as he gets it, you may know that he will be a spendthrift.

When you see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a miser.

When you see a boy willing to take strong drink, you may rightly suppose that he will become a drunkard.

When a boy is disrespectful to his parents, disobedient to his teacher, and unkind to his friends and playmates, it is a sign that he will never be of much account.

When you see a boy looking out for himself, and unwilling to share good things with others, it is a sign that he will grow up a selfish man.

When you see a boy punctual at school, attentive to his lessons, eager for advancement, and respectful to all with whom he is brought into contact, you may be certain that he is forming good habits, and cannot fail of becoming a man of influence.

He never touched a bit of warm sugar all through the evening, because he said it did not agree with him, and yet when he bid her adieu at the door of her home, he bore away on his lips an unmistakable flavor of maple, and it is no body's business how it came there.

They say that at the centennial ball in Frisco a gentleman presented an apple to a lady who was in very undress uniform, with the remark: "As I see, madam, you came as Eve, permit me to complete your costume."

Esquimaux theologians reverse heaven and hell, placing the penitent and saved in a sheltered world underground, and keeping the sinners above, where they are frozen.

The elopement of a man with his mother-in-law is reported from Lansing, Mich. Thus does a new danger threaten conjugal happiness.

"Why, Mary Ann, what in the world are you doing with the scissors?" "Sure you told me to scallop the oysters."

All the pretty 16-year-olds are getting mad at seeing so much in the papers about the women of seventy-six.

The woman of work sweeps everything before her: the woman of fashion sweeps everything behind her.

A young lady down East advertises for the young man that "embraced an opportunity," and says if he will come over to their town he can do better.

**My Home.**  
 'Tis not where gilded splendor  
 Bedecks the costly walls,  
 Nor where bright, polished marble  
 Is laid upon the halls;  
 But where are jewels brighter  
 Than aught of earth or sea,  
 For there hearts fond and gentle  
 Beat ever true for me.  
 Only an humble cottage,  
 Far from the city's din,  
 Around which, blooms sweet roses,  
 And roses bloom within;  
 There dwell my priceless treasures  
 In pure affection warm,  
 And there in life's rude battle  
 I harbor from the storm.

**Religious Excitement and Insanity.**

Since the report has gone forth that Moody's meetings in the New York Hippodrome drove eight persons into insanity, the *Pittsburg Commercial* has taken the pains to summarize from the annual report of the Massachusetts State Insane Asylum, prepared by Dr. Woodward, the Superintendent, the statistical statements of the number of patients in that institution made insane from different causes. It appears from this table that intemperance is the most ordinary cause of insanity. But the next most prolific cause of insanity is "religious revivals" or excitement. In ten years, from 1833 to 1843, there were more made insane from intemperance than religion. But during the last named year, a remarkable one for "revivals," something similar to the present year, there were more than double the number driven to insanity by religion than intemperance, the ratio from the table being, intemperance, six and one fourth per cent; religion, twelve and three-fourths per cent. In the same report there is a table showing the causes of insanity in ten different asylums in the United States. In several of these, religion was more fruitful than intemperance. In the Hartford Asylum, Connecticut, in 1836, there were insane from intemperance, 103, and from religion, 110. In the Ohio Asylum, in the same year, there were 32 cases of insanity resulting from intemperance, and 45 from religion. In the Bloomingdale Asylum the rates were, intemperance, 19; religion, 14. In ten Asylums, of the whole number of patients, 374 were insane by religious excitement, and 90 suicides were attributed to the same cause. The probability is, however, that none of these persons had well balanced minds, the revivals not being to blame, but the feeble intellect giving way under them.

We do not believe this last statement. If the writer means that "the feeble intellect" gives way under a vague, mysterious and indefinable system of religion, that the teaching is so involved and tortuous that instead of presenting clear conceptions of truth, it only serves to darken counsel, we agree with him. But if, as the Scriptures assert, "the way is so plain that wayfaring men, though simpletons, shall not err therein," we cannot believe that the feeblest mind can be driven into insanity. To take such a position is in effect to assert that the plan of salvation is inadequate to the spiritual wants of man, as well as positive stultification of the doctrine of Christ. Strange, indeed, that He who came into the world to clothe men in their right minds, should be the direct cause of unsettling their minds, and a consequence sending them to lunatic asylums. We don't believe a word of it. Rather, we are led to believe that it is a "feeble" religion, a perverted religion, an imbecile religion, a superstitious, fanatical religion that unsettles the minds of the weak and ignorant, and fills our almshouses and asylums. Intemperance and an intemperate, intoxicating religion set men and women crazy and unbalance their intellectual powers.—*Wadsworth Enterprise.*  
 Berlin University has 400 distinct lecture courses. Cambridge has 2500 students; Leipsic has 3,000; Yale, 1051; Harvard, 1278.

There was a very rough young man, whom Sankey saw staring around at the close of the meetings, and kindly asked, "Young man, are you looking for salvation?" "No" was the reply, "I am looking for Sal Jackson." Let us sing a hymn, said Sankey.

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CENTENNIAL!! 1776. 1876.

Celebration of the Fourth of July of 1876 at Snohomish City. There will be a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music on the evening of July 3rd...

The literary exercises will consist of reading of the Declaration of Independence, an Oration, appropriate music and other exercises.

E. Morse Esq. was appointed Centennial Historian to write up the history of this county.

The exercises will close with a grand ball at the River Side Hotel under the able management of the Stone Brothers.

Arrangements have been made with Capt. Hill, of the steamer Fanny Lake to leave Seattle July 2d, for Mukilteo, Tulalip, and the Stillaguamish region stopping over night at Centreville...

Fuller printed programme will be distributed next week.

Per Order Centennial Com. BENJ. STRETCH, A. C. FOISON, W. H. WARD, E. C. FRAGGON, E. MORSE, I. CATREANT, HUGH ROSS.

Prof. Huxley Coming to America.

Whether the ships that sail this spring and summer bear such numbers as have been anticipated by the Philadelphians or not, I am happy to say that one of them will bear a visitor whom some among us will regard as a host in himself.

tion of an extinct saurian. Prof. Huxley stated that only one or two bones of the said saurian had ever been discovered, but learned soon after that at the very time when he was stating this he knew of more than 10 complete fossil skeletons of the animal in question existed in the Yale museum!

The Mystery of the Clouds.

The rain wonder has now reached three continents, and done much damage in each, destroyed many lives in Europe and India. On many accounts the season is noteworthy: First, in the quantity of rain, which, since June 23th, the period when it commenced, has exceeded all precedent.

Precocity of some Great Writers.

Milton had written a considerable amount of verse prior to his eighteenth year; Abraham Crowley's "Pyramus and Thisbe" was written at ten, his "Constantia and Philetus" at twelve; and these and other "poetical blossoms" were published when he was fifteen.

An inebriate fell and struck his nose against a barber's pole. On being raised from the ground, he asked: "What's zat woman wi' striped stockings on got agin me?"

If a man wants to know what "true inwardness" means, let him try some early cucumbers.

A lively urchin accosted a drug store man the other day: "Mister, please give me a stick of licorice, your clerk goes with my sister."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Washington Correspondence.

MONDAY STAR.

The 14th of April was a notable day for Capitol Hill. By a singular coincidence it was Good Friday, and the exact anniversary of President Lincoln's assassination, eleven years ago.

Congress, besides furnishing the pedestal, made the day a holiday, and all the Departments were closed.

Rain fell in the morning, and many regrets were expressed that the weather should not be favorable for the expected procession, and subsequent ceremonial at Lincoln Park; but it proved to be not much more than an April shower or two, and all went off very successfully.

As early as 10 o'clock, the procession began to form on K street. It passed in review at the White House, and thence by Pennsylvania avenue to the Park, which is one mile directly east of the Capitol.

In this Park or square, it was proposed by the original designers of the embellishments of the city—Washington, Jefferson and others,—to erect a Historic Column, which was also to serve as a mile or itinerary column, from which should be calculated distances—a sort of hub, with spokes of distance radiating in every direction, and which would have extended in some directions, certainly, far beyond their remotest imaginings.

Whatever may be the disregard hitherto of these plans and suggestions of the founders of our Republic, no single historical event in this, its first century, is better worth commemoration, than the emancipation of a race—an event, the need of which, with all the sorrow, and suffering, and strife, and blood, and horror which precede and accomplish it, might and would have been saved, could the wise men of that day have discerned in the cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the heavy pall which was to darken all the land, and rain upon us blood and tears.

Thousands of people, white and black, made Capital Hill their rallying point, a large proportion of them arriving in advance of the procession, by availing themselves of the street cars and shorter routes.

The procession itself was formed entirely of colored men;—different benevolent, political and masonic organizations, with music (a half dozen colored bands) regalia, gay banners, and national colors.

About 2 1/2 o'clock the procession filed into the Park, where the concourse of people awaited them, among whom were the President and Cabinet, a number of judges of the Supreme court, members of the diplomatic corps, senators, representatives &c.

One would like well to know with what feelings the ex-Confederates, if any were present, which I am inclined to doubt, could look upon such a scene, and remember how impossible it would be, had they been victors in the strife. But can there exist in the hearts of educated human creatures any doubt that these have a right not merely to life, but to liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Must not such a conviction now force itself home to the very heart of hearts in even the bitterest and narrowest of all those who would have held them in bondage?

Prof. Langston, the colored member of the Board of health, presided over the exercises, which consisted of music, prayer, reading of the Emancipation Proclamation, and a historical statement. To him also had been assigned the honor of unveiling the monument, but he very gracefully and appropriately invited the President to perform the duty.

The proposals were received with applause by the spectators, and the action of the President awakened the greatest enthusiasm, while the band played Hail to the Chief.

A very meritorious poem, written by a colored lady of New York, was then read by a colored man. It began:

"To-day, O, Martyred Chief, beneath the sun, etc.

And when this was finished, the foremost man of his race, Frederick Douglass, was introduced as the orator of the day.

His address was wonderfully fine. Not an orator, statesman, or writer in the land, or in the world, could have furnished one better suited to the occasion—animated by a broader, loftier, more charitable spirit.

Of the statue, which is in bronze, and colossal in size, I have not time to speak at length. One thought has occurred to me concerning it, which is, that it is a pity the commission had not given to Edmonia Lewis, even if she had been obliged to seek some aid in the design.

The first contribution of \$5 was made by a poor colored woman of Ohio, named Charlotte Scott, on the morning after the assassination;—the entire sum was made up by the colored people;—and as Edmonia Lewis had already achieved some fame, I do not quite understand why the commission was not given to her—which would have made the offering more entirely and perfectly their own.

Music and benediction ended the ceremonies, and the crowd dispersed.

Meantime, another crowd of somewhat smaller dimensions, but still large, was gathering at the east front of the capitol, in response to a call from the evangelists, Hammond and Bentley. It was a sight to see. The capitol steps were blocked with people, and they filled the space in front well out towards the statue of Washington, which, with uplifted hand, seemed to be invoking a blessing upon the multitude.

In the outskirts of the crowd were carriages containing members of Congress, judges, clergymen, ladies and gentlemen, with business and express wagons, their drivers, like the others, apparently listening attentively.

Mr. Hammond stood, with his singers around him, at the left side of the steps, about half way up, just under the figure of Columbus. There was a strong wind blowing, yet the voices of the speakers could, for the most part, be distinctly heard.

The addresses were short and stirring, and frequently interspersed with hymns. The singing was lead by a cornet, skillfully played, and the effect of the clear, soft notes, blended with the voices, was very sweet and beautiful. I mingled with the crowd for a time, upon the broad high steps, but soon made my way out to the pavement opposite, where I watched the proceedings with much interest, until the meeting seemed about to close, and the people began slowly to disperse.

In the evening also there was something of a spectacle, quite unconnected however, with any of the foregoing scenes, at the church of the Ascension. The announcement in the papers that the Columbia Commandery would be present in a body, naturally attracted a good many people, who very likely would not otherwise attended the ordinary Good Friday evening service.

The house was well filled when the knights entered, and two by two walked up the middle aisle, towards the forward seats reserved for them.

It is customary for men to uncover their heads when they enter a church, that it gave me a slight shock, or feeling of displeasure to see them even enter the pews with their hats on; but they did not sit down until all were in place, and then apparently at a given signal, the hats, which bore upon the left side a scarlet and gold cross, and over the top a long white feather, were lifted at the same instant, and disappeared from sight. To have taken them off as they entered would have interfered somewhat with the beauty of the scene, for the hats are very picturesque, both in shape and adornment, but it seemed to me, that more reverence for the house of worship would have been shown; both ends might have been secured by lifting them slightly, and holding them in position as they advanced.

But after all it is a mere matter of prejudice or custom, for women do not uncover the head at all, and to many alas, of their hats have neither beauty or picturesqueness to recommend them.

The services went on as usual, after the appearance of ten white-robed ministers including Bishop Pickney, until the

recital of the Creed, when upward flashed some fifty gleaming swords. It was a great surprise to me, not knowing much of the ceremonial of these secret societies, and unlike anything I ever witnessed before.

It took me back to Crusades and the Knights Templar of old—to the days of chivalry when religion and loyalty were identical. It recalled that thrilling scene in Austrian history when the Hungarian nobles with uplifted blades swore fealty to their brave young queen. There was something very beautiful and impressive in the action. It seemed to indicate a willingness to fight, and die, if need were for their faith.

Yet we have left religious wars, so called, in the dim and bloody past, let us hope, forever. Our warfare is of a different kind and requires different weapons. The sword is but a symbol.

Just here, let me say, though the subject remotely suggests it, and the change may seem somewhat violent. I am inclined to think that men enjoy finery as much as women, and that the paraph which has lately gone the rounds of the newspapers attributed to Emerson, I believe, to the effect that the consciousness of being well and becomingly dressed gives to a woman happy serenity, which religion can never bestow, is quite as applicable to the sterner sex.

I have seen numbers of parades in city and county, and never without having this thought forced upon me. Nor will we find any fault. It is a very harmless weakness, if a weakness at all. Their ordinary dress is so exceedingly unpicturesque—a stovepipe hat, for instance, or some of the niter overcoats, that as we would not have them devoid of a sense of beauty, it is only proper that they should upon occasion, enjoy a display of it in their own persons. So who blames a man, for a transient feeling of pride and satisfaction, after having donned his soldier uniform, or his society scarf and badges.

I must give you one item more—belonging to the joyous old Easter time which may be long raised before I write again.

I had occasion to go round to the east side of the Treasury building on Monday, and while waiting for a paper to be filled out, I glanced from the window which looks upon the President's grounds. To my surprise, I found them filled with children and young people; hundreds of them, as far as I could see, through the trees. The fountains were playing in the sunlight, and the gay dresses of the little girls, as they ran to and fro with their hoops and skipping ropes,—the boys throwing summersaults and playing tag on the bright green turf,—all formed as pretty a picture as I have often seen.

I did not quite understand the occasion, though I knew that the schools give holiday on Easter Monday. Since then, however, I have learned that it is customary for the children to go on that day to the public grounds with their Easter eggs, and amuse themselves by rolling them down the slopes and terraces, until they are cracked, when it is in order to eat them. Where, or how, or when the custom originated, I have not discovered, but it seems to be generally observed.

At the western, terraced slope of the Capitol grounds, the display of exuberant childhood was greater, I am told, than at the White House, and as hundreds of grown people assembled to watch their gambols, the scene must have been most inspiring and delightful. I have not ceased yet to lament that I knew nothing of it. I should certainly have begged a couple of hours of Uncle Sam, and gone over for a fragment of holiday myself.

But the children did not confine themselves to rolling eggs. They swarmed in and out of the Capitol itself, notwithstanding the high court of impeachment going on in the Senate Wing. (What a contrast!) The boys climbed the pillars, scaled the balconies, slid down the railings, and kept the policemen busy generally, I suspect, as boys are wont to do.

But altogether they had a jolly time, and I am sorry that I was not "there to see."

ADELE G.

If men would set good examples, they might hatch better habits.

LOCAL ITEMS.

The river is very high. We believe a steamer could reach Falls City now in spite of the recent land slide up the Snoqualmie.

There was preaching at this place by the Rev. Mr. Weir from Olympia, a young man sent here by the Rev. J. R. Thompson, to fill an appointment for him. The congregation was very good. Mr. Weir returned on the Zephyr to Olympia on Monday morning.

J. Elwell Sr. & Son, Jas. Duvall, and F. Duvall, have a large lot of logs in the Snoqualmie ready to run, waiting a favorable stage of the water which is at present a little too high to render running safe.

NOTICE.—There will be a special session of the board of County Commissioners of Snohomish Co., W. T., on the 24th day of June 1876, for the purpose of appointing a Commissioner to fill a vacancy now existing in said board.

W. H. WARD, County Auditor.

ACCIDENT.—Mr. Jas. Duvall, who is running a logging camp fifteen miles from here, up the Snoqualmie river, was gored by an ox in his team on the 12th inst. and so severely injured that surgical aid was sent for to this town. We learn that although seriously hurt he will ultimately recover.

WEATHER.—The weather during the week has been remarkably fine here; not a cloud, scarcely, passing between earth and sun. The thermometer has gone up as high as 79 deg. in the shade, but a cool sea breeze fortunately springs up in the afternoon, which makes the evenings superlatively enjoyable.

Some dispute has arisen about the size of the big tree cut by J. Elwell Sr. & Son mentioned in last week's issue. The scale used by them is the Bangor Scale, between which and the Scribner Scale there is some variation, the latter making less than the former. The log named, measured 76 inches and was 22ft. long; so any one can scale it to suit themselves. They can figure and argue as much as they please, the fact that it was a large sized fir log cannot be got away with.

SISTERS OF CHARITY.—Our town was visited last week by two of the Sisters of Charity who are on a mission of mercy, soliciting subscriptions for the orphans under their charge at Vancouver. The object is most praiseworthy, and we are more than pleased that our citizens contributed liberally. Their stay was very limited, they having time to call only at Lowell and our town, not being able to visit any of the logging camps or settlers along the river. Nevertheless, they realized the sum of \$95.75. We wish them abundant success wherever their duty calls them. They were accompanied by Mrs. Comfort and Mr. E. B. Mastay of the Talalip Reservation.

PARTY.—The social party given by Sheriff Stretch, at the River Side Hotel, last Monday evening; was the most enjoyable affair of this Centennial year in Snohomish City. A general invitation had been extended to all, to which there was an almost unanimous response, the ladies appeared to vie with each other in trying to make it as agreeable as possible; the gentlemen also conducting themselves with marked urbanity. The music was perfect. The supper magnificent. The entertainment was kept up till a late hour, and will always be referred to with feelings of genuine pleasure by all who participated.

ARRIVED.—June 11th, Str. Zephyr, Capt. Wright commander, with U. S. Mails, 7 tons freight and 15 passengers. She left Monday morning for Seattle and way ports. Capt. Wright thinks the new steamer will be on the river some time next month. We are indebted to Capt. Wright and Purser Treadwell for favors.

Same day, Str. Yakima, Capt. Olney, from Port Gamble. She brought freight for nearly all our business men on the

river, and 8 passengers. She left for Port Gamble the same day.

June 15th, Str. Fairy Lake, Capt. Hill commander. She brought 15 passengers, and freight as follows:

To E. C. Ferguson 21 pkgs.; W. Mehan 1,000 ft. lumber; E. D. Smith 2 pkgs.; H. Mills 48; H. McClurg 1; B. Stretch 1; R. Haskell 23 pkgs. and 500 ft. lumber; Hindman & Mowett 4 pkgs.; J. & A. Ross 10; Packard & Jackson 2; A. Buchanan 15; J. B. Roberts 2; H. Spittle 500 ft. lumber; Chas. Potter 3,000 ft.; J. R. White 2 pkgs.; W. H. Ward 1; Seabury 2; P. Carrol 1; F. Mathews 1; L. T. Ireland 1; W. H. Wale 1; Blackman Bros. one mule.

She loaded with hay and left on Friday morning for Seattle and way ports. Capt. Hill has our thanks for Seattle daily papers and other favors.

A Card.

The Sisters of Charity beg to tender their most sincere thanks to the residents of Snohomish City and Lowell, for the kind reception and generous contribution made by them in behalf of the orphan children under their charge. They have nothing to offer in return for the kindness received, but they will ever deem it their duty to beseech God to pour down His choicest blessings on those who have so generously aided them in their arduous undertaking.

ABOUT JAMES RILEY.—The facts in the case of James Riley who was recently sent from here to the Asylum are as follows: He had been for several months living at Mukilteo, growing gradually worse, especially mentally. At the time he was brought before the proper authorities for examination, he was able to walk about, could eat his meals regularly and gave his keeper very little trouble. He walked all over town while here, sometimes recognizing acquaintances and sometimes not. He was demented; the cause being paralysis, though not completely paralyzed as the Express has it. At Seattle, he walked ashore, up town, and back aboard the boat again; and we have the word of Capt. Wright, that at Steilacoom he walked up the gang plank which inclined considerably from the boat to the wharf, and up the wharf out of sight without assistance. That he, or any other man afflicted with disease of the brain, should die suddenly, will not surprise any medical man, and ought not to anyone endowed with a fair share of common sense. No man can tell for certain how long any man, diseased or otherwise, is going to live. In his case, he was liable to live many months longer, or to die at any moment. Our authorities acted promptly as soon as called upon by his friends, and sent him to the proper place. Of course the Express man and the "Snohomish people, now know that the expense of carrying him to the Asylum could have been avoided. But the "Snohomish people," the Express man, "or any other man," did not know that till after Mr. Riley had died. His friends did not expect him to live long, but how long no man living could tell. All who saw him previous to his departure from here, including Capt. Wright who was among the last to see him before he reached the Asylum, have expressed some surprise that he died so soon. The statement that he was completely paralyzed when he reached Steilacoom is untrue as we have shown, and we respectfully request the Express to do the people of the Snohomish the justice to correct it. We do not believe his sudden death was caused by any ill-treatment, but that it is a result that may be always looked for in nearly all the various forms of diseases of the brain.

Norman McLeod was once preaching in a district in Ayrshire, where the reading of a sermon is regarded as the greatest fault of which the minister can be guilty. When the congregation dispersed, an old woman, enthusiastically, addressed her neighbor; "Did ye ever hear any thing sae gran? Wasna that a sermon?" But all her expressions of admiration being met by a stolid glance, she shouted: "Speak woman! wasna that a sermon?" "Oh, ay," replied her friend, sulkily, "but he read it." "Read it," said the other, with indignant emphasis! "I wadna cared if he had wustled it."

Arctic Cold.

Lieutenant Payer, the Austrian Arctic explorer, has been laying some of the results of his explorations before the Geographical Society at Vienna. Referring to the influence of extreme cold on the human organism, he related that on March 14, 1875, he and his companion made a sledge journey over the Samiklar glacier, in order to make observations of Francis Joseph Land. On that day the cold marked forty degrees (Reaumur) below zero. Notwithstanding this intense cold, M. Payer and a Tyrolese went out before sunrise to make observations and sketch. The sunrise was magnificent; the sun seemed surrounded, as it does at a high degree of cold by small suns, and its light appeared more dazzling from the contrast with extreme cold. The travelers were obliged to pour rum down their throats so as not to touch the edge of the metal cups, which would have been as dangerous as if they had been red hot; but the rum had lost all its strength and liquidity, and was as flat and thick as oil. It was impossible to smoke either cigars, or tobacco in short pipes, for very soon nothing but a piece of ice remained in the mouth. The metal of the instruments was just like red-hot iron to the touch, as were some lockets, which some of the travelers romantically, but prudently, continued to wear next the skin. M. Payer says that so great an amount of cold paralyzes the will, and that, under its influence, men, from the unsteadiness of their gait, their stammering talk, and the slowness of their mental operations, seem as if they were intoxicated.—Ez.

SNOHOMISH CITY MARKET REPORT.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Milk Cows, Work Oxen, Beefcattle, Horses, Sheep, Hogs, Groceries, Provisions &c.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Bacon, Pork, Chickens, Eggs, Flour, Butter, Hides, Potatoes, Oats, Ground Barley, Hay, Candles, Beans, Sugars, Syrup, Dried Apples, Nails, Course salt, Tobacco, Coal Oil, Cabbage, Turnips, Apples, Wood, Shingles, Sulp Knives, Logs, Hewed Timber.

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

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In order to reduce stock.

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The highest price paid for country produce, Shingles, Furs.

&c., IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

v1 n 22.

### Port Townsend Bay.

Beautiful bay, whose ample swelling bosom  
Is fringed with many a daffodil sail,  
And mariners are glad in thee to harbor  
Safe from all adverse gales.

Scud thy breast, those white-winged  
messengers  
Cradled upon thy beautiful, heaving breast—  
Tranquilly the sailor turns to thee for shelter,  
Here safe from harm can rest.

Lead to thee! Key to Puget Sound's fair waters;  
Ships from many far-off lands float on thy tide  
And flags of nations, once deadly enemies,  
Float on thee side by side.

At thy right hand see radiant, queenly Rankin,  
Lazily in form she stands forth to our view,  
As her attendants, chains of snowy mountains,  
Their aspect ever new.

But grandest of all, sits glorious old Baker;  
The snows of ages enwrap his lofty brow,  
As guardian of the entrance to thy waters,  
From dawn of time till now.

At even, when the sun's declining splendor  
Tints all nature, then thou dost seem an opal,  
Thy encircling mountains amethysts, meet  
Setting  
For so fair a jewel.

Where once along thy shores the Indian warrior  
With subtle, wily tread, light and measured  
pace,  
Hunted the pale-face, thirsting for the life  
blood  
Of the hated white man,  
Now the strong arm of pioneer back woodsman  
Wielding the keen ax, with many a sturdy blow  
He cleaves a highway for the steps of Progress,  
Laying the forest low.

Where chant of Indian only, woke thy echoes,  
As with light paddle he cleave thy waters blue,  
Now cannon's roar or signal whistle, tells us  
A steamship is in view.

But a sound sweeter to the ear than either,  
Floats o'er thy waters through the still Sab-  
bath air  
And church bells say, God's earthly house is  
open,  
And all may find Him there.

When in the flag that floats above thy waters  
Another star will shine, its resplendent beam  
Will win for Washington's proud name, new  
glory,  
And keep his memory green.

Then, lovely bay, shall thy pelagic waters  
Shadow forth a city for commerce renowned,  
And myriad ships bear costly cargoes, for this  
Queen city of the Sound.  
M. A. H.

### The Lovers' Quarrel.

"Well," said Phoebe, "all I know, Sam Western, is this: I shan't speak to you again until you say you are sorry. You ought to apologize, and you would if you cared for me; and I shan't marry any one who don't care about me, I'll tell you that."

Then she waited for a moment, but Western said nothing, and she added: "Good-night," and went into the house, closing the door after her.

Sam was really in the wrong, and she had shown no angry temper. If he loved her, he surely would apologize soon, and "a woman should not lower her dignity," she said, as she went to bed in her little up stairs room; but for all that her pillow was wet with tears before she slumbered.

Sam, meanwhile, walked away. He had been engaged to Phoebe Spinner for three months, and he did love her dearly; but his blood was up just then. He would have broken with her on the spot sooner than apologize.

"She'll come around," he said. "If I'm ever to be master, I must begin now."

It does not matter what they quarreled about. Quarrels are mere nonsense to all but the active parties, generally, but all the world, gentle and simple, poetical and prosaic, young or old, must know how true it is that

To be wroth with one we love  
Doth work like madness on the brain."

Two very wretched young people saw the sun rise next morning, and decided that everything was vanity. Sam Western was nobody to the world in general and Phoebe Spinner was even less; but "ah! the difference" to them now, that each seemed blotted out of the other's life.

"For I will never—never forgive him unless he does what is right," said Phoebe, binding up her hair.

And I will never treat a woman as though she were a goddess," said Sam, struggling with his boots. "Not I."

Then he waited for word or message from Phoebe, who he felt sure would give in at last, but who never dreamt of it.

Men are obstinate as long as obstinacy

is, then comfortable and content with themselves, but women are obstinate when it makes them miserable. The world does not know yet how much more "right" there is in woman than in man.

Now Phoebe pining and pining, aching and head ake, never dreamt of yielding; but after three days of complaint crossness it began to strike Sam that it made him uncomfortable to be cross; that it had been pleasant to go to see Phoebe; that it was nice to have a dear little wife to care about him always, and share his joys and sorrows; and that he could not easily forget Phoebe for any one else, even a prettier girl.

And then he walked alone by the river bank, and thought how they had been together there so often, and how warm and soft her little hand lay in his—and suddenly found two tears in his eyes, and said: "Hang it, I've been a fool!" and went home and wrote this little note to her:

PHOEBE: DEAR—I was wrong. We've both been wrong to let ill-feelings come between us. Forgive me, dearest, and send me word that you have done so. I shall await your letter with impatience.  
SAM.

Then Sam sent the note to Mrs. Spinner's house by his landlord's little boy, telling him to be sure to give it himself to Miss Phoebe.

By this time the falling out was five days old and Phoebe was simply wretched. But in the Spinner household work went on in its regular order, whether hearts ached or not. But a sad refrain sounded in Phoebe's ears—monotonous, unchangeable—"Sam and I have parted." The clock ticked it. The wind among the vine-leaves outside the window whispered it; and, oh, her heart, at every beat, measured it off. "Sam and I have parted, Sam and I have parted." But she never thought of giving in or writing at least in effect—"Come back to me." She only wondered vaguely whether any thing would be worth doing again.

Meanwhile, ambassador from Sam was clattering up the village street with the note in his hand which was intended to make all smooth again. He saw through a door a figure he knew to be Phoebe's.

"Here's a letter," said he. "Here's a letter!"

Nobody heard him. Phoebe was listening eternally to that sad reiteration of her heart, "Sam and I have parted."

The boy thought he was heard, however, and, eager for his play, laid the white missive across the top of a jar, and bolted. As he vanished, down toppled the little note into the great jar.

And so Sam waited in vain for an answer, and grew angry again. And so in the days to come the two met and passed without a word, and the gossips had their talk, and as often happens, love saddened the lives of those it had once gladdened.

Summer passed; autumn was gone; winter was nearly over; and Mrs. Templetower came to take tea with the Spinners. They sat down at table, Mrs. Templetower's tongue going hard.

"Sam Western has got a fever," said she. "He's very bad, they say—might go off any day. It's a pity; he's a young man yet; but it ain't so bad as if he was married you know."

"It's to be hoped he'll get better," said Mrs. Spinner.

And her mother's eye saw Phoebe flush. "Why don't you help the jam, Phoebe?" she said sharply, to call the girl to herself. "The jar is before you."

Phoebe took a little plate in her hand, dipped the spoon in the jar, or tried to. It did not go in easily. She tried again. Something flat and stiff leaped off the fruit upon the cloth.

"Goodness!" cried Mrs. Spinner. "Why, Phoebe, there's a bit of stick, or something."

"It's a letter, mother," said Phoebe.

And she took it by the corner and carried it into the kitchen—stiff and red. Why, she did not know, but it made her shiver to look at it. She wiped it on a towel, and made out her name upon it, and a presentiment of the truth dawned upon her. She tore the envelope away. Within the paper was stained and spoiled, but love's eyes are sharp. She read part

of the letter and guessed the rest. The date was intact. How it came in the preserve jar she did not know. And he had been faithful. He had asked her forgiveness, and thought her unforgiving.

"Ah! he ought to have known that a woman never is that to a man she has once loved," she said. "And now he lies dying, perhaps, and I am not with him. Oh, my darling, my darling!"

She stood at the open door, and looked up at the sky with tear-filled eyes. A white new moon floated through the faded blue, and below it hung a star like a jewel.

"I will go to him," she said. "Yes, I will go to him, let people say what they may."

Then she crept softly up stairs, donned her hat and shawl, and hurried away along the scattered street and down into the lane, where stood the cottage where Sam lay.

"I must see him," she said to the woman who whispered to her that he was very ill, and who knew that they had been lovers once. "The nearer death is, the more needful we should see each other." And she said to herself, "It will give him joy to see me, and joy never kills."

Then in a moment she stood beside him, and he looked up at her with his hollow eyes and knew her.

Heaven knows how he made the whole story of that, but he did. Words failed her, but love did not.

"I might have known," he said, and rested his weary head upon her arm.

Afterwards, when he was well and they were married, they made that careless young Tom confess.

Before that it seemed to Phoebe like a miracle, or a deed of the good fairies, and she was almost sorry to have so unromantic a solution.

"But if I had never found it, Sam?" she asks, and then the tears come in her eyes, and Sam kisses them away.

The forests of Europe are estimated as being 500,000,000 acres in extent. In North America 1,460,000,000 acres are covered with trees, of which area 900,000,000 are in British North America. In South America forests occupy 700,000,000 acres. The proportion of forest land to the whole area of Europe is computed at 20 per cent.; in America, 21. Supposing, therefore, 20 per cent. to be the proportion in Asia, Africa, and Australia, the grand total of the forests of the world cover a space of 7,734,000 geographical miles.

The man who lives right, and is right, has more power in his silence than another has by his words. Character is like bells which ring out sweet music, and which, when touched accidentally even, resound with sweet music.

If God meets with a very good field, he pulls up the weeds and lets the corn grow; if indifferent, he lets the corn and weeds grow together; if very ill, he gathers the few ears of corn, and burns the weeds.

The strongest and rankest of woman's rights meetings would speedily succumb under the squeak of a healthy rat.

The cause of woman suffrage—Scarcity of husbands.

King Alfonso has written another letter assuring the Pope that Spain is Catholic, and consequently Catholics need apprehend nothing from the application of the clause in the new constitution upon religious liberty. Moreover, the clause in question does not contravene the spirit of the concordat of 1851.

There's a woman living in the Connecticut valley who hasn't seen a man in nearly 20 years. When asked if she wouldn't like to see one around, just for a change, she answered dolefully: "No; it's so long now, I wouldn't know what to do with him."

The first book published in America was a metrical version of the Psalms, in 1610.

When one asked a learned physician how early the education of a child should begin he replied: "Twenty years before it is born."

"What is your business, sir?" asked the court in a sharp voice. "A conchologist." "What's that?" said the judge. "I open clams."

### W. H. Pumphrey, BOOKSELLER & STATIONER.

SEATTLE, W. T.  
Always keep a large stock of everything usually kept in a first class BOOK STORE.

### Pianos & Organs, SOLD ON THE Installment Plan.

EASTERN News Papers AND Magazines furnished at Publishers' prices in coin. Cash strictly in advance.

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Boots and shoes. Manufactured and Sold wholesale and Retail BY

### BENJ. VINCENT

Main st., Olympia, W. T.  
Latest styles Boots and Shoes made to order. All work warranted and satisfaction guaranteed.

### NEW WEED "Family Favorite" SEWING MACHINE.

Why is it the Best? IT IS THE MOST SIMPLE, DURABLE, PERFECT. 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 Adjusting Tension. Call and examine this Machine before buying elsewhere. v1n8.6m. BENJ. VINCENT.

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AND TIN WARE. S. P. ANDREWS & CO. DEALERS IN

Cook Parlor and Box Stoves

Pumps iron and Lead Pipe.

All job work pertaining to the business done in a workman-like manner. ORDERS FROM ABROAD Receive Prompt Attention. Store on Commercial Street. SEATTLE, W. T.

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All work entrusted to their care will be done with NEATNESS and DISPATCH. CHARGES TO SUIT THE TIMES. Place of business at the old BLUE EAGLE BUILDING, Union Avenue, SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.

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AT THE PUGET SOUND Confectionery Saloon Front Street, Seattle.

Customers will find at this place all the delicacies of the season, the finest Java Coffee, the best Tea and Chocolate; also

### HAM AND EGGS and other Eatables.

Fresh Made CANDIES, And an Assortment of

### FINE CAKES

Constantly on hand. Wedding Cakes made to order on the shortest notice. Ball Suppers and Parties supplied.

1776. 1876.



### GRAND CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION

AT SEATTLE, W. T., JULY 4th, 1876

The Citizens of Seattle have determined to Celebrate the Centennial Anniversary OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE

On the coming Fourth of July, And, in order to observe the day in a manner befitting the occasion, hereby extend a

### Cordial Invitation

To everybody throughout the Territory to join them and make it worthy of the great event.

By order of the Committee. v1. no. 11:tf.

### JACKSON & CO.

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise.

ALWAYS ON HAND.

### Choicest Brands

OF Flour, Feed, Sugar, Tobacco, & CIGARS, &c. &c. LOWELL, W. T.

### Beautiful Wine.

Beautiful wine, how rich thy flow,  
Now let me read in thy ruby glow,  
While a sadness over my spirit steals,  
The vision thy beautiful eye reveals,  
I see in thy depths a festive throng,  
And I hear the notes of a merry song;  
I see a beautiful lady stand  
To pour the wine with a jeweled hand  
For a tall, dark, man with a flashing eye,  
Who bows and drains the goblet dry!  
Then leads her forth and talks of love  
While the wistful stars keep watch above—  
Oh, beautiful wine!

Beautiful wine, I see the bride,  
She smiles in joy by her husband's side;  
He guides her through their brilliant rooms,  
Where the flowers bloom and the fountain  
lums;

Friends gather around the festal board,  
The red wine flows and the blood is stirred,  
Life's golden sands move swiftly on;  
To the happy sire a son is born;  
He fondles the babe with manly joy,  
And drinks to the health of his charming boy.  
The mother beholds with anxious eye,  
And turns from her darling to hide the sigh—  
Oh, beautiful wine!

Beautiful wine, the years pass on,  
The smile from the lady's face is gone;  
In its place I see a world of care,  
And I hear the tones of an anguished prayer,  
As she listens beside the midnight grate  
For the steps of him who comes so late.  
I see by the flickering taper's glow  
The spirit of want prevades the room.  
But hush! he comes from his midnight lair,  
I hear him climbing the narrow stair;  
He brings the stench of the wine-mad crowd,  
Oh, beautiful wine!

Beautiful wine, time speeds its flight,  
And the wistful stars look down to-night  
On a boy who treads the stormy street  
With a crownless hat and purple feet,  
Glad pity the lad—he is bending low  
And grappling that seeming mass of snow,  
He sees by the lamp-light's fitful glare  
His father's frozen eye-balls stare.  
His childish hands are with horror staid;  
He shrieks aloud for the watchman's aid.  
They bear the form to its garret bed—  
Ye drops of wine, weeps with the dead!—  
Oh, beautiful wine!

—*Mason City (Iowa) Express.*

### Is "Law" Always "Justice?"

The Elkton (Ky.) *Witness* says that quite a touching scene recently took place at the court-house in that town. John Garner, an old, gray-headed man, was arraigned for the crime of grand larceny—horse stealing. He pleaded guilty, and presented himself to the jury in a brief and touching address. He said:

GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY: I am an old man, and my race is nearly run. This is the first time in my life I have ever been before a jury. I have never even been a witness in a magistrate's court. I was born in 1816, and have been a hard working and honest man until now. I am a stranger to every man in this house, except his honor who sits on that bench. He has known me for nine years, and he will tell you that I have been an honest man and a good citizen. This jury looks like a set of honest and intelligent men, and I wish you to deal with me the best you can. I read in the papers that the prison at Frankfort is an awful place—that it is so crowded one can scarcely live there. From the accounts of that place, I suppose I could not live there long. You see I am old and feeble, and I ask you to do the best you can for me.

Gentlemen, if I could have got work I could have supported my family and not been here. But I want to tell you—I am a very poor man, and have to work to live. Well, last year the times were very hard, indeed, and I could not get work much of my time. I am a mechanic and I went to Clarksville, Fairview and other places, but could not get any work. The times were very hard, as you all know, and but few men had money to pay for labor. I travelled around till I spent all that I had but a bed and chair. I was tired and out of heart, and my family suffering for food and clothing. I heard then I could get work in North Logan, and I sold my kit of tools to get my family moved up there. I paid \$75 for my tools in Louisville, and had to sell them low. After paying for moving I had \$15 left. I got a place for my family for a little while and started again for work. I tried hard to find it, but could not. I went back to my family broken down in spirit, thinking I would have to starve or beg. Gentlemen, my little boy, about six years old, got in my lap, and put his little arms around my neck and asked me if the good Lord would let us starve. I love my family as

well as any man, and could not think of their starving.

The prisoner became overwhelmed with emotion, and, pausing for a few moments, he pleaded for as light a verdict as the jury could give him. The occasion was exceedingly solemn. The prisoner told his story without reservation. Age and care had whitened his locks and furrowed his brow. He had seen better days, but he was now a broken reed. The jury, attorneys, the judge and the spectators were touched by the homely recital of the suppliant prisoner. The jury gave him two years in the penitentiary, and the judge, jury and lawyers then signed a petition to the governor for his pardon.

### "If You Please."

When the Duke of Wellington was sick, the last he took was a little tea. On his servant handing it to him in a saucer, and asking if he would have it, the Duke replied, "Yes, if you please." These were his last words. How much kindness and courtesy are expressed by them! He who had commanded great armies, and was long accustomed to the tone of authority, did not overlook the small courtesies of life. Ah, how many boys do! What a rude tone of command they often use to their little brothers and sisters, and sometimes to their mothers! They order so. That is ill-bred, and shows, to say the least, a want of thought. In all of your home talk remember, "If you please." To all who wait upon or serve you, believe that "If you please" will make you better served than all the cross or ordering words in the whole dictionary. Do not forget three little words—"If you please."

OUR COUNTRY—ITS GROWTH BY DECADES.—The *St. Louis Republican* has prepared the following synoptical review of what it considers the leading events in the history of the Great Republic:

1776—The worst penmen in America sign the Declaration of Independence, and the United States is born. Jenner invents vaccination, and Garriek disgusted with the amateur Hamlets, quits the stage forever.

1786—Articles of confederation. Treaty with Morocco. Columbia College, New York, founded, but no crew entered for the regatta.

1796—Tennessee, nature's hoop-pole and tar repository, admitted to the Union. Washington steps down and out. Susan Anthony just getting into society and smashing male hearts generally.

1806—Fulton hopes to blow up the world, and invents steamboats. Total eclipse this year of the sun and Aaron Burr. First soup-house in the world established.

1816—Indiana admitted to the Union. Treaty with Algiers. Dr. Mary Walker first meditates pantaloons.

1826—Adams and Jefferson die. Sing Sing prison built and stocked with great spirits of the age. English Grammar kicks the bucket in the person of Lindley Murray. About this time the "little hatchet" story was carved out of gossamer.

1836—Arkansas admitted. Seminole war. Railways begin to slay their thousands. The baggage smasher springs into existence. Anthony no longer dotes on slate pencils and pickles, but aspires to suspenders. Davy Crockett kills his last "b'ar."

1846—The sacred order of "Mexican Veterans" is founded. The author of the Star Spangled Banner dies and leaves the country weeping. Under the influence of a new invention called free lunches the country recovers.

1856—Kansas begins to bleed. Base ball and sewing-machine agents spring into existence. Mrs. Southworth writes twenty-five red-hot novels.

1866—Andrew Johnson vetoes every bill except his washer-woman's. Fenianism "goes up," and the Atlantic cable goes down. Sergeant Bates having escaped from the lunatic asylum, continues his flag perambulation.

1876—Centennial. One hundred million acres, all in Philadelphia. Everybody's going, if they walk. Board, \$18 a day. One biscuit and a fish-ball, \$2.50. Striped stockings lovelier than ever. St. Louis wins the base-ball championship. Hooplah.

### WADDELL & MILES,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

### STOVES & RANGES,

TIN, COPPER, & JAPANED WARE,

Lead and Iron Pipe,  
GAS & STEAM PIPE FITTINGS,  
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The Weekly, now in its sixteenth year of publication, contains more reading matter than any of the Territorial contemporaries.  
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FRESH MEATS.

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

Logging Camps Supplied.

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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.

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### G. Kellogg & Co.

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We keep for sale the best Brand of Oregon Flour in the

Market.

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JEWELRY, WATCHES and CHAINS; WARRANTED PURE MATERIALS, and as cheap as can be purchased anywhere in the Territory.

BUTTER, EGGS, HAY, HIDES,

SHINGLES, SHIP KNEES and LOGS.

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### THE NORTHERN STAR JOB OFFICE!

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

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AND EXPERIENCED workmen. We are prepared to execute all kinds of JOB WORK, STYLE AT Prices.

A Large Stock on hand of Blanks for Justices of the Peace.

Homestead and Pre-emption Blanks,

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&c., &c., &c.

A LIMITED NUMBER OF POLL BOOKS,

ENOUGH TO SUPPLY SEVERAL

COUNTIES, ON HAND.

### LADIES VISITING CARDS

A SPECIALTY.

Have Courage to Say No.

The accompanying poem was clipped from the Western paper and sent to a young man by his mother. We reprint it at the young man's request.

You're starting to-day on life's journey,
None on the highway of life;
You'll meet with a thousand temptations—
Each city with evil is rife;
This world is a stage of excitement;
There's danger wherever you go;
But if you are tempted in weakness,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.
The siren's sweet song may allure you,
Beware of her cunning and art;
Whenever you see her approaching,
Be guarded and don't depart.
The billiard saloons are inviting,
Ducked out in their diesel and show;
You may be invited to enter—
Have courage, my boy, to say no.
The bright ruby wine may be offered—
No matter how tempting it be,
From poison that stings like an adder,
My boy have courage to flee.
The gambling halls are before you;
The lights blow the dice to and fro;
If you should be tempted to enter,
Think twice, even thrice ere you go.
In courage alone lies your safety
When you the long journey begin,
And trust in a heavenly Father,
Who will keep you unspotted from sin.
Temptations will go on increasing,
As streams from a rivulet flow,
But if you are true to your manhood,
Have courage, my boy, to say no.

Original Hymn.

Sung at the laying of the Athenaeum corner stone.

Source of light and truth and love,
We adore thy powers displayed;
Pendant lamps hung from above,
See thy glory there displayed.
Oh, the earth so deep, profound,
Untold ages last thou been;
Mysteries in the abound,
Unknown wonders last thou seen.
Thou, our mother, we adore;
From thy dust our being sprung,
Life thou gav'st in days of yore,
And the stars around thee sung.
Strength divine, oh, lend thy aid,
While thy wonders we explore;
Of ignorance make us afraid;
All thy laws may we adore.

Arabian Laughing Plant.

In Palgrave's "Central and Eastern Arabia," are some interesting facts concerning this singular plant. The active principle appears to reside principally in its seeds. These seeds, when powdered and administered in full, judicious quantities, produces effects similar to those produced by the celebrated laughing gas of Sir Humphrey Davy. The person to whom the drug is administered laughs, sings, dances, and conducts himself in the most extravagant and ludicrous style. After an hour of this intense excitement he falls asleep, and upon waking, is totally unconscious of anything he said or did while under the influence of the drug. It is a common joke to put a small quantity into the coffee of some unsuspecting individual, in order to enjoy a laugh at his antics, and it is said when judiciously given, it has never produced evil consequences. An overdose would be dangerous. The plant which bears these berries grows only in Arabia. In Kaseem it hardly attains the height of six inches above the ground, while in Oman it has reached the height of three or four feet, with wide spreading limbs. The stems are woody, and when stripped of the bark have a yellowish tinge; the leaf is of a dark green color, and pinnated, with about twenty leaflets on either side the stalks are smooth and shining; the flowers are yellow and grow in tufts, and the anthers numerous. The fruit is a capsule, stuffed with greenish padding, in which are embedded two or three black seeds, in size and shape much like French beans. Their taste is sweetish, but with a peculiar opiate flavor. The smell is overpowering, and almost sickly.—Ex.

A gentleman one evening was seated near a lovely woman, when the company around him were proposing conundrums to each other. Turning to his companion, he said: "Why is a lady unlike a mirror?" She "gave it up." "Because" said the rude fellow, "a mirror reflects without speaking, but a lady speaks without reflecting." "And why are you unlike a mirror?" asked the lady. He could not tell. "Because a mirror is smooth and polished, and you are rough and unpolished."

IT'S A BOY.

One evening, recently, the friends of a married couple in Chillicothe, determined to give them a surprise party. To this end, twelve couples of young ladies and gentlemen, with well filled baskets, made their appearance before the house about 9 o'clock. As they came up to the door, they saw the gentleman standing in the alleyway with his overcoat on, smoking a cigar, and the parlor lighted up. This struck them as rather singular, but the leader grabbed the door-knob, and they rushed hilariously in. The gas was burning brightly, and six dignified old ladies were sitting around the stove, looking as solemn as grand inquisitors. "Oh, my, where's Mattie," shouted one exuberant young lady setting her basket on the piano. "She's up stairs," said the old lady, looking over her spectacles with solemn acrimony. "Let's have her down," screamed half a dozen girls in chorus, as they made a break for the hall. "Here, girls, girls, don't go up there!" and the old ladies made hasty attempts to check the proposed raid. "Why, what on earth's the matter here, anyhow?" inquired the impatient darlings. "Well, I believe it's a boy." "Oh, let's go!" And that company of nice young men and women moved away like a soap-bubble in a hurricane, and the girls never stopped for beaux or basket, but stuffed their handkerchiefs in their mouths to hold their breath down till they were safe behind their own doors, and not a girl in the Fourth ward knows where Mattie lives.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Gazette.

PRINTERS' PI.

JOSEPH GOODWIN TERRILL.

Most children love pi. But printers' pi is not liked so well. You shall have a taste before I am through.

The types from which this piece is printed are little slips of lead about an inch long, with a letter cut in one end. These are kept in little squares in a large case, one square for each letter in the alphabet.

The printer stands before this case, holding in one hand what is called a "stick," a little iron case just the width of this column. In this he stands the type on end, with the letters up, and each letter in its place. When the stick is full he sets the type in it aside, and fills his "stick" again and again, until the whole article is set up.

Sometimes when his stick is full he lets it slip, and away goes the type on the floor. If they were used as when first picked up in the "stick," the reading would be like this:

ing=arecaNms p=on=un=woen h b
Q=ourw a o =ou l= ya=qu=taapt
oou=atlas rgr=ojrt=grhyxw = q=
=Co=qr n=oo=is aunh moed=Qu=
=oe A=oa ka'aantu drn totaa trth, pht
Q=ono=msa= =u'oe= p=ocoeilho
Nu p=otjma = pu=K=om=to wy ae
M=jq= = e=enuxt= : : =au=
=ic=alns ojs elc= w t ai u=na farr bhg
uptaiso=hrarrar ceases igemaoi groripica
u= aw = ob u= o= ua o= : ptt on tnq
e cc = : m= so t upo = : ue neco

This is a printer's pi. How would you like to have all your books like that?

Here is another taste of printers' pi. The letters in the last line when rightly placed spell the name of the boy printer who set up the type for this article. What is his name? W=ACM=K=.

—Exchange.

Mr. D. P. McMullen, of Jefferson, Texas, has a copy of the bible, printed in Latin, by Basilen, at Bryllingerians A. D. 1574. The binding is of beech wood, covered with bear skin. On the front lid is the picture of Martin Luther, and on the other is that of Melancthon. Originally it was fastened with golden clasps, but these have been broken so that only remnants of them remain. It is a family relic, 298 years old, and in a good state of preservation. He is anxious to sell the book, thinking on account of its antiquity to get a large price for it.

Yung man, yu kant learn anything now bi leaving yourself talk.

E. C. FERGUSON,

Dealer in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Snohomish City, W. T.

HAS ON HAND A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED

STOCK OF GOODS,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

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HARDWARE and CUTLERY, BOOTS and SHOES,

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Subscriptions solicited for all San Francisco and Eastern Papers and Periodicals

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FIRST CLASS BOARD.

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Until 12 o'clock a. m., June 17th 1876, for furnishing material and building a bridge across Pill Chuck. Plans and specifications can be seen on file at the Auditor's office. Separate bids solicited for furnishing material, and for building.

Proposals to be sealed and endorsed "Proposals for Pill Chuck bridge," and deposited with the Auditor.

M. T. WIGGINT Bridge Com'r.

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LOWELL, SNOHOMISH CO., W. T.

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RALLY!

There is Millions in It!

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has opened the

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Restaurant.

Has renovated and refitted

the whole estab-

lishment in

FIRST CLASS STYLE.

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and day, of the best found

in market.

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CALIFORNIA.

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Monuments, &c.

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v1 20.

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Finest Wines, Liquors & Cigars

BEER 25 cts. per quart.

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Seattle, - - W. T.

J. S. Anderson, Reuben Low,

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