

THE PUGET SOUND MAIL.

VOL. X.

LA CONNER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1882.

NO. 15

PUGET SOUND MAIL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

LA CONNER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,
JAMES POWER, Proprietor.

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SEATTLE, W. T.

HALLER & ENGLE,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.
PROCTORS IN ADMIRALTY.
SEATTLE, W. T.

Office in Coleman's Block, corner Mill and Commercial streets, up stairs.
Practice in all the Courts in Washington Territory. One of the firm will be in La Foy on the third Tuesday in every month.

C. H. HANFORD,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
SEATTLE, W. T.

Will attend the terms of the District Court for Whistman county.

WM. W. TINKHAM,
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Connected with the McNaught Law Firm of Seattle.

ELWOOD EVANS,
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BELLINGHAM BAY NURSERY.
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All kinds of work in the line of repairing Watches, Clocks and Jewelry done in a satisfactory manner, and Warranted. Orders for goods or work, from all parts of the Sound, solicited. Give us a trial and satisfy yourselves.

Notarial Seals made to order. Price, 50¢. Store on Front street, in Sullivan's Block.

S. BAXTER & CO.,
Importers of
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC
WINES,
LIQUORS,
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Sole Agents for the
FAIR OAKS BOURBON WHISKY.

—ALL OF WHICH—
We offer to the Trade at San Francisco Prices.

—DEALERS IN AND REPORTERS OF—
Wool, Hides and Furs,
For which we will pay
The Highest Market Price. Please send for Price-List.

S. BAXTER & CO.,
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GENERAL NEWS.

Thurlow Weed is very ill.

A fire at Denver, Col., caused a loss of \$225,000.

The Indian scare still prevails in Colorado and Kansas.

Prairie fires are raging in the vicinity of Denver, Col.

The murderers of the Joyce family are to be hanged in Dublin.

William Butcher committed suicide, Sept. 12, at Albany, Or.

Mrs. Garfield has paid \$50,000 in cash for a residence in Cleveland.

The Indian cavalry horses in Egypt are suffering from glanders.

Bismarck is unable to transact public business, owing to illness.

Cholera killed 152 persons at Manila Friday, and 274 in surrounding villages.

There is a conflict of jurisdiction in Tunis between France and Italy.

Webb Case was found drowned Sept. 12, near Bolinas, Marin county.

The Richmond (Va.) Banking and Insurance Company has suspended business.

The Rio Grande has risen twenty-two feet at Laredo, Texas, and is still rising.

William Whidden, a prominent citizen, died at Alameda, Sept. 10.

At Danville, Va., Sept. 9, the Mayor of the city shot an ex-Chief of Police.

At Manila, Sept. 11, 115 deaths occurred from cholera, and 125 in the provinces.

Emma Bond, the victim of the outrage at Taftville, died in a dying condition.

The Tariff Commission have decided not to extend its trip to the Pacific coast.

George Oglesby died suddenly at Eureka, Nev., Sept. 12, of congestion of the lungs.

Thirty deaths occurred from cholera at Manila, Sept. 12, and 184 in the provinces.

A four-year-old girl at Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 9, drank sufficient whisky to kill her.

At Santa Barbara, Sept. 11, James Hill was shot and killed in the Folsom prison for shooting a man.

The city of Milwaukee, Wis., is short of funds, on account of the mismanagement of former officials.

A man named Richardson was run over by a train at Scott's Station, Yolo county, Cal., Sept. 11.

Four barns, a grist mill and planing mill, on the estate of Governor Sprague, were burned by an incendiary, Sept. 10.

General A. L. Lovejoy, one of the two founders of Portland, Or., died in that city Sept. 10, aged 74 years.

At Salem, Or., Mrs. John C. Long has been shot and killed. It is thought by her husband.

Rival Wardens claim possession of the Penitentiary at Snake Hill, N. J., and the institution is in a state of siege.

At Jonesboro, Ill., Samuel Hazel, for the murder of a five-year-old girl, has been sentenced to the Penitentiary for ninety-nine years.

A steamer which arrived at New York, Sept. 12, from San Francisco, brought 600 Mormon immigrants for Salt Lake.

At Eureka, Nev., Sept. 12, Nicholas Smith was accidentally shot, receiving a serious wound.

S. E. Walters fell from a bridge 100 feet high near The Dalles, Or., killing him instantly.

Mrs. M. E. Wilson and her son, examined at Nevada City on a charge of poisoning James Wilson, were discharged from custody.

Charles Withers, 12 years old, was accidentally drowned five miles from Astoria, Or., Sept. 12, by falling into a mill race.

At Hartford, Conn., Sept. 12, Vanderbilt's double team, Early Rose and Aldin, trotted a mile in 2:16 1/2.

The five-year-old daughter of S. T. Pendegast was burned to death Sept. 9, at Woodland.

Governor Perkins formally opened the branch State Normal School, Sept. 9, at Los Angeles.

Sprague has won a victory in the Rhode Island Supreme court, and remains in possession of Cranston.

Miss Woods, Mrs. Nesbit and a stranger have been found murdered near Las Cruces, N. M., it is supposed by Mrs. Nesbit's husband.

A movement is on foot in Georgia to have Ben. Hill, Jr., appointed to fill the unexpired term of his father in the United States Senate.

Joseph Ferrett killed himself with a shotgun Sept. 10, near Steamboat Springs, Nev.

Bill Colwell, a noted rough, shot and dangerously wounded Judge Hanna, Sept. 10, at Jacksonville, Or.

A man rode a bicycle at New York, fifty miles in 3h, 27m, and 11 1/2—the fastest time on record.

A fire occurred at Columbia, Tuolumne county, Sept. 10, destroying nine houses, all occupied by Chinese.

Austin Abbott, aged 19, had one hand severed from the elbow by a saw in a saw-mill near Sonora, Tuolumne county, September 9.

The jury in the star route trial have rendered a verdict of acquittal as to Turner, guilty as to Miller and Hurdell, and as to the others they were unable to agree.

During the week ending September 9th, 411,000 standard silver dollars were issued from the mints.

At Manila, Sept. 10, 103 deaths from cholera occurred, and 227 in the provinces.

Owing to ill health, Rear Admiral Field-hausen has resigned command of the Pacific station.

The Republicans of the First Ohio District have nominated Benjamin Butterworth for Congress.

Agnes J. J., has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Second Ohio District.

In the Second Illinois District, the Democrats have elected Henry F. Sheridan in nomination for Congress.

Frank Hiseock has been renominated for Congress by the Republicans at Syracuse, N. Y.

John Thorne won the great 217 race at Beacon Park Sept. 14, in 2:19 and 2:15 1/2, defeating Santa Claus and the other contestants.

Mrs. Davis, recently married, shot and killed her husband at Chattanooga, Tenn., to prevent being murdered by him.

Peter Halm, an innocent looker-on at a fight between two men at Everett, Humboldt county, was fatally shot by one of the combatants.

Ed. B. Steinsgal, the train-wrecker, executed by the Sheriff at Auburn, Flacey county, where he had been brought from San Quentin to testify in the trial of his accomplices.

John T. Tilden is suffering from a disease from which his physicians say he cannot possibly recover.

By the falling of a buttress of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, Sept. 14, four women were completely decapitated.

The Nebraska Democratic State Convention has nominated J. Sterling Morton for Governor.

James B. Weaver has been nominated for Congress by the Greenbackers of the Sixth Iowa District.

The Republicans of the Third Wisconsin District are in a deadlock on a candidate for Congress.

Achille E. Baxter has been nominated for Congress by the Republicans of the Twenty-ninth New York District.

THE WAY-SIDE WELL.

He stopped at the way-side well,
Where the water was cold and deep;
There were feathers, ferns, 'twixt the mossy stones,
And gray was the old well sweep.

He left his carriage alone;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in the dusty road
To drink at the way-side well.

He swayed with his gloved hands
The well-sweep creaking and slow,
While from seam and ear in the bucket's side
The water dashed backward below.

He lifted it to the curb,
And bent down to the bucket's brim;
No fountains of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.

He saw but a farmer's boy,
As he stooped 'er the brim to drink,
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met him over the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow unlined by care,
While under the brim of the old straw hat
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh,
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that day
To drink at the way-side well.

—Foot Company.

A POOR RELATION.

BY KATE A. JORDAN.

For a few moments there was not a sound in the room. The rain played a tune of its own, rather mournful than otherwise, upon the windows, the big fire crackled, and threw little shadows on the rug before it, and Mrs. Lowery, from her easy position among the sofa's velvet pillows, looked up at the handsome man who was standing in the most indifferent of attitudes at a window. He was plainly in the mood for doing nothing, and stood watching the steady lines of rain with a lazy air.

His mother's brow was ruffled, and her cold, blue eyes were angry.

"Really, Guy, you are undeniably provoking."

"Oh! I hope not, mother," he answered, good humoredly, without looking at her. "Our opinion on this subject differs—that is all."

"That is all," she echoed, "and that is a great deal in this case. Since you don't agree that penniless girls are designing, and poor relations nuisances, how do I know what folly you may be committing in regard to this poor relation?"

Guy turned around. He was smiling, but the smile was sad.

"No," he said, "you need not be anxious. My follies are over and done with. Y when I spoke as I did I have the opinion dearly earned by bitter experience. I, mother—I, Guy Amsted—youth, and worth a round million, laid my heart at the feet of a poor girl, who worked for every penny that found its way into her purse, and who was probably someone's poor relation, and she took up the proffered heart and returned it with sweet but firm decision. There is no hope that in the future she may take the gift, which shall be ever ready if the magic word comes at last—no, there's not that hope. She returned it to me for all time!"

Mrs. Lowery had sat as though turned to stone, her mouth unconsciously open.

"The girl was probably silly," she cried, when she could catch her breath. "I really believe you would have married her."

Guy's eyes flashed, but a glow of such love and yearning shone above the anger in them that Mrs. Lowery's sharp words were silenced.

"Oh! I would!" he said, his whole soul in the words, "I love her, and I would consider nothing too great, done for her sweet sake, if at the end she could tell me it had not been in vain."

Mrs. Lowery sighed as though very much bored.

"Well, to return to the subject first under discussion—this young person has arrived. How long she intends to stay I do not know. Certainly, her luggage was—well—meager, and judging by that I took hope that her visit would be short."

Guy's heart, always on the side of the weakest, felt the unkindness of the words keenly.

"Who is this young girl, mother, and when did she come?" he asked.

"I received her about an hour ago," she answered languidly. "Her name is—really, I forget. She is your father's niece, who wrote for his help to obtain a teacher's position, or something of that nature, you know. With his usual generosity and indiscretion, he invited her here for a while, to become acquainted," as he said. You see she has come, and just when he is away. Perhaps you had better make her acquaintance now, and will probably find her in the library, as she looked like one of those deep, book-loving, horrible women."

Guy followed her directions, and was soon at the library door, which was partly open, and swung back noiselessly as he entered and saw—

The face and form which haunted him night and day. The girl, who only a few weeks before had sent him from her side, that most galling of all things to a proud man—a rejected lover. She was not aware of his presence, and stood in a rapt attitude before a statue of King Lear, her hands clasped, her head slightly raised and her profile, clear cut as a cameo, turned toward him. He saw again, the low knot of brown hair, the plain, well-fitting, black dress she had worn of old, and the narrow line of white collar against her soft neck. It was sally sweet to see it all again, and Guy watched her so steadily, that his intense, fixed gaze drew her glance toward him after a moment.

"Mrs. Amsted?" she asked, in startled surprise.

"It is he who stands before you?" Guy answered. "And I had you well come to my father's house?"

The girl drew back, and her gray eyes were bent haughtily on his face.

"Why did you not tell me in the many conversations we have had, that you were Mr. Lowery's step son?"

"Because," he answered with a smile, "it was so hard to resist, I did not know you were Mr. Lowery's niece."

"Then I cannot blame you," she answered, gravely, giving him her hand. "But if I had known it, I would never have come."

All Guy's firm resolves about pride and self-restraint melted away at those last regretful words.

"Lenore, why avoid me? Why refuse me? If only you would let me take you away from all this care and poverty and make you happy. No, do not answer. I know I could make you happy! Let me try, will you? You would soon learn to love me when your heart was light, and anxiety a thing of the past."

"It is quite impossible," she answered, in an even, quiet voice, which proved conclusively to the man before her, that he was, indeed, beyond the hope of her love.

"Your heart is already given to another, Lenore. Am I right?"

Her shining eyes flashed a mocking, laughing glance at him, not unmixed with pity.

"I love no man," she said. "I never intend to. It is a common belief that marriage is a woman's destiny, that she exists before the event with long eyes fixed on that hope, which shall be the crowning point of her life, the realization of her hopes, the culmination of her object in living. Once it is passed, she is satisfied, and is then on life's battle-ground a commander, where in her maiden days she was but a common private. This is the common belief. Mr. Amsted, and I say it is false! Marriage is very well in its way for a weak, incapable being, but it is not a true woman's destiny. I would not marry where I did not love, and I intend to keep the tender passion at arm's length. There are nobler longings in my heart if I have only strength to achieve what I desire. I intend to belong to that sadly, small class of independent women, who wish to return to their Creator the life he has lent them, not only free from a blot, but ennobled and purified."

Guy looked at her closely clasped hands and stary eyes with a strange smile.

"It is fate," he answered seriously. "You have yet to learn that to be happy a woman must be loved. No matter how fame and energy fill her life, she will not be satisfied, and will never have it otherwise! Surely there is nothing so winning, so desirable as a loving woman?"

Lenore remained only a fortnight in her uncle's home and then, energetic and ambitious, departed to a western city where a position was opened for her.

True to her resolve she parted from Guy with kind friendliness, and retained her strong-minded notions, as Mrs. Lowery styled them, to the end.

Guy watched the carriage which bore her away, till it vanished in the deepening dusk of the closing day. It made his brave heart very sore, this parting for a month or a year, but for many years, or forever.

He could not drive her from his thoughts. Her clear eyes, radiating only the softening, subduing power of love to make their beauty perfect, were ever before him.

Would he be the lover who would first kindle those proud eyes with the tender light?

Would it be his happy fate to make the self-reliant, passionate heart bow down in glad humility before the maiden's mastery?

He tried to look calmly at the blank prospect of the coming years but could not.

"Not yet—not yet!" he murmured in his heart.

A small Canadian town, a seaport town in spring, all its dark, quaint streets filled with busy life.

Guy Amsted had spent two idle weeks in it, and was beginning to think of going back to New York.

It was almost dark on one of these spring nights when he reached the pretty houses, where with other sojourners, he had two rooms engaged.

He was about to enter, when unconsciously he looked up at the windows of his apartment. They were dark, but from the one adjoining, a steady light burned behind the drawn curtain. Who was the inmate?

He wondered. Why did that light burn every evening so long past midnight, and sometimes far into the morning?

The landlady at this moment came out in full Sunday array, going for a cup of tea and a bit of gossip with some congenial friend. Guy detained her.

"Who occupies the room next to mine?" he asked, carelessly.

"Number six, eh?" she inquired, glancing up. "I can't tell you very much, sir. It's a lady, and she seems to be mighty learned, for she strays glances. I've caught her roomers showed me them full of books. She goes out very early, always using the side entrance, and returns in the afternoon. A very good lodger, regular pay, no trouble, very ladylike," and the landlady rustled away.

"A lady?" Guy mused. "The first female hermit I have chanced on."

An hour later the remembrance of the "hermit" and her peculiarities had faded from his mind.

Ten! Guy looked up from the letter he had finished as the clock struck

and seeing how serenely bright the May moon shone, and how the way-gang migonette on the balcony seemed to beckon him, he stopped out.

The light from his neighbor's window was still burning, and not a sound proceeded from within.

Guy remained there until he had finished a cigar, thinking at the same time of his home, his mother, but mostly of Lenore, who had vanished so completely from his life years before. The womanly independence she had gloried in—how had it satisfied?

"Was she still working her ambitions way alone and single handed?" he wondered. "More likely she is wooed and married and—" he thought, at last, with a sigh, as he sent his last curling ring of smoke out into the still air.

But just then started, and his eyes turned with an alarmed expression toward the lighted window. Something very heavy had fallen. Still listening, he heard an agonized moan, then another—a short gasping sob, and silence followed.

He went to the window quickly and found it unfastened, and throwing back the glass doors entered the room.

His eyes fastened on the figure of a woman quite unconscious upon the floor, a fallen book-case lying on one imprisoned arm. A chair, overturned, was near by, and Guy guessed that in reaching for a book she felt the chair swaying, and catching the book-case for support had dragged it down with her.

Quick as a flash he lifted it with all his strength from the wounded arm, then raised the girl to the sofa and tried to restore consciousness. For the first time he looked at her carefully, and positively staggered in surprise. The still pale face, drawn in that expression of pain, how well he knew it! It was Lenore.

Her eyes unclosed at last, and looked into his. As though waking from a dream, she sprang up, and Guy could not withdraw his fascinated gaze from her, as she stood in the lamp-light, her unbounded hair falling around her, looking down at the wounded hand with quivering lips.

"I can bear the pain in my arm," she said, bravely. "But look at this little thumb! I think it is broken, and the nail is almost off. I had intended to accomplish so much, too, and now it will be weeks before I can write again! Poor, little thumb! Oh, how it aches! Oh, dear!" she sobbed, her hot tears falling on the bruised, little member.

This was a new role for the strong-minded Lenore. The weeks passed all too soon. Lenore was very humble when her arm was in a sling. She was the most lovable of women during those halcyon days, when she had to depend on Guy to write for, and to read to her, and use the fan untiringly on warm afternoons.

"If she would always be so watchful and passionately, as he watched the beautiful face, no longer proud, but peaceful. "Do you remember the question which remained undecided when we parted?" he asked, one day, as they sat among the flowers on the balcony.

"About love not being necessary to a woman's happiness?" she said, with a quick blush. "My declaration was a foolish one. Love is not all in a woman's life, nor is it as you believe, the greatest thing. But it has a place not to be disparaged nor overlooked."

This was a great concession from Lenore, and Guy felt it to be so.

His constancy, love and tenderness had won her heart, and not many days after, when the sling was removed, her hand found a more loving, steadfast resting place in Guy's, which closed over it so gladly, and so eagerly, to hold it through life to the last.

Rather Monotonous.

"Judge" Doty was a prominent cattle dealer in Gosseneck, Nebraska.

He bought and sold a large number of fat hogs and steers every shipping season. Each purchase was made more binding by a carefully selected assortment of poor whiskey, and each sale clinched by a liberal allowance of "the same."

In consequence of this peculiar phase of his business, the judge was socially drunk most of the time, and on important occasions belligerent and abusive.

While on these sharply defined and enthusiastic jamborees, people used to shoot at him, and it was not an unusual sight to see the judge flying out of the door of the "Dew Drop Inn" or "Smile Saloon," followed by a crowd of cow-boys and ranchers, which had apparently opened fire all along the line.

On several of these occasions the judge had sworn out warrants against certain parties who had missed him, but when the time came for the trial the judge failed to appear.

But one evening a Union Pacific section hand, with whom the judge had got so full of sour mash that he could only stand still by stepping around a little, took umbrage at certain coarse and indelicate allusions regarding the parentage of the section hand, pulled a gun on him and fired several wild shots at the rapidly retreating form of the cattle king. Bright and early the next morning the judge appeared before the dispenser of rude Nebraska justice, and swore out a State warrant for the radical tie-lifter.

The examination was set for the afternoon. Doty was on hand, but he was not armed with a lawyer.

His long right arm, which he never moved from one position until the close of his speech, he said:

"Squire, hit's right here. I'm no dog. I've been shot at off an' on now for the hull six years. I've been in this cussed town of Gosseneck. There ain't a cow-boy 'tween here and the Platte as hasn't had a shot at me."

"Cause I was dealin' with 'em I want to take it up to the cotes. Hand there's the ranchers, they've rode over me on the square lope cause I was good natured and wanted to buy cattle of 'em. My business is peculiar in this respect, and I've got to put up with little annoyances or lose trade. I can't afford to jepodise business. But when it comes down to section hands blazin' away at me as if I was a dead glass ball, why the thing is played. Now, thing I know some Chivanan will want to shoot me full of holes when I ain't looking, and, squire, I'll be rammed, slammed, jammed and dammed if it ain't gettin' monotonous. That's my case."

THE PUGET SOUND MAIL.

LOCAL COMMENTS.

THE MAIL AND CHRONICLE.

THE MAIL has entered into arrangements with the San Francisco Chronicle...

The local grain market is now pretty firm at \$26 per ton, a raise of \$1 since last week...

Hops are hops this year. They are away up in price. Mr. Ike Chilberg of Plensant Ridge sold his crop...

AN ENTERPRISING CAMP.—As energetic and enterprising a gang of men as can be found anywhere on Puget Sound went into the Samish country last spring...

The Photograph Gallery which has been located here the past week, has been doing some excellent work.

BERCHER SHOP.—The Hanson Bros. have opened a butcher shop at La Conner, and are now prepared to fill all orders from farmers...

Go to Wm. Hewitt, the city butcher, for all kinds of meats.

WHATCOM NOTES. WHATCOM, Oct. 3, 1882.

Ed. Mall, W. L. Steinweg, our popular merchant, has been to Seattle on business the past week.

There was another wedding in town last Thursday. The happy couple were James Hogue, of Nook-

Mr. Wood Matthews, of the Chelalis Valley, is in town looking for a location.

A large portion of the mill machinery arrived this morning, such as the main shaft, bullwheel, etc.

The steamer Washington came into port this morning. She is the nicest and handsomest vessel on the Sound.

Times are lively at present. Everybody is taking advantage of the reduced rates and the hotels are filled.

Photograph Gallery. J. B. Johnson's portable gallery has arrived in La Conner and will remain in town two or three weeks.

GRAND BALL.—A Grand Ball will be given by Carlson & Morrison in their new building at La Conner on Friday evening, October 20th next.

SOME thirty-five iron-mine claims have been taken on the Skagit up to the present time.

THE SUNDAY LAW received a pretty severe denunciation from the Democracy of Whatcom County...

Mr. S. B. Crockett returned to La Conner this week after several months absence at his farm at Hood River, Oregon.

The steamer Daisy returned from the Nooksack River on Thursday loaded down with a cargo of the products of that region.

While in Portland, the other day, we had the pleasure of meeting our former fellow-townsmen, Dr. W. H. Boyd, looking well and prosperous.

The attention of our readers, especially the ladies, is invited to Clayton Bros.' advertisement in this issue of the MAIL.

REV. MR. VAN DEVENTER will preach at La Conner regularly on the evening of the 4th Sunday of each month; and at Whitney's Hall on the morning of the same day.

DENTIST STOLL has returned to La Conner and will remain until the 16th, after which he may be absent for some time.

MARRIED.—At Whatcom, September 28th, by Justice of the Peace A. Marston, Mr. James Hogue and Mrs. Annie Hunter, all of Whatcom County.

The Photograph Gallery which has been located here the past week, has been doing some excellent work.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE LARGEST FANCY DRY-GOODS HOUSE IN THE NORTHWEST. CLAYTON BROS., FRONT STREET, SEATTLE, W. T.

READ AND BE CONVINCED: 500 lbs Wools, at 95 cts and upward. 300 lbs split and single assorted Zenophya, at 84 cts and upward.



LARGEST LINE OF CORSETS IN SEATTLE, embracing all of the latest and most improved styles, consisting of eighteen different makes, from 45 cts upward.

Children's Waists, 40cts and upward. Children's Corsets, 30cts and upward. Ladies' Vests, 50 cts and upward.

Notice of Application to Purchase Timber Land. UNITED STATES DISTRICT LAND OFFICE, Olympia, Washington Territory.

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LEGAL NOTICES.

NOTICE OF FINAL PROOF. U. S. LAND OFFICE AT OLYMPIA, W. T., September 27, 1882.

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NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. L. MARTIN LA CONNER, W. T. HAS A LARGE AND WELL-SELECTED STOCK OF ASSORTED MERCHANDISE, CONSISTING OF DRY GOODS & CLOTHING, BOOTS & SHOES, Hats & Caps, GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, HARDWARE.

THE GREAT SAN FRANCISCO STORE! SEATTLE, W. T. ON OR ABOUT SEPT. 1st TOKLAS & SINGERMAN

WILL REMOVE TO THEIR VEST ESTABLISHMENT NOW BEING ERECTED FOR THEM ON COMMERCIAL ST., CORNER OF WASHINGTON.

TOKLAS & SINGERMAN Propose to enter their new building with only NEW GOODS. Not a vestige of their old stock will be carried away from their present establishment if possible.

TOKLAS & SINGERMAN These goods are in the way and we need them no longer. Great reduction in every department. We quote the following: 11 yards Gingham for \$1, formerly 8 yds.

TOKLAS & SINGERMAN JAMES WILLIAMSON. SOPHUS JOERGENSEN. J. WILLIAMSON & CO., (SUCCESSORS TO KELLOGG & ANDERSON.) PROPRIETORS OF THE LA CONNER DRUG STORE.

PREScriptions CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED. A FULL LINE OF DRUGS & PATENT MEDICINES. TOILET, PERFUMERY AND FANCY ARTICLES, BOOKS, STATIONERY, &c., Always on Hand, AT SEATTLE PRICES.

Having purchased the La Conner Branch Drug Store from Kellogg & Anderson, we solicit a continuance of the public patronage. The store will continue under the management of Sophus Joergensen as before. J. WILLIAMSON & CO.

TO THE COUNTRY TRADE. Having Opened a Stock of General Merchandise AT PADILLA BAY For the Accommodation of the Settlers in that Section. WE WOULD ASK ALL TO CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK AND PRICES BEFORE GOING FURTHER.

It is our object to Sell GOOD GOODS at Low Prices and to Accommodate the FARMING TRADE by dealing in all FARM PRODUCE. Our Stock consists of a Full Line of Goods generally to be found in a Country Store, all of which we would ask your inspection and solicit a share of your Patronage. W. J. MCKENNA, Manager.

GO TO L. L. ANDREWS FOR YOUR Groceries, Dry Goods, &c., Boots & Shoes, Hardware, AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE. QUICK SALE AND LIGHT PROFIT CALL AT L. L. Andrews for Vincent's Custom-made Boots and Shoes the best in the world. L. L. ANDREWS, La Conner, W. T.

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S. F. Market.

Table listing market prices for various commodities including flour, sugar, and other goods.

SAN FRANCISCO ITEMS.

Repealers at the recent primaries are being prosecuted. San Francisco's weather has been particularly cold of late.

FOREIGN NEWS AND GOSSIP.

The almost total failure of the year's opium crop is announced from Persia. It is proposed to hold an exhibition of fans at Paris during the coming winter.

A Competent Customer.

"Is the gentleman who knows everything in the steam-iron business?" asked the editor, clapping around under his desk for his shoes and trying to hide his stockings from the man.

The Leading Bank of the Coast.

The annual report of the bank will be sent to you in a separate issue of the Pacific Bank. This success is the more noteworthy, because it is the reward of rigid adherence to sound business principles.

R.H. McDonald & Co. Bank advertisement with financial details and resources.

NEW ENGLAND BAKING POWDER advertisement with product details and contact information.

There are few anecdotes of the present generation in connection with the land question that equals the following, told by Thomas Spence, a Radical of the last century, whose fame as a land law reformer is being reviewed now for the first time after the lapse of half a century.

STREY WAIFS. A small boy was playing truant the other day, and when asked if he would not get a whipping when he reached home, he replied: "What is five minutes licking to five hours of fun?"

The Boy That Had a Nag That Could Trot. "So Christopher, you have bought a horse," observed Mr. Gandy, as he pleasantly surveyed his son.

There is even a worse character in peddling business than book agents, fighting-rod men and mysterious curators who talk in whispers and you the imprints were stamped or tell stolon, in order to be enabled to sell so cheap.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA advertisement with product image and text.

OSTINELLI'S ERADICATOR advertisement for removing paint and crease.

PHENOLINE advertisement for the cure of diphtheria, sore throat, and tonsillitis.

Why ought wicked people to go carriage-driving often? Because it frequently admonishes them to "keep to the right."

They were on their wedding-tour, and she said: "Darling, why did you choose me?" "I saw you sweeping the library one day." "Then you chose me because I did not disdain the broom?" "No, because you could not handle it well."

She said she wanted a ticket to Wyandotte and return, and the pale, gentlemanly agent with the dark mustache asked, as he took up the notebook: "Single?" "It ain't any of your business, as I know," she responded tartly.

A NEW submarine torpedo boat has been constructed on the shores of Stockholm harbor for the defense of that port. It is to steam twelve knots under water, without any part being visible above the surface.

STUDABEKER'S TAILORS' SQUARE advertisement for clothing.

BUCKLAND Patent Buggy Gear advertisement with product image.

BUCKLAND Patent Buggy Gear advertisement with product image and contact information.