



### The Dog in the Manger.

From the Northern Beecher.

The following is so applicable here and almost everywhere that we cheerfully place it before our readers.

If there is a dog worthy the execration of all decent dogs, it is the one of which the grand old Greek story teller told us in our first Latin, which has stood as an emblem of meanness ever since dear Father Æsop exposed him to the ignominy of the age.

Now we like a dog of courage. We must admire it we do not altogether approve the bold mastiff who attacks the butcher's cart, and bears off a rib between his glittering teeth, while his gory lips, flashing eye, and low muttered growl warns all interested, of the *dicine* right of might—and when he stands bravely before our face, tearing and devouring it, we feel that every muscle, bone and sinew in that powerful frame demands that fuel with a hunger that knows no law. Or when the sly cat steals under our kitchen window and whisks off our cooling loaf, we can but send some sympathy after him with our mop handle, as we say "well our loss is his gain, the half starved creature needed it badly enough."

Now can we bear notice in our hearts toward the excited pluckless dog who, being of a nervous temperament but lacking courage to assail the tangible exhausts his powers by furiously baying the moon that burts no one. The moon doesn't mind it—merely winks patronizingly down at little Brave's harmless fury and wishes him joy of his existence.

But when a sleek well fed hound, with malice prepense stretches himself in the crib, despoiling food to which he would not touch tongue or tooth—and the patient sad eyed donkey stands there praying for his daily bread after weary hours of toil, the utmost stretch of charity despises such a dog.

If that donkey doesn't reverse and exercise his prerogative on that dog, sending his canine ribs in twenty several directions through the bars of that crib, then there is no sense in being a donkey. He doesn't deserve the name and heels of a jackass.

Does the hound plead that he is worth with his long eared competitor, forsooth when he brays (hideous sound that it is) more people listen than to his majestic bark, and thus his dignity and self-respect are insulted. Well, does he regain either of these lost virtues by growling in the donkey's manger—winking so innocently, and growling so sanctimoniously, while the hungry animal waits fainting for the bread of his life—or will his adversary cease braying like an ass, or he cease barking like a dog, if he lies there till the hard grain pierces his cuticle and grows to corn stalks above his tomb? He will be apt to hear such a bray as he has never heard yet if he keeps the ass starving there much longer. He will be glad to hang his own two ears between his own two paws, and not tarry to measure brays till he attains a point where distance lends some enchantment to that assine outburst of nature. The echoes will teach him that Providence has pitched necessarily on a higher key than dignity.

Desire may speak in measured eloquence, but need gauges not its cry to heaven. Or does the refined quadruped despise the interior brute because of the mud on his coat. He toils in the lowly field, even binds his neck to the plow and looks not back again; when all more refined and spirited animals failed, he dragged the nation's burden unflinchingly through storm and blast and scorching heat, with patient fortitude pulling it through sloughs of despond where no other creature could find bottom, and he stands now besmeared to the very ears with the soil of duty, claiming his corn at the crib. But he whom no one saw through all the sacrifices and labor, at the plow, in the slosh or in the mire, is first at the manger, in shining coat, clean, respectable, elegant, and if he can't take the reward, he can hinder it.

Perchance the laborer has not finished his task, has only paused in the midst of his service to reinforce his wasted powers. But his resources are cut off, there is a dog in the manger. Will he relieve the overburdened servant and finish his

task? Oh, no. He doesn't profess to be capable of doing that. He doesn't object to the work, it is very needful, but he hasn't strength to drag the plow or *time* for the long heavy pull. He has time to lie in the manger, and power to cut off all resources of labor from the one who will perform it. Oh how many dogs of the manger walk about the green earth on two feet; who cut off all resources from faithful foolish souls who undertake foolish tasks they will not perform; who humble not themselves to the masters lowly work but are jealous of His servant's wages.

They even stand in saintly guise at the gate of heaven; but they shut it up against men, for they neither go in themselves neither suffer them that are entering to go in. Jealousy—spite—selfishness have thrown up their barriers. Ever before the toilsome weary steps of charity and usefulness wherever four feet or two have trod the earth.

If this classic allegory suits any particular case here, let him adopt it just the same as though it had not fitted thousands of shoulders since it was first woven by the grand old master in the attic loom.

But be warned if *thou art the man*. If thou hast hindered another from doing a good work, by all that is honorable do it thyself; thou shalt thereby make restitution and stand acquitted at the bar of heaven, where that work shall be required at thy hands. Then thou mayst not be jealous of another's share for they shall worthily crown thy own brow and fill thy soul with joy.

### A Close Shave.

On Saturday last, says the *Welland Telegraph* of Nov. 13, four men, whose names it is not necessary for us to give, were coming from Hog Island, a little out of the Chippewa river, in the mighty Niagara, but a very short distance above the rapids, when owing, report has it, to having on board too much of Gilchrist's California ketchup, they capsize their little bark, and were at once hurried on by the rushing tide to the verge of that far-famed cataraet. Three of the men succeeded in grasping with a death-like grip the hull of the boat, seizing the fourth man and vainly endeavoring to get him to hold on to some of the ropes attached to the sails, but he was too heavy by too potent doses of the California nicotine, and failed to comprehend his danger. His companions, every time he broke loose from their grasp, managed to get a fresh hold. Time was getting very short, and the mad waters running at perhaps twelve miles an hour, waited not for their prey, but rather seemed anxious to get them into the fatal rapids which they were fast approaching. At this critical moment one of the steam tugs employed in towing mad scows in the Chippewa river, was headed by its captain, who had just observed the position of affairs, towards the drowning men, with all the head of steam on it could carry. Heading off the wreck the tug hove to in the hope of catching them in their mad flight, and ropes, buoys, etc., were hastily got hold of to throw to the poor fellows. Here comes the most extraordinary part of it. Just as the yawl struck the tug and was secured, the four men vigorously struck out for the shore, swimming in good style for dear life, their cold bath evidently just commencing to awaken them to a sense of their peril. The one of the four who had been the most troublesome reached land first, and straightway repaired to the nearest hotel to complete the ducking inside that he had got outside. In this he was quickly followed by his chums, and when safely ensconced by the cheerful stove, jokes passed freely round on their narrow escape. The captain of the tug succeeded in saving the boat, sails, etc., from certain destruction, and he deserves great credit for his prompt action on the scene of such apparent peril.

One of Mr. Moody's converts at Chicago, being a fugitive from justice, started back to deliver himself up to the authorities, expecting a sentence of ten years in the State prison. What a blessed thing it would be for the country just now if the revivalist would do as much for the politicians of both parties!

### English Sketches.

By Mrs. Annie Besant.

We sometimes say, in England, that the Americans specially pride themselves upon having the "biggest things out;" but I am not sure that any American trade can match our big home demonstrations in the mining districts. Every American who reads the general English, as well as the London press, will know that once a year each large North Country Miners' Union gathers itself together, and holds high holiday, with flags flying and bands playing. The only amusement provided is—speeches. A few weeks before the appointed day every colliery votes for the public speakers most admired by the pitmen, and the votes being all collected and counted, the five or six names that stand at the head of the list are invited by the Union to speak at the great meeting. Amongst these chosen few, you will easily guess, figures the radical orator's name, that of Charles Bradlaugh, and for several years past both Northumberland and Durham have duly summoned him as their special pet and favorite.

The Durham meeting was held on July 3d, and was one of the largest the Union has ever called together. One paper estimates the crowd at 100,000; but from one of the officials of the Union we learn that a more accurate estimate would be 65,000. A mighty gathering, surely, and one not to be overlooked, for these 65,000 are steady, diligent, sober men and women. "Roughs" are conspicuous by their absence; not one drunkard is to be seen. They are an assemblage of decent, moral toilers, shrewd and hard-headed withal, with the stern northern force and energy in their hearts, and the northern strength in their limbs. In Northumberland, Durham, Yorkshire is the backbone of England. Hearty to friend, and terrible to foe, are these sons of the north. Slow to move, but irrefragable when moved; not quick to anger, but also not quick to pacify when roused. Among these men an army might very easily be raised which would be "bad to beat."

Notwithstanding bands and banners there was no thought of war in Durham city. High over all rose the beautiful cathedral, gray with age, grandly majestic in outline. Almost as high rose the ancient castle, with its mighty towers, and these two buildings, symbolic of the religion and the war of the past, formed the background of the miners' gathering. And truly was the old cathedral but a symbol of the past to these steady toilers; for they are divided into two religious camps, and few, comparatively, are the stragglers that do not belong either to the one or to the other. One camp bears one flag, and free-thought is the watchword of its soldiers. The other carries the banner on which Wesley's name is emblazoned. And between these camps is there not, after all, one bond of union? Both typify revolt against tradition; both symbolize rebellion against authority. The Wesleyans in days gone by, as we to-day, rejected the ecclesiasticism in which they were born, and asserted their right to think out and frame their own religion. Wesleyanism is now an ecclesiastical system, as much imposed on each generation as is the Church; but yet something of the sturdiness of its origin is in it still, and it attracts some of the most independent minds who embrace the Christian creed. I doubt if the Church of England can produce, from its present army, so able and clear a thinker as Dr. Punshon, the Wesleyan leader.

To return, however, to our miners. They gathered in Durham race courses to listen to the speeches, and on the broad green two platforms had been erected, so as to divide the great crowd into two audiences. It was a sight worth seeing, that dense mass of human faces, pressed close together, round the platform on every side. And one special point to be remembered is the intense enthusiasm with which the speaker was greeted who is the prominent *republican* orator of the day. Others had been welcomed cordially, but here was simple passionate welcome, telling its own tale so plainly that the chairman's whisper to me was not needed: "He is tremendously strong in this district." And to emphasize this yet more, though they cheered him when

he urged arbitration, and pleaded for patience under the terrible strain they are subjected to, all cheering seemed cold and weak compared with the shouts that rent the air when he turned his speech against the throne; when he made trade-depression an argument against wasteful expenditure on royalty; when he bade them lighten the State ship, laboring in the storm, by throwing overboard useless things, not valuable ones, idlers, not workers, princes not pitmen, "aye, if England threatens to found, pitch the Brunswick overboard." Then indeed one learnt how north-country workers could cheer. And it is well to remember that these men who, when the time comes, will be found ready to make the cheers into acts, and when they win the vote, as win it soon they must, then the walls of St. Stephen's will echo no more cheers for royal marriage grants, but will learn how to ring to republican declarations, and to send back the shouts that shall usher in an uncrowned liberty.

### Turkey and Russia.

The causes of the present troubles in Turkey, and the interests of the different nations of Europe involved in them, have already been discussed in the *Companion*. But as a correspondent has asked for a clear statement of them again we repeat, as simply as possible, an account of the relations in which Russia and Turkey stand to other European nations.

In the first place, let us recall three facts. One is, that Constantinople, the present capital of Turkey, was the seat of the Greek church, of which Russia is now the head, before the Turks invaded Europe.

The second is, that a large portion of the inhabitants of Turkey are not only Christians, but are "slaves," that is of the same race and blood as the great body of the Russians themselves.

The third fact to be kept in mind is, that for two centuries the Russians have coveted Constantinople, for two reasons: because she has her ambition that that city should once more be the capital of the Greek church, and because she desires to be a great naval power. Now the possession of Constantinople would give her the command, not only of the Black Sea, but also of the Eastern Mediterranean.

Peter the Great left it as an injunction on the Czars who should succeed him, to conquer Constantinople; and this has accordingly been the aim of the Czar ever since. The Crimean War was the result of an attempt to make this conquest on the part of the Czar Nicholas; but England and France came to the Sultan's rescue, and Russian ambition was checked by the fall of Sebastopol.

Russia still covets Constantinople, and is believed to be, at this moment, taking advantage of Turkey's difficulties with that end in view. She has encouraged the rebellions in Bosnia and Bulgaria, and undoubtedly urged Serbia to declare war against Turkey, and the Serbian army is full of Russian officers and soldiers.

But what concern has England, so far distant, in this trouble between Russia and Turkey? What cares she whether Russia takes Constantinople, or what becomes of the Sultan's rule? She has two reasons for being deeply interested in the quarrel. In the first place, England is the foremost naval power in the world. She boasts that her navy is the greatest, and that her fleets rule every sea. She desires to see Russia, in the possession of the Bosphorus, with a great port at Constantinople, rising to be a rival naval power.

But she has a yet more powerful reason than this. England rules over the great empire of India. She is most anxious to maintain that rule, and will fight to the last to maintain it.

Now Russia has been for years approaching India with her troops by way of Central Asia; and now her armies are almost in sight of the Indian frontier. There is little doubt that Russia is ambitious to possess India, as well as Constantinople.

Well, it happens that the nearest route for England to India is through the Mediterranean, and by the Suez Canal. Suppose, then, that the Russians had Constantinople. Her fleets could sail on

the Mediterranean, and would prove an immense obstacle in the way of English Ships going to India. She might be able to cut off English communication with India by the nearest route altogether.

In case of a war, then, we should see the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean stopping the way of the English, while with her armies in Central Asia she made an attack on India.

It is mainly this fear of losing India, and of Russia getting it, that impels England to sustain the Sultan, and to resist a Russian conquest of Constantinople; thus she fought for Turkey in the Crimean War, and will probably fight for her again, if the worst comes to the worst.

Austria has a deep interest in the Eastern problem, though which side she would take in the event of war is doubtful. Her empire is composed of several races, which do not live very amicably together under one rule. Within her limits are Germans, Magyars, or Hungarians, Czechs and Slavacs. Each of these races distrust the others, and fears that one of the others will gain the ascendancy in the empire.

The Austrian Slavacs looked upon the Servians and Bosnians, who are also Slavacs. Austria is afraid of the latter becoming independent, or part of Russia, for then she might lose her own Slavac population. So Austria has always sided with Turkey, and would be very likely to do so now. Besides, Austria would not like to see Russia become more powerful, and become mistress of the Danube.

Neither Germany nor Italy have a direct interest in the Eastern difficulty; their course, in case of war, would be dictated by their alliances, and the gain they might expect from the promises of power—probably Russia—in return for their aid. Both would be inclined to favor Russia, for Germany desires Belgium, Holland and Denmark, and Italy craves a part of the Austrian Tyrol; and Russia would probably consent to aid in fulfilling these ambitions.

**CHEHALIS RIVER VALLEY.**—My wish is to write you a few lines about the Chehalis river valley. This valley is about 120 miles long, by about eight miles wide on an average. The river bottom land is hard to beat for cereals, wheat and oats especially. The worst drawback that we have is that we have no grist mill short of thirty miles. If a man would come here and build a grist mill and saw mill it would be very beneficial to the settlers on this prairie, and also accommodate the settlers for sixty miles around. I am satisfied it would pay any man to invest about \$5,000 in a good mill. There is plenty of good water power handy, and of easy access to the river. Now I will talk about the advantages of a light draft steamboat. This river (the Chehalis) is navigable for a light draft boat for about ninety miles, including the harbor, by cutting out two jams which impede the navigation. The mill and a steamboat together will draw a coast trade from Astoria, which is only about six hours run from Chehalis Point, which is just inside the bar of this river. With these conveniences immigration will come and settle with us and Chehalis county will be among the first for the production of cereals.—*Williamette Farmer*.

**TO MAKE COFFEE.**—Purchase the coffee unblended, brown about a quart at a time, and while still hot stir in a piece of butter as large as a chestnut, and put in a can that shuts close. Do not grind it till ready to use, then grind the desired amount (I allow a heaping tablespoonful for each person), and mix with it egg enough to moisten each particle of coffee, add a cup of cold water, stir again and put in the coffee pot, set on the stove and let it stand till it boils up, then add the desired quantity of boiling water, let it scald up once more and set on the back part of the stove where it will keep hot but not boil till ready to serve. Just before serving pour in half a cup of cold water.

Forty years ago last Thursday the great fire in New York commenced. It burned for three days, and destroyed property to the value of eighteen millions of dollars.

The dog tax in Haverhill, which amounts to \$1093, is to be devoted to the Public Library. So dogs are of benefit to the community after all.

**Glasgow Letter.**

*From the Lutez.*

Although I undertook last week to write about the present meeting of the general assemblies in Edinburgh, my digression, which I trust was neither unnecessary nor uninteresting, concerning the recent history of our Scottish churches, and their present relations to each other, occupied so much space as to prevent my intruding further on your indulgence at that time. I now fulfill my promise of briefly sketching the doings and sayings of the three sacred meetings.

And to begin, as is due, with the State Church, the opening of whose assembly constitutes the annual gala-day of Edinburgh, corresponding to the Lord Mayor's day in London. This church possesses, *inter alia*, this advantage over its sisters; that it has two heads, the one in heaven, the inevitable Lord Jesus, and the other on earth in the person of Her Britannic Majesty. *A priori*, you might be inclined to doubt whether such an arrangement could be smoothly worked, and be apt to quote the proverb that, when two ride on horse-back, one must ride behind. The Church, I believe, can satisfactorily reconcile the paradox; but to an unprejudiced onlooker it is quite plain that the Lord Jesus has to take the flunkey's part. It is the representative of Her Majesty, His Grace the Lord High Commissioner, as he is styled (who is always a nobleman holding the principles of the political party for the time being in power), whose acts alone render legal the opening or closing of the assembly. This gentleman, who resides during the sitting of the assembly in the palace of Holyrood, holds there a grand levee on the morning of the opening, and then goes in procession, accompanied by a military escort, the magistrates of the city in their robes, the clergy, etc., etc., to old St. Giles' Church, through streets lined with soldiers and police, with much thundering of cannon and fluttering of flags, to hear a sermon preached by the retiring moderator on the part of the Lord Jesus, and the Lord Commissioner on the part of Her Majesty, declare the Right Reverend and Right Honorable Court opened.

The most interesting debate on the U. P. Synod (as its assembly is called) turned on the use of unfermented wine in the celebration of the communion. One or two stout teetotalers in that Church have been in the habit of passing the cup or leaving the church after partaking of the bread, for which conduct they were excommunicated. On appeal, their excommunication was confirmed, although kirk sessions were recommended to deal leniently with persons of conscientious scruples.

In two, at least, out of the three assemblies, reports were handed in on the conversion of the Jews. These, like all of their kind for the last eighteen hundred years, were more hopeful in the statement of their future prospects than encouraging or the record of their past successes. One of our liberal papers here has recently imported an editor from London, and he is scarcely yet acclimated, he occasionally makes remarks, a continuance of the like of which will assuredly bring him a few raps across the knuckles. In commenting on the above reports he complained of their sameness year after year, and recommended the introduction of some novelty. If the reverend fathers and brethren failed to strike out anything of this kind, he would suggest to them the desirability of a scheme for constructing a railway to Jerusalem, with branches to Jericho and elsewhere, shares in which might be taken up instead of the present contributions to a scheme which yielded no returns.

Never teach false morality. How exquisitely absurd to tell girls that beauty is of no value—dress of no use! Beauty is of value. Her whole prospects and happiness in this life may often depend upon a new gown or a becoming bouquet; and, if she has five grains of common sense, she will find this out. The great thing is to teach her their just value, and that there must be something better under the bonnet than a pretty face for real happiness. But never sacrifice the truth.

**PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON NIAGARA.**—In a recent lecture at Nashville, Tenn., Professor Huxley said, "I know it is thought very often that men of science are in the habit of drawing largely from their imagination, but it is really not so. The most sober, careful consideration of facts forces upon you more and more determinedly the conviction that the theory respecting which we have this archeological evidence of a period of the past history of the world is of a duration which, in comparison with our human standard, may be regarded as almost absolutely infinite. Take, for example, the case of the estuary of Niagara, where I have been recently spending some time, so that I might fill myself with the grandeur and beauty of that extraordinary natural phenomenon; it is quite easy to see that the Niagara river has formed its own valley, has cut its way back through the plateau of rock from which it falls for some six miles. There is not the slightest difficulty in seeing that. The great cliff from which it tumbles is formed of two kinds of rock, hard rock at the top and soft rock underneath. The water undermines the soft rock below, when the solid stratum above falls over. You can trace the gradual excavation of the valley for six miles from that marvelous bluff which from Proctor's monument overlooks the plain of Ontario. Now the rate at which that work is going on has not yet been positively ascertained; but we may be perfectly certain (I am now speaking largely within limits) that the work of cutting back does not go on at the rate of a yard in a year. We have six miles of such cutting, which will bring you a period of ten thousand years for the cutting back of Niagara alone. It is an immaterial matter to me how many years it takes, but it would be nearer probability, much nearer the truth, if I had said three or four times that amount."

**THE HUMAN VOICE BY TELEGRAPH.**—A novel adaptation of telegraphy has been developed in Boston. It is a newly discovered process of telephony, or of sending the voice or other sound a great distance, invented by Graham Bell, a naturalized American of Scottish birth. In experiments mentioned by Boston journals, telephones of rubber of a membranous character were placed at the extremities of a common out-door telegraph wire in Boston and Cambridge, two miles apart, when articulate conversation took place through the wire, the sound being communicated quite loud and intelligibly, the words being as clearly heard at the distance of two miles as if spoken through a speaking tube. A satirical writer in a Cincinnati paper, who is always making some ludicrous remark about the loud voice of the ex-Governor of his State, says that "if the human voice is thus transmitted by telegraph, Bill Allen should be employed as head operator on the line with China."

**—Call.**  
A very modest young lady, who wanted a pair of garters, addressed the shopman thus: "It is my desire to obtain a pair of circular elastic appendages, capable of being contracted or expanded by means of oscillating burnished steel appliances, that sparkle like particles of gold leaf set with Alaska diamonds, and which are utilized for retaining in proper position the habiliments of the lower extremities, which innate delicacy forbids me to mention."

An unfortunate North Carolina farmer from whom a lot of meat had been stolen seasoned a ham with strychnine and put it in his smoke house. Since then he has almost been driven to insanity by his uncertainty as to which of the ninety-two hams is the one he doesn't want to use in his own family.

The funeral of D. S. Moore and C. S. Rinerson, the two men killed at Owyhee rapids by the explosion of giant powder used for blasting purposes, took place at Oregon City on Friday.

On Monday of last week there were 1,085 letters mailed from the Salem post office, by actual count. This is the largest number of letters ever sent from that city on one day.

The Merrimac Hat Company are manufacturing felt shoes, which are having an extensive sale and are greatly prized by the wearers.

**We Shall be Happy Yet.**

Fear not beloved, though clouds may lower,  
When rainbow visions melt away,  
Faith's holy star has still a power,  
That may the deepest midnight sway.  
Fear not! I take a prophet's tone,  
Our love can neither wane nor set;  
My heart grows strong in trust—mine own,  
We shall be happy yet!

What though long anxious days have passed  
Since this true heart was vowed to thine,  
There comes for us a light at last,  
Whose beam upon our path shall shine,  
We who have loved midst doubts and fears,  
Yet never with one hour's regret,  
There comes a joy to gild our tears—  
We shall be happy yet!

Aye, by the wandering birds, that find  
A home beyond the mountain wave,  
Though many a wave and storm combined  
To bow them to an ocean grave—  
By summer suns that brightly rise,  
Though erst in mournful tears they set,  
By all love's hopeful prophecies,  
We shall be happy yet!

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**CHARGES REASONABLE.**

# The Northern Star.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

## A Retrospective Alliance.

This number completes the first volume of the Northern Star. It is also the first number of the new year. Perhaps, at this time, a glance backwards over the past year will illustrate some of the difficulties we have had to encounter and overcome, the assistance received, as well as the benefits conferred upon the section of country represented by the STAR.

It was not from a wish to seize the editorial pen, or an ambition to make journalism a profession, that caused the venture to be made, in what, one year ago, was deemed so unpromising a field of labor.

Our professional and other private business employed all our time so fully and profitably, it was only by sacrificing a large share of public or professional business that we could find time for editing or building up a journal.

We were induced to start the enterprise from a sense of duty to the community, and to the institutions with which we had been intimately connected here, making it almost a matter of public necessity that a journal should be published to represent the varied interests of the Snohomish, as well as of those regions to the northward of this river valley, having similar wants and similar interests, and which were in many respects represented by no journal in the Territory.

Repeated efforts had been made to induce parties to take, what then seemed the great risks of publishing a journal here; none were willing to make the venture. We knew nothing of the business, but did know what we wished represented, and had studied the community carefully, and knew the support that could be obtained here. It was from the fact that the need of a journal was so great here; that none others would start it; and that we could secure at least twice the support obtainable by others, that we ventured to take the risks.

At that time none were jealous of the undertaking; all professed to wish it every success possible, yet most people, within as well as without the county, looked upon the enterprise as visionary, to say the least, and that it could not possibly live for more than a few months. The obstacles were certainly serious, our entire ignorance of the mechanical details of the business compelled us to learn by dearly bought experience in many cases whom to select as our assistants, and what were the most economical ways of conducting our business.

The support receivable from this valley could not be over one third as great as required to publish a paper of the present size of the STAR. Yet it would be necessary to secure a support and circulation sufficient to sustain a paper of at least this size, if we wished to make our journal a representative of all these intellectual and social questions, as well as local interests it was designed to represent.

We found in Dr. Folsom, one whose literary and scientific attainments placed him in the front rank among men of thought and culture, while his devotion to the STAR, and the assistance he has uniformly rendered, to any extent required, enabled us to leave the editorial work almost wholly in his hands for weeks together; thus giving us time for travel, and to study up the local resources of the country, learn its interests and how to represent them, as well as to secure additional support for the STAR. Had it not been for Dr. Folsom's generous assistance the STAR could not have been raised to its present influential position, nor done the work it has effectually performed.

In every enterprise man is engaged, to be successful in the fullest sense of the term, he needs the co-operation of woman's loving assistance. What a man can achieve in life more frequently depends upon whether he is properly mated with a companion suitable for him, than upon his intellectual culture, or personal exertions.

Besides publishing a journal that would represent local interests fully, as

we believe the STAR has successfully done; as well as taking a representative position as a literary, scientific and liberal journal; it was expected to gradually introduce a domestic and social department, more especially meant to represent home and family interests, or to furnish that class of matter most interesting for the women and children of the community, making the STAR complete in all its departments as a literary, scientific, progressive, liberal, as well as family journal.

Neither of us were able alone to make up this last department, yet supposed we had the necessary assistance in the love and devotion, as well as cultured intellect of that companion who had started with us on the journey of life.

In the first few numbers we had to a slight degree indicated this work, and had begun to make our arrangements for its more complete realization, when sickness and death came to our door and robbed us of our loved and devoted companion forever. This crushing blow destroyed our dreams of joint labor in this department of the STAR, compelling us so far, wholly to give it up, and devote our time and energies to other fields of labor. It also destroyed our home, made our domestic expenses over one hundred dollars a month more than they otherwise would have been for the past year, and caused our place of residence to seem less like home than any place we could find. The result was, to make up for this unexpectedly increased outlay, and to gain that knowledge of the country we desired to obtain so we could represent it thoroughly and well, as well as to keep from dwelling on the loss we had suffered, and to divert our mind to new and other scenes, we have passed a year of as severe mental and physical exertion as any one in the Territory, laboring constantly from sixteen to eighteen hours and upwards per day. Besides our editorial labor, and supervising work upon our home, in clearing making improvements etc., we have had to do a large legal and public business, and have traveled upwards of 15,000 miles in the interest of the STAR the past year, over one third of that distance being in a small boat; paddling or pulling a canoe or boat alone over 4,000 miles. The result has been, that we know six fold as many people as we did one year ago, have visited most every portion of the Sound region, and have written more or less regarding their interests. The valleys of the Snohomish, Stillaguamish and Skagit, then the least known, are now perhaps the best known of any portion of the Territory, while the support necessary to sustain the STAR has been fully secured, it being today one of the best supported journals in Washington Territory, and furnishes a greater amount of original, literary, descriptive and scientific matter than any journal in the Territory, if not on the whole Northwest Coast, while its influence is second to none. The benefits conferred by its publication to the citizens, whose interests it claimed to represent, are admitted by all.

The press of the Territory have given us a cordial welcome, have commended our success, and in nearly every instance shown a remarkable absence of that jealousy so often manifested towards those who come into a profession without previous training for it. For this they have our thanks.

Abroad we have universally met with words of encouragement, and sympathy, yet results so substantial and unexpected, have caused, in the minds of many who have received the most benefit from our labors, an almost indescribable feeling of jealousy at our success, which really has been something they should take pride in, in place of being jealous of, because our success in this field could not injure any engaged in working for the social, intellectual or moral progress of the community, nor detract from their merit, but would preserve their work, make their success more certain, and benefit them more than it would or could benefit us. We are very happy to add, this feeling was more particularly manifested by those who never had done aught, or at least very little, for the benefit of this community, and their jealousy was chiefly fed by reflection upon their own failures, or their own lack of enterprise, coupled with a desire to appropriate for

their own ends all the results of our work. We know this feeling existed, expected to have to meet it, and profit by its opposition, as we had repeatedly done, before commencing the publication of the STAR, yet were surprised some three months ago, to find it so widely extended, and embracing a systematically organized opposition, designed to ruin us financially and socially and using the filthiest and vilest in the community as its instruments, who by wholesale ridicule and the circulation of the wildest, most improbable stories, specially manufactured for the occasion to carry on their work, expected to accomplish their objects, we found parties had gone every where seeking to impair our financial credit, and it was generally understood that within a certain number of days, this combination would compel us to transfer the STAR to certain parties, who were only conspicuous by the absence of success that had marked their efforts heretofore in this community.

We would add that as soon as our attention was directed toward this matter, we found out the extent of their game, and also found it wholly unnecessary to formally oppose them or deny the truth of the absurd stories so widely circulated by them. Their conduct was marked by their usual success; enabling us to accomplish all these businesses and social enterprises successfully, we then had in contemplation in a few months, what otherwise we might never have accomplished, or only in twice or three times the time, and giving us more fully and effectually the support and assistance of all those who really have thus far been working for the progress of the community than ever before. In our present state of mind we do not feel like being angry, or holding malice towards any, but thank our friends for the substantial and generous support received from them, and thank our enemies as well for assisting us so effectually by their opposition—the only way most of them are capable of assisting any body or anything.

The future prospects of the STAR, to say the least, are very encouraging, if not flattering. The circumstances we are placed in are such that we can maintain the STAR, at its present size, for the next year at less than two-thirds the expense of the past year at least. One half of this improvement we owe to the frantic opposition of our enemies, the rest to our improved knowledge of the business. Our travel and increased acquaintance has made it so we can represent local matters better than heretofore with less than one-fourth the trouble and travel than last year, while the expected assistance is already secured, so that during the coming year all the departments of the STAR, scientific, literary, local and domestic may be organized as first contemplated, and maintained for the whole year.

Our domestic matters are so arranged that our expenses will be less than one-half as much as heretofore, while our income promises as great or greater at least than for the past year. We feel that benefits conferred are already sufficient so that we should not be compelled to ask a favor, but to demand as our right a liberal and generous support for the coming year; in fact we feel certain we shall receive it, because our arrangements are such that it will be duly earned.

The past year we have been compelled to work much harder than any one man should try to work; the variety of our duties have been such that with the most severe personal exertion it was impossible to promptly attend to them all; especially was this true of public and county business, as well as of those social institutions, the real pride of the community, to further which the STAR was really started. To these institutions we propose to give our closest attention; while to public business, especially to county affairs and matters of political character, we propose to devote the smallest possible amount of time and attention, consistent with our private interests, and a due discharge of our duties as a private citizen of this community.

This will enable us to devote ourselves so much more fully to this journal, with increased assistance at our command, that we can and will greatly improve it in style and contents, and still give a reasonable amount of time for rest and social recreation, so we shall not be compelled to over exert ourselves by too close or too constant application as heretofore.

With these improved prospects, we bid adieu to the old year and this volume, and welcome the new year with hopes of greatly improving the STAR with the new volume.

## Juggernaut Again.

Editor Northern Star:

I notice in the STAR of December 23d, a letter from M. D. Conway on "The Car of Juggernaut," which corroborates my statement, the truth of which Bro. Thompson undertook to deny last summer, in the controversy on the "Dogmas of Christianity." The statement I made was of what actually occurred under my own observation at the time, the main facts of which I recollect, as though it had happened but yesterday.

About thirty years ago, while I was living in the Eastern States, some Missionaries from India, returned to the United States accompanied by one of their converts, who was a learned Indian, and able to speak, and lecture in the English language. He made a lecturing tour embracing the principal cities of the Atlantic coast. He lectured on the religion, laws, customs and government of India, and in a special reference to the Christian stories of the devotees of Juggernaut immolating themselves under the wheels of the car, etc., declared they were entirely false, as would be the statement that Christians immolate themselves under the railroad cars. And this learned East Indian was corroborated in his statements by the Missionaries themselves who accompanied him.

Will Bro. Thompson now undertake to deny the statement? By the way, you never published my final reply to Bro. T. In connection with this, would not now be the proper time to bring it out? F. H. M.

No matter how long a discussion may continue, as long as it furnishes facts of interest, or is necessary to place a man on record properly before the public, we welcome such communications to our columns, and do not make it a test of admission whether or not they agree with our private opinions. But when a discussion has been continued so long as was the one with "F. H. M.," until all of our readers are thoroughly weary of it, and out of regard for them we found it necessary to stop it somewhere. We prefer not to reopen it by publishing, at least at present, any articles of the original discussion, because we believe all are fully on record now in regard to their positions, and no facts of interest to the public are omitted. We gladly publish this letter because it furnishes facts of interest not generally known.—Ed.]

NOTE.—An article signed "M." appeared in the last Snohomish STAR, which the writer says was first offered the editor of the Tribune, but he declined. While we do not harbor our correspondence on such topics as "M."'s pen continually considers, and we might have rejected his contribution had he offered it, still we must declare him mistaken in this instance, and assert that his article was never sent till it appeared in the STAR.—*Ed. Tribune.*

We feel the editor of the Tribune may be mistaken. From the allusion conveyed by the above he evidently takes it for granted that "M." means some other contributor than the actual gentleman who wrote the article referred to, who is one of the most honorable, well-known gentlemen in Seattle, and occupies a high official position. We have published his letter, or else we should have published it. We know nothing about it further than what was stated in the letter. We then thought those statements were true. We presume the article was offered, but declined without examination, thus not seen and forgotten by the editor of the Tribune. Certainly the editor of the Tribune has an absolute right to accept or reject any article he may choose. That is none of our business.

## Special Session County Commissioners' Court.

Record of proceedings of the County Commissioners of Snohomish county, Washington Territory, at their special session begun and held at the County Auditor's office, in Snohomish City, W. T., on Saturday, December 30th, 1876.

Present—Messrs. Ferguson and Wight. Application of Messrs. Manning and Engles for a retail liquor license refused, on the ground that it was not proved to the satisfaction of the Board that applicants possessed a good moral character.

The accounts of county officers not being fully ready for settlement, the Board adjourned until 9 A. M. on Wednesday, January 3d, 1877.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1877.  
Board met pursuant to adjournment. Present—Messrs. Ferguson and Wight.

The accounts of the County Auditor, W. H. Ward, examined, settled and declared balanced to date, and his bondsmen released from all further responsibility from and after this date.

Orders returned to Auditor amounting to \$3,503 89 canceled and destroyed.

The Treasurer's accounts were then examined, settled and balanced as follows: All county funds were paid out, \$539 33 school funds, and \$221 34 road funds were on hand, which were turned over to J. D. Morgan, the new County Treasurer. The balance of \$855 25 Territorial funds, had been forwarded to the Territorial Treasurer. His accounts were declared settled and balanced, and his bondsmen were released from all further responsibility on his filing his receipt for that amount with the County Auditor.

The following official bonds were then examined and approved:  
H. D. Morgan, Probate Judge.  
H. D. Morgan, Justice of the Peace.  
John Sweet, Auditor.  
E. C. Ferguson, Road Supervisor, District No. 11.  
Frank Mathews, Justice of the Peace.  
S. Tait Packwood, Justice of the Peace.

Henry Oliver, Justice of the Peace.  
A. Johnson, Constable.

John McDonald, Constable.  
The following bonds were not approved, additional security being required on each of them:

Benj. Stretch, Sheriff.  
W. B. Stevens, Constable.  
E. D. Smith, Justice of the Peace.  
M. H. Frost, Justice of the Peace.

The report of the Grand Jury was referred to the new Board.

The following bills were ordered "laid on the table":

R. Haskell, office rent for Probate Court.

T. F. Marks, for office rent and incidental expenses of Treasurer's office.

The following bills were then examined, audited, allowed and ordered paid:

H. D. Morgan, table for Court . . . \$ 5 00  
Calvin Haskell, cleaning Grand . . . 3 00  
Jury room . . . . . 3 00  
I. Wilbur, medicines for Roberts 6 50  
E. C. Ferguson, rent of poor house 64 00  
NORTHERN STAR, publishing . . . 10 00  
W. H. Ward, as County Auditor . . . 44 40  
E. C. Ferguson, as County Com. . . 10 00  
M. T. Wight " " " " " " 14 80

No other business being before the Board for their consideration, they adjourned sine die.

Territory of Washington, County of Snohomish—ss.

I, W. H. Ward, County Auditor of said county, hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full, true and complete copy of the record of proceedings of the County Commissioners' Court of said county, at their special session as above set forth. W. H. WARD, Auditor.  
By ELDRIDGE MOUSE, Deputy.

## New Advertisements.

### NOTICE!

A meeting of the Stockholders of the Snohomish Telegraph company will be held on Monday evening, January 15, 1877, for the transaction of such business as may come before it. Per order of the President.  
32-21 ELDRIDGE MOUSE, Secretary.

## PROSPECTUS

—OF THE—

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# The Northern Star.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1877.

## Local Items.

**Logging.**—Last week Mr. H. Mills was in town, consulting with the loggers on the river about the construction of a boom on the Snohomish river. This is an enterprise that should be attended to at once. The amount of logs annually cut here far want of a proper boom is really frightful. We would suggest—though not a logger ourself—that those engaged in the business combine together and form a joint stock company, which will undertake to run all logs from the various landings along the river, construct all the booms needed—sleeper booms and others—and also be responsible to the owners for the running, separating and booming out and safe delivery to the towboats sent to take them to the mills. This is too great an undertaking for any one person, unless a heavy capitalist. Several attempts have been made to construct booms on the river, but they have been proved to be inadequate, and have been sources of loss to nearly every one logging above tide water. A large amount of money must be expended. None are so competent for the work as practical loggers and experienced river men. They may disagree on some of the details, but on one point they are a unit—the community can not stand any more of these losses. Our loggers are paying the log runners to run their logs to Priest Point, but they have no guarantee or indemnity in case of loss. A joint stock company could be made responsible for losses, and if all the loggers joined in taking stock in proportion to the number of thousands they usually run annually, in case of a boom giving way and a large loss, it would not be felt by the actual owner, as the loss would be, like insurance, portioned out among all interested in the logging business. Such a company would be of great benefit to our county. It would be some protection to the up river logger, and encourage men to take hold of that branch of industry. It would bring millions of feet from up the river to market. It would enable poor men to engage in the business, for if the logs are secure the laboring man will not hesitate to go to work for a man whether he is a capitalist or not. But they do not like to work all summer in a logging camp, when the chance of getting their pay depends upon the good luck, often not the good management, of the logger in getting his logs safely down to the point. We throw out these few hints, hoping that practical men will take hold of the matter and put it through.

**THE BALL AT LOWELL.**—From a representative of the press, who attended the ball at Lowell New Year's night, we learn that the affair was a grand success in every particular. The number attending was not so great as anticipated, but there were sufficient for all practical purposes, and all had room to enjoy themselves to the fullest extent of their bent. The supper was superb—the tables groaned under the choicest viands afforded by this and the California markets. The music, by Mathews, Packwood and Jackson, was delightful, and our informant states that a more orderly, well conducted and eminently enjoyable dance could not well be gotten up on this coast. The Manager, Mr. D. E. Leighton, exerted himself to make every one comfortable, and he was successful.

**FINE WOOD.**—Parties desiring to see some of the finest curly maple ever sawed in the country should see that which came in from Bennett & Witter's mill. The log was cut on R. D. Hilton's place, which has any quantity of the same kind of wood. The Shone Bros. secured one of the planks for a bar top; the Cosmopolitan also will have one and there is some of the lumber left. There is also a piece cut from a maple burl by L. E. Beach on exhibition in the Athenaeum. Mr. Wm. Hawkins cut a slab from a maple burl, two inches in thickness, and about four feet in diameter. It is as fine a piece of cabinet wood as can be found in any country. It will be used as a table top for the Masonic Lodge. Specimens of these woods are to be sent to San Francisco, and if they can be sold for remunerative prices, parties will at once commence getting out that kind of wood.

## Steamers.

The steamer *Nellie*, which arrived last Friday evening, ascended the river Saturday, and returned to Seattle Sunday. Monday she arrived on regular time, and after discharging freight took on a number of pleasure seekers and steamed down as far as Lowell, where a New Year's ball was given. Tuesday she returned here, and the same day sailed for Seattle.

The steamer *Yakima* made fast to Ferguson's wharf Tuesday morning, bringing up a quantity of freight for this port.

Today the *Penny Lake* put in an appearance, and was hailed with pleasure by our citizens. While running on its route her captain made a reputation for fair dealing and accommodation which will not soon be forgotten.

The captain of the steamer *Yakima* offers to run his boat against any other steamer on the Sound (the *North Pacific* excepted) for a wager of any amount. This is a pretty safe bet, as the *Yakima* is conceded to be the fastest boat, with the exception named, on these waters. The *Tacoma* is thought to be her most formidable rival, and probably will accept the challenge. Who shall carry the boom?

**TRIP UP RIVER.**—Through the courtesy of Capt. Hill and Purser Stretch of the *Nellie*, we took a trip up river last week as far as the camp of Clark & Wilbur, remaining all night at the farm of Mr. F. Duvall, fifteen miles above here. Four years ago we went up to the Falls, and we must say that at that time we did not find settlements any too often. Now, however, things have changed for the better. We do not know how it would be following the trail, but by the river there is a settler on nearly every quarter section between this place and the Falls. In many places the mere shanty, the necessity of every new comer, has given place to larger and more comfortable dwellings. The area of forest that girts these dwellings about, often extending their long, mossy branches over the humble roof, has been in many instances very much lessened, the unsightly stumps are everywhere disappearing, patches of grain and vegetables can be seen where only a short time since the nettle grew among the tangled vines. At almost every farm we failed not to recognize some added improvement since our last trip. We believe the settlers on the Snohomish are wide awake, industrious and permanently located. They are not waiting for "something to turn up," or a chance to "sell out," but are bent on making for themselves pleasant homes; and in time they will ornament and beautify them with "fruit and flower," so that the passengers up and down the tranquil stream will envy the owners their possessions. We passed several logging claims, though at present they give employment to but few men. We also took note of the vast bodies of timber that can find a market through no other channel than the Snohomish river. Settlers are daily coming in. Already they are compelled to go back from the river bank for timber or agricultural lands. In a few years more the valley of the Snohomish will be settled from its mouth to the Falls, and from foot hill to foot hill. The forests will gradually melt away, except choice selections that will dot the valley in places, the same as can at the present time be seen in New England, New York and Pennsylvania. Already are these hardy settlers—most of them came empty handed, looking out for the rising generation by establishing schools; and the church, the work shop and the mill and factory are sure to follow. We came home from our trip, regretting that the *Nellie*, with her gentlemanly and courteous officers and crew, would not be able to take us up the river the next centennial year, that we might feast our eyes upon a pastoral scene unrivaled by that of the far-famed Rhine; for such will, in less time than that, this naturally beautiful valley become.

By the courtesy of H. D. Morgan we were permitted to go over the lodge room of the Masons of this town. We were surprised to see such a cosy little room. It is a credit to the members and we hope it will flourish like a green baize tree.

## Fatal Railroad Accident.

### ONE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

CLEVELAND, Dec. 31.—The following is the latest from the wreck at Ashtabula. The haggard dawn which drove the dreary darkness out of this valley and shadow of death, seldom saw a ghastlier sight than was revealed with the coming of morning. On either side of the ravine frowned the dark and bare arches from which the treacherous timbers had fallen, while at their base the great heaps of ruins covered the hundred women and children who had so suddenly been called into the presence of their Creator. The charred bodies lay on the thick ice, or bedded in the shallow water of the stream. The fires smoldered in great heaps where many of the hapless victims had been entirely consumed; while men went rushing about in great excitement, seeking for traces of lost ones among the wounded or dead. The sad task remains of discovering who may be among the dead. This task will be the most difficult of all, until the continued absence of here or there friends, which will allow of but one explanation, that being that he took the fatal leap. All witnesses, so far, agree as to the main facts of the accident, that suddenly, and without warning, the train plunged into the abyss, the forward locomotive alone getting across in safety. Almost instantly the lamps and stoves set fire to the cars, and many who were doubtless only stunned, and who might otherwise have been saved, fell victims to the merciless flames.

RUTLAND, Vt., Dec. 30.—There were 40 passengers on the Montreal express train which last night broke through the bridge near Pittsford, yet none were seriously hurt, while three cars and the engine composing the train were completely wrecked.

COLUMBIA, Dec. 30.—District Attorney Corbin, for the Hayes electors, withdrew from the *quo warranto* proceedings in the Supreme Court to day on the ground that this Court had no jurisdiction.

## LATEST DISPATCHES.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—The *Tribune's* Washington special says that just now the favorite solution of the Presidential complication is to hold a new election next fall, and to allow the President of the Senate, whoever he may be, after the 4th of March, to administer the office *ad interim*. This is to be brought about, according to gossip in the lobbies of the cloak rooms at the capitol, by Democrats in the Senate. A *World's* Washington special confirms this party, and says that if another election is had Hayes will not be thought of, but the candidate will be Morton or Blaine. The party which forces a new election will be held responsible for the continued prostration of business which another political campaign would necessarily involve. The business men of the country would be likely to punish it severely by refusing it their support. Should the Democrats decide however to take the risk, it is a question whether they would carry out the programme. At present most Republicans appear to think they could, but there are some who say that a manifest attempt to delay the count so as to prevent its completion would be a violation of a mandatory provision of the Constitution, that the votes shall be counted, and inasmuch as the Constitution overrides all rules, it would be the duty of the President of the Senate to interfere to check debate and order the count to proceed.

The steamer *Messenger* has taken her trial trip and commenced running three times a week between Olympia and Seattle, giving daily communication between these two places, as the *Messenger* runs on alternate days with the *Zephyr* the one leaving Seattle the day the other leaves Olympia. Our exchange speaks very highly of the new steamer.

Last Monday, a Mr. Crosby engaged at Mr. Smith's logging camp below Lowell, was so unfortunate as to have his arm, just above the elbow very badly cut. He is now in town undergoing surgical treatment, but it is too early yet to decide as to what the final result of the injury will be.

Every where in town to-day (Friday) is submerged and the river still rising. The far famed Cienook wind is now blowing from the Snohomish pass, and unless the wind shifts to the north very soon the river will be very high. We have heard of no damage as yet.

The *Nellie* arrived as usual on time with full freight, large passenger list and U. S. Mail.

## Letters to a Home Body.

Correspondence Northern Star.

"If leisure were—but, ah! 'tis not; The fashion of it men forgot, About the age of chivalry!"

If leisure had been my portion, the remainder of those Centennial notes would have got written out; but is it worth while now even to attempt it? There is a season for every thing, and, out of season, things are apt to meet with indifference and scorn; or, if not quite that, to be so overwhelmed by the rushing tide of after events, that they are passed by, as things pertaining to another period—no longer of interest to the hurrying world. So, as the Centennial tide has ebbed, and all its pleasant experiences are gone out upon the solemn ocean of time, we must content ourselves with the precious things it has left upon the sands of memory, to make us richer and wiser as the years go on.

I wanted to give you some amusing and interesting items picked up on several occasions, when, by chance, I dipped into the stream of Centennial travel, and encountered people from all quarters of the Union; but the time has gone by. We must keep abreast with the events of the day. So, adieu to the charming vision, with its fairy palaces and floating pennons, its flowery lawns and green terraces, more beautiful with their gold and crimson dyes melting into the autumn haze, than even in their summer robes of bowery green; to the fireworks and the military displays; the gathered wealth and handiworks of many lands; the thronging crowds of happy people; to all the sights and utterances, which went to make up the flower and crown of the century's achievement. It is all gone by, and the people who came from far and near to behold it, and were quite as interesting in their way as any portion of the exposition, have passed beyond our ken for ever.

To the Washington center of this mundane sphere, the Centennials have gone out, the Congressionals have come in. Great is the caucusing, tremendous the expenditure of nervous force, all for the choice of speaker. Randall, they say, is the coming man, and that his knowledge of parliamentary law, his personal dignity, and power of commanding respect from the somewhat turbulent assemblage over which he will be called to preside, are to be severely tested, is the general opinion. I can not help saying, though it is a highly presumptuous thing for the like of me to say, of course, that inasmuch as he always reminded me of a domineering and somewhat petulant old woman, it seems eminently proper that he should not be the part of School ma'am Randall, to the lords of unruly boys of a larger growth, who will sit in the semi-circular desk rows before him. It would be a comfort to us outsiders, if constitutional law only allowed, and public opinion demanded, that Dame Randall should imitate the example of his prototype of the village school, and use his gavel, which skillfully managed, might be just as effective as a birch rod, or an oaken ferule, to give a knock now and then, gentle or ungentle, as the case might require, upon the hard head of some obstreperous member, who refuses to be quiet, or who displays a scarcely concealed, longing to twine his fingers in a brother member's hair (when he has any, which is not always the case). I am sure a judiciously administered knock of that kind would have been salutary to Proctor Knott, two or three times last session, and have saved him, perhaps, from certain utterances, of which he must have been profoundly ashamed, when he came to his right mind. Perhaps he will be able to keep his temper, however, this winter, since Mr. Blaine will no longer be in the House to shake a red rag before him.

But Mr. Cox, or Mr. Saylor, may, in spite of present appearances, become the pedagogue in deportment and parliamentary law. I have my fears about the former. He has not been well drilled in Dr. Watts' hymns, and is apt to let his angry passions rise. It would be a horrible shock to the proprietors, and a terrible example to the legislative bodies of the rest of the world, if he should in

the speaker's chair so far forget himself as to scatter about in stage whispers such unflattering epithets as "idiot" and "hyena." No, Samuel needs longer discipline on the benches, before he can mount to the platform, and wield the gavel.

Mr. Saylor is an easy soul, they say and, in ordinary times, being good natured, might fill the chair very acceptably, but they anticipate a stormy session, and, if they come to blows, he might not strike hard enough. I do not think he will do. Dame Randall is the man. But the question will be decided before this reaches you. That wrangle will be ended, and the next begun.

The question of the presidency has subsided, among the people generally, into a disposition to accept quietly the man whom the Fates designate. What the politicians and the blood and thunder newspapers will do remains to be seen.

The campaign banners still float on breezes, which are not of the mildest (old winter came on time this year, and seized us with icy fingers,) both parties seeming disposed to give themselves the benefit of the doubt.

On the morning of Nov. 8th, a Democratic club put out a transparency with the legend, "We have not the enemy and they are ours." When the later returns began to come in, a Republican club a few doors away, sent over to borrow the transparency; but the Democrats still cling to their hopes and their transparency—which hopes, we hope will prove transparencies in very deed, do we not? Across F street floats a large flag, which bore another Democratic legend: "For President etc.,—For Vice-President etc.,—Reform and Retrenchment"—all in staring capitals. Campaign banners not being accustomed to so long a stress of wind and weather, this one began to show the effects of time, and to need reform and retrenchment itself;—in which respect it was notably a type of its party, most people will admit. The club tailor took it in hand, trimming and rebinding its tattered edges, and placing two white patches in the form of a parallelogram over the word "For"—so that it now reads—"President Samuel," etc., and Vice-President Thomas," etc. But it does not disturb us much. We are law-abiding, and no one has molested it. It is at present too barefaced a falsehood to provoke any contradiction, and we will not believe that Tilden is going to be our President, until there is no longer a possibility of hoping otherwise.

Dec. 5.—The onset has been sounded, and the battle has begun. From the morning papers it would seem that Speaker Randall's first ruling is hardly in the interest of impartiality, but we shall see what will come of it all. A. H. U.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 4, 1876.

We are sorry to say that Master Eddie Pike, who has been ill for the last three weeks, is now suffering from a relapse and is dangerously ill.

## DIED.

On the Snohomish river, King county, Dec. 31, 1876, Eli Radcliff, son of Wm. and Isabel Radcliff, aged 1 year, 5 months and 7 days.

## NOTICE!

All persons indebted to me, are hereby notified that unless they settle their accounts before the 1st of March the same will be placed in the hands of an officer for collection. All persons having claims against me will present them for settlement on or before that date.

WM. EDWARDS, 514f  
Snohomish City, Dec. 30, 1876.

## NOTICE.

All persons indebted to me are expected to settle, by note or cash, immediately.

ISAAC GATECART,  
Proprietor Snohomish Exchange.

## NOTICE!

The copartnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Jackson & Co., in mercantile business at Lowell, Snohomish county, W. T., is this day, by mutual consent, dissolved. Mr. D. B. Jackson continues the business and will be responsible for all partnership debts contracted by him or Henry Jackson, and all moneys due the firm will be paid to him.

D. B. JACKSON,  
E. D. SMITH.

## FOR SALE OR RENT.

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

W. H. WALE,  
or M. W. TACKARD.

v1 n34

**Keep Your Own Counsel.**

It is a most excellent rule in life, for those who would keep out of trouble and keep themselves too out of the reach of injurious busybodies, to have their eyes and ears wide open, and their mouths shut. They may see all that is to be seen, and hear all that is to be heard, but they need not tell to others all that they may wish to hear. These are scheming times. Matters spoken of in confidence, or words dropped incautiously in chance conversation, are not always accorded the privacy they are entitled to. They are too often used without remorse, whenever they can be used to the advantage of one, or to the detriment of another; and in this way a man who has honest schemes of business in hand, or who may have the misfortune to have unhappy secrets in his household, or in his personal circle, frequently finds the world cognizant of them all without scarcely knowing how it obtained the information. An upright, just, and honorable person, who chances to come into possession of a knowledge of his neighbor's private affairs, will lock his lips upon it, and suffer no one else to obtain it from him. But all men do not possess this high regard for others, and the only safe rule in dealing with such persons, and indeed with all persons, is to keep your own counsel—converse freely and generally on ordinary subjects, but on grave personal matters cultivate a careful reticence. If you have important business projects in hand, keep them to yourself, or, at most, limit the knowledge of them to the few trusty friends on whose discretion you can rely, and whose advice and assistance you may need. There are few successful business men who do not make this an inflexible rule in their operations. It saves them infinite trouble, and is one of the secrets of their success.

**COME TO LIFE.**—One of the most remarkable instances of a supposed corpse coming to life again ever known in this part of the country took place last week at a little place called Middle Creek, in Winnebago county. The daughter of a well-known farmer, named Andrew McGregor, died last Thursday night of scarlet fever. The funeral was arranged for Friday. The corpse was brought in, after having been driven a distance of seven miles. The sermon was preached, after which the friends and chief mourners commenced to take a last farewell of the beautiful corpse. One of the mourners observed there was a moisture upon the inside of the glass. In a moment the lid was torn off, and the body gave evident signs of life. The greatest confusion and excitement ensued. The parents of the departed were almost frantic with joy, as they saw yet a hope for their dear one's life. Medical assistance was procured, and the supposed corpse was forthwith removed to the minister's house, situated a mile and a half from the church. Considerable excitement was occasioned in the neighborhood about the incident. When last heard of, Miss McGregor was alive, and hopes are entertained of her recovery.—*Illinois Paper.*

The present attitude of the political parties towards each other reminds one of a story that is told of two worthy New England deacons, between whom a bitter feud had long existed concerning some contested point. Neither would yield an inch, and the matter threatened to be handed down to the next generation, when one day Deacon Smith appeared before his old enemy, and solemnly said: "Brother Jones, it is a shame that this quarrel of ours should bring scandal upon the church. I have wrestled with the spirit these many days, and have prayed earnestly to the Lord for guidance in the matter, and have come to the conclusion that you must give in, for I can not."

The little Hartford girl who gave utterance to the following idea was puzzling her mind with a problem that has bothered the world for ages. She was reproved for some childish act, and seating herself on the floor at her mother's feet, reflected for a long while, and then looking up, said: "Ma, why is it that naughty things are so nice?"

The voters in Italy's only number 550,000 in 27,000,000 inhabitants.

**Miscellaneous.**

"Isn't your husband a little bald?" asked one lady of another. "There isn't a bald hair in his head," was the hasty reply of his wife.

The *Woman's Journal* asks, "How shall we utilize the superfluous woman?" It seems as if she might be utilized by forwarding her to Salt Lake City.

Mrs. Partington desires to know why the captain of a vessel can't keep a memorandum of the weight of his anchor, instead of weighing it every time he leaves port.

In France, where the natural ice forms too thin for commercial uses, it is proposed to compress the thin sheets in an ordinary screw press until one solid mass is obtained.

Mr. Billings thinks a feller what owes him \$5 for borrowed money, hasn't much right to charge him with stinginess just because he (Billings) doesn't give any more for the new parsonage than he (the aforesaid borrower) does.

The U. S. Express car on the St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern train, was rifled of \$20,000 on Saturday night by masked robbers, within ten or twelve miles of St. Louis, and the express messenger thrust into a large package box and locked up there. The robbers escaped.

Port young lady (to gruff Professor of Anatomy)—"Oh, Professor, how can you study among such horrid looking subjects? I should think you would be afraid the owners of these skulls would haunt you—I would if you had mine." Professor—"Have no fear Miss, yours will not be troubled—we never use women's skulls for scientific purposes, they're too shallow, Miss, too shallow."

**WHY PEOPLE DRINK.**—Mr. A drinks because his doctor recommended him to take a little.

Mr. B, because his doctor ordered him not, and he hates quackery.

Mr. C takes a drop because he's wet.

Mr. D, because he's dry.

Mr. E, because he feels something rising in his stomach.

Mr. F, because he feels a kind of sinking in his stomach.

Mr. G, because he's going to see a friend off to California.

Mr. H, because he's got a friend come home from California.

Mr. I, because he's not.

Mr. K, because he's cold.

Mr. L, because he's got a pain in his head.

Mr. M, because he's got a pain in his side.

Mr. N, because he's got a pain in his back.

Mr. O, because he's got a pain in his chest.

Mr. P, because he's got a pain all over him.

Mr. Q, because he feels light and gay.

Mr. R, because he feels heavy and dull.

Mr. S, because he's married.

Mr. T, because he isn't.

Mr. V, because he likes to see his friends around him.

Mr. W, because he's got no friends, and enjoys a glass by himself.

Mr. X, because his uncle left him a legacy.

Mr. Y, because his aunt cut him off without a dollar.

Mr. Z, (we should be happy to inform our readers what Mr. Z's reasons are for drinking, but on putting the question to him, he was found too drunk to answer.)

The farmers of California and Oregon are taking a deep interest in the project of a ship canal across the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. They claim that California and Oregon expect to ship this year a million tons of wheat and barley; and they estimate that within a few years the Pacific coast, including California and Oregon and Washington Territory, will be able to ship a million and a half tons of grain annually. This grain is marketed in Europe, nineteen thousand miles distant from California, and costs \$20 a ton. Not only has this immense distance to be traversed, but the treacherous equator must be crossed twice and Cape Horn doubled.

There is great complaint among the carpenters in Astoria because of the scarcity of lumber, the three local mills being unable to supply the current demand, all having orders six weeks ahead.

In Grande Ronde valley wheat is worth 50 cents per bushel, oats and barley 75 cents per 100 pounds, flour \$8 per bbl., butter 25 cents per pound, eggs 25 cents, potatoes 75 cents per 100 pounds, pork 5 cents per pound, gross, 7 1/2 cents net, green apples 3 1/2 cents per pound.

**News Items.**

**OREGON AND WASHINGTON.**  
The Puyallup academy building, soon to be erected, will cost \$4,000.

About \$45,000 were turned loose in Polk county the past two weeks, all for wheat.

The assistant teacher of the deaf mute school at Salem, Mr. La Rue, has resigned his position.

The new bridge across the North Yamhill is about finished. It is a well built, substantial, covered bridge.

The shipments of coal from Seattle to San Francisco, for the year ending June 30, 1876, were 96,295 tons.

The capital stock of the People's Protective Transportation Company, Yamhill county, has been increased to \$50,000.

The Pacific Threshing Machine Company proposes to locate its works at Albany if it can secure a subsidy of \$10,000.

M. H. Conn, of Douglas county, has brought several quails of the "bob white" variety from the East and turned them out.

A scow, with eighteen car loads of coal aboard, sunk in the Duwamish river last week, and will probably prove a total loss.

John Harrington is building a new cannery in the vicinity of Pillar Rock, calculating to pack from 25,000 to 30,000 cases next season.

Five Christmas trees laden with varied and delightful fruit made glad the young men and maidens, old men and children of Albany.

The Territorial University at Seattle closed its fall term last Friday; the teachers and pupils take a rest from books and study until Tuesday, January 2, 1877.

There are forty-seven hop yards in Puyallup Valley, aggregating nearly 400 acres, some 75,000 capital invested, giving employment the year round to about one hundred hands, necessitating during the harvest season, say one month, commencing early in September, 1,200 pickers and 150 additional helpers. The crop of 1876 is estimated at 600,000 lbs, and is more likely to go over than under that figure. The average price for hops for ten years has been 21 cents per pound.

**OYSTERS!**  
**OYSTERS!**  
**OYSTERS!**

Served in the most delicious manner at

**C C C**

**A. W. PIPER'S.**

**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.

**Hall & Paulson**

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

**Furniture, Bedding,**

**Window Curtains,**

**Picture Frames,**

**Windows, Doors,**

**and blinds.**

Seattle, W. T.

M. W. PACKARD, D. B. JACKSON

**PACKARD & JACKSON,**  
DEALERS IN

**DRY GOODS,**

**CLOTHING, HATS, & CAPS, CROCKERY,**  
**BOOTS & SHOES,**

**Groceries and PROVISIONS, TOBACCO and Cigars**

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

Market.

**A NEW INVOICE OF**

**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**

Taken in Exchange for Merchandise.

**HARDWARE!**

**wholesale & Retail.**

Mechanics' Tools  
our SPECIALTY.  
FARMING  
implements,  
LOGGERS' TOOLS  
&c. &c. &c.



CIRCULAR SAWS  
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MACHINERY OF  
ALL KINDS FURNISHED TO ORDER AT  
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Patent Ground hin Back Cross-Cut Saws.  
Country Orders Promptly Filled.  
**Wusthoff & Wald,**  
P. O. Box 52, Seattle, W. T.

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**Watches & Jewelry at Cost.**  
Best Waltham Watch, 2 oz. case, \$20. (Regular price \$30.)  
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**DRUGS,**  
Medicine and Chemical.  
PURE WINES and LIQUORS  
FOR MEDICINAL PURPOSES.  
PERFUMERY,  
Fancy Toilet Articles, Cigars,  
&c. &c.  
Prescriptions carefully compounded at all hours.  
ALL ARE INVITED TO CALL.  
v1 u1

**WADDELL & MILES,**  
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
**STOVES & RANGES,**  
TIN, COPPER, & JAPANED WARE  
SUCTION AND FORCE PUMPS,  
**Lead and Iron Pipe,**  
GAS & STEAM PIPE FITTINGS\*  
BRASS GOODS.  
All work pertaining to the business done at short notice and in a workmanlike manner.  
**Give us a call.**  
SEATTLE, W. T.  
v1 u5

**The Man With the Brooms.**

*From the Detroit Free Press.*

One of the old men who go from house to house selling two shilling brooms is a very fine old man, and he has "odd streaks" running through him. He doesn't seek to enter a house by the front door, but softly and quietly slides around to the side door to greet the servant girl.

"No brooms to-day!" she calls out as she opens the door.

"Ah, my dear, but I have no brooms to sell. I have a love-letter for you."

She pricks up her ears at that, swings open the door and he walks in and sits down.

"Ah—why—ah?" he ejaculates as he feels in his pockets for the letter. "Ah, I now remember. The gentleman was going to hand it to me, but decided to mail it, fearing that I might deliver it to the wrong lady."

"What sort of a looking man?" she asks.

"Ah, Katy, dear, you rogue you! Just as if he wasn't a perfect gent, with a diamond pin, gold watch, lots of money!—But you are worthy of him, my dear—worthy of any gent."

"I don't know any such man," she mused, but the old chap strikes in:

"Ah, you beautiful deceiver! Of course you won't let on to me, but I know a thing or two. He ought to be proud of you, for a finer face is not in Detroit. And such beautiful hair! And such rosy lips! And such a form! Why, if you were only an inch taller I should believe you were the Empress Eugenie!"

"Oh, go 'long!" replies the pleased girl, trying hard to blush. If she is cross-eyed, stoop-shouldered, freckle-faced and pug-nosed, his flattery pleases her all the more, and the firmer is her belief that he is speaking nothing but the solemn truth.

"No; I don't care about selling these brooms," he remarks picking up the dozen. "You are of course acquainted with all the aristocratic families on Fort street? To be sure you are. And you must know all the nicest folks on Lafayette, Jefferson and Woodward avenues because they call here on your aristocratic missus."

The girl won't commit herself, and he goes on:

"This forenoon, while I was selling a dozen brooms to that high-toned Mrs. —, on Woodward avenue, she asked me as a great favor to her to call on your dear missus, who is one of your warmest friends. I said I would, and with one of her sweetest smiles she added: 'And don't neglect to see that dear, darling girl in the kitchen, whose beauty is only equalled by her modesty and culture.' That's what she said."

"Oh, pshaw!" replies the girl, her eyes sparkling like stars.

"More than that said she, but I have not time to relate it. I called at her request, and here I am. You might see the missus and bring her reply. My dealings are entirely with the aristocracy and I shall be happy to put the name of this family upon my book."

The girl goes in and represents the need of new brooms in the strongest possible light, and a sale is instantly effected.

"And now, my darling," says the old man, as he is ready to depart, "that love-letter will probably reach you to-day. It doubtless contains a proposal of marriage. You will accept, a diamond ring will be forwarded, and your home and fireside will fairly howl for joy forever more—good day."

After days of patient waiting for "that letter," the girl slowly but certainly concludes that the old man is a horse-thief and a liar, and she stops trying to look like the Empress Eugenie or anybody else.

Ramsey, in his "Scotch Reminiscences," relates this anecdote: "How is it, sir," said a Scotchman, who had all the aversion of his country to the sight of a paper in the pulpit, "how is it that you read instead of preach your sermons?" "I read them because I can not remember them." "And, sir, if ye that mak, them canna mind them, how do you think that we can?"

Those who have tried it say that kissing is like a sewing-machine, because it seems good.

**W. H. Pumphrey,**

SEATTLE, W. T.

**BOOKSELLER & STATIONER.**

Always keep large stock of everything usually kept in a first class

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**Pianos & Organs,**

SOLD ON THE

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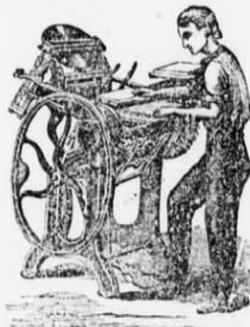
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The NEW ENGLAND is eligibly located, its accommodations for families unsurpassed.

The House is kept open all night. MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS' Charges very moderate.

The New England coach will be at the Wharves on the arrival of STEAMERS PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE TO AND FROM THE HOUSE FREE OF CHARGE.

All stages leave the door. v1 n1

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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.

Also agent for the celebrated

**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 Adjustable Tensions. Call and examine this Machine before buying elsewhere. v1 n5.0m. BENJ. VINCENT.

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WITH NEATNESS AND Dispatch.

SHOP IS BACK OF MARK'S SALOON. **Call and see my work.**

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

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

**CUTTER'S OLD BOURBON WHISKEY**

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v1:4

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

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Every attention will be shown for the convenience of the patrons of

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WINES,

LIQUORS,

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Try It.

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Apple, Pear, Plum, Peach, Cherry, Quince, Grape, Gooseberry, Currant, Blackberry, Raspberry, Strawberry, Nut-bearing Trees,

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H. D. MORGAN is my agent at Snohomish City, W. T.

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John M. Swan, Olympia.

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John M. Swan, Olympia.

SNOHOMISH CITY MARKET REPORT

Table with columns for Stock and Groceries, Provisions &c. Items include Milk Cows, Work Oxen, Beef cattle, Horses, Sheep, Hogs, Bacon, Pork, Chickens, Eggs, Flour, Wheat, Butter, Hides, Potatoes, Oats, Ground Barley, Hay, Candles, Beans, Sugar, Syrup, Dried Apples, Nails, Coarse salt, Tobacco, Coal Oil, Cabbage, Turnips, Apples, Wood, Shingles, Ship Knees, Logs, Hewed Timber.

SAN FRANCISCO GRAIN MARKET

Table with columns for Grain. Items include WHEAT, BARLEY, OATS, RYE, BUCKWHEAT, HOPS, Ground Barley, HAY.

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Notice! WHAT is a single man to do? The merchant and hotel keepers give notice that after a certain date no credit will be given. There is but one remedy. All those indebted to me must come forward and settle up, or else their accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

Foreclosure of Mortgage. Default has been made in the sum of \$642 43-100, judgment and costs, which is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, on a certain mortgage bearing date of March 3d, 1874, executed by Edward S. McInay and Mary M. McInay, his wife, of Snohomish county, W. T., to Joseph Johnson, of same place, and recorded in the Auditor's office of Snohomish county, in Book No. 2 of Mortgages, at page No. 105, on the 24th day of March, A. D. 1874, which said mortgage has been duly assigned to Joseph Mercereau. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decree of foreclosure and order of sale issued out of the District Court of Snohomish county, and of the Statute in such case made, and provided, the premises covered and described in said mortgage, to wit: the N. E. 1/4 of S. E. 1/4 of section 24, in township 28, North of range 5 East, together with lots Nos. 1 and 2, and all that portion of lot No. 3 situate N. W. 1/4 of the slough crossing, said lot situate in section No. 19, township No. 28 North of range 6 East, containing 140 acres, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for gold coin of the United States, in Snohomish City, at the door of the Auditor's office, in said county of Snohomish, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1877, at 4 o'clock P. M.

Dated at Snohomish City, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1876. BENJ. STRETCH, Sheriff of Snohomish County. By WM. WHITFIELD, Deputy.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

Foreclosure of Mortgage. Default has been made in the sum of \$996 8-100 dollars, which is claimed to be due at the date of this notice on a certain mortgage bearing date of November 16th, A. D. 1874, executed by John Popejoy of Snohomish county, W. T., to Swen Peterson and recorded in the Auditor's office of Snohomish county, in Book No. 2 of Mortgages, at page 108, on the 16th day of November, A. D. 1874. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of a decree of foreclosure and order of sale issued out of the District Court of Snohomish Co., and of the Statute in such case made and provided, the premises covered and described in said mortgage, to wit: lots numbered two, three and four, and the southeast quarter of northwest quarter of section numbered six, in township number twenty-seven, north of range seven east, Williamsite Meridian, containing one hundred and fifty five and 7-100 acre of land, all being situate in the county of Snohomish and Territory of Washington, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder for gold coin of the United States, in Snohomish City, at the door of the Auditor's office, in said county of Snohomish, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1877, at 4 o'clock P. M.

Dated at Snohomish City, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1876. BENJ. STRETCH, Sheriff of Snohomish County. By WM. WHITFIELD, Deputy.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

Foreclosure of Mortgage. Default has been made in the sum of \$254 9-100 dollars, judgment and costs, which is claimed to be due at the date of this notice, on a certain mortgage bearing date of 30th January, A. D. 1874, executed by Wesley J. Finlayson of Snohomish county, W. T., to Joe Ketchum of King county, W. T., and recorded in the Auditor's office of Snohomish county, in Book No. 2 of Mortgages, at page 88, on the 31 day of February, A. D. 1874. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given that in pursuance of a decree of foreclosure and order of sale issued out of the District Court of Snohomish county, and of the statutes in such cases made and provided, the premises covered and described in said mortgage, to wit: lots numbered one, two and three of section numbered thirteen, in township numbered thirty-one, north of range numbered three east, in Snohomish county, Washington Territory, will be sold at public auction to the highest bidder, for gold coin of the United States, in Snohomish City, at the door of the Auditor's office, in said county of Snohomish, on the 15th day of January, A. D. 1877, at 4 o'clock P. M.

Dated at Snohomish City, this 27th day of December, A. D. 1876. BENJ. STRETCH, Sheriff of Snohomish County. By WM. WHITFIELD, Deputy.

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