

The Stocking Basket.

Casily thrond in her cushion'd chair,
A mother reclined from toil and care,
Except the darning of a stocking,
And her chair's perpetual rocking,
I thought I had some where seen it styled
The plague of life, such a basket piled
With tiresome, ever-lasting stitching,
With work so very unbecoming,
And as she broke the thread asunder,
Weaving in and out, over and under,
I wished the roots in human life
Could be mended with as little strife.

She took in her hand a tiny thing,
All striped with a white and scarlet ring,
And smiled as she thought of the silken hair
And laughing eyes of her darling fair;
Of the rosy lips and dainty hands,
The pleading cries and the loud demands,
She sighed as she thought of the world untried,
And up and down her needle piled,
She knew it said, Oh, blessed are such!
And strok'd her work with a tender touch,
Softly folded and laid it away,
As the little feet in slumber lay.

But on the next a tear drop lingered;
The mother wrought with trembling fingers,
And sadly bowed with an anxious face,
Appealing on legs for strength and grace
To guide the steps of her wayward son,
To bless and protect her erring one,
Nor suffer the wand'ring feet to roam
Forth from the love of his early home;
To shield him from the glittering net
The tempter with costly jewels had set;
To save him from the sparkling bowl,
And all the dangers that rear the soul.

As on the third her looks were bent,
The face wore a smile of sweet content,
For the fair-haired girl whose gentle ways
Were extolled by all with voice of praise;
For her the sunshine ever glowed,
And from her lips rare music flowed;
With graceful carriage and modest mien,
She moved through life like a fair young queen.
The mother said with a fervent prayer,
May Heaven shield her from harm and care,
From cruel want, and the stings that smart,
From the bruises of a blighted heart.

The next were for those whose feet have trod
For many summers the earth's green sod,
And the storms of many winters felt;
In joys had smiled, and in sorrows knelt.
No cloud so dark, but the glimmering hue
Of the sunrise ever struggled through;
No gloom so deep, faith could not brighten,
No toil so hard love could not lighten.

The last for one who was passing down
To her narrow home with a silver crown
Of wondrous lustre, that seemed to shed
A light of glory round her head.
Peacefully sinking to the quiet rest
Awaiting those of the truly best;
For her she plead the right to share
All tender aid and watchful care.

And thus the stockings all were mended;
With each stitch a thought was blended;
With every thread for future wear,
The weaving-in of a silent prayer.

—Chicago Tribune.

Huxley's Views on Education.

Mr. Huxley lays down as his first principle, that education, in its largest and highest sense,—the education not merely of schools and colleges, but that education which the human spirit is receiving uninterruptedly from birth till death,—that this process consists solely in learning the laws of nature, and training one's self to obey them. And within the laws of nature which we have to learn he includes not only the physical laws, but also those moral laws which govern man and his ways. We must set ourselves therefore to acquire a knowledge not only of the laws that regulate matter, but also of the moral laws of the universe. These moral laws Mr. Huxley holds to be as rigid and self-exacting as the physical law appears to be. This view of the condition of our existence here, and of the part man bears in it, Mr. Huxley sets forth in a startling, not to say daring, figure. "Suppose it were perfectly certain," he says, "that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or another, depend upon his winning or losing a game of chess, don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the name and moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of a check? Do you not think we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn upon the father who allowed his son, for the state which allowed its members, to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?"

"Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth that the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those connected with us, do depend on our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold

ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chess board is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the 'game' are what we call the laws of nature. The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid with that overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is check-mated, without haste, but without remorse. My metaphor," Professor Huxley proceeds, "will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing chess with a man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture a calm, strong angel, who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win, and I should accept it as an image of human life. Well, what I mean by education is learning the rules of this mighty game. In other words, education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways, and the fashioning of the affections and the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with these laws. For me education means neither more nor less than this."

After setting it forth in that startling metaphor, he goes on to remark that nature begins the education of her children before the schools do, and continues it after. She takes men in hand as soon as they are born, and begins to educate them. It is a rough kind of education, one in which "ignorance is treated like willful disobedience, incapacity is punished as a crime. It is not even a word and a blow, but the blow first without the word. It is left to you to find out why your ears are boxed." Now here man comes in, and takes up the process which nature has begun. And the aim of the artificial education which he gives in schools and colleges is, ought to be, to make good the defects in nature's methods, to prepare the child to receive nature's teaching, and to perfect it. All artificial education should be an anticipation of nature's education; and a liberal education is an artificial education, one which has prepared a man, not only to escape nature's cuffs and blows, but to seize the rewards which she scatters so less lavishly.

Then Mr. Huxley gives us the following picture of what he conceives an educated man to be, as the result of a truly liberal education:—

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamer as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of nature, and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of nature or art, to hate all villainy, and to respect others as himself."

WHO SHOULD NOT BE A WIFE.—Has that woman a call to be a wife who thinks more of her silk dress than her children, and visits her nursery no oftener than once a day? Has a woman a call to be a wife who calls for a cashmere shawl when her husband's notes are being protested? Has that woman a call to be a wife who sits reading the last new novel while her husband stands before the glass vainly trying to pin together a buttonless shirt-bosom? Has that woman a call to be a wife who expects her husband to swallow diluted coffee, soggy bread, smoky tea; and watery potatoes, six days out of the seven?

The Three Great Capitalists.

Nature, as it would seem, delights in triplets. There were three Graces, as well as three Furies. The guardian dog of the lower regions had three heads. Three is a potent number among conjurers, and is dispensable in the rule of proportion. A dream thrice repeated is sure of fulfillment. All of these things bear upon the fact that this city had three great capitalists—Astor, Vanderbilt and Stewart. Each of these had his special gift, the first being great in real estate, the second in stocks, and the third in trade. Each being supreme in his realm, there was no interference or clashing of interests, and there is no record that this trio of magnates ever met. The circle is now broken by the deaths of both the first and the last, leaving the Commodore in solitary distinction. I may add that extreme age and other unfavorable signs now tell severely upon his once powerful frame. He has lately been so ill as to require a surgical operation, since which he has been permitted to leave his room, but appears feeble. His physician is Dr. Landsley, an old-fashioned practitioner of high rank. The disease is the same which has given William (his son) so much trouble. The Commodore has been out as far as the stable, which could easily be done, since the buildings are very near each other. His death would naturally create as great an embarrassment in stocks as that of Stewart has in his own extensive realm. The depression in the Vanderbilt lines shows that there is a determined effort against this lordly house which, in case of the Commodore's death, will be urged with tremendous power. Jay Gould can only rise to a higher reach of ambition by the fall of such as are before him, and the fact that William H. Vanderbilt went South in pursuit of health encourages the toes of the family. William has returned much improved, and is now attending to his duties. The death of Astor and of Stewart, within six months, removes the representatives of capital to the amount of \$100,000,000, and is the beginning of the crumbling of these vast estates. In a few years their history will but renew the lesson Pope gave to the world a century and a half ago:

"Estates have wings and hang in fortunes power,
Loose on the point of every wavering hour,
Ready by force or of your own accord,
By sale (at least by death), to change their lord
Man? and forever? wretch, what wouldst thou
have?"
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak.
Inclose whole towns in walls; 'tis all a joke,
Inexorable death shall level all,
And trees and stones and farms and farmers
fall."
—Troy Times.

GEMS.

Tender tones prevent severe truths from offending.

Every parent is a looking glass for his children to dress themselves by.

A man may as well expect to grow stronger by always eating, as wiser by always reading.

Things are not to be done by the effort of the moment, but by the preparation of past moments.

If you have a bright thought, express it in the simplest language possible. A diamond should have a plain setting.

There is no day which we may not lay unbroken on the altar of humanity, if we will do our regular work in a noble way.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity; there is no fear of your being one in adversity.

It is with moral qualities as with flowers; the bright are sometimes poisonous, but, I believe, never the sweet.

To do nothing is not always to lose time; to do negligently is surely to lose time; it is fatigue without profit.

God takes some things from us lest we should spoil them, and we have more of them in missing them than we should have in keeping them.

Happiness is having what one likes; contentment is liking what one has; but contentment is only the pale ghost of happiness.

We should learn never to interpret duty by success. The opposition which assails us in the course of obedience is no evidence that we are mistaken.

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Fred. Douglass' Escape.

In his lecture on "Reminiscences of Slavery and Anti-slavery," Mr. Douglass gives the following rehearsal of his own escape: "While slavery existed, I had good reasons for not telling the story of my escape from bondage, and now that the great trial is over, I do not know any good reason why I should not tell it. People generally imagined that it was a marvelous recital, but it is one of the most simple and common place stories that could be given. I was owned in Talbot county, on the eastern shore of Maryland, in 1835, and a few years after that time made my escape. I had been sent up to Baltimore by my master to a brother of his for safe keeping, but it was a strange movement to send me sixty miles nearer my liberty. When I determined on escaping, I looked about for a proper means to accomplish my purpose. At that time great vigilance was exercised by the authorities. Everybody was strictly watched, and if a slave was found outside the limits of his master's plantation, he would be liable to show by what right he was out of place. I was put to work in a ship yard and commenced to learn the business of ship-carpentering and caulking. Here I had frequent intercourse with sailors, and in them I thought I discovered a feeling of sympathy and kindness. Although the difficulties and obstacles against escape were apparently insurmountable, I conceived an idea that I could secure my release by dressing in sailor's clothing and making a surreptitious retreat. But I had no papers by which I could pass from place to place. Fortunately, I met with a man named Stanley, who lived in Baltimore, and who was free. He resembled me in stature, and from him I obtained a suit of sailor's clothes, and his protection papers, and this apparel, provided with the necessary articles, I, in September, 1838, secured my liberty. I got Isaac Rhoades to take my bundle, and, by arrangement, after the train started he threw it in, and I ran after and jumped on the car. If compelled to buy a ticket, it would have been necessary to undergo the most rigid examination, and all description in the papers must correspond exactly with the marks on my person. Accordingly, the scheme was carried on, and I soon arrived at Wilmington.

Here I met Frederick Skein, for whom I had worked, but I was so perfectly disguised that he did not know me. In a few moments the train from Philadelphia, bound south, arrived, and on this was Capt. McGowan, of the Revenue Cutter of Baltimore, whom I had known intimately, and who also had been acquainted with me, but he too, had failed to recognize me. When the conductor came through the train he rudely called on all the passengers for tickets, but when he came to me, instead of speaking in an arrogant manner, told me kindly that he supposed I had my free papers. I responded in the negative, but his surprise was great, and his anger not apparent when I told him my only pass was the American Eagle. Looking upon it, he stated that I was all right, and with this assurance I came through to New York. I got there at two o'clock, and strayed about and slept in the streets until morning. I did not know that I had a friend there, but on the next morning I met Isaac Dixon, at whose house I had lived in Baltimore, and he referred me to David Raggles, a philanthropist and generous-minded citizen. While in the city, where I remained several days, I visited the Tombs, and there I saw Isaac Hopper, who, for the great offense of assisting 'Tom,' a well known character, in making his escape, was undergoing trial."

Mr. Douglass kept this story secret a long time, because the conductor who allowed him to pass from Baltimore to Philadelphia would have been responsible to his master for the pecuniary extent of the loss sustained, and because he did not want to expose his friend Stanley, and because he did not want slaveholders to know that slaves had any methods of escape. His freedom, he said, was honorably purchased by British gold, \$750 having been paid for him by a friend of his in England, and the negotiations having been conducted by the Hon. Wm. Meredith, of Philadelphia.

Commodore Vanderbilt.

The New York World of last Saturday says: During the last three days Commodore Vanderbilt has undergone a careful examination, and it has been discovered that his physical constitution is rapidly going to pieces. Mr. Vanderbilt has suffered from hemorrhoids for half his life, and nearly all of his physical troubles have been attributed to that cause, when in fact the real causes have been more deeply seated. Wednesday morning last Mr. Vanderbilt, who had been ailing for several months, became suddenly much worse. The immediate cause of his sudden prostration was his old complaint, and he was treated accordingly. He rallied in a short time, and Wednesday night he was feeling much easier. Since that time he has continued to improve gradually but steadily, although he has been confined to his bed most of the time. The commodore is suffering from a serious complication of diseases. Besides hemorrhoids, he has a disease of the bladder and hernia. The hernia, it is said, is what keeps him so closely confined to his bed at present. His disease of the bladder is an old one, and is deep seated. It is feared that this will be the ultimate and not very distant cause of his death. The commodore would have been advised to submit to an operation on Wednesday had it not been for the serious nature of his other troubles. The doctors concluded that, considering his great age, it would be hazardous to subject him to any such operation, and that they would defer it until it should become absolutely necessary to take such a step. Within the past few days his features have grown sharp and haggard, in consequence of the pain he has suffered, and every day he relates portions of his history to those around him. He has given little or no attention to business affairs, although he continues to receive the cards of the numerous callers at his residence in Washington place. He does not give audience to anybody, however, except personal friends, and most of those who call on business errands are referred to his son, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, who is in sole charge of the president's office at the Grand Central depot, at which place nothing is known by the subordinate officers concerning the illness of their chief.

Yesterday morning he breakfasted at 11 o'clock. He ate heartily, his morning repast consisting of two lamb chops, the yolks of three eggs, some rye mush (of which the commodore is very fond,) and a cup of coffee and cream. After this he smoked his cigar as usual and chatted with those around him. Everybody that has known Mr. Vanderbilt very long, knows also that he has an extraordinary constitution. He has been so low several times that his physicians have despaired of his recovery, but heretofore he has surprised them all by gradually recovering his usual health. They had agreed that he was a "wonderful" man, and of course, attributed his astonishing recoveries to the assistance afforded by nature. But now the hope of such assistance is not strongly entertained, owing to the extreme old age of the patient.

Mr. Vanderbilt being noted for his caution in all business affairs, has for years been prepared to resign his post, and so complete are all his arrangements in that respect, that it is believed that, notwithstanding his great influence in the railroad business of this country, his death would have little effect in the stock market. The stock which he holds in New York Central and the Harlem railroads would not, it is said, be thrown on the market within one year after his death, if at all.

A Paris woman has perfected a new method of picking pockets. She enters the omnibus with a very pretty and beautifully dressed baby, seats herself close to the likeliest passengers, and works under cover of baby's ample drapery. After succeeding she pinches the baby, so that it cries fearfully, and leaves the omnibus suddenly to buy candy for it.

God has not taken so much pains in framing, and furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by Him to live in it should despise it.

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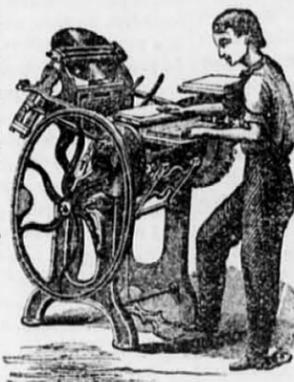
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With this issue of the NORTHERN STAR terminates my connection with the paper as Associate Editor. It was announced in the first number, that I should stick by the proprietor until it was a complete success. My humble efforts have enabled the chief to be absent most of the time, canvassing and soliciting advertisements, becoming acquainted with the varied interests of the Territory and the inhabitants. My profession and other obligations now demand nearly all my time. It is with feelings of pleasure that I have been able to assist, ever so little, in establishing the first paper in the county, and its proprietor will always have my warmest sympathies and as cordial a support as my own private duties will admit of my awarding him. To those who greeted the enterprise at the start with undisguised contempt and ridicule, I can point with a feeling of triumph to the subscription list, advertising columns and the present size of the NORTHERN STAR, as a complete refutation of their hopes and prophecies of its failure. And to those who generously seconded and warmly supported the undertaking from the very first, and who have so charitably overlooked the shortcomings of the Associate Editor, allow me to offer my sincere thanks, and let such ever remember that their kindness and sympathy will be long and gratefully cherished.

A. C. FOLSOM.

Trip around the Sound.

On Friday, June 8, 1876, I left Snohomish City, for another trip on and around Puget Sound.

The favor that has been generally accorded to these off hand descriptions of the country visited previously, induces me to continue my former habit of describing things seen on these trips, the way they appear while passing over the country.

From Snohomish the steamer *Fanny Lake* took me to Seattle; leaving Snohomish late in the afternoon, arriving at Seattle late in the evening; business kept me busy there Saturday; the next morning the *Fanny Lake* went to Skagit River with 7 M feet lumber, and a large quantity of freight as well as a number of passengers. We stopped at Tulalip a couple of hours waiting for the tide; then passed east of Camano's Island through Stillaguamish River, via Centreville to the Skagit, reaching Skagit City just before sun down. Daniel E. Gage was among the passengers, on his way home from purchasing goods at Seattle. Some ten tons of freight and a large portion of the lumber was for him. Mr. Kayton, a logger, was returning from across the Sound, where he had been to see about disposing of his logs. A lady also was aboard going to the Skagit to join her husband, who settled there some time previously. Stopping over night at Skagit City, I left in the morning with another person bound for La Conner. A Siwash took us there in his canoe, down the North fork of Skagit. Met Sheriff Allen at La Conner, who had nearly completed his assessing in the South part of the county. Visited with him several persons on the Swinomish Flats, and after transacting some further business at La Conner, left late in the evening on steamer *Libby* for Sehome, which we reached early Tuesday morning June 13. Sheriff Allen, and his daughter Mrs. L. L. Andrews were among the passengers from La Conner.

The day passed very pleasantly at Sehome and Whatcom, every courtesy was extended to make my stay pleasant and agreeable. Had quite a long chat with the gentlemanly editor of the *Mail* in reference to the local interests of the country thereabouts. Most of the afternoon was spent in the mines of the B. B. Coal Co., at Sehome, an account of which appears elsewhere.

Tuesday night I passed at the home of Edward Eldridge, one of Whatcom's representative citizens. His beautiful home is situated within a couple of miles of Whatcom, commands a magnificent view of Bellingham Bay. The grounds

around the house, as well as the works of literature and art within, bespeak the cultivated taste of the proprietor of the premises, as well of his accomplished wife and daughters. It is needless to remark the time passed happily and quickly there.

A European, accustomed only to the extremes of aristocratic culture and refinement as contrasted with the ignorance, poverty and lack of polish of the laboring classes found in the old world, scarce knew how to express his astonishment upon visiting the homes of toil erected in the wilderness, by the American pioneers of civilization. Where from the garb of the laborer, and the many indications of severe physical toil he appeared to be subject to, he expected to find within doors nothing indicating thought or literary culture, he found the most approved works of ancient and modern times, and what was better than all else, the proprietor was master of the thoughts expressed in these volumes. He remarked that the homes of these sons of toil appeared more like the temporary rustic retreat of a wealthy nobleman of cultivated taste and leisure than of any thing else he could think of. It seemed almost impossible to him that the proprietor of one of these retreats could be one accustomed for life to the severest physical labor in subduing the wilderness, and driving back the savage, and not one used to the luxuries of aristocratic life.

Mr. Eldridge and family are a remarkably good illustration of this class of people so often found upon our frontier. He, being one of the first settlers on Bellingham Bay, and having literally cut him a home out of the wilderness. When I arrived at his house, the weekly mail had come to hand only a short time previously, a large number of papers and magazines were in sight. Among the lot I noticed, *Popular Science Monthly*, as well as a reprint now in process of publication of the leading British Reviews and magazines.

Sheriff Allen, having completed the assessment of the southern part of Whatcom county, invited me to accompany him on an assessing trip to Semiahmoo. Wishing to examine this region, I accepted his offer. The result of the same is given else where.

On Saturday afternoon, June 17, returned to Sehome on the steamer *Teaser*. Left Sehome the same afternoon for Seattle via San Juan Islands, Port Townsend, &c., to Seattle. Passing down the Bay to Chuckanut Bay where we anchored close to the shore under a bluff some sixty feet high, where a stream of pure water pours over the bluff into the sea. A wooden pipe was fixed against the rock so that the water from this cascade would run through it. A canvas hose was carried ashore, one end was fixed to this wooden pipe. The other end reached to the water tank on the *Teaser*. The body of the hose resting on the salt water. The water running through the hose into the tank without further effort. This watering station is situated very close to the quarry where Mr. Carkeek of Seattle obtains the celebrated bluish gray sandstone so successful used by him for building and monumental purposes. Stopped at Samish Landing, and Gueme's Island that evening, and the next morning at Orca, Lopes and San Juan Islands. Reaching Townsend just before noon.

I had no time to study up these islands expect to visit them in a couple of months or so. When I shall try to describe them fully.

Stopped a while at Port Ludlow on our way to Seattle, reached there just before sun down. Monday morning, started for Snohomish, came to Mukilteo on steamer *Libby*. Thence afoot, across the trail to Lowell, and up river to Snohomish. Distance traveled upwards of 450 miles, of which over 80 miles was by canoe or a foot, balance by steamer. Our thanks are due the officers of the *Fanny Lake*, *Libby* and *Teaser* for courtesies received on the trip. Was away from Snohomish about ten days. M.

Acting Gov. Struve will deliver the Fourth of July oration at Port Townsend. It is hardly necessary to state that the citizens of the place mentioned have done themselves credit by their selection, for Mr. Struve is justly entitled to the high position he has attained as a speaker.—*Echo*.

Visit to the Mines of the Bellingham Bay Coal Company.

AT SEHOME, WHATCOM COUNTY, W. T.

While in Whatcom Co. during our recent visit there, we found it convenient to go into the mines of the Bellingham Bay Coal Company, and examine them thoroughly.

These mines are situated within a few rods of the shore line of Bellingham Bay, at the town of Sehome, built up by these mines, and about 1½ miles from Whatcom, the county seat of Whatcom county.

The company first began work there some eighteen years ago, have worked the mines continuously since that time, except when prevented by fires in the mines. These broke out from spontaneous combustion about every year and a half, until some four years or more ago, since which time there has been no trouble that way. While the fires were raging, regular work would be partially suspended until by flooding the mines, &c., the fires could be brought under control.

Wm. P. Jones the present general agent and superintendent has been in charge of the works there for the past four and half years. While there he extended every courtesy to us. Took us over the premises occupied by him. His grounds around his residence are laid out with taste and judgment. Within his residence and around it, we every where saw marks indicative of a love for the beautiful in nature and art.

Our thanks are due to him, and his lady like house keeper for courtesies received at his residence.

On indicating our desire to examine the work under ground, he caused Mr. David Lewis, the foreman of the work going on in the mine to go with us, over the mine, who showed every possible care and attention, and gave us all the information within his power relating to the mine. We prepared to descend by putting on a suit of clothes over our others, designed to protect us from the dirt of the mines. Then we passed by the engine house, where all the steam used in working the mines is generated above ground by four very large boilers and carried in pipes to where it is needed for use. Two engines now do the main work of the mines, one of 70, the other of 30 horse power.

The mine has been worked upon two levels. The coal is hoisted in cars upon an incline by the hoisting engine, in the engine house above ground. Each car contains something over a ton of cleaned coal. The coal is cleaned after coming from the mine. The cars are hauled along the gangway to the foot of the incline by mules.

The depth of the incline to lower gangway is 875 feet. Vertical depth to lower gangway 418 feet. Work for the present is abandoned on this level. This part of the mine is full of water.

The depth on incline to new gangway is 725 feet. Vertical depth to new gangway, (present workings) 347. Length of new gangway 2,150 feet.

The entrance of the mine is not over 50 feet above sea level, so that the level of new gangway is not far from 300 feet vertically below the level of the sea.

When ready to descend into the mine, Mr. Lewis signaled for the stopping of a car descending into the mines. The car stopped. He lighted the lamp attached to his cap. Each of us, placed our feet on a bumper at the upper end of the car; this bumper being a squared timber some 6 or 8 inches square projecting some 6 or 8 inches beyond the bottom of the car box. With just room for our feet upon this bumper, holding by our hands to the top of the car box, keeping our heads down low enough so we would not hit the timbers over our head. We were gradually lowered to the level of the new gangway 300 feet below the level of the sea. We sat down on a pile of lumber until we were some what accustomed to the intense darkness of the mine. Then with lighted candle in hand, Mr. Lewis taking the lead, we started to explore the mine. Turning to the left we went a short distance to a door across the gangway, this we opened. The draft of air was too strong for a tall candle. We found ourselves gazing upon the engine busy pumping the water from the mine. The steam coming from the engine house above ground. Returning to the foot of the incline, we followed the course of the gangway to its farthest end, or face of the gangway as the end is called. The engine being

to the left of the foot of the incline, while the gangway where the coal is being mined is to the right.

The first signs of life found in the mines were two cats. They have been kept there a long time, make no efforts to leave; are very tame, apparently contented. Their use is to catch the rats and mice that eat the provender and feed upon the mules. Employed under ground are two mules, and their two friends the cats. Above ground four mules are employed hauling the cars to the coal wharf from the top of the incline.

After being some time in the mine, we experienced no trouble in seeing our way along the gangway, passing the mules drawing several trucks at a time to the foot of the incline, and returning with empty cars. The sides and top of the gangway are supported by a very solid frame work of timbers. The coal has all been worked out of the gangway for its full size, on the right hand side of the gangway are breasts or places 30 feet wide where the coal is being worked.

There are eighteen breasts, two loading stations to each breast, adjoining the gangway a portion of the coal between each loading station is left unworked as a support to the gangway. The layers of coal incline so that by following it, the chutes are of sufficient incline for the coal to go down their beds from where it is mined to the loading station. Some of these chutes are over 300 feet long, from where the men are now working in the breasts to the gangway, where the coal is loaded on the cars.

The coal is some 15 or 16 feet thick, separated into four layers, by three dirt bands, or layers of a sort of pipe clay formation. The lower and upper layers of coal are each about 5 feet thick. Then between two layers some 2½ feet thick. These layers of clay are each somewhere from 2 to 4 inches thick; at first it is almost like stone; it, after awhile, upon exposure softens, and becomes like the fine alluvial clay from a tide marsh.

We climbed our way up one chute of a breast to where two miners were at work preparing a blast, to blast out the coal; then passing by the face of the breast, we started down the other chute back again to the gangway. The bottom of the chute is graded on a regular incline; a frame is made upon which boards are spiked so as to make the bottom like the interior segment of a circle. Upon this flooring of boards, sheet iron is nailed, so that the coal by its own gravity slides down the chute and at the same time keep the iron polished like a mirror.

When we descended to the gangway. Mr. Lewis took the lead, set down on his feet like we see children sliding down a board. I imitated his example, placed my hands upon his shoulders. He regulated the speed by catching hold of the sides of the chute, and in scarce no time we were at the gangway again. Thence to the incline, where we put our feet on the bumper of one of the cars, and was drawn by the hoisting engine back again to daylight. We were some three or four hours in the mine.

These mines are in excellent working order, thoroughly ventilated, no use for safety lights. No fire damp. Not troubled with black damp. Black damp is allowed to accumulate in the unworked portions of the mines as a safe guard against spontaneous combustion.

The foreman of the mine, Mr. Lewis, my attentive and gentlemanly guide is an experienced miner, several years in the employ of the company. Has been foreman of the mine for about one year past.

With very little extra expense, sufficient coal is now opened up, ready to be mined to keep the company at work for some three or four years. About 90 tons a day are now hauled from the mine; or some 25,000 tons a year.

From Jan. 1, 1876, to June 15, 1876, 12,800 tons were hauled. This amount keeps the company's vessels busy, and

supplies the demand; if need be 250 tons a day could be hauled for a year to come with little extra trouble. The employees of the company number 108, about 4 Chinamen and Indians. The coal is nearly all shipped to San Francisco in the company's vessels; consigned to P. B. Cornwall, President of the company. Office North East corner Speir and Harrison streets San Francisco. The company owns three vessels:

Ship *Lookout* 1400 tons,
Ship *Germania* 1400 tons,
Bark *Amethyst* 500 tons.

These vessels besides taking away coal, bring back goods for the large store of the Company at Sehome, and sometimes general freight.

The Logging Camps in Snohomish County now in operation.

Benj. Stretch, the experienced and efficient Sheriff and County Assessor of this county, at our request, has furnished us with the following statistics relating to the logging interests of this county:

Camps now in operation upon the Snohomish River and its tributaries, with the number of men and oxen employed in each:

Wilbur & Clark,	12 oxen,	12 men.
Elwell & Son,	" "	14 "
James Duvall,	10 "	8 "
Frank Duvall,	10 "	8 "
Wm. Stockton,	8 "	8 "
Chas. Taylor,	10 "	8 "
Bennett & Flattau,	16 "	20 "
Fred Foss,	8 "	8 "
Blackman Bros.,	8 "4 mules	10 "
J. B. Roberts,	22 "	19 "
Stephen Hogan,	8 "	8 "
J. Ross & Co.,	20 "	20 "
H. Mills,	18 "	17 "
W. S. Jamieson,	14 "	8 "
Mowatt & Hinman,	8 "	7 "
E. D. Smith,	14 "	14 "
— Smith,	10 "	12 "
Wm. Hawkins,	8 "	6 "
Ulmer Stinson,	10 "	10 "
Tamlin Elwell,	8 "	10 "

Total, 20 camps, 234 oxen, 237 men.

Camps in the county off the Snohomish or its tributaries, are M. H. Frost, 10 oxen and 8 men at Mukilteo, and Geo. Brackett, 10 oxen and 19 men at Tea Mile Point.

The following camps are situated on Port Susan Bay or in the Stillaguamish region of the county.

Thos. Rannels,	12 oxen,	8 men.
Finlason & Munson,	10 "	8 "
Follansbee & Co.,	12 "	8 "
James Long & Co.,	10 "	8 "
J. H. Record,	12 "	12 "
W. B. Moore,	12 "	8 "

Total, 6 camps, 68 oxen, 52 men. Off the river, 8 camps, 88 oxen, 70 men.

The first four camps in the list of camps on the Snohomish and its tributaries, are situated on the Snoqualmie river, in King County, but all the logs there cut and hauled, are floated down the Snohomish, and Snohomish City is the business centre as well as the base of supplies for all the work there done. Hence we have included them among the Snohomish loggers. Upon this understanding there are 28 camps, 322 oxen, and 307 men employed in Logging camps at present, while some half dozen camps more are to be started soon. These camps will cut this year upwards of 50,000,000 feet of lumber, of which some 40,000,000 will be cut on this river and its tributaries.

SEMIAMMOO, W. T.—This is the most northern town on the Pacific coast, situated within the United States, is only about one mile from the British Columbia boundary line; is built upon a sand spit upon the northern side of Semiahmoo Bay; contains a good hotel, kept by Alfred Thurlow; store for sale of general merchandise, and post office.

Steamer *Teaser* visits there every week from Seattle, Port Townsend, San Juan Islands, Sehome &c., returning same way. Population of settlement about 150. Institutions organized are Methodist and Congregationalist Church, Temperance Society, Farmers Club, and Young Men's Christian Association. The Congregational Society are to build a church this season. Expect also to establish a public library.

The people of the place propose to celebrate the Centennial at home, with oration, pic-nic, boat race, tub race, test game of ball &c.

We have several columns of items observed and gathered about the Nootsack settlement, and our trip from Whatcom to Semiahmoo, which we are compelled to leave out of this issue for lack of room. They will appear next week.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Green peas and new potatoes are now quite plentiful in Snohomish.

Mr. Geo. Hansel, of Port Townsend, paid our town a flying visit last week.

The river is still very high with little prospect of subsiding for some time to come.

O! Where is the Washington Standard? A copy of which we have not seen for two months.

Carpenters and painters are busy upon the Riverside Hotel, adding much to its convenience and looks.

Among the passengers by the Zephyr was Mr. Marsh and Mr. Andrews of Seattle, the latter accompanied by his family. Mrs. Andrews will remain here for a short time.

We call attention to the communication of the Rev. John R. Thompson relating to this place, as taken from the Occident published at San Francisco. The letter speaks for itself.

The sacrament of the Lords Supper will be observed by the Union Presbyterian Church to-morrow, immediately after the regular morning service.

J. R. THOMPSON, Acting Pastor.

Ten years ago there were some 8 or 10 families, and about the present transient population of this county. The great growth in the last ten years has been in permanent settlers and their families.

Our respected fellow-townsmen, J. N. Low Esq. brought to our office some of the largest strawberries ever seen in this place. Mr. Willour favored us with a fine lot of cherries. Thanks for your good will.

We, that is the boys, feel like devoting a whole column of compliments to Mr. John V. Low, who so generously brought in an overflowing bucket of large and delicious strawberries; at sight of which, the dusky features of our devil, suddenly became illuminated with a broad demonic smile, and, oh ye gods! how those strawberries vanished.

Mr. Stinson and Wakefield's logs up the Skykomish and part of Mr. Duval's up the Snoqualmie, broke loose last week, but were caught in the boom above town and will be saved unless the river raises still higher. There is nearly a million feet of logs moored above town awaiting a fall in the river so as to be safely driven to Priest Point.

DONATIONS TO THE ATHENEUM.—From L. H. Woodruff a pair of forceps in perfect working order, made from a single piece of wood.

From D. E. Gage, Skagit City, a pair of Elk horns in the velvet.

Capt. Hill, Indian skull and parts of human skeleton.

Clarence Sinclair, cherry bird's eggs.

ARRIVED.—June 18, Str. Zephyr Capt. Wright commander. She brought a very large number of passengers, and was literally jammed with freight. All the steamers now visiting this place have all the freight they can carry.

June 20th, The steamer Fanny Lake made an extra trip arriving here about 8 o'clock in the morning. She brought freight for several parties and after discharging, took a load of hay to Whidbey Island.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.—Rev. J. R. Thompson will preach in the school-house on Sunday next, morning and evening. Subject of morning sermon: The Morals and Dogmas of Christianity. We are authorized to state that this sermon will cover part of the ground traversed by Dr. York's lecture on Thursday evening last. Mr. Thompson promises to have the sermon ready so we may be able to publish the same in our next issue, in compliance with our request.

SPECIMENS.—The Athenaeum has received from M. C. Roop, Taxidermist and Naturalist, of Portland, Oregon, the following specimens which had been forwarded to him by the society for mounting. One large, full grown, male mountain goat, in a perfect state of preservation

and development. One young wild cat; and a fully developed, male loon. The Society now have both male and female. One mountain beaver, called by the Indians shoukht.

Mr. Roop kindly donated the following specimens, splendidly mounted: A fish-hawk, a pair of canvass back ducks and a California ground-squirrel.

The room now occupied as a museum is literally crowded with specimens, necessitating a speedy completion of the Athenaeum, which will be finished so as to permit the removal of library and museum as soon as possible after the 4th of July. The lumber is nearly all on the ground, and the flooring and finishing lumber will be well seasoned by the time workmen are ready to use it.

Dr. J. L. York.—On Tuesday evening last, this gentleman arrived by Str. Fanny Lake from Seattle. He lectured the evening of his arrival upon the subject of "Common Sense" to a large and appreciative audience, and on Friday evening on the subject of "Individualism." Upon the Sound he is too well known to need more than a passing notice, but this being his first visit here, a more extended notice will be proper. Mr. York is not a believer in revealed religion so called, or as he calls it supernaturalism. He has little respect for churches, creeds, or their formal professions of faith, consequently one bred to a strict belief in orthodox theology so called, would find things that might offend him, when the Dr. shows up the absurd or ridiculous points as he deems them, of the different religious sects, yet making a reasonable allowance for difference of training, there is little else but what would meet the general approval of any community. Each lecture occupied some two hours; during which time he held, without wavering the attention of a critical audience. A leading clergyman who had heard Dr. York, remarked that "over nine-tenths of his remarks on natural theology involved principles he would not hesitate to support himself." The main difference being Dr. York professed to find Natural Theology all sufficient, so that he could dispense with the supernatural altogether. In other words that God was a part of nature, and permeated all matter. That his records in nature were anterior to and superior to all books. That it was proper to investigate, and study books by nature's standard, not torture nature to meet the standards laid down in books, or professions of faith. That God's love to his creatures was like the mother's love to her child; not because the child loved the mother, but because the child was a part of the being of the mother, and the mother could not help loving her own being.

The first lecture was upon what he considered to be a common sense view of natural theology as stripped of the supernatural. The motto of the second lecture was "Be thyself." It consisted mainly in earnest and eloquent appeals for greater moral stamina, and personal independence of thought and feeling; with less regard for fashions and fashionable opinions. Less copying, and more personal efforts towards developing individual traits of character. For each one to try to live up to their own individual manhood or womanhood, mentally, morally and socially. There can be no danger of too many appeals of this kind in any community. The Dr. delivered is lively, varied, full of mirth, sometimes mixed with ridicule, and well calculated to hold the attention of an audience.

MURKLETS.—Our friend H. C. Vining, of that place, received his new commission as Notary Public, dated June 6th, a few days ago. Mr. Vining is a gentleman of thorough business training, extensive experience, and a fine penman; he will be able to attend to conveyancing and other work usually required of a Notary Public for that part of the county with neatness and accuracy. The hotel of Messrs. Frost & Fowler has recently received a thorough overhauling; repapered, painted and varnished, so as to present a very favorable appearance as compared with other hotels in this county. We have received from these gentlemen recently a large number of valuable specimens, donated

by them to the Athenaeum museum. Many specimens donated belonging to the collection made by Capt. Fowler some few years ago. They have our thanks for identifying themselves so fully with our representative institutions, and assisting them so generously. Arrangements are already made for carrying on the salmon fishery this summer, as soon as the salmon begin to run, our friend Vining will resume his old business of Piscatorial Dissector.

SKAGIT ITEMS.—Work is progressing favorably on the Jam. The prospects are that a sufficient subscription will be made by individuals to enable the public spirited loggers of the Jam to cut a passage through both Jams, sufficient for all purposes of navigation. The action of Sheriff Allen in not assessing the the logs cut by these men out of the Jam, meets with general approval. On Monday, June 5, 1876, a half breed boy whose father lives at Utsalady was drowned near the Jam. He has been stopping for some time past at John Campbell's store.

Sugar wedding—marrying a candid man; wooden wedding—marrying a perfect stick; tin wedding—the one that pans out well; silver wedding—marrying a gray beard; crystal wedding—marrying one addicted to the glass; golden wedding—when the groom is a minor and the bride a little vain; diamond wedding—when the "washings" are large.

BORN.

June 23.—To the wife of A. W. Foye, a son.

SNOHOMISH CITY MARKET REPORT.

STOCK.	
Milk Cows, per hd.	\$25.00 @ 50.00
Work Oxen, per yoke	\$150. @ 250.
Beef cattle, on foot, per lb.	5 cts
Horses, per hd.	\$50. @ 100.
Sheep, per hd.	\$5.00
Hogs, on foot per lb.	6 cts.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS &c.

Bacon, per lb.	12 1/2 cts
Pork do.	8 cts.
Chickens, per doz.	\$3. @ 3.50
Eggs, do.	25 cts.
Flour, per bbl.	\$4.50 @ 7.50
Wheat, per bush.	\$1. @ 1.25
Butter, per lb.	30 @ 35 cts.
Hides, green, per lb.	75 cts @ \$1.00
Potatoes, per bush.	3 cts.
Oats, do.	\$42.50
Ground Barley, per ton.	\$18.00 @ 20.00
Hay, do.	25 cts.
Candles, per lb.	5 cts.
Beans, do.	10 @ 16 cts.
Sugars, do.	\$5.00
Syrup, per keg of 5 gals.	11 cts.
Dried Apples, per lb.	8 @ 10 cts.
Nails, per lb.	75 @ \$1.25
Coarse salt, per lb.	2 cts.
Tobacco, do.	2 cts.
Coal Oil, per case.	2 cts.
Turnips, do.	\$1.25 @ 1.50
Apples, per bush.	\$2.00
Wood, per cord, deliv'd.	\$2.00
Shingles, per M.	40 @ 50 cts.
Ship Knees, per in.	\$5.00
Logs, per M ft.	10 cts.
Hewed Timber, per lineal foot.	10 cts.

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v1 n22 4m.

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First Class Hotel.

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

FIRST QUALITY OF WINES LIQUORS AND CIGARS ALWAYS ON HAND

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

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FOR SEVEN WEEKS, In order to reduce stock. Don't Delay But send up your orders and secure Bargains.

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Keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of

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

&c., IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

v1 n22.

Antony and Cleopatra.

ANTONY'S FAREWELL TO HIS BEAUTIFUL EGYPTIAN.

I am dying, Egypt—dying!
Mute the crimson life tide fast,
And the dark Phoenician shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, oh, queen, support me!
Hush thy sobs and frown thine ear,
Laden to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.
Though my scarred and vet'ran legions
Bear their eagles high no more—
Though my wrecked and scattered galleys
Show dark As them's fatal shore—
Though no gilt'ring guards surround me,
Bound to do their master's will—
I must perish like a Roman—
Die, the great Trajanic still!
Let not Caesar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low,
'Twas his own that dealt the blow,
Dear, then pillow on thy bosom,
Ere a star shall lose its ray,
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away!
Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble spouse Octavia
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her—say the gods have told me,
Altars, agurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.
And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light the paths to Stygian horrors,
With the splendors of thy smile!
Give the Caesar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine—
I can scorn the Senate's triumph,
Triumphing in love like thine!
I am dying, Egypt—dying!
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,
They are coming! Quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die,
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell.
Is and Orelis guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

English Sketches.

BY MRS. ANNIE BEASANT.

We publish the following letter of Mrs. Annie Besant. Its tone is so novel even in these times of political and religious freedom, that it cannot fail to attract attention. We boast greatly here in America about the freedom of the press and free speech. We think our English neighbors, in spite of the recent establishment by Parliament of the "Royal Titles," are fairly leading us in matters of free thought and free speech.—Ed.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, May 6, 1876.

Politics are, to us, the means whereby we seek to attain our ends, and we draw no distinction between sacred and profane. If my kindly readers of *The Index* will remember that, they will not wonder if, in some of the sketches, politics run side by side with theology, and radical progress in the State be chronicled as well as radical progress in the Church. And truly, this week, politics have so out-thundered theology that in spite of "May Meetings" on every side, we have thought of little else. Our new empire is already in distress. It has been in chancery, the lawyers not knowing whether the Sovereign was Queen or Empress in writs which were to take effect beyond seas. It has been in the Herald's Office, and the King-at-Arms says it is to figure on all petitions to the Sovereign. Its proclamation has been laughed at, jeered at, mourned over. Already "Imperialists" is heard as a party name. We Republicans rejoice. This Royal Titles Act has stamped with the approval of Parliament a far-reaching principle for which we have long contended; namely, that Parliament was supreme over the throne itself, and could give or take away the crown at its own pleasure. The principle is now beyond dispute. If Parliament transform the Kingdom into an Empire, it can equally well transform the Empire into a Republic. The power that makes a Queen an Empress can make an Empress a Presidentess, or a simple citizen. The revolution of peace has begun, and not yet awhile will the end come. This is clearly seen now by many monarchists. Mr. Morley, at Bristol, pointed sadly to the fact that "the men who desired organic changes" had stood aloof from all agitation against the new title, for they knew a precedent was being created to which they could point in the future. With the

mass of the people the effect has been very salutary. It has made them—while they have remained silent in contemptuous indifference—feel that the title of the sovereign is theirs, to mould as they please; it has taught them how easily the throne may be over-turned; with some, it has roused them from habit-loyalty to fierce antagonism, and has transformed them into Republicans. I insert the following letter which appears to-day in the *North of England Critic*, a leading north-country paper, to show Americans how rapidly feeling is spreading, and that they may be prepared to hear of quickly coming changes:—

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE CRITIC AND REVIEW:

"Sir.—Perhaps you would not like to be responsible for all the opinions in my letter; yet I beg you, without assuming any responsibility, to permit me to say what I think of this new title the Queen has begged and obtained.

"I never had a very exalted opinion of Her Majesty's character since the time I left off reading those goody-goody books published for Sunday reading, which used frequently to make the Queen a subject of sycophantic laudation. Since I gave up those mischievous books and took to reading truth, I have always thought the Queen a very mean and grasping woman; and her recent conduct has confirmed me in that opinion.

"We have been accustomed to think that the days of monarchial tyranny are past; but this new title-affair shows to a demonstration that the old, bad spirit that dwelt in the British Solomon and his unfortunate son, that showed itself so lamentably in George III., still dwells in his descendant Victoria. The spirit, I say, is a bad one; it is the spirit of tyranny, and must be met by the same heroism that formerly restrained its foolish efforts to enslave the nation. The spirit that Victoria has manifested in assuming the title of empress in the teeth of the nation is the same spirit that cost Charles I., his head, James II., his throne, and George III., the American Colonies.

"Whenever that tyrannical principle has appeared in England terrible calamities have quickly followed, Charles I. ascended the throne in peace, but in a few years he closed his career on the scaffold; his son James acceded in a comparative calm, but was soon compelled to decamp; George III., began his reign with an extensive empire; he closed his long and tyrannical life with a nation well-nigh bankrupt of men and money, and the larger portion of his dominions rent from his empire. The encroachments of the crown have in times past been met with determined opposition; it remains to be seen if Englishmen will submit in the present case.

"I cannot regard the assumption of the new title as anything less than a challenge to England and an insult to India. I expect that both countries will resent the deed. To the people of India, if they have human feelings, the new title must be odious, since it reminds them in such a reckless manner of their forcible subjugation to a foreign rule. The people of England cannot regard the change as anything less than a revolution; and patriots will probably henceforth work for a counter-revolution which shall once and for all sweep the crown away, never to trouble the nation again.

"You, Mr. Editor, may not agree with me; your paper is moderate, and so, I suppose, are you. But it seems to me that since the Queen has so grossly insulted the nation, it is the duty of every true lover of his country to do his best to render the crown ridiculous and hateful in the sight of the people. I think it my own duty to propagate sedition as the most appropriate reply to the Queen's insulting action. For me henceforth, loyalty to the throne is gone; for the future I will be loyal only to the people.

ANTI-IMPERIALIST."

Such a letter would have appeared in no "moderate" paper a year—nay, three months—ago. The shameless untruth with which the title has been forced on the nation is also stirring up bitter anger. What can have become of British honor when British statesmen act as ours have lately done? The vote of censure which will be defeated in the House of Commons on Thursday next

will be passed by an overwhelming majority in the country. The Critic remarks in an editorial:—

"We hear frequently strong and wholesale denunciations of American corruptions; and they merit denunciation. But let those who would find fault with other nations look at home. A more corrupt government than our own scarcely exists. This new title, for example, has been forced upon the country by the sheer force of falsehood and imposition. The conduct of our present rulers constitutes a national calamity."

Englishmen take a long time to provoke, but, once thoroughly aroused, are apt not to be easily checked. Our monster petition, against any further grants to the Royal Family until Parliament knows how much they have got, lies ready for presentation. It figures as the petition of "Charles Bradlaugh, Annie Besant, Charles Watts, and 102,934 others," and is a gentle little thing of nearly a mile long. It is rolled on a strong mahogany people, and is decorated with scarlet ribbon, our Republican color. The further grant to be asked for the imperial Prince of Wales is to be of £50,000, and we shall present our petition as against that grant.—*Index*.

An English View of Moody and Sankey's Work.

[From the London World.]

The increase which, according to an official report published recently, there has been in the number of lunatics received into the asylums of Edinburgh, is attributed to the wave of revivalism and the religious excitement which swept not long ago over that part of Scotland. The statement is at least suggestive. If religious feeling, carried to excess, can and does produce insanity, it becomes necessary to decide when the indulgence of it becomes injurious. Messrs. Moody and Sankey nightly fill crowded halls with rapturous devotees, and the effect of these performances was watched by psychological students with keen interest. Unfortunately the deductions they may have drawn have not yet been published to the world.

What is it that attracts large audiences, and what is the result morally and physically? Everyone is aware of the electrical properties of an assemblage of human beings. There seems to run some subtle sympathy through the aggregate multitude which is utterly wanting to the solitary unit; the orator easily moves a crowd to sobs, tears, and frantic laughter by very simple means, though, using the same means, he would fail utterly with one lonely listener. When we talk of the audience being carried away by the speaker, the expression is a just one; they are carried away, and are thoroughly transported out of themselves. Crowds do not reason, they only feel; but because they do not reason, is that, therefore, the best and truest sort of education which works through the emotions only? Many writers have expatiated on the evils of an unlimited indulgence of the imagination; some have compared it to a horse without a rider; others to a devastating torrent; all have agreed to condemn it; yet, revivalist preachers, and the sacerdotalists who would fain graft an antiquated ceremonial upon the simplicity of the apostolic faith, rely for their success on such agencies alone. Pathetic descriptions of the sorrows of humanity; harrowing narratives of sin and its eternal punishments; voluptuous expatiations on the material rewards and the happiness of the blest; sensual accompaniments of lights, music, and perfumes, the whole subtle influence of which on the brain is scarcely as yet fully recognized; the aids of fasting, privations, and castigations—all combine to swell the train of imaginative aids, and form the strains such people delight to harp on.

An undue use of the emotions blunts the fine edge of the reasoning powers, yet this is precisely the object aimed at. "Never mind what reason says; only feel that you are saved," is the dictum of the Evangelicals. "By all means restore church discipline," is the watchword of the Ritualists. These latter aim indeed at a very real power, yet the effect on their worshippers is a phase of the emotions—nothing more—a sensational experience like any other "intelluctual dram-drinking," as the Bishop of Manchester

once aptly expressed it. Those who have seen the evils of rivals—the languor succeeding on such exhaustive sensations the dullness and despondency as the glitter and glamour faded away; people discovering they are in pretty much the same condition as before, only a few minds unhinged, a few families broken up from mistaken ideas of duty, as some of the shining converted lights have followed the preacher's fortunes, otherwise the body of the population lying in the same state of ignorance and darkness as before, except for the additional effects of the reaction consequent on excitement; those who have seen all this may well be tempted to share in the elder Mill's hatred of everything that savored of enthusiasm. No doubt the enthusiasm of an apostle giving up his life and his energy to the dissemination of what he believes to be the truth is a fine and stirring sight, but the enthusiasm of a crowd is mere bubble and froth. Our Lord today, Barabbas to-morrow, are equally the cry and the idol of the hour. The sensation is passing, and the effects of it are not less transitory. The most poor and unlearned occasionally feel within them a longing for something better—a yearning for enjoyment superior to the material indulgences of a hard and grinding life. The rich, again, in this age of enervating luxury, demand that even religion should be highly spiced; and many amongst educated women go out of their mind from the stimulating course of religion, just as the Turk dies from an unlimited use of "hashesh." Mad-doctors will tell you that almost all their female patients are crazed on the subject of love or religion, the preponderance being on the side of the latter. Surely, if religion is indeed a valuable and sacred thing, it ought not to be used to unlounge the splendid mechanism of the mind, and leave the little gray matter—that source of wonder even to Plato and the philosophers of old—to perform no better function than a rabbit's brain. But, then, those religious enthusiasts, of whom there have been plenty since the world began, say men must be awakened from the sleep of death at any price. What! is religious lunacy a more admirable thing than reason and sanity? Minds perpetually worked on by a particular train of thought, perpetually at high pressure, trying constantly to feel a degree of emotion of which our imperfect faculties are not capable, must lose the equilibrium which constitutes a well regulated mind. Our Lord's teachings were of a very different order. When people made to him violent demonstrations of attachment or unworshipfulness, he quietly tested them by such saying as, "Sell all that thou hast and give to the poor." His own enthusiasm was the perfect enthusiasm, was the perfect serenity of faith and a good life. To sum up, that no religion can be good that leads to lunacy—reason being the sole interlude between ourselves and the brute beasts. Far too much stress is laid in the present day upon a man's feelings. Jeremy Taylor says: "A good life is the best way to understand wisdom and religion." Religion being the science of God, what we feel is not the important part, but what is the truth. If religion is a science, it must be governed by the laws of progress and enlightenment and sustained by the fundamental principles of truth and order. The fact is, true religion is of so subtle and delicate a nature that the ordinary vulgar mind cannot conceive in its purity, and clothes it in the fleshly fancies of a groveling mind. Mme. de Montespan confessed and communicated regularly, conceiving that by this, as it were, compounding for other sins, she was free to follow the desires of her heart. How many converted sinners, whose reception has been matter of talk and congratulation in religious circles, have really persevered in good ways and have not, while adopting the special phrases and cant expressions or observances of their own particular religious set, carried on their business or their pleasure exactly as they did before? Religion founded on mere impulses or states of feeling of necessity evaporates when brought in to rude contact with the evils and the hardships of human existence; honest minds are apt to relapse into sheer negation, while indifferent and ill-balanced natures retain a veneer of sentiments which their whole life and modes of action belie. The sole use of religion is to give men a

rational object of being higher and better than mere money-getting, and to point out the best way of obtaining that object. The greater number of emotional enthusiasts care not to reason thus calmly; they usually surrender themselves, their thoughts, and their free-will to some spiritual guide whom it pleases them to erect into a demi-god, and to whose dictates, whether right or wrong, they unquestionably bow. Especially is this the fact with women; and in their case, being the weakest, the most sensitive, and by education the least logical, the results are naturally the most deplorable. The longing of the present for inquiry rooms on the one hand and the confessional on the other, is nothing but a very natural expression of weakness on the part of mankind, and of the easy desire to shift moral responsibility on to self-chosen monitors, warranted to govern their actions and decide for them those questions which ought fitly to be settled between God and a man's soul alone. But the whole subject is well worthy of consideration. The influence of emotional religion in destroying the balance of religion; the apparent craving entertained by the nation for more racy teachings than is supplied by the Church, and the implied uselessness of that institution herself if she fails to carry out the purposes she was evidently instituted for; the spread of luxury and self-indulgence even into the ordinances and principles of religion—all these are questions pregnant with meaning, and fraught with interest not only to this but to future generations. In the words of a great living writer, to whom such hysteric enthusiasm is hateful, religion "is a meek and blessed influence, stealing in as it were upon the heart; it comes quietly and without excitement; it has no terror, no gloom in its approaches; it does not rouse up the passions; it is untrammelled by the creeds and unshadowed by the superstitions of man; it uplifts the spirit within us, until it is strong enough to overlook the shadows of our place of probation, and breaks link after link, the chain that binds us to materiality."—*S. P. Chronicle*.

Science vs. the Classics.

Michigan now has schools for instruction in nearly all arts and sciences but railroading, and we may expect to see this added soon to the curriculum of college studies, narrow gauge tracks running from the dormitories to the dining-halls and chapels, and examinations something after the following:

Railroaders, stand up. Why are lightning trains so called?

Because the laws by which they are governed are little known, but it is found that they are less dangerous when provided with ample conductors.

What is an engineer?

A point without which the conductor is useless.

What is a fireman?

A man who generally acts as principal witness at the inquest on the engineer.

What is a baggage-master?

A person who is expected to load and unload five tons of freight in ten minutes, without the slightest damage to hat boxes, Saratogas or contents. They are not plentiful in the United States.

What are the duties of a brakeman?

To bounce the man who talks back to the conductors, drop inpecunious travelers upon the ties, slam open the doors and let coal-dust and cinders into the eyes of passengers, under pretense of announcing the stations.

What is the chief duty of a switchman?

To carefully watch the daily papers and furnish "horrible catastrophes" when items get dull.

What is a superintendent?

An electric cloud which affects both conductors and non conductors alike.

What is a paymaster?

The cloud's silver lining.

What is a train-boy?

An unmitigated nuisance.

Correct.—*Lansing (Mich.) Republican*.

The fearful and humiliating fact is stated that a sovereign is spent in Great Britain for intoxicating liquor for every two pence given for Christian missions; and that the sum thus wasted in six months would be sufficient to purchase a shilling copy of the Bible for each of the 700,000,000 of heathens.

To a Coquette.

So dearly as I love you now,
 I'd fain forego the joys to sever—
 Nay doubly breathe a double vow
 To linger by your side forever.

But fate has taught me to beware
 Of azure eyes with liquid glances;
 Though you were fairest of the fair,
 I would rebel and take the chances.

I see the rings your fingers 'round—
 Each golden band a lover's token—
 And novels, in morocco bound,
 That teach you how a heart is broken.

And half a score of "Berlin Heads—"
 Each one a "friend" or "country cousin;"
 And lying in their velvet beds
 I count of "porcelain" half a dozen.

This one is "poor, but real good,"
 And this one "rich but fast and naughty;"
 This one has such a "doleful mood,"
 And this one, "oh, he's dreadful naughty!"

Pray what will be the verdict that
 You'll have for me when I've departed?
 To twirl a charm, and laugh and chat
 And tell your friends I'm hollow hearted.

Well, judge me so, or as you will;
 But for your record of your lovers,
 You might have ground me in the mill
 As true as you have done the others.

For when I first beheld the light
 That shed its glory 'round about you,
 I thought for many a lonely night
 My life would be a blank without you.

Ah, could I still that thought possess,
 Still find that loveliness within you,
 This world has got no wilderness
 But what I'd journey through to win you.

And since the chance will ne'er be mine,
 I will not fall and let you jilt me;
 I'd rather scorn the tempting shrine
 And all the castles that you've built me.

So fare the well! Now go and meet me out,
 A thing unmade for love's advances,
 For I can swear, without doubt,
 I'm not in favor with your fancies.

The Growth of New York.

No cities of the continent, or for that matter, of the world have exhibited such prosperous and marvelous growth as Chicago and New York. The facts as to the former have frequently been given and are as familiar as household words. Of the figures with the reference to the latter *The Herald* says: "The report of the superintendent of buildings furnishes some very interesting information regarding the growth of New York within the past decade. In it we find that the number of buildings on Manhattan Island forms a grand total of 84,200, including all classes. Of this number 67,156 are dwelling houses, which are divided into classes, as follows: Tenements, 20,485; stone dwellings, first-class, 7,136; stone dwellings, second-class, 2,142; brick dwellings, first class, 5,052; brick dwellings, second-class, 16,172; frame dwellings, all class, 15,799; French flats, 198; hotels, 172. Of the other buildings used for miscellaneous purposes, the following general classification is made: Stores, 8,293; stables, 5,089; factories, 2,724; churches, 425. The public buildings number 33; banks, 67; hospitals and asylums, 66; breweries, 59; theatres, 27; markets, 11, and distilleries 10. Of the stores 2,621 are considered as first-class and 702 are built of iron. Of 56,185 dwelling-houses of stone and brick only 12,188 are for one family, the balance accommodating from two to fifty families each. During the last 13 years, or since the department of building has been in existence, 20,607 new buildings were erected in New York, and 11,387 were altered and improved. The progress of building during that time has been at the following rates: From 1862 to 1869 (the latter inclusive,) 10,995 new buildings; in 1870, 1,899; 1871, 2,039; 1872, 1,662; 1873, 1,469; 1874, 1,205, and 1875, 1,250. Among the most modern of the important buildings in New York may be named the new postoffice, *The Herald* office, the Equitable Life and Western Union offices, all fronting on Broadway; the Hudson River railroad depot on Forty-second street, St. Patrick's cathedral on fifth avenue, and the Masonic temple on Twenty-third street and Sixth avenue. Could we but obtain a relief to our city travel by means of a well-devised plan of rapid transit, and which would also relieve the overcrowded condition of the dwellings of the poor and thus improve the health of the city, it would be difficult to form an

estimate of the growth of New York during the next 20 years. We may now claim to embrace within the metropolitan district Kings and Queens counties on the Long Island side, Westchester county beyond the Harlem river, Hudson and Essex counties in New Jersey, all forming with Manhattan Island a grand area of occupied territory which rivals that of London, and which will, at our present rate of growth, surpass the English capital in wealth and population before the celebration of the centennial of the battle of New Orleans.

Land Matters.

A recent ruling of the Secretary of the Interior reverses a former decision of the Commissioner of the General Land Office, approved by the late Secretary, in regard to the manner in which soldier's additional homestead entries may be made. It is known that for nearly two years the practice has prevailed of allowing these entries to be made for the parties entitled to make them, through the intervention of attorneys, the applicants having previously made the required affidavits before the clerk of the court in the county where they resided and at the same time executed a power of attorney authorizing the sale and conveyance of the land after entry. Large quantities of the most valuable land on the Pacific coast have been entered in this manner by speculators and others, and now the Secretary directs that in all cases where the affidavit of the applicant is made before an official other than the register or receiver of the land office in which the entry is made, or the entry was not made by the applicant in proper person, the papers must be returned to the local land office in order that the proper application and affidavit may be supplied.

As most of these claimants reside in Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas, it is not probable that many of them will appear at the land offices in California and Washington to comply with the terms prescribed by the department. Being a matter of special interest to those who have dealt in these claims, thousands of them having been sold with a guaranty of their genuineness and of the validity of the title to the land sought to be entered by them, and there being no appeal from the decision of the Secretary, the intervention of the courts will likely be sought in order to test the legality of the ruling.

It is hard that innocent purchasers of these claims should suffer by being misled through the former rulings of the department, but as their purchases are usually protected by a guaranty from responsible parties, the losses will fall mainly upon speculators, and as the interests of the coast would be promoted by holding out all possible inducements for immigration from the Eastern States, the last ruling will be generally regarded with favor, and in harmony with the fixed policy of the Government in dealing with the public lands.—*Transcript.*

"Jawge," said a sable Venus in St. Louis. "Jawge, does yer lub me an' is yer got any chibalry about yer?" "Why, Lib, yer knows I lub yer, an' I ain't 'fraid of de debble himself." "Then, Jawge, dat ar lozlah Jim done sulted me, said I was a ostrich, an' yer mus hunt the daylight outen him for shuah!" "Lib," was the response, "Lib, Ise yer warrior, I is, an' I'll fin' dat fellah Jim and when I bunts I'll dubble him like a door linge, oh I'll dubble him for shuah!"

The three original steamers sent around "the horn" by Aspinwall when California came into the hands of Americans, have disappeared from the passenger trade, but are still in service. The *Oregon* is a barkentine engaged in the Puget Sound lumber trade. The *Panama* is a store-ship at Acapulco; and the *California* is a barkentine in the Australian trade.

A young man is mentioned who congratulates himself on having six young ladies in his Sunday school class, all of them wearing three button kid gloves. There is probably no class in the country more in need of religious instruction, and no class will get less.

NEW ENGLAND HOUSE

Main St. Olympia, W.T.

E. T. YOUNG and J. BROWN, Proprietors.

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.

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Furniture, Bedding, Window Curtains, Picture Frames, Windows, Doors, and blinds.

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Wire--suspension, Vibrating spring

BED BOTTOMS

Patented July 1, 1873,

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

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FIRST PREMIUM,

With Diploma

At the California State Fair, 1871. Also First Premium, with diploma, at the Santa Clara County Fair, 1873. And

Special Diploma

At the 101 Joaquin County Fair, 1873. JOHN PIKE, Agent, for Snohomish.

v1 n1.

SALOON, T. F. MARKS PROPRIETOR.

SNOHOMISH CITY, W.T.

The best of wines, liquors and cigars, always on hand at THE OLD STAND.

v1 n10.

LOWELL HOTEL!

E. D. SMITH, Proprietor.

THE HOUSE AND FURNITURE ENTIRELY NEW

THE BAR ROOM

is the largest in the County, Furnished with a BILLIARD TABLE, and the best brands of Wines, Liquors & Cigars, to be found in the market

THE TABLE

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

v1 n7

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DOLLY VARDEN SALOON

FRONT STREET, NEAR THE PAVILION

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At the DOLLY VARDEN.

WINES, LIQUORS, BEER AND CIGARS,

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

CUTTER'S OLD BOURBON WHISKEY

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

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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.

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Mrs. ADA BLACKMAN, DEALER IN MILLINERY & FANCY GOODS,

CORNER OF CHERRY & SECOND STREETS, SEATTLE, W. T.

My stock is the largest in Washington Territory.

AGENT FOR

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Sold on the Monthly Installment PLAN.

LADIES READY MADE UNDERWEAR A SPECIALTY.

Call and examine my

v1 n3 STOCK.

PINKHAM & SAXE,

DEALERS IN

CLOTHING AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS,

SEATTLE, W. T.,

Our Stock Consists of

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

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

Give us a Call.

PINKHAM & SAXE.

Snohomish Church, Washington Territory.

Edison Occident:—I promised you some time ago to keep you posted as to our work on Puget Sound, but as sending you letters is such an item on my list, I take this opportunity to do so.

North of King County, through more than 100 miles of latitude and from the Puget Sound to Puget Sound, lies a valley and prairie which has a great deal of good agricultural land. Much of it at present is covered with dense forests, which must be cleared at great expense before the land can be used for crops of grain and other farming produce. There are some small farms on the Snohomish, but they are a fair, thriving trade and a few little spots of grain and other crops. There are large tracts of bottom land, some with a growth of alder and other trees, and some of marsh land. Ten years ago there were not more than perhaps ten white men and no white woman in the county, now besides the Indians there are quite a number of families who have gone in to clear the land and settle on farms.

There are probably two hundred white women and one thousand people in the county, and no Christian church among them. The Methodists sent a man to Snohomish City, about two years ago, but he shook the dust—I mean stepped the mud off his feet and pulled his canoe down the river to the sea no more. The village was visited some months ago by another good Methodist brother. But the place didn't suit him, so he didn't suit the place. At any rate he left. A good Christian man started a Sunday School which failed—again it was resuscitated and went down. A Free Religious Society was formed about two years ago, which gave a few specimen lectures to the people. This latter item may explain the failures referred to above.

Frustrated in this manner, for some months lately there were no religious efforts made, of any character, and the people began to feel that something was needed to build up the town in a spiritual direction. There are several wide awake men, leaders in the community, who though not professing Christians themselves, wanted a minister of brains and energy—any particular denomination not essential—to start and head a religious movement and take up his residence in Snohomish City. These things coming to my ears, and being invited by leading men of the county to help them in the matter, I went down the Sound and up the river, to the beautiful little village dignified by the name of Snohomish City—the county seat and intellectual centre of the whole region thereabouts. I held public worship on Sunday and Monday evenings, and on Tuesday afternoon, and I told the people that the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions was on the look out for just such openings as these—that it had the right kind of man on hand occasionally, to take hold of the work, and if they wanted our peculiar kind of Christianity, it could be furnished. The result was the organization and incorporation of a congregation of thirty-nine members having the Probate Judge and the County Legislator on the Board of Trustees—also the organization of a church of fifteen members, with the Probate Judge and another of the trustees of the congregation, as elders, on the term service plan. Also the organization of a Sunday School, with the Secretary of the Trustees as Superintendent. I promised them preaching once a month, and Brother Dunning, of Seattle, will also give monthly supply, which will keep them pretty well ministered unto until the Board sends a man to reside on the field. Two most eligible lots have been donated for a church site, and we are in hopes of getting a good fit from the Board of Church Erection. Altogether this is a most promising field, partly because the prospects of the county are

of farming population, partly because there is no one in the field. I suppose, however, you won't let this good thing pass. Some sectarian bigot, however, or the Lord's work in Snohomish City, will come up and say, "for the people, of course," for the people, of course, "for the gratification of the people, of course," and you would find a better way to do it. I consider sometimes that I can smile upon their good handiwork. But I make this letter too long.

Yours very truly,
J. R. THOMPSON,
Snohomish City, W. T., May 15, 1876.

Wm. A. Wheeler.

Wm. A. Wheeler, the nominee of the Republican Convention for the State of Ohio, was born in Delaware, Ohio, October 18, 1812, and is now 64 years of age, in prime of life and usefulness. He graduated at Kenyon College, and studied law at C. C. College. From 1838 to 1861 he was City Solicitor of Cincinnati, when, in the latter year, he entered the volunteer service of the Union army. He served first as Major, but was soon promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and in 1862 to a full Colonelcy. In 1864 he was made Brigadier General, and the same year was representative from Ohio to the Thirty Ninth Congress, serving on the Committee on Private Land Claims and on the Library Committee. He was re-elected to the house during the Fortieth Congress, but resigned in 1867. Soon after he was elected Governor of his native State, and has ever since been more or less in public view. His record is as unspotted as that of any man in political life, and he will at the polls command the full strength of the party, increased by a large conservative element. In presenting his name to the Convention, a very pretty speech was made by Gov. Noyes, of Ohio, which we cannot do better than quote. The Governor stated that "Rutherford B. Hayes was one who is well known and greatly beloved in Ohio. He had defeated successively Thurman, Pendleton and Wm. Allen. He had got in the habit of beating Democrats, and from force of habit would do it again and always. He is brave, honest, unpretending, wise and sagacious, a scholar and a gentleman. He is the candidate who can carry Ohio, New York, Indiana, Illinois, as well as all the rest, because in him is a candidate on whom all differences can unite, and because his nomination is the safest and best for the insurance of success."

Wm. A. Wheeler, the nominee for Vice President, was born in Malone, Franklin county, New York, in 1820. He was a student in the University of Vermont, but did not graduate. By profession he is a lawyer. In 1850 and 1851, and in 1857 and 1858, he was a member of the State Legislature, serving in both branches. In 1860 he was elected to the House of Representatives and for several years afterwards was engaged in banking and railroading. In 1867 he was President of the State Constitutional Convention. Later he was returned to Congress, in which he is principally known as the author of the Wheeler compromise, by which the troubles in Louisiana were settled. Mr. Wheeler is described to us by acquaintances as a man of much ability, of sterling integrity and of great popularity at home. He is also said to be a fine speaker, and in every way qualified for the Vice Presidency or the Presidency, should it be his lot to be called to occupy that exalted position.—Tribune.

LA CONNER ITEMS.—It is expected the new building known as the Town or Occidental Hall, in process of construction, will be finished in time for the Centennial Celebration to be held at La Conner for the Snohomish, the Skagit, and we presume for the rest of Whatcom Co. as well, as no other general celebration is to be held in that county except at Semiahmoo. Mr. O. W. Lynch is contractor. The frame is all up, and the building is rapidly approaching completion. The exercises are to consist of reading the Declaration of Independence, music, strawberry lunch, boat racing, canoe racing, horse racing &c., closing by grand ball in the new Hall, in the evening.

E. C. FERGUSON,

Dealer in

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