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Representing the Interests of Western Washington.

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The Northern Star.

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SNOHOMISH.

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Physician and Surgeon.
Office in NORTHERN STAR building, upstairs.

DENTISTRY.
DR. J. C. GRASSE, DENTIST.
SEATTLE, W. T.
Office in Stone & Burnett's new build-
ing on Commercial street.
All work warranted.
1:8

William R. Andrews,
Attorney at Law.
Office: BUTLER'S BUILDING,
Opposite Occidental.
SEATTLE, W. T.
v13

GEORGE MC ONAHA, C. H. HANFORD
McCONAHA & HANFORD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Seattle, W. T.
Office on the upper floor of the Seattle Mar-
ket building.
v120

I. M. HALL,
LAWYER,
Seattle, W. T.
Practices in the Courts of Washing-
ton Territory.
v14.

J. N. LOW,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
SNOHOMISH CITY,
Snohomish County, W. T.
Conveyancer, Dealer in Real Estate, &c.
Has on hand a full set of legal and busi-
ness blanks. Will endeavor to do all
business entrusted to him with promptness
and accuracy.
v15

IRVING BALLARD, Wm. A. INMAN,
Stellacoom, W. T. Seattle, W. T.
BALLARD & INMAN
Attorneys at Law, Solicitors in
Chancery and Proctors
in Admiralty.

WILL PAY PROMPT ATTENTION
to all business entrusted to us.
v13

McNAUGHT and LEARY,
Attorneys and Counsellors
at-Law,
PRACTICE IN COURTS OF RECORD.
AGENTS FOR
PHENIX
HOME,
NORTH BRITISH and
MERCHANTILE
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Money Loaned,
Real Estate bought and sold,
Collections made,
Conveyancing, &c. &c.
SEATTLE, W. T.
JAMES McNAUGHT. JOHN LEARY
v11.

H. C. VINING,
Notary Public, Conveyancer, &c.,
MUKILTEO, W. T.
Full stock of Blanks on hand.
Business done with accuracy and
dispatch.
1:24

W. M. TIRTLOT,
Lawyer,
Notary Public and Conveyancer.
Snohomish City, W. T.
v1:35

TELEGRAPHIC.

LITTLE ROCK, Sept. 8.—Four Indian
murderers were hanged at Fort Smith to-
day, making fifteen who have been exe-
cuted within a year by the sentence of
the same court, on the same spot and on
the same gallows.

CHARLESTON, Sept. 8.—The colored
democrats held a meeting last night, and
were guarded by thousands of armed
whites. No attempt at disturbance was
made.

NEW YORK, Sept. 8.—Eighteen, the
Oaks Corners murderer, was hanged in
Canandaigua to-day. He made a speech
accusing Webster and Mrs. Crandall of
having committed the deed for which he
suffered.

Weston's foundry at Hingham, Mass.,
was burned yesterday.

Francisco Peralto, the Mexican rider,
to-morrow will attempt to ride 100 miles
in five hours, using twenty mustangs.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 7.—The Pacific
Mail steamer City of Peking arrived to-
day, 22 1/2 days from Hong Kong and 1 1/2
from Yokohama—the quickest trip ever
made between the ports.

MADRID, Sept. 8.—Wm. M. Tweed and
his cousin, Wm. Hunt, were arrested in
Port Vigoon, on board the Spanish mer-
chantman Carem. Tweed was traveling
under the name of Secor. Both prison-
ers were lodged in the fortress.

CHEYENNE, Sept. 8.—On Sunday last
fifteen Indians attacked a party from the
Black Hills at Indian creek, and two
men, Garron and Stearns of Golden City,
Colorado, were killed. A defensive po-
sition was maintained by the whites until
ten Indians were killed or wounded,
when the rest abandoned the field. Small
parties of Indians have been seen in
the vicinity of the telegraph camp for
several days past, all moving southward.

CHICAGO, September 8.—Dispatches re-
ceived from Crook's command, of Sept.
5th, state that after separating from Ter-
ry, August 24th, Crook followed the trail
leading south some 200 miles, experienc-
ing much delay on account of heavy and
continuous cold rains. Considerable
sickness existed, and the troops are great-
ly discouraged. Where the command
was camped on the 5th the Indians seem
to have called in many directions. The
troops were on short rations and the
horses were much broken down. The
command was making for the Black Hills
and will await supplies there. In the
meantime they are scouting the country
and taking care of any hostiles found
there. Terry, it is supposed, is still fol-
lowing the northern trail on the north
bank of the Yellowstone.

NORTHFIELD, Minn., Sept. 8.—About
2 o'clock yesterday afternoon eight men,
well mounted, entered town and proceed-
ed to the bank, sprang over the counter
and ordered the cashier to open the
vault, at the same time ordering the others
in the bank to throw up their hands.
Mr. Haywood, the cashier refused to obey
orders and was shot dead. They then
turned on Mr. Bunker, assistant cashier,

and ordered him to open the vault; but
he said he didn't know the combination,
and made his escape out the back door,
shot through the shoulder. While this
was transpiring within, the citizens had
collected and two of the robbers were
killed. The robbers did not get into the
vault nor did they find the cashier's
drawer. While three men were engaged
in the bank the others stood on the street
threatening to shoot anyone who inter-
fered. About 400 men pursued the rob-
bers and their capture is considered cer-
tain. The impression seems to be that
they are members of the famous Younger
and James gangs.

MINNEAPOLIS, Sept. 7.—The Pioneer
Press and Tribune will to-morrow pub-
lish an inter-view with an old trapper
named Ridgley, who has been a long
time in the Yellowstone country, and
claims to have witnessed Custer's mas-
sacre, being a prisoner in Sitting Bull's
camp and seeing every movement of the
troops. He was taken prisoner last
March and kept in the camp of the In-
dians ever since. Until the Custer mas-
sacre he was treated kindly. He says
Sitting Bull organized, not to fight the
whites, but to drive the miners from the
Black Hills. Previous to Custer's at-
tack, mounted couriers from Sitting
Bull's camp had for eight days watched
his forces. Their division into small de-
tachments being noted with manifesta-
tions of extreme delight. Ambuscades
were immediately prepared, and while
the Indians stood ready for an attack,
many of them clambered on the side hills
overlooking Custer's line of march. The
Indian camp was divided by a bluff, the
point of which ran toward the Rosebud
and in the direction of one of the avail-
able fords on the river. To reach their
camp by this ford, Custer followed their
trail down to the water's edge. There
were but 25 tepees visible to Custer, but
there were seventy-five double tepees be-
hind the bluffs not visible. Custer at-
tacked the small village, and was im-
mediately met by 1,500 or 2,000 Indians
in regular order of battle. Every move-
ment was made with military precision.

Ridgley says he stood on the side hill,
which was not more than one and a half
mile distant. Custer began the fight in
a ravine near the ford, and fully half
of his command seemed to be unharmed
at the first fire. Then the soldiers retreat-
ed toward the hill in the rear, where
they were shot down on the way with
astonishing rapidity, the commanding
officer falling from his horse in the mid-
dle of the engagement, which commenced
at 11 A. M., and did not last over 45
minutes. After the massacre of Custer's
force, the Indians returned to camp with
six soldiers as prisoners, and delirious
with joy over their success, these six
men were tied to stakes at a wood pile
in the village and all burned to death.
While the flames were torturing them to
death, the Indian boys fired red hot ar-
rows into their quivering flesh until they
were dead. Sitting Bull was met after
the fight, and he exultantly remarked
that he had killed many soldiers and one
damned General, but did not know who
he was. The squaws then armed them-
selves with knives, visited the battle field
and robbed and mutilated the bodies of
the soldiers. While the six soldiers
were being burned, the Indians turned
their attention to the force, evidently
Reno's attacking the lower end of the
village.

Ridgley says Custer's command had
been slaughtered before a shot was fired,
Reno's force attacking the lower end of
the camp at about 2 P. M. The Indians
returned in the evening and said the
men had fought like the devil; but
Ridgley says they didn't make any state-
ment of their losses. They said the sol-

diers had been driven back twice, and
they piled up stones, and the attack was
unsuccessful. The prisoners were kept
burning over an hour; but Ridgley was
not permitted to speak to them, so he is
unable to state who they were. One was
noticeable for his small size and grey
hair and whiskers. Reno killed more
Indians than Custer, who fell in the
midst of the fight, and two captains,
believed to be Gates and Keogh, were
left to die. The night after the mas-
sacre the Indians were wild with delight;
many got drunk on whisky stolen from
the whites, and the squaws performed
the duty of guards for the prisoners.
The squaws becoming drowsy, Ridgley
and two companions escaped, securing
ponies, and began a journey homeward.
They ate game and lay in the woods
four days to avoid the Indians. On the
way Ridgley's horse stumbled, breaking
his arm, but the party finally reached
Fort Abercrombie, and thence Ridgley
came here.

He describes Sitting Bull as a half-
breed, of large size, very intelligent,
with a peculiar gait.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 13.—The Board
of Health held a meeting this morning
to discuss the question of disinfecting
Chinatown, as recommended by Dr.
Meals. The opinion of the city and
county attorney had been asked as to the
legality of making a forced entrance to
the Chinese dens and compelling the en-
forcement of sanitary measures. The
attorney asked further time to consider
the question, stating as an off hand
opinion, that while in ordinary state of
affairs every man's house was his castle,
still there were considerations which
must override all. The report of the
health officer, as to the condition of the
Chinese in this matter, occasions much
indignation, both among members of the
board of health and the community at
large. The board is strongly in favor of
adopting extreme measures and sub-
stantiating the whole Chinese quarters to a gen-
eral purification.

The body of a Chinese boy, two or
three years old, who had died from small-
pox, was found on Bay street this morn-
ing and removed for interment.

Ten news cases of smallpox were re-
ported yesterday with four deaths. Four
new cases this morning.

Messrs. Frazer & Hackett lost 64 head
of splendid sheep out of a band of over
3,000 this week, by a bear finding his
way into the corral and causing a stamp-
ede, by which the above number suffo-
cated. The corral was situated on the
side hill and the sheep tried to escape on
the lower side; in doing so they piled
up six or eight thick! hence the loss.

During the week we had the pleasure
of counting not less than seventeen em-
igrant wagons, on their way north.
These emigrants hail mostly from Kan-
sas, and appear to be weary and poor,
but not dispondent. On the contrary
they are of good cheer. Every loaded
team they met with grain, seems to them
like a bright ray of hope for the future.
Several families with their outfits are en-
camped about the foot hills.

Last night two of the "Lo" family got
full of poor whisky and went on the war
path. They attempted to break into a
China house, when the attention of our
city Marshal, J. K. Vincent, was called
to the fact, who arrested one of them, the
other mounted his horse and started for
Clearwater. The Marshal followed and
overtook him at the edge of the water
and attempted to take him off his horse,
when the Indian made a cut at him with
a knife, cutting through his blouse and
shirt-front and making a long scratch
just over the heart. Joe knocked him
off his horse with a rock and when last
seen, Indian and horse were floating
down Clearwater. As it was dark at the
time he (Joe) could not tell whether he
got out or whether he was made of
Indian.—Walla Walla Watchman.

The Editor's Guests.

BY WILL. M. CARLETON.

The Editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care, His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair, His chair-arm an elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his head, His eyes on his dusty old table, with different documents spread: There were thirty long pages from Howler, with underlined capitals topped And a short disquisition from Growler, requesting his newspaper stopped; There were lyrics from Gusher the poet, concerning sweet flow'rets and zephyrs, And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer, describing a couple of heifers; There were billets from beautiful maidens, and bills from a grocer or two, And his best leader hitched to a letter, which inquired if he wrote it, or who? There were raptures of praises from writers of the weakly mellifluous school, And one of his rival's last papers, informing him he was a fool; There were several long resolutions, with names telling whom they were by, Canonizing some harmless old brother who had done nothing worse than to die; There were traps on that table to catch him, and serpents to sting and to smite him; There were gift enterprises to sell him, and bitters attempting to bite him; There were long staring "ads" from the city, and money with never a one, Which added, "Please give this insertion, and send in your bill when you're done;" There were letters from organizations—their meetings, their wants, and their laws—Which said, "Can you print this announcement for the good of our glorious cause? There were tickets inviting his presence to festivals, parties, and shows, Wrapped in notes with "Please give us a notice" demurely slipped in at the close; In short, as his eye took the table, and ran o'er its ink-spattered trash, There was nothing it did not encounter, excepting perhaps it was cash. The Editor dreamily pondered on several ponderous things, On different lines of action, and the palling of different strings; Upon some equivocal doings, and some unambiguous duns; On how few of his numerous patrons were quietly prompt-paying ones; On friends who subscribed "Just to help him," and wordly encouragement lent, And had given him plenty of counsel, but never had paid him a cent; On vinegar, kind hearted people were feeding him every hour, Who saw not the work they were doing, but wondered that "printers are sour;" On several intelligent townsmen, whose kindness was so without stint That they kept an eye out on his business, and told him what he should print; On men who had rendered him favors, and never pushed forward their claims, So long as the paper was crowded with "locals" containing their names; On various other small matters, sufficient his temper to roll, And finely contrived to be making the blood of an editor boil; And so one may see that his feelings could hardly be said to be smooth, And he needed some pleasant occurrence his ruffled emotions to soothe; He had it; for lo; on the threshold, a slow and reliable tread, And a farmer invaded the sanctum, and these are the words that he said: "Good-mornin', sir, Mr. Printer; how is your body to-day? I'm glad you're to home; for you fellers is al'ays a runnin' away. Your paper last week wa'n't so spicy nor sharp as the one week before; But I s'pose when the campaign is opened, you'll be whoopin' it up to 'em more. That fellow that's printin' 'The Smasher' is goin', for you perty smart; And our folks said this mornin' at breakfast, they thought he was gettin' the start. But I hushed em right up in a minute, and said a good word for you; And I told 'em that some one was sayin', and whoever 'twas it is so, That you can't expect much of no one man, nor blame him for what he don't know. But, layin' aside pleasure for business, I've brought you my little boy Jim; And I thought I would see if you couldn't make an editor outen of him. "My family stock is increasin', while other folks seem to run short. I've got a right smart of family—it's one of the old fashioned sort; There's Ichabod, Isaac and Isaac, a-workin' away on the farm— They do 'bout as much as one good boy, and make things go off like a charm. There's Moses and Aaron are sly ones, and slip like a couple of eels; But they are to'able steady in one thing—they al'ays git round to their meals. There's Peter is busy inventin' (though what he invents I can't see,) And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of 'em boardin' with me. There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my farm for himself, An Sam smashed his nose at a shootin', and so

he is laid on the shelf. The rest of the boys are all growin', 'cept this little runt, which is Jim, And I thought that perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen o' him. "He ain't no great shakes for to labor, tho' I've labored with him a good deal, And give him some good strappin' arguments I know he couldn't help but to feel; But he's built out of second-growth timber and nothing about him is big Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig. I keep him a carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the jugs, And take him among the pertates, and set him to pickin' the bugs; And then there is things to be doin' a-helpin' the women indoors; There's churnin' and washin' of dishes and, other description of chores; But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid, So I thought it would be a good notion to lam him the editor's trade. His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather to slim, But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him! "It ain't much to get up a paper—it wouldn't take him long for to learn; He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a good strappin' fellow to turn, And things that was once hard in doin', is easy enough now to do; Just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through. I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up, and how; But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all plain enough now. And poetry, to, is constructed by machines of different designs, Each one with a gauge and a chopper to see to the length of the lines; And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker than grease, And a-remittin' her heaven born productions at a couple of dollars apiece; An' since the whole trade has growned easy, 'twould be easy enough, I've a whim, If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor outen of Jim!" The Editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye, Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully made his reply: "Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon both? Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural oath? Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in his cheek? Can he do an hours work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a week? Can he courteously talk to an equal, and brow-beat an impudent dunce? Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at once? Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and reliable touch? And be sure that he knows how much to know and knows how to not know too much Does he know how to spar up his virtue, and put a check-rein on his pride? Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide? Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage, and vim? If so, perhaps we can be makin' an editor outen of him." The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his visage o'erspread; And he said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin'; he's probably out of his head." But lo! on the rickety stair-case, another reliable tread, And entered another old farmer, and these are the words that he said: "Good-mornin', sir, Mr. Editor, how is the folks to-day? I owe you for next years paper; I thought I'd come in and pay, And Jones is agoin' to take it, and this is his money here; I shut down on lendin' it to him, and coaxed him to try it a year, And here is a few little items that happened last week in our town: I thought they'd look good for the paper, and so I just jotted 'em down, And here is a basket of cherries my wife picked expressly for you; And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she thought she must send somethin' too. You're doin' the politics bully, as all of our family agree; Just keep your old goose quill a-floppin', and give 'em a good one for me. And now you are chuck full of business, and I won't be takin' your time; I've things of my own I must 'tend to—good-day, sir, I b'lieve I will climb." The editor sat in his sanctum and brought down his fist with a thump; "God bless that old farmer," he muttered "he's a regular Editor's tramp." And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and and thus it will ever be, still; There are some who appreciate its labors, and some who perhaps never will. But in the great time that is coming, when loudly the trumpet shall sound, And they who have labored and rested shall come from the quivering ground; When they who have striven and suffered, to

teach and ennoble the race, Shall march at the front of the column, each one in his God-given place, As they pass through the gates of The City with proud and victorious tread. The editor, printer, and "devil," will travel not far from the head.

Ancient Musical Instruments.

Some years ago Captain Willock, who engaged in his researches among the supposed ruins of Babylon, found a pipe of baked clay about three inches long, which, by common agreement of antiquities, is of Assyrian workmanship. This little object can hardly be less than 2000 years old, and is probably the most ancient musical instrument in existence. It has two finger holes, and when both of these are closed, and the mouthpiece, is blown into, the note C is produced. If only one hole is closed, the sound emitted is E, and if both are open G is produced. Thus the notes of this instrument, which is believed to be the very oldest yet discovered, produces the tonic, the third, and the fifth—that is, the intervals of the common chord, the notes which, sounded together, form what is termed by musicians the harmonic triad. Here is at once established a certain coincidence between our music and that which must have existed during the Babylonian captivity—a coincidence to be sure a priori reasoning might go far to establish, but never so convincingly to non-scientific understandings as does the evidence of this insignificant pipe. The least observant student of the art remains found among the ruined cities of the Assyrian and Babylonian plains cannot fail to be struck with the evidence which they afford of a strong and widely-diffused musical culture among the kindred races who inhabited them. The frequent introduction in mural paintings and bas-reliefs of instruments of music, the representations of concerts and long processions of musicians, the repeated allusions in the Bible to the musical habits and skill of the people of Babylon, all point to a singular development of the art of music. In the opinion of Rawlinson the Assyrians were superior in musical skill, as they were in every form of culture, to the Egyptians themselves, and the Assyrio-Babylonian music was, there is little reason to doubt, an early and yet a highly developed form of the Asiatic type of music—a type which possesses to this day most extensive and most characteristic developments among the slow-changing nations of Asia. If we are asked for more positive proofs of the advance of music among this nation, we point to the unmistakable evidence afforded by the constructional complication of many of their instruments. We have from among the ruins of Nineveh countless representations of the harp, with strings varying in number from ten to twenty-six, of the lyre, identical in structure, though not in shape, with the lyre of Greece; and of an instrument differing from any known to modern musicians. It was harp-shaped, was held horizontally, and the strings, six to ten in number, were struck by a plectrum held in the right hand; it has been called the asor, from its resemblance to the Hebrew instrument of that name. We find frequent representations of a guitar-shaped instrument, and of a double pipe with a single mouth-piece, and finger holes on each pipe. Besides these, the Assyrians had musical bells, trumpets, flutes, drums, cymbals and tambourines. Almost every one of these instruments, either in its original form or slightly modified, is in use to this day by some Asiatic or African nation. The ancient Greeks adopted the lyre and the double pipe; the former is still used by the Abyssinians under the name of kissar (Greek kithara). The double pipe the present writer has himself seen in use by the boatmen of the Nile. The guitar of the Abyssinians is probably identical with the long-necked guitar or tamboura depicted on both Assyrian and Egyptian monuments, and still in use all over the East, and even in Hindustan. The ancient Assyrian harp is remarkable for not having the "front pillar" which completes the triangle in the European harp, and this apparent defect of construction is characteristic of every sort of harp employed in Asia at this day. On Assyrian bas-reliefs we find representations of concerts, in which several of

these instruments are taking part. In one, for instance, we see seven harps, two double pipes, a drum and the above mentioned asor.—New Quarterly Magazine.

Decorating the Main Centennial Exposition Building.

The central pavilion, or transept of the main building, is about 180 feet square, with a tower 48 feet square and 120 feet high at each corner. From the floor to the top of the roof the transept is 100 feet high. It is well lighted by day, and at night a chandelier having 1,440 burners, and elevated to the vicinity of the roof, will illuminate the scene. On the four sides of the central pavilion four trophies, painted on canvas, named respectively Europe, Asia, Africa and America, have been erected. Each trophy is twenty-eight feet high and thirty-two feet wide, and, including the halo of flags surrounding it, is sixty feet in extreme width. The design of the artist was to group the representation and symbolic elements of each grand division of the earth, and by so doing to add his share to the international character of the Exhibition. Europe (white) is represented by the figure of a woman of the Caucasian race. She holds in one hand a Thyrsus, the symbol of the vine, and in the other a cup of wine. The figures of Shakspeare (the artist wanted Homer, but the Commission over-ruled him), artist and poet, and of Charlemagne, warrior and legislator, crown the pediment. Shakspeare holds in his hand the pen which produced his immortal master pieces. Charlemagne, leaning on his sword of conquest, holds in his hand the terrestrial ball; behind him are the laws "Capitular" which have made him famous. On the central cartouch is the word "Europe". The symbolical head of the horse is in the middle of the trophy. Asia (yellow) is represented by a bayadere, one of the female dancers of India, richly dressed, and holding in her hand the symbolic tea-plant. Beneath her from a gilded field appears the head of an elephant, surrounded by specimens of Oriental architecture and a crown of peacock feathers. Two Chinese monsters retain by their weight a large cashmere shawl, on which is embroidered the word Asia. In the middle of the shawl is a panoply composed of a Hindoo shield, Japanese swords and two gigantic fans made of ostrich feathers. On a red ground appear the names of Confucius and Mahomet. Confucius, the philosopher, holds in his hand a scroll of paper upon which is written a Chinese inscription, which, being liberally translated, means: "Hundred years; great Centennial!" Mahomet, as a military and religious chieftain, wears a green turban, the green being the Prophet's color, and in his left hand holds a book, from which detaches itself the word "Al Koran." In the other hand he grasps the bare blade of his scimeter. Between him and the symbolic horse-tailed crescent of the God of Mecca is the inscription: "Great is Allah, and Mahomet is his Prophet." Africa (black) is represented by the figure of a young slave girl offering a waiter on which is served coffee. This trophy is almost exclusively Egyptian, and the play of colors is archeologically explained. The otos plant expands at the top, just at the feet of the female figure. In the middle of the "Black Scabee," the symbol of immortality, its feet supporting the sun, where the fancy of the artist had placed the head of a camel. The two figures, each wearing a diadem adorned with a snake and feathers, represent Rameses and Sesostris, the founders of two of the most important dynasties of remote times. They are sitting, their feet resting on the heads of sphynxes. The names of these sovereigns are engraved underneath. From a frame showing the profile of a door the word Africa detaches itself. America (red) is represented by the figure of an Indian girl holding in one hand a cornstalk and the other a horn filled with liquor. She rests on an anvil and a cog-wheel, emblematic of the industrial genius of America. From the middle of the wheel the head of a buffalo projects. The figures of Washington and Franklin crown the pediment. Franklin explains his electrical discoveries, re-

ferred to the kite under his arm. The printing press behind him recalls his early career. Washington holds in one hand his sword and in the other the Constitution. Back of him is a Bible emblematic of religious freedom.—Philadelphia Cor., Chicago Later Ocean.

First Singing of the "Marseillaise."

What a marvellous power that strange chant has exercised in France during the greater part of a century? What vicissitudes have accompanied its declamation by men and women who have used it alike as a patriotic and a revolutionary call to arms. Rouget de L'Isle was himself but a commonplace young man—a poetical lieutenant in the army of Strasburg—but for once he mounted to a pinnacle of genius without knowing it; for the "Marseillaise" was simply a chant de bataille, and never intended to be a revolutionary song. Dietrich, who was mayor of Strasburg in 1792, asked the young soldier to compose a new marching song for a volunteer company going on foreign service. He finished the composition in one night, and the next morning was heard to rehearse it before the mayor and some of the artists of the theatre. At midday it was sung in the market place, and so great was its effect that 300 recruits joined the 600 who were ready to go out. That chant was to have a history unprecedented by any battle song in the world—to survive its author, and to take new meaning and a new name. Rouget de L'Isle, himself prescribed as a royalist, heard it in the Swiss mountains as a menace of death, and recognizing the well-known sound, asked his guide what it was called. It had then been named the "Marseillaise Hymn," and was so called till hymns went out of fashion, and then it still retained the name of "Marseillaise." Whether it has played out its part in the history of France it would be rash to endeavor to determine.—London and Provincial Illustrated Newspaper.

REMARKABLE SELF-SACRIFICE.—This (says the Boston Globe) is a true story. The happy circumstances occurred on last Sunday evening. He escorted her to and from church, and upon arriving at her home their discussion of the sermon and the extreme heat suggested an invitation, readily accepted by Charles, that they step into the house and partake of a cooling glass of lemonade. She led him to the dining-room, and there found naughty brother Ben about to squeeze the last lemon in the house for his own individual benefit! Calling him aside she induced Ben, by means of sundry threats and promises, to dissect that lemon and make Charlie and herself a glass. A self-sacrificing thought struck her! "No, Ben," said she, "put the juice of the whole lemon into Charlie's glass and bring me a glass of water. He won't notice it,—there's no light in the parlor!" Ben was making one good, strong lemonade, as directed, when Charlie quietly slipped out and remarked: "I say, Ben! put the juice of your entire lemon in your sister's glass and bring me some ice water,—there is no light in the parlor, and she won't notice it!" Ben's forte is in obeying orders. With a merry twinkle in his eye he drank the lemonade, then carried them each a glass of water, which they drank with much apparent relish, asking each other between sips "if it was sweet enough!" And naughty brother Ben, with the taste of that lemonade in his mouth, stood out in the hall and laughed till his sides ached, to hear them assure each other that it was "just right!" "so palatable and so refreshing!"

CURE FOR SMALLPOX.—One of the most noted schools of medicine of Paris, France, many years ago issued a prescription as a panacea for smallpox and scarlet fever. It was thoroughly tested at the time, and in every instance reported its efficacy was proven. It is simple and harmless, and is certainly deserving of a trial. The prescription is as follows: Sulphate of zinc, 1 grain; foxglove (digitalis), 1 gram; sugar, half a teaspoonful; mix with two table spoonfuls of water; add four ounces of water. Dose for an adult, one spoonful every hour. For children the dose should be reduced in proportion to the age.

Sitting Bull a West Pointer.

An Army Officer's Story of the Uncompapa Chief.

A special dispatch from Washington, August 8th, to the Chicago Times says: There has been for some time among army officers here all sorts of discussions about Sitting Bull, the great leader of the Sioux. There are many questions as to his identity. No sketch that has purported to be a history of him has awakened the interest that has been created by an army officer writing to the Baltimore Gazette of to-day. In his sketch this officer claims that Sitting Bull is a renegade graduate of West Point. Upon this point he says: Is Sitting Bull a West Point graduate? This question is asked in sober earnest with a view of eliciting information, there being reasons for believing that this formidable warrior and so-called savage now occupying so much of the public attention from the unquestioned skill and extraordinary courage with which he has met our soldiers is really a graduate of the military academy. There may be some foundation for the reports as to his reading French and being familiar with the campaigns of the great Napoleon. Graduates from West Point between 1846 and 1859 will remember a new cadet of both singular and remarkable appearance, hailing from the western borders of the Missouri, who reported for duty in 1845, 1846 or 1847. He was above medium height, apparently between 18 and 20 years old, heavy set frame, long bushy hair growing close to his brow and overhanging his neck and shoulders, and his face covered with thin patches of white "pebe" was such as to cause old cadets to hesitate in their practical jokes usually played off on new cadets. Nicknames are often applied to cadets that they carry with them among their friends into the army and even to their graves. This fellow's thick neck, broad shoulders and long bushy hair caused the name of "BISON"

To be applied to the new comer, and it adhered to him ever afterward. The West Point course he learned with ease, graduating third in his class. He had no disposition to be social, kept to himself, talked but little, and was never known to either smile or laugh. During the hours of recreation he did not mingle with his classmates, but was often seen in solitary walks around the plain or scaling the neighboring mountains to their very summits. He was often out of his quarters after night, eluding successfully the vigilance of the sentinels and officers, and visiting neighboring villages in quest of strong drink, but was never seen under its influence until he had graduated. This remarkable character passed his graduating examination creditably, received his diploma, but before doffing the cadet gray visited the village of Buttermilk Falls, below West Point a short distance, got intoxicated and became involved in a broil, in which stones and sticks were used freely. Several of the participants were badly hurt and "Bison" himself much bruised. This conduct was regarded as so unbecoming and discreditible that on the recommendation of the academic board he was refused a commission in the army. He was heard of three times after leaving the academy at Galveston, Texas. There he had a terrible fight with some desperadoes and was forced to leave. He was next seen on one of the California steamers going upon the western coast. He got into an altercation with the officers of the steamer and was placed under guard down in the hold and made to work. The third and last time, as far as I know, he was seen and recognized under the following circumstances: In 1868, about ten years after "Bison" had graduated, Lieutenant Ives of the topographical engineer corps was engaged in making an exploration and survey of the Colorado river, emptying into the Gulf of California. While engaged in this work he would quite often leave his boat in the afternoon and go on the shore and bivouac till morning. On one of these occasions a party of Mohave Indians came into his camp, and after talking sometime in Spanish the chief said in English: "Ives, do you know me?" The Lieutenant was startled at hearing his name called so distinctly in English by this paked and painted-faced chief. He re-

plied that he did not, and asked the chief where he had learned to speak English so well. The chief replied: "Never mind that; but do you know me, Ives?" The Lieutenant scanned closely

THE HUGG, PAINTED CHIEF,
With feathers in his head, rings through his nose and ears, and again answered that he did not, and again asked the chief where he had learned English and how did it happen that he knew him. The chief replied that he did not wonder at his not knowing him, as his change in habits, dress, and appearance was remarkable, and then he added: "I am 'Bison.' We were together at West Point. I have, with this little party, been watching you for several days. My band wanted to kill you and your little party, but I told them we had better wait and see and try and talk; that we might do better than kill you. I have made them understand that after you have left and gone back trade will spring up and we can then do better by trading or robbing boats loaded with goods and supplies of all kinds." The Indians retired and were seen no more, nor did Ives ever bivouac on land any more. A year or two before this, Capt. Lyon, killed in the late war, had a desperate fight with the Indians on an island in the Colorado river. The Indians are supposed to have been commanded by Bison. He was successful for years in raiding on settlements extending as far off as Arizona. It may be and I think it probable, with the settlements extending from west to east and the Indian area diminishing constantly, that this Indian chief may have gone as far north as the Black Hills, and may be even the veritable Sitting Bull, for to a close observer Sitting Bull has shown as much skill and judgment as any educated civilized soldier could have done. It would not be strange if Sitting Bull proves to have been educated at West Point, and it seems to me probable that such is the case.

Saying Hatel Things.

What a strange disposition is that which leads people to say hatel things for the mere pleasure of saying them! You are never safe with such a person. When you have done your best to please, and are feeling very kindly and pleasantly, out will come some underhand stab which you alone can comprehend; a sneer which is masked, but which is too well aimed to be misunderstood. It may be at four person, your mental feeling, your foolish habits of thought, or some little secret opinion confessed in a moment of genuine confidence. It matters not how sacred it may be to you, he will have his fling at it; he is all the happier the nearer he touches your heart. Just half a dozen words, only for the pleasure of seeing a cheek flush, and an eye lose its brightness; only spoken because he is afraid you are too happy or too conceited. Yet they are worse than so many blows. How many sleepless nights have such mean attacks caused tender-hearted mortals! How after them one awakes with aching eyes and head, to remember that speech before everything—that bright, sharp, well-aimed needle of a speech, that probed the very center of your soul.

She wanted all his Love.

"If you prefer the keg of lager or the bottle of wine to me," said Mary, "just take them to the magistrate, and get married to them." What do you mean? said John.

"Just what I say. I don't want a young-man to come here evenings chewing cloves to hide his breath, and hide his habits of drinking. If you like lager more than you love me, just marry it at once, and don't divide your affections between women and wine, or a woman and lager; love and liquor have no affinity." "Why, Mary, how you talk!" exclaimed John.

"Yes, I mean what I say; unless you sign the pledge and keep it, you had better not come here again."

John did sign the pledge, and he kept it, and he married Mary.

Western theatrical managers wear a diamond pin and a look of care.

Mr. Wockhagenikdeweghitnigstoben fell down stairs the other day, and broke his name into three pieces.

SHIP SPARS!

Spars of every description will be furnished by THE undersigned at his place of business, Lowell, SNOHOMISH CO., W. T. In Any Quantity Desired.

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

Wm. H. WARD, BLACKSMITH.

One Door West of Snohomish Exchange-SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T. All orders received at this shop will be attended to with neatness and dispatch.

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

Improved Horse Hay Forks

They must leave their orders in time. All tools used in Logging Camps made to order, and as cheap as can be got on the Sound.

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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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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

CHARGES REASONABLE.

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DRUGS,

Medicines and Chemicals. 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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Vibrating spring BED BOTTOMS

Patented July 1, 1873, WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

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At the California State Fair, 1881. Also First Premium, with diploma, at the Santa Clara County Fair, 1873. And

Special Diploma At the Joaquin County Fair, 1876.

JOHN PIKE, Agent, for Snohomish.

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CLOTHING AND GNT FURNISHING GOODS, SEATTLE, W. T.,

Our Stock Consists of

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

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Manufacturers of and Dealers in

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SNOHOMISH CITY, W.T.

The best of wines, liquors and cigars, always on hand at

THE OLD STAND.

v1 n1.

Our County Fair.

To-day the citizens of Snohomish county have a reputation second to none for *always* carrying through successfully every enterprise they undertake, and they have undertaken and successfully carried out a score of enterprises in the past few years that were deemed wholly impossible by people residing out of our community.

Two years ago an impromptu citizens fair was held in our town, on only a few weeks notice. This was so decided a success that immediately thereafter a County Agricultural Society was organized, grounds procured, and last fall the first fair of the Snohomish County Agricultural Society was held on the Society fair grounds near this place.

To hold the fair there then involved a very large outlay of money and labor; those who usually take the lead in working up such matters, were kept so busy at work getting the grounds ready, that they had little time to work up the matter of securing a good display of articles; the grounds and buildings were only partially ready for the fair, yet under all these disadvantages the fair was a success.

Since then a very large outlay has been incurred, and a great amount of work will be done next week, so that the buildings and ground will be in perfect condition. We are personally certain of this, because all arrangements are completed to secure it.

Six hundred entries make a good display, over that will come this year from the river, while the steamer *Nellie* will go to the Stillaguamish, Skagit and the Swinomish the Sunday before, and return the Monday before the fair with at least 300 or 400 entries more, so we can safely count on at least 1,000 entries at this fair, and should have 1,500. The *Libby* will bring from Whatcom county and Whidbey Island free, everything that may be sent for our fair. These things will be left at Mukilteo, and from there sent up here. There are no entrance fees. We hope as neither Whatcom or Island counties have a fair they will send such things as may fairly represent them at our fair.

Single admissions to the fair 25 cts., yearly membership, giving the privilege of a family ticket, \$1; life membership \$10.

We expect a large accession of membership, and as everything is so profitable, we hope our people with their customary public spirit will leave nothing undone to make this the most successful of our public gatherings, and we cordially invite all interested in our community, living abroad, to visit the fair, and see a fair representation of the spirit of enterprise that prevades our people.

Organization of the Militia of Puget Sound.

Some time since, in answer to requests made relating to organizing troops for the Indian war against the Sioux, we wrote a couple of articles defining our personal position in the matter, and took such preliminary steps, and made inquiries in regard to arms, accoutrements, supplies, &c., so that should the government need the service of any, the men could be raised, armed, &c., at very short notice.

Since the first shock after the destruction of Custer and his band, there has been a dearth of news from the Sioux country. Perhaps there will be no more of a struggle there, the Indians may scatter, and never combine again, or any day we may hear of a disaster as severe as Custer's. There are plenty of Indians there; the only question is one of personal leadership and ability to carry on the contest.

We have done all we promised to do in regard to the veteran organization, until it should become evident that something more was strictly necessary, and then we expect to be ready to do all the necessity of the situation really requires.

There is another matter that still

needs to be done; that is the effecting of a systematic military organization of the militia of Puget Sound. Besides the danger of Indian hostilities, in the event of a foreign war, the Sound region is the most exposed of any portion of the whole American frontier for the attack of either naval or land forces. There is nothing like a regular military organization for any purpose in the whole region, while there should be at least a regiment of militia, with an efficient organization, and equipped and drilled so they could be assembled and used when ever necessary for home police, protection against Indians or otherwise. It might be difficult to perfect such an organization all at once, yet we believe it could be effected in a year or so, by a few in each county looking after the matter carefully and working it up. We know of competent men who will take the matter in hand in some of the adjoining counties. Arms can be at any time procured whenever a regular organization is effected, under such regulations, that the governor can be assured that the arms furnished will be taken care of and used solely for purposes for which they are issued.

As we first suggested the matter we are willing to take an active part in the organization of a Company of Militia at this place, and for this purpose request all persons residents of this community, ready to take part in such an organization to hand in their names during this month to us, so that by the first of October a meeting can be called, and organization can be effected, and arms procured before winter. Then by co-operation with those at work in the matter enough other companies could be organized and drilled during the winter, so that we could have a regular battalion encampment and battalion drill at some suitable point next summer. We hope soon to hear from all interested in the matter, who are willing to go ahead with it.

To Port Townsend via Whidbey Island.

Towns like Seattle and Olympia having several able journals to represent their local interests, and well established steamboat routes, like the one from Olympia to Victoria, stopping at the principal Sound port, are so well known, and have been written up so many times, that we generally say but little about them of a descriptive nature; reserving our space for matters relating to routes of travel, and communities not previously written up in other journals.

Therefore we submit this account of our trip to Port Townsend across the islands from the Stillaguamish.

Business required us to be at that place the latter part of last week, to get there by steamer, we should have been compelled to leave here on Wednesday morning on steamer *Fanny Lake*, to Seattle, thence by steamer to Townsend. We could not leave before Thursday, a gentleman was returning to his home at Centreville from this place, and invited us to accompany him; distance about 30 miles. Starting early in the morning, tide favored us all the way; reaching there by two in the afternoon. The distance from Centreville to Utsalady is about eight miles, not having a boat along, in place of rowing that distance, we were set across the slough, on Campano Island, at a point between one and two miles from Centreville: from here we walked across the Island on a good trail, wagon road most of the way, to Utsalady, where we found the ferryman, who, while the mill runs goes with a Whitehall boat every day to Coupeville, Whidbey Island, distance ten miles; now he only goes when specially employed. He immediately got ready and started with us, reaching Coupeville just before noon. After lunch, we in company with other passengers mounted Campbell's stage to drive some two and a half or three miles across the island to Ebey's landing where Capt. Johnson's ferry would take us to Townsend.

A short distance from Coupeville one tire ran off, wheel broke down, Campbell as full of jokes as ever started back, procured Maj. Haller's wagon. Soon we were on our way again.

The wind being in our favor, we passed over to Townsend, some seven miles quickly and pleasantly. As we were landing we saw our friend G. M. Haller, transported on his boat, took a row on the bay, after which as we reached the wharf, our attention was arrested by the cry of *fire, fire*. A crowd soon collected, proceeded up the Hill, and soon extinguished the flames, which proceeded from the residence of Mrs. Wilboughby. We were in town a couple of days, transacted our business, found the visit both pleasant and profitable. The last evening in the place, the primary meetings of the different parties were held. Considerable feeling was manifested by various parties. The minority at the republican primary made things generally lively for the Custom House party that evening and the next morning, as they called the majority, high words were used, some talked of warrants of arrests &c. To an uninterested party, the scene was quite amusing.

Mr. Dodd, one of the proprietors of the Central Hotel, recently erected there at a cost of some twelve or fifteen thousand dollars, at the head of Union wharf, took the trouble to show us through the whole of his fine building, the finest and most convenient for hotel purposes in the Territory. The furniture and appointments were everything that could be desired. Judging from what we saw, we should say the new hotel promises to be one of the best in the Territory.

While there we became acquainted with the Episcopal Minister the Rev. Mr. Hyland and his wife, also with Mr. L. Nessell. Mr. N. has gathered quite a collection of shells and Marine specimens to be found on the wharf. He is an enthusiastic student of nature. Mrs. Hyland is a lady of decided literary ability and fine domestic and social qualities. Has done as much or more than anyone in the place to create a love for the study of the Natural sciences. She has collected quite a museum and incited a great desire for original investigation among the young, so as to make them efficient co-workers and caused an earnest longing for a fuller knowledge of nature and the world around us. Mr. Hyland and wife were about starting East for a few months trip. They promise to contribute to our columns. We have heretofore copied a number of Mrs. H's articles from the *Argus*. We sympathize with the work already done there, and hope to see more accomplished upon Mrs. H's return from the East.

P. S. The above was written for last week's issue, crowded out then, hence inserted this week.

Fair of Snohomish County Agricultural Society.

Meeting of Trustees Agricultural Society, called to meet Saturday, Sept. 9, 1876. Present Messrs. Masterson, Davis, Low and Morse.

The Society not having made arrangements for annual fair, and the annual fair of the Washington Industrial Association being set for the first week in October next. Therefore it is ordered by the Trustees that the Society hold its annual fair for the year 1876, at the Society Fair Grounds near Snohomish City, W. T., on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 26, 27 and 28, so that selections can be made from articles there exhibited to be forwarded to the fair of the Washington Industrial Association at Olympia, as heretofore done by this Society. Also ordered, that all exhibitors are required to have articles for exhibition duly entered on the books of the Society, and on the fair grounds, during the first day of the fair.

Judges for the fair are to be selected by the Trustees the first day of the fair. The names of the judges to be announced the morning of the second day. The judges to make their awards and return them to the Secretary during the second day of the fair. These awards to be made public the third day of the fair.

No new entries will be received, nor change of entries made after noon of the second day, except by special permission of the Trustees. No articles once entered at the fair, shall be removed prior to the afternoon of the third day, except by special permission of the Trustees. Suitable arrangements will be made by the Trustees for care and shelter of stock, while at the grounds. The premium

list of the Society, as authorized by the Trustees, and submitted herewith, is classified and arranged in accordance with the general provisions of the premium list of the Washington Industrial Association, and of this Society for the year 1875. It being understood that all first premiums are cash premiums, and that diplomas are awarded for second premiums. Also that upon special report of judges special premiums may be awarded and honorable mention made by the Trustees of articles of merit, not specially provided for in the regular premium lists.

Dr. A. C. Folsom is hereby appointed marshal, with full care of the grounds, and authority to appoint all necessary aids and assistants.

A Committee on correspondence and solicitation of articles for exhibition was then appointed, consisting of Eldridge Morse, John Davis, E. D. Smith, M. H. Frost and O. B. Iverson.

Committee on storage, E. C. Ferguson and M. W. Packard.

Committee on transportation, Dr. Folsom, Robt. Hughes and Calvin Haskell.

Committee on speaker, Edward Stone, Isaac Cathcart and Royal Haskell.

Jas. Masterson, president of the Society and one of the trustees, having tendered his resignation, J. N. Low was appointed president of the Society upon the acceptance of the same, and H. A. Gregory was appointed to fill the vacancy thereby made in the Trustees.

There being no further business before the Trustees, on motion they adjourned to meet at 1 P. M., Saturday Sept. 16, 1876, to make such further provisions as may be found necessary for the success of the fair.

ELDRIDGE MORSE, Secretary.

Marriage Contract.

If F. H. M., or any one else wishes a practical illustration of marriage contract, he has only to procure the services of a policeman and visit the *parlours* of the great cities of the world; where he will find hundreds of thousands living together and separating at pleasure; and it is from this class that the great mass of criminals have sprung, while the children of those who respect the customs of civilization, become impure and criminal only occasionally, comparatively speaking. F. H. M., has avowed his sentiments through the press. But his views are not mine; neither does he represent many in this community. I mean no disrespect when I say I cannot conscientiously agree with him. With all due deference I accept the *sobriquet* of F. H. M.'s, bestowal and subscribe myself,

NAMELESS.

OLYMPIA, Sept. 2, 1876.

EDITOR NORTHERN STAR.

Dear Sir: In a letter dated the 25th ult., Genl. J. W. Sprague Supt. of the N. P. R. R., in this Territory writes me that he will pass all the delegates over his road free, on their return trip from the Territorial Convention at Kalama to be held the 20th inst. This you will see is the same as half fare each way, and I hope may tend to increase the number of delegates to the convention.

Very truly yours,

W. McMICKEN, Secretary.

Report of Proceedings of the Republican County Nominating Convention.

Pursuant to call by the Republican Central Committee for Snohomish Co., W. T., the convention convened Sept. 12 1876, and was called to order by M. W. Packard, Chairman of Central Committee. E. C. Ferguson was then elected temporary chairman, and O. B. Iverson temporary secretary.

The chair appointed M. W. Packard, M. T. Wight and J. H. Irvine, Committee on Credentials, who after a recess taken for purpose of giving them time, reported the following named persons entitled to a vote in the convention:

E. C. Ferguson, M. W. Packard, Theron Ferguson, H. D. Morgan, A. Hulbert, A. C. Folsom, Hugh Ross, Isaac Cathcart, E. D. Smith, Martin Getchell, John Longfellow, R. D. Hilton, with proxy for R. Jamieson, M. T. Wight, Salem Woods, James Austin, P. J. Field, O. B. Iverson, J. H. Irvine, and John Rhoades.

The temporary officers of the convention were then declared to be permanent officers

Motion was then carried, that when the convention proceeds to nominations, that voting be done by ballot, and a majority of all the votes cast necessary for a choice.

M. W. Packard and E. D. Stone were then selected by acclamation as delegates to the Territorial Convention to be held at Kalama on the 20th inst.

E. D. Smith and Benj. Stretch were elected delegates to the District Council, Convention to nominate a Joint Councilman for the counties of Snohomish, Whatcom and Kitsap.

E. C. Ferguson was then declared the first choice of this convention for Joint Councilman.

The following named persons were then unanimously declared candidates for the offices as below set forth:

O. B. Iverson as member of House of Representatives.

Ben. Stretch, Sheriff.

John Sweet, Auditor.

H. D. Morgan, Probate Judge.

A vote by ballot was then taken for County Treasurer. Messrs. Packard and Wight tellers.

John D. Morgan, received 13 votes.

L. Wilbur, received 3 votes.

T. Ferguson, received 1 vote.

E. D. Stone, received 2 votes.

John D. Morgan having received a majority of the votes cast was declared the nominee, and the nomination was made unanimous.

J. H. Irvine was then declared the nominee for County Commissioner by acclamation. Vote was then taken by ballot for another county commissioner. On the fifth ballot L. H. Witter was nominated. The vote was then taken by ballot for the third candidate for county commissioner. M. T. Wight being nominated on the third ballot.

A. C. Folsom, M. W. Packard, Hugh Ross, and T. Ferguson were placed before the convention for County Supt. A. C. Folsom and M. W. Packard withdrew their names as candidates. A vote was then taken by ballot as follows:

Hugh Ross, received 12 votes.

T. Ferguson, received 4 votes.

A. C. Folsom, received 3 votes.

Blank 1.

Hugh Ross was declared the nominee for Supt. of Schools.

The convention then proceeded to nominate a coroner, and it was ordered that a plurality of votes nominate. The ballot taken was as follows:

A. C. Folsom, received 8 votes.

Hugh Ross, received 4 votes.

F. Dolan, received 2 votes.

M. Barnett, received 2 votes.

E. D. Smith, received 1 vote.

John Rhoades, received 1 vote.

A. C. Folsom was then declared the nominee.

The central committee was authorized to supply a candidate for County Surveyor.

A motion was then carried that the chair appoint a Republican Central Committee of five members. The chair appointed M. W. Packard, Hugh Ross, O. B. Iverson, Salem Woods and E. D. Smith. After which the convention adjourned.

E. C. FERGUSON, Chairman.

O. B. IVERSON, Secretary.

"PLEASE DON'T.—Under the head of "distinguished arrival," the *Snohomish Star* mentions a recent visit of ours to that place. Christopher Columbus, what have we done to deserve this! If friend Morse, of the *Star*, doesn't let us off easier in the future than he has in the past, we'll have to retaliate, sarcasm for sarcasm, with all the advantage on our side that a daily edition has over a weekly. Rather than do anything so desperate, however, we prefer playing quits, and so propose an armistice. "Let us alone," and we'll have peace."—*Tribune*.

We are very sorry we made the mistake, will try and not do so anymore.

He groaned in his sleep, and his wife arose to light the lamp. He beheld a display of striped stockings, and then murmured to himself: "I've got 'em sure this time. Got the delerium tremens. I'm seeing animals of all kind. I've just seen a zebra." She turned down the light, and the menagerie was closed.

Aimee is about to marry, in San Francisco, a member of her opera troop named Darcy.

LOCAL ITEMS.

School closed in District No. 8, yesterday.

Fresh salmon weighing eight to ten pounds, can be procured from the Indians here at one to two bits each.

We hope our people will remember the religious services to be held in this place next Thursday evening, Sept. 21 t, by the Rev. D. N. Utter, of Olympia, W. T.

NEW WHARVES.—Mr. Benj. Smith has done the piling for a new wharf, a short distance above the Riverside Hotel, and is now piling a wharf, for Mr. Allen of Falls City and J. Pike of this place, at the mouth of Ferguson's Creek.

Three new wharfs in Snohomish this summer, no chance for a steamer to lie out in the wet here anymore. Just bring her in Cap and tie her up.

Salmon and trout are now quite plentiful in the river, persons enjoying such sport can do well with the hook and line or trolling spoon. But the surest way to have fish for dinner is to buy them. We speak from experience.

We present considerably abridged the Republican's report of the Republican nominating convention held last Tuesday. The Democratic convention will be held to day. When all the nominations are made, we shall probably give an expression of opinion as to personal qualifications of candidates, but expect to take no active part in the canvass.

BALL.—We are authorized to announce to the people of Snohomish City and vicinity, that a ball will be given at the Riverside Hotel on Monday evening next, by Mr. S. Brotherhood Seattle; at which time steps will be taken to organize a class for improvement in the "light fantastic." Since dancing has become a part of our education, and a very important part too, parents should see that their children are properly trained in the art, and especially in the rules regulating ball-room etiquette.

We see an article in last week's Intelligence purporting to be from Snohomish, which is only a doleful harangue of imaginary ills, it says: That "loggers are getting discouraged at the price of logs." "Two camps Ross & Mills broke up last Saturday." That "Blackman Bros. have substituted a six mule team for an eight yoke ox team," and something about a "bear." All of which is news to the people of Snohomish. True the logging interest, as it is always the case at this time of year, suffers from a temporary paralysis consequent upon the supply being in excess of the facilities of mill men to get rid of them. But no serious results are entertained in that respect. Mr. Ross informs us that he and Mr. Mills are still logging as usual. The Blackman Bros. have never had more than four mules and over 20 M. feet per day. We would like to make the acquaintance of that bear hunter.

The following items are from the Intelligence:

THE FANNY LAKE.—This steamer was hauled up on Hammond's ways yesterday, and will be thoroughly repaired and rebuilt. There will be ten feet cut off from her bow and twenty-five put on in its place, thus lengthening the boat fifteen feet. This will greatly improve the appearance, as well as render her far more serviceable, and admit of her attaining greater speed. The new boiler and smoke-stack now being made by King & Foster are nearly completed. The deck will be extended out about three feet, and the saloon cabin will be extended back the whole length of the deck, and fitted up in good style. The whole boat will be finished off in the style of the Otter. There will also be a new stern-wheel put on. Mr. Hammond informs us that the whole job will be finished and the boat launched in about three weeks.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.—Mr. W. Harrison, who has resided on Cedar river for two years past, left his home at that place to come to Seattle on Tuesday last a foot, with the intention of return-

ing next day. He had been making preparations to move with his family to Walla Walla, and his coming to Seattle was to make arrangements here preparatory to the proposed change. As he did not return his wife became uneasy, and finally, on Friday, sent her son down to look for him. On arriving here the boy could learn nothing of his father's arrival here, but finally, after making many inquiries he learned from a man at Snyder's slaughter house, about two and one-half miles from town, that he had passed that place on Tuesday, about noon. Nothing further had been learned in regard to his whereabouts, and his mysterious, and sudden disappearance has not been accounted for except that, as he has been afflicted for some time with heart disease, and subject to sudden attacks of that disorder, he was stricken down in the brush near the road, or else that he has been foully dealt with, but the former is by far the more probable. A party of men went out from here yesterday evening to search for him but found no trace of the missing man.

A NEW BUILDING.—Mr. Isaac Palmer is now drawing up plans and specifications for a new brick building for Wa Chong & Co., to be built on the corner of Washington and Second streets. The building will be two stories high, with a basement, and its dimensions 20x48. Work on the foundation will be commenced immediately.

There is economy in traveling on the fast mail trains. You make what you eat go a great deal farther in a given length of time.

He was too solemn a preacher; he didn't suit in Nevada. The chairman of the farewell committee expressed it well; said he, "Now you can git, pard; we ain't again religion out here, and it riles us to see a feller spilin' it. Git."

And now comes a Boston woman who, to outdo her fashionable sisters with their twenty-buttoned gloves, has invented and wears forty-buttoned stockings.

FOR THE Snohomish COUNTY FAIR!

Without fail the splendid fast sailing NELLIE, will leave Seattle on

Sunday, Sept. 24th, 1876.

For Snohomish City, thence will go to the Stillaguamish River, Skagit River, La Conner and the Swinomish. Returning will bring on

Monday, Sept. 25, 1876

to Snohomish all articles designed for exhibition at the fair free. Taking back home on

FRIDAY, SEPT. 29, 1876,

all who attend the fair.

FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

From Stillaguamish and back - - - \$4 00

From Skagit river and La Conner and back 5 00

Now is the time to

Subscribe for THE WEST SHORE

just entering its second year. It is ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

and worthy the patronage of every well-wisher of the Pacific Northwest. It is

Beautifully Illustrated by the leading artists on the Coast. Some of

The Ablest Writers in the Pacific Northwest contribute to its columns.

Family Journal,

it stands at the head of Pacific Coast publications. As a paper to

SEND TO FRIENDS

abroad, it has no equal. A single number will give them a better idea of Oregon and Washington Territory than a year's numbers of any other paper. Subscription price,

\$1.50 Per Year,

including postage. Separate number, 20 cents. Address the publisher,

L. SAMUEL, P. O. Box 3, Portland, Ogn.

Remittances can be made by registered letter or by order on any part of the Portland Business Houses.

Premium List of the Snohomish County Agricultural Society for 1876.

CLASS No 1, GRAIN AND SEEDS.

- Division No 1, Grain
Best 1/2 bushel WinterWheat, \$1 00
" " " Spring " 1 00
" " " Rye, 1 00
" " " Oats, 1 00
" " " Barley 1 00
Best general collection of grain, 2 00
" " exhibit o grain in the sheaf, 1 00
" general exhibit of grasses, 1 00

Division No 2, Seeds

- Best Beans, 1 gal. omore, 1 00
" Peas, " " " 1 00
" qt. Timothy sel, 1 00
" " Clover (red) 1 00

CLASS No 2, FRUIT.

- Division No. 1, Appes.
Best 20 varieties ornore, \$2 50
" 10 " " 1 50
" 5 " " 1 00
" seedling of mt, 1 00

Division No. 2, Pers.

- Best collection, 2 00
" variety, 1 00

Division No. 3, Grapes, &c.

- Best exhibit of Grapes, Peaches, Nectarines, Quins, Plums, each 1 00
Best general exhibit of Fruit, 3 00

CLASS No. 4, VEGETABLES.

Division No. 1.

Of the following not less than two specimens of each to be exhibited.

- Best Cabbage, \$1 00
" Squash, 1 00
" Beets, 1 00
" Parsnip, 1 00
" Cauliflower, 1 00
" Turnips and Ruta Bagas, 1 00
" Carrots, 1 00
" Pumpkins, 1 00
" Celery, 1 00
" Corn, 12 ears or more, 1 00

Division No. 2.

- Best 1/2 bushel Potatoes, 1 00
" collection of Potatoes, not less than 6 of a kind, 2 00
" bushel of Onions, 1 00
" collection of Tomatoes, not less than 6 of a kind, 1 00
Best general collection of vegetables, 2 00

CLASS No. 4, MANUFACTURES.

- Best collection Boots and Shoes home manufacture, \$1 00
Best general exhibit of Furniture, 1 00
" pair of Oars or Sculls, 1 00
" Rag Carpet, 1 00
" exhibit of Blacksmithing, 2 00
" " Cabinet and Carpenter work, 1 00
Best display of Wool, (sheeps) 1 00

CLASS No. 5, DOMESTIC MANUFACTURES.

- Best display of dressed Meats, 1 00
" exhibit of cured Meats, 1 00
" variety of pickled Fish, 1 00
" " smoked and dried Fish,

CLASS No. 6, FLOWERS.

- Best general collection of Flowers, each variety to be exhibited separately, 1 00
Best Bouquet, 1 00

CLASS No. 7, DAIRY.

- Best Cheese, 10 lbs., 1 00
" Butter, 5 " fresh, 1 00

CLASS No. 8, MISCELLANEOUS.

Left for honorable mention, premiums or diploma as decided by Trustees.

CLASS No. 9, BREAD, CAKES, PRESERVES.

- Best loaf of Bread, \$1 00
" pastry Cooking, 1 00
" collection of Canned Fruit, Preserves and Jellies, each 1 00
Best general collection of Pickles, 1 00

CLASS No. 10, FANCY WORK.

- Best spec'n Crochet Work, wool, \$1 00
" " " cotton, 1 00
" " Silk Embroidery, 1 00
" " Cotton " 1 00
" " Ladies' Suit, home made, 1 50
" " Under wear, 1 00
" Buttonhole work, not less than 6, button holes, 1 00
Best specimen Domestic woolen Yarn, 1 00

CLASS No. 11, WORKS OF ART.

- Best original Oil Painting, \$1 00
" " Crayon Drawing, 1 00
" specimen of Penmanship, 1 00
" exhibit of Architectural Designs, 1 00
Best exhibit of Maps or Tracings, (original) 1 00

CLASS No. 12, POULTRY.

- Best general collection Chickens, \$1 00
" " " Geese, 1 0
" " " Ducks, 1 0
" " " Turkeys, 1 00

CLASS No. 13, NATURAL RESOURCES.

Best display of Woods suitable for furniture or finishing, \$1 00

CLASS No. 14, NATIVE WINES.

Best general collection of Native Wines in bottles, less than one 1 year old, \$1 00

One year old and upwards 1 00

CLASS No. 15, STOCK.

- Best span of Draft Horses, \$1 00
" " " Mules, 1 00
" " " Oxen for farm use, 1 50
" do for logging camp use, 1 50
" Logging Team, 4 yoke, 5 0
" Bull over 3 years old, 1 00
" " 3 years old or under, 1 00
" Milch Cow, 1 00
" Heifer under 2 years old, 1 00
" collection of Sheep, 1 00
" " " Swine, 1 00

All second premiums are to be awarded a diploma.

Articles for exhibition are required to be on the grounds the first day of the fair. No entries to be made after noon of the second day.

Judges to be selected the first day of the fair, make their awards and report the second day. Awards to be made public the third day of the fair. Special premiums to be given by the Trustees, of articles of merit not embraced in the above list.

Articles once entered not to be removed from the grounds, without special permission of the Trustees, prior to afternoon of the third day. All articles entered are to be numbered and classified, but in no event is the owner's name to appear thereon.

Per order of the Trustees.

ELDRIDGE MORSE, Secretary.

SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T., Sept. 13, 1876.

Editor Star:—When the names of the scholars in the Roll of Honor were copied, last week, one of the most deserving and praiseworthy was omitted; will you please give a place in your columns for Eddie Pike's name as being on the Roll.

L. W. J. BELL, Teacher.

TAKE NOTICE.

That the tax roll of Snohomish county, Washington Territory, are now in my hands, and I am now ready to receive taxes thereon. All parties not paying before the first of January 1876, will have to pay 10 per cent additional thereon.

T. F. MARKS, Treasurer.

Legal Notice.

In the District Court of Snohomish County, Washington Territory. In Equity.

AGUEA A. DRAKE, Plaintiff;

vs. JACOB H. DRAKE, Defendant.

Complaint filed in the office of the Clerk of said District Court.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA send Greeting: To JACOB H. DRAKE, Defendant: You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the District Court of said County, holding terms at Snohomish City, in the county of Snohomish, and to answer the complaint filed therein, within twenty days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this summons, if served in the said county of Snohomish, or if served out of said county, but in the Third Judicial District of said Territory, within thirty days, otherwise within sixty days, or judgment by default will be taken against you, according to the prayer of said complaint.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree of divorce, the custody of the minor children of the Plaintiff and for costs and disbursements in this action. For abandonment and desertion.

And you are hereby notified, that if you fail to appear and answer the said complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will enter default against you.

Witness the Hon. J. R. Lewis, Judge of said Court, and the seal thereof, this 29th day of August A. D. 1876.

J. A. GREGORY, Clerk,

NOTICE.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1876.

Claimant having been entered at this office by Claus Oleser of Snohomish County, W. T., against J. H. Drake for abandoning his Homestead, Entry No. 1507, dated January 8th, 1872, upon the lot 14 of Section 3, lots 3, 6, 13 and 15 of Section 10 and lot 5, of Section No. 15, in Township No. 29 North, of Range No. 5 East, Willamette Meridian, in Snohomish County, Washington Territory, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 18th day of October, 1876, at 10 o'clock A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

J. T. BROWN, Register.

ROBERT G. STUART, Receiver.

v1:35 4w

SNOHOMISH CITY MARKET REPORT.

Stocks.

- Milk Cows, per hd. \$25.00 @ 20.00
Werk Oxen, per yoke \$1.50 @ 2.50
Best cattle, on foot, per lb. 5 cts
Horses, per hd. \$20 @ 100
Sheeps, per hd. \$5.00 @ 25.00
Hogs, on foot per lb. 6 cts.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS &c.

- Bacon, per lb. 14 cts
Pork do. 12 cts
Chickens, per doz. 3.50
Eggs, do. 30 cts
Flour, per bbl. 7.00
Wheat, per bush. 1.50
Rye, do. 1.25
Potatoes, per bush. 1.00
Oats, do. 1.00
Ground Barley, per ton \$42.50
Hay, per ton \$12.00 @ 14.00
Candles, per lb. 15 cts
Beans, do. 10 cts
Sugars, do. 10 cts
Syrup, per keg of 5 gal. \$1.50
Dried Apples, per bush. 1.00
Nails, per lb. 10 cts
Course salt per bush. 1.00
Tobacco, do. 75 cts
Coal Oil, per case \$5.00
Cabbage, per bush. 1.00
Turnips, do. 1.00
Apples, per bush. \$1.25 @ 1.50
Wood, per cord, deliv'd. \$2.50
Stungles, per M. 40 @ 50 cts
Ship Knives, per M. \$5.00
Lugs, per M. \$5.00
Hewed Timber, per load foot. 10 cts.

SAN FRANCISCO GRAIN MARKET.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

- WHEAT, new, per ct. \$1.50 @ 1.52 1/2
" choice old milling \$1.75 @ 1.62 1/2
BARLEY, new, per ct. 1.00 @ 1.05
" choice old brewing \$1.10 @ 1.20
OATS, new crop, per ct. 1.00 @ 1.05
RYE, fresh at 1.45
BUCKWHEAT, per lb. 3 cts
Hops, Wash. Terr'y, per lb. \$1.05 @ 25.00
GROUND BARLEY, per ton \$24.00 @ 26.00
HAY, per ton \$7.50 @ 13.50

For Sale.

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. PACKARD.

v1 n:34

FOR SALE.

The undersigned being desirous of changing occupation, now offers Hazel Dell, better known as Wood's Prairie for sale. Said farm contains 160 acres of good tillable land, 50 acres now under fence and in a good state of cultivation, a large stream of water running the whole length of the place, a splendid mill site within 60 feet of the house, good frame dwelling house, 28x30 feet, 1 1/2 stories high. Small orchard of Apples, Pears, Plums, Peaches, cherries, and an abundance of small fruit. Together with stock (30 head,) and agricultural implements. Said farm is situated 1 1/2 miles from the Skykomish River in Snohomish county, S. 23, T. 28, N. R. 7 E. Soil a rich black loam. For dairying, or grain raising cannot be beat, and for a cozy and pleasant place there is not another like it in this or any other county on Puget Sound. For particulars address, S. A. WOODS, or better come and see. Three barns and other out buildings on the premises. Snohomish City, June 30, 1876.

25

NORTHERN STAR

JOB OFFICE.

Snohomish City, W. T.

A GOOD ASSORTMENT

OF

Business and Legal Blanks on

HAND.

All kinds of job work

IN THE

BEST STYLE AT REASONABLE

PRICES.

Ladies' Visiting Cards

A SPECIALTY.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT

OF

Business and Legal Blanks on

HAND.

All kinds of job work

IN THE

BEST STYLE AT REASONABLE

PRICES.

Ladies' Visiting Cards

A SPECIALTY.

Death-Bed Accusations.

In the elements of evidence weighed by the courts, none is more grave and conclusive than that of the death-bed accusation of a victim of foul play. One naturally supposes that such a person, with the near prospect of eternity before him, will not fasten the crime upon an innocent man; and his deposition is accorded a weight which is rarely given even to credible eye-witnesses of a crime. Especially strong does this sort of evidence become when the accused is brought face to face with his supposed victim at the bedside, and is then and there sworn to as the real criminal. Yet judicial annals abound with instances in which persons have been thus accused, and have suffered the dread results of such accusation, who have afterward been proved clearly guiltless. It need scarcely be remarked that innocent persons often confess to having committed crimes sometimes to mitigate a punishment which they think certain to be indicted upon them. As to death-bed accusations, the case of Sarah Green, in London, is to be the point. One night this girl was attacked by three men, who had the appearance of being brewers' apprentices. She was taken to the hospital, and while she was lying there she was confronted by a man named Coleman, a brewer's assistant, whom a stranger, in a quarrel at an ale-house, had charged with being concerned in the assault. She at first declined to swear that he was one of her assailants, though she expressed a decided opinion that he was. Being brought to her a second time, however, she swore that Coleman was one of her assassins. Coleman was, however, set free on bail; whereupon he hastened to conceal himself. Soon after the girl's death he was found. He was indicted, convicted and executed. Two years after it was discovered that he was wholly innocent, the real criminals being apprehended, and confessing that they did not so much as know Coleman by sight.

A singular though yet more tragic instance of condemnation on account of an accusation in *articulo mortis* was that of the Shaws of Keith. William Shaw, a laborer, had a daughter who was in love with a young man of whom the father strenuously disapproved. One day loud words were heard in the room where they lived. After a quarrel between father and daughter, Shaw left the house, locking the girl in the room. Not long after, the sound of groans caused the neighbors to break open the door, when the girl was found writhing in agony on the floor, a bloody knife lying at her side. When asked if her father had done the deed, she nodded faintly, and immediately drew her last breath. Shaw just then returned, and seemed overcome at the sight of his dead child. He was arrested; blood was found on his shirt sleeves, which he accounted for as caused by his having bled himself several days before; but circumstances weighed too heavily against him, and he was condemned and executed. Some time after, a letter written by the girl was found in the chimney of the room, stating that she was about to commit suicide, and also containing the words: "My cruel father is the cause of my death." This gave the clue to the fatal gesture she had made at the moment of expiring, and clearly proved her own guilt and her father's innocence.

The judges of a certain old German town were sadly perplexed over a case which it became their duty to solve, and which at first glance seemed simple enough. A rich but ill-tempered and truculent fellow named Ruprecht, a goldsmith, on going one night to a low grog-shop, was assailed at the door, and fell at the foot of the stairs with a loud groan. The cronies of the den hastened down, to find him in great distress from a deep wound on his head. He stammered out, "The villain with the ax! My daughter, my daughter!" This was his only child, who, being married to one Berenger, lived in the suburbs of the town.

Ruprecht was taken to the hospital, and the next day revived sufficiently to answer the questions put to him, though very briefly, and with evident difficulty. He was asked who dealt him the blow.

He said it was Schmidt. What Schmidt was it? The one who resided in the Most-Strasse. With what weapon? A small ax. How did Ruprecht know him? By his voice. What was the motive of the assault? An old quarrel. What was Schmidt's occupation? A wood-cutter.

The case seemed to the Judge marvelously simple. He had only to find a man named Schmidt, who lived in the Most-Strasse, and was a wood-cutter, to accomplish the ends of justice. The difficulty began when, on the Most-Strasse being reached, two Schmidts, *brothers*, and both wood-cutters, were found dwelling there. Yet a third Schmidt, a wood-cutter, was discovered, but he lived in another street, the Hohen-Pflaster. The brothers Schmidt in the Most-Strasse proved to have long known Ruprecht. They were called "Big" and "Little" Schmidt. Big Schmidt had not long before been a witness against Ruprecht in a civil suit.

In the dilemma between these Schmidts, it became important to ply the wounded man with new questions. Fortunately he was still alive and in his senses. But it was impossible for him to utter a word. He was asked whether the assailant was Big or Little Schmidt. He tried in vain to answer. Then he was asked if the Hohen-Pflaster was not the street on which the man lived, when he replied, with a struggle, but emphatically, that it was.

The three men of the implicated name were confronted with Ruprecht, but he was now so far gone that he could not open his eyes. The brothers spoke to him, and manifested much feeling. Schmidt of the Hohen Pflaster, on the other hand, was uneasy and silent.

Suspicion now fastened on the latter. On searching his premises, the handle of his ax was found to be bloody. He was known to be a disreputable character. But on examination, though inconsistent in his statements, he succeeded in establishing an unimpeachable alibi. He, moreover, accounted for the blood on the ax entirely to the satisfaction of the judge; when the brothers were once more brought up, they, too, proved alibis which could not be shaken.

Then it was discovered that there was two other wood-cutters named Schmidt, who lived in the suburbs. One of these was employed by Ruprecht's brother-in-law, Berenger. Here seemed the explanation of Ruprecht's calling out, "My daughter! My daughter!" It now appeared that Berenger and his wife lived unhappily together, that Ruprecht had recently threatened to make a will excluding Berenger from any control over his property, and that Berenger, on hearing of the assault, did not seem in the least surprised or moved. Other things seemed to bear against the son-in-law. But he, too, showed conclusively that he was, at the moment of the murder, in the parlor of an inn some miles away; and the two suburban wood-cutters were equally fortunate in proving alibis on the best possible evidence. Ruprecht soon died without again opening his lips; and the mystery which so severely perplexed the judges as to who killed him is a mystery still.—George M. Tottle, in *Appleton's Journal*.

A well-meaning but unsophisticated countryman rambled into a music store in the city of Portland one day in search of a drum. He succeeded in finding one, the touch and quality of tone of which seemed to suit him. He enquired the price; so much: this was also perfectly satisfactory. Upon the side of the drum were the words "*E pluribus unum*," painted in brilliant colors; observing them, he enquired of the shopkeeper, with a smile upon his face, if that was the maker's name, to which the tradesman replied that he was not altogether certain about it, but rather thought it was. "Very well," says the customer, "if you'll just rub it off, and put on *Ezekiel Thaxter*, that's my name, I'll take the drum." The shop-keeper smilingly assented, and thus was a fellow-creature made happy.—*Exchange*.

A Detroit cockroach is not a particular animal. He takes in everything from a cigar stub to roller composition, and washes down his food with with most any sort of ink he can find.

THE TUG TACOMA.—This fine new steamer paid her first visit to our city on Saturday evening, and was visited by all the nautical men in the place, and by the curious to the number of several hundred. She is certainly a fast, staunch and powerful tug equal to anything of her kind in the United States, and superior to anything on the Pacific Coast. Her length is 131.5 feet; her breadth, 23.8 feet; her depth, 12 feet; her tonnage 239.57—the dimensions given being those of her official measurement, her register. Her engines are of the poppet valve description, the cylinder having a diameter of 26 inches, and the piston a stroke of 54. The wheel or propeller has a diameter of 10 feet, all that the draft of the boat will permit, and, driven by 40 pounds of steam, makes 85 revolutions. The *Tacoma* has a horse power of 600. On deck she has a small house, containing officers' rooms, galley, engine room, and an elegant apartment for the owners. Below are a cabin and a fore-castle forward, with water tanks, bunkers, etc. The *Tacoma* was built by Middlemiss & Boole of San Francisco, and her engines by Pusey, Jones & Co., of Wilmington Del. The timber used in her construction was all Puget Sound fir, cut in the Tacoma mill. To illustrate her running and power, we have only to tell what she has done. Her time from dock to dock, San Francisco to Tacoma, was just one hundred hours; from Tacoma to the ocean, with the ship *Shirley* and bark *Caroline Reed* in tow, twenty-seven hours; from Port Townsend to Port Ludlow, an hour and ten minutes; from Port Ludlow to Seattle, two hours and three-quarters. Her owners are Hanson & Ackerson, of San Francisco and Tacoma, and her master will be Capt. Connick, at present of the *Mastick*, who will enter upon her command to-morrow. The steamer came in here from Tacoma to-day leaving again to tow the ship *War Hawk* from Port Discovery down to the Cape.—*Tribune*.

What is the difference between a crockery dealer and a cabinet maker? One sells tea-sets, and the other settees.

Mrs. Stowe says we never know how much we love until we try to unlove. To a man who has tried to quit smoking this needs no argument.

ICE CREAM AND STRAWBERRIES

In their Season!

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, FINE CAKES

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

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DAILY AND WEEKLY. Seattle, W. T.

The Daily is the oldest, largest and best in the Territory. The Weekly, now in its sixteenth year of publication, contains more reading matter than any of its Territorial contemporaries. The contents of both will include the latest home news, editorial matter, the latest telegrams from abroad, correspondence, interesting miscellany, &c.

TERMS: Daily per annum, \$10; Weekly, \$3. Advertising desired, and inserted on reasonable terms. Address THOS. W. PROSCH, Publisher.

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Having recently leased this convenient and well known Hotel Building, for a Term of Years and refitted it in good style, beg leave to inform the community that they are now prepared to accommodate the public. They propose keeping a strictly

First Class Hotel.

The Table will be supplied with the best the market affords. FIRST QUALITY OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS ALWAYS ON HAND

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

HARDWARE!

wholesale & Retail.



Patent Ground Thin Back Cross-Cut Saws. Country Orders Promptly Filled. Wusthoff & Wald, P. O. Box 59, Seattle, W. T.

GREAT CUT DOWN IN PRICES! AT Jamieson's Jewelry Emporium

Seattle, W. T. Watches & Jewelry at Cost. Best Waltham Watch, 3 oz. case, \$20. (Regular price \$30.) " " " 3 " " 27.50. " " " 4 " " 30. " " " 6 " " 35. Everything Else in Proportion AT JAMIESON'S JEWELRY EMPORIUM!

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Keeps constantly on hand a good assortment of Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and shoes, NOTIONS, &c.

The highest price paid for country produce, Shingles, Furs &c. IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Crook's Truest Scout.

HE IS THE ADOPTED SON OF THE SAVAGE
CALLED SITTING BULL.

[From the Kansas City Times, July 26th.]
"Have you seen Frank Guard?" inquired General Bradley, the Post Commandant at Fort Laramie, as the Times reporter was about to retire from the interview.

"Who is Frank Guard?" inquired the news seeker.

"Why, he is to be the leader of General Crook's scouts in the coming expedition. He can tell you more in an hour than I can in a day," said the General. "He has been raised by the Northern Sioux, speaks their language and claims to be the adopted son of Sitting Bull himself. We will walk down to the sutler's store, where you can talk with him."

"There he is," said General Bradley, pointing to a tall, well-built fellow who stood with his back to a high desk, leaning backward upon his projected elbows. At first glance he might be taken for one of the half-breed hay-cutters, ox-drivers and wood-cutters who swarm about old Fort Laramie. He was conversing with Louis Reichau, a famous Indian scout, well known to the reporter. An introduction by General Bradley, supplemented by recognition and a cordial hand-shaking on the part of Reichau, broke down all barriers of intercourse, and a few minutes afterward Guard was seated at a table in friendly chat with the interviewer. Frank Guard would pass for a full-blooded Sioux Indian. He is tall, broad-shouldered, long-limbed, and as dark as a copper-colored full-blood. He has the characteristic square chin, low forehead, broad face and high cheek-bones of the Sioux, and eight or nine years' residence among them has imbued him with many of the peculiarities of that noble tribe. Guard had just received notice of his engagement as a special scout for General Crook, who was then at Cheyenne. He felt rather proud of the position, which insured him \$10 per day, and after a few "smiles" began to talk quite freely. His history condensed is as follows: He is

A NATIVE OF HONOLULU.

The principal city of the Sandwich Islands, and prior to his arrival in San Francisco in the Spring of 1865 had been a sailor on board various small coasters and traders on the Pacific coast. In 1865 he was engaged to assist in driving a lot of stage stock from California to Montana, and after his trip procured a job to carry the pony-express mail between Bozeman and Gallatin. On one of his regular trips, which were made solitary and alone, along the valley of the Gallatin river, he was waylaid by a party of vagabond Crows, and himself and the mail he carried were captured. He was taken by his captors several days journey from the mail route, and finally stripped and abandoned, helpless and naked, on Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone. Here he wandered about, half starved, for many days, his only covering a piece of a ragged, rotten blanket, and living upon frogs, berries and cactus. His suffering he describes as terrible in the extreme. When utterly exhausted, and in despair, hopeless of ever again reaching civilization or succor, one morning he was discovered by a roving band of Uncspapa Indians, some fifty or sixty in number. His emaciated, helpless condition won even the sympathies of these savages, who at once fed and clothed him and conveyed him to their village, which was then on the Musselshell river. Here he first met Sitting Bull, who at once took a fancy to the captive boy, supposing him to be a son of a strange Indian tribe farther west. Guard never undecieved the fierce Indian chieftain. He soon made his way to the confidence and affection of his new friends, and in due time was permitted to roam at will with the boys in charge of the pony herds. He accompanied Sitting Bull in several of his raids on the posts of the upper Missouri and became an expert in riding, shooting and other accomplishments which go to make up the Indian. In the siege of Fort Pease, about a year ago, he succeeded in making his escape, but was recaptured and his life saved through the interference of Sitting Bull himself. It was not until the great council held at

Rest Cloud last September that Guard succeeded in making a FINAL AND SUCCESSFUL ESCAPE.

He made his way to Fort Laramie, where he has been employed ever since by the Government in the capacity of scout and interpreter. Frank Guard, unlike most of the frontier scouts and Indian interpreters, is quite talkative, and loves to speak of his old friends of the Yellowstone country. He spent nine years with the Sioux of the North, and entirely won their confidence. He is at present about twenty-four years of age, dresses in civilized costume, wears none of the tawdry tinsel decorations generally worn by the Indians, and makes no outward display whatever. In speaking of Sitting Bull and the expected campaign. Guard said he expected a long, bitter and stubborn war before his adopted father would give way, and then, it whipped, the Sioux would join their brethren in the British Possessions. Like all other frontiersmen. Guard has a supreme contempt for the peace policy of the Government, and said that the Indians laugh at the idea of treaty-making. Since the interview Frank Guard has become quite noted, and is the central figure in Crook's campaign. It was his advice which saved Crook's shattered and crippled expedition from annihilation after the battle on Rosebud. When Crook ordered pursuit into the Rosebud Mountains Guard discovered and showed the country full of ambushes and overpowering hordes of Sioux, and by his advice Crook withdrew to his supply camp on Goose creek. As Guard will figure quite prominently in the forth coming Indian war, this brief sketch of his life will prove quite interesting.

A PUZZLE.—H. T. Field, of Greenbush, is the maker of a curious piece of Mechanism. It is nothing less than a perfect barrel built inside of a bottle, and so nearly filling the latter that it puzzles the beholder to imagine how it could ever have been accomplished. The most interesting feature is that there is no trick about it, but a fair, honest job a feat of mechanical skill requiring patience as well as genius. The bottle is 8 inches in diameter and 6 1/2 inches high, with a neck five-eighths of an inch in diameter, and 1 1/2 inches in length. The barrel which is composed of 18 staves, is completely headed and bound with eight hoops. The introduction of the several pieces into the bottle, and their subsequent arrangement, must have been a marvel of patience and handiwork, for the barrel is perfectly finished. An additional feature of this curiosity is the stopple with which the bottle is fastened. This consists of a pin through the lower end of which a key is passed, which is in turn fastened with a small pin. How they were ever worked into place within the bottle is a second wonder.—*Troy Times.*

A fire was caused in Scranton, the other day, by the sun's rays glancing off a citizen's nose and concentrating on a frame shed. The owner of the nose doesn't belong to a temperance society. He argues that a little wine for the stomach's sake will harm no one.

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NEW WEED
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Why is it the Best?
IT IS THE MOST SIMPLE,
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It runs easy and quiet,
Has no cams for shuttle motion,
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The needle is set correctly without screw-driver, or tool of any kind,
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It has Perfect Self Adjustable Tensions.
Call and examine this Machine before buying elsewhere.
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Pianos & Organs,
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Cash strictly in advance.
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FRONT STREET, NEAR THE PAVILION
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WINES, LIQUORS, BEER AND CIGARS,

Of the BEST QUALITY, will always be served to our customers.
CUTTER'S OLD BOURBON WHISKEY
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DRY GOODS,
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JEWELRY, WATCHES and CHAINS; WARRANTED PURE MATERIALS,
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BUTTER, EGGS, HAY, HIDES,
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Is supplied with the best Wines and Liquors North of San Francisco
Also a First-Class BILLIARD TABLE
To Accomodate the Patrons of this House.

ISAAC CATHCART, Proprietor.

The Evening Breezes.

Tell me, gentle evening breeze,
In your frolic wild and free,
Have you played among the trees
Chanting solemn melodies,
Near the place I long to see
With the one I long to be;
Have you kissed her fair young brow,
That you seem so pleasant now.
Tell me, if from thence, you come,
If a faithful one thou art,
Did she fondly breathe my name,
Did she whisper vows the same
Vows that bind us, though apart;
Vows that entwining heart to heart;
Did she bid you hasten here,
Gentle breeze, my heart to cheer.
Did she send one word of love,
Trusting to your speedy flight;
Faithful, then, O bearer prove,
Tell me now that word of love
Chase away those clouds of night,
Fill my saddened heart with light;
Gentle breeze, your message tell
From the one I love so well.

CONTRIBUTE

Stevens Lake.

OLYMPIA, Sept. 12, 1876.

Editor Star: In company with Mr. Alexander Ross, I lately made a thorough exploration of Stevens Lake, and the surrounding shores. A few facts may be interesting to your readers hence I send them for publication in the STAR. Stevens Lake is a beautiful body of water lying about six miles north of Snohomish City. It is somewhere about from three to four and half miles long and perhaps two or two and half miles broad. These figures may not be correct as they are only given as the result of a rough estimate. The lake is not more than two miles in a direct line from Ebey's Slough and the surface is probably two hundred and fifty feet above the ocean level. It is surrounded by gently rising ground covered with dense timber mostly; though I should not say the timber is first class. A fine view of the Cascade Mountains can be had from several points around the margin of the lake. Several good claims can be secured with a water front, though most of the land is light and gravelly. There are indications that the outlet of the lake once led down the slope into Ebey's Slough. But in some way the outlet was dammed up probably by the cutting of the banks, and the rise forced the water Eastward, into the valley of Pill Chuck. There is some excellent land along the bottom of this new stream. And I have little doubt but by clearing out a few beaver dams, a first rate water power can be secured. A few families desiring to settle together in a most beautiful and healthful locality, with lake and forest and snow clad mountains and clouds and sky to feast upon, might do far worse than take a circle around Stevens Lake, before determining upon a location.

Yours, &c.
JNO. R. THOMPSON.

From Walla Walla

Watchman.

The biggest load of wheat pulled through town towards the depot with four animals was taken down last Wednesday by Mr. H. Barnes.

Mr. Lambert is now manufacturing a tank for Frank Orsell, capable of holding 500 gallons, which is intended for the manufacture of Walla Walla wine.

Mr. M. Ward raised about 1000 lbs. of canary seed on one acre of ground which will yield him about \$210 in hard cash right at home. This is as good as wheat.

The Virginia Chronicle says that the Putes are in a high state of excitement over the advent of an infant in their tribe which is half dog, half Pute, and somewhat more dog than Indian.

A Mrs. Young is shipping all the dried sweet corn she can find in the market to her husband, who is now at Rock Bar, Idaho, about forty miles above Boise City. He must be fond of it.

Mr. Yane, from Dry Creek informs us that he knows of a band of sheep which can be bought at the rate of 75cts. per head. Here is an opening for a good speculation for some one who thoroughly understands the business.

The Railroad company had again to stop receiving grain up to Monday, so rapidly does it accumulate and pile up around the depot, that they are unable to stack it away, even with enlarged and additional platforms.

Last Friday afternoon one of those valuable \$100 dogs leaped upon Mr. Lambert's little girl and caught her by the throat, leaving its vicious marks on the tender flesh. A man happened to be in sight and hastened to the poor child's rescue.

A man rode from Helena, Montana, to Poodleton in 14 days, on a small Indian pony. Over 50 miles a day for 14 days is better than Sheridan's spurt, the fools of the East made so much fuss about.

Three girls, none of whom was over fifteen years of age, were arranged in a Sacramento court for burglary.

LOVERS OF SPORT!

You will find a

SPLENDID ASSORTMENT

THE MOST IMPROVED

SPOON HOOKS!

And Fishing Tackle

Of all kinds, at

John Sullivan's,
Commercial St., Seattle, W. T. 1:33

WADDELL & MILES,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

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TIN, COPPER, & JAPANED WARE,

SUCTION AND FORCE PUMPS,

Lead and Iron Pipe,

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All work pertaining to the business done at short notice and in a workmanlike manner.

Give us a call.

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v1:m8

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THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING OPENED A

New Blacksmith Shop,

AT

Snohomish City,

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IS READY TO DO

ALL KINDS OF LOGGERS AND

FARMERS WORK IN HIS LINE.

WITH NEATNESS AND

Dispatch.

SHOP IS BACK OF MARK'S SALOON.

Call and see my work.

L. HANSEN.

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Foot of Second Street
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Every Variety of

CEMETERY WORK,

HEAD STONES,

Monuments, &c.,

Executed in marble and other stones, with neatness and dispatch.

All Orders Promptly Filled.

Also all kinds of

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All Orders Addressed To

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WHOLESALE AND

RETAIL DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

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FOREIGN AND

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W. A. JENNINGS,

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For Averill Paints

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Would do well to call

And Examine Stock of

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before purchasing

Elsewhere.

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The Cheapest Groceries in the Market,

AN EXCELLENT STOCK OF TOBACCO'S, ALSO THE FINEST DRIED

FRUITS FOUND ON THE SOUND.

ON HAND A LARGE STOCK OF BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

SEATTLE, - - - - - W. T.
v1. 32.

WM. DODD.

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This new and elegant hotel contains 30 rooms, possessing all the appointments of a

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

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

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

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FRESH MEATS.

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

Logging Camps Supplied.

v1 30

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ALSO

A large assortment of **SHIP KNEES** constantly on hand. SHIP KNEES of any dimensions furnished to order.

Give Me a Call

SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T. January 1, 1876

v1:1