

The Bridge Across The River.

Over the bridge, across the river,
The footsteps come and go;
Their ceaseless tread goes on forever,
While the waters ebb and flow.
Over the bridge, with weary tread,
And trembling limbs, and slow,
Pass gray-haired Age, with bowed head,
While the waters ebb and flow.
And Youth, with beaming eyes, cross there,
And Friend, and deadly Foe;
And joyous Hope, and dark Despair,
While the waters ebb and flow.
And Fashion's silken train sweeps past,
With stately step, when lo!
The shadow of Want at her foot is cast,
While the waters ebb and flow.

There's another bridge o'er a crystal stream,
And its arches are white as snow
When sparkle with many a silver gleam,
While the waters ebb and flow.
And o'er it winds a busy throng:
Some come, as others go;
And they all unite in a glorious song,
While the waters ebb and flow.

And they cross to the wearied ones of earth
With balm for every woe;
Bringing peace and hope to the cheerless
While the waters ebb and flow.
And some from this to the farther shore,
Bear wearied forms, we know,
Whose smiles on earth we'll see no more,
While the waters ebb and flow.

Across the beautiful Bridge of Light
We all must sometime go,
To join that band of spirits bright,
While the waters ebb and flow.

—Dora Dermonore.

How a Skeptic Became a Theologian.

The following amusing incident in the life of an Italian Padre is related by Bishop Ferrette in his Boston lecture. The worthy Bishop was pleading for absolute religious liberty, with his usual eloquence, relating, by way of illustration, his individual experience, when the zealous Padre burst in upon him with the following religious philippic:

"Religious liberty: nonsense! Religious liberty for minors: what a more complete subversion of all the principles on which the State, the Church, and the family rest! Such a principle will make of every nation a nation of Protestants and infidels. You have shown, and I grant, that the denial of religious liberty in general, or with regard to minors in particular may, in some instances, happen to work in a manner in which the Catholic Church deprecates. It may be used here and there to enforce infidelity and Protestantism against Catholicism. It has been used in the Roman Empire prior to Constantine, in England under Elizabeth and Cromwell; but then what does this prove? That every society which, however bad or heretical it may be, from a Protestant synod to a band of brigands, has at all in itself the conditions of existence, imitates the Catholic Church in holding with her, partly at least, those fundamental principles without which no society could for a moment exist. Among those principles is that of social resistance to the claim laid by individuals to the right of deciding for themselves what is religiously, or politically, or morally right or wrong, and carrying their views into practice. A Protestant power which persecutes Catholics does a thing we must condemn when we judge it morally, for it is a sin. But when we rise to the height of those principles on which the balance of the universe rests, we cease to see in those cruel freaks of a Protestant despot anything else than the wrong application of a right principle; and if, of the principle of application, the one must unhappily be wrong, I say let, by all means, the right principle be maintained, and the application be what it may. The right principle, maintained by protestants during the *interregnum* of Catholic authority will be found intact by the Catholic Church on her return, and be, from the first day, used by her as a valuable means of government. You gave to me your experience as a boy, and I will give you mine, which is somewhat different."

After giving vent to the above, the fanatical Padre relates the following as the means by which he became a theologian and disciple of the holy Catholic Church:

"One day, years ago, when our Italy began to be overrun by Protestant emissaries, not so bold or so numerous as to-

day, curiosity more than malice prompted me—I was about fifteen—to purchase and accept one of their books. I took it home, and began to read it in my leisure moments, half concealing it during the intervals, as I was half feeling that I was doing wrong. After a few days my mind and my heart were poisoned. Heresy, the revolt against the authority of our Holy Father, the Vicar of God, appeared to me legitimate, dutiful. I became acquainted with a few of the strangers and of their proselytes, and once or twice was present at their conventicle, where everything pleased me. By chance, in overlooking a shelf, my father saw a book of strange binding, and opened it. "So-and-so," said he to me, "do not dare to deny; there is no use in it. This book is yours, where did you get it? Have you read it?" "I have," said I, with the ridiculous emphasis of imaginary piety, "and, moreover, I approve its contents; and having been, through them, brought from darkness to light, I wish I may be to you, my dear father, the instrument of a similar blessing." Ah, you wish it, do you? Then wait a little." On this my father, who was a giant, turned round to lurch from as far back as possible the most terrible slap which ever sent human thoughts and limbs whirling in confusion to smash themselves against a wall. There I went. Then falling upon me, my father who had the largest feet and the thickest boots on earth, kicked me around the room as if I had been a bolster, throwing at me all the while, regardless of the question whether he should kill me or not, every missile in the shape of wooden metallic, or crockery implement which fell under his hand as we went. I was hoarse of crying for mercy. "Father, don't kill me," breathed I faintly. "Kill you!" composing himself for a moment; and in what state are you to appear before the judgment seat of God if I killed you? Heresy is a mortal sin, and you would be damned. But rather than to have a heretic in my family, I must either kill you or kill the devil out of you." On this he fell on me again in the same manner. I breathing more and more faintly, "father, father, forgive me." "But do you repent?" "Oh yes, oh yes, father!" "Do you recognize the wickedness of what you did?" "I do, father, I do." "Do you believe in the Holy Catholic Apostolic and Roman Church?" "I do." "And in the Blessed Virgin Mary?" "I do." "And in the seven sacraments?" "I do." Then I forgive you. May God forgive you the same. Go to the priest, confess your sin, receive the absolution, come back regenerated; but first see the fire consume this detestable book; and if I ever catch you reading another of the same kind, I'll maim you for life, or kill you."

"I went to the priest," my interlocutor added. "I confessed my sin with tears; he showed me the evil of my ways; I accepted a penance and received the absolution. From that day I never had a doubt as to the truth of the Catholic faith. I was a changed and serious boy. A vocation for the ministry soon manifested itself in me. I became a priest, a theologian; and to day Christians are not afraid of entrusting to my care the direction of their consciences through the confessional. For all this, I every day bless, after God, my father. Had his boots been less thick, or had he for a moment hesitated to use them, out of deference, perhaps, to your French ideas of religious liberty, I should be at this hour, instead of all that I am, a miserable Protestant."

A North Carolina exchange tells of a man living in Wilson, that State, fifty-four years of age, who never owed a cent in his life, and, as the records will show, was the first man to pay his taxes. Though a blacksmith and plow-maker by trade, he cuts and makes his own clothing; and when engaged at this work if there is a call at the shop, his wife goes to the anvil and will shoe a horse, brace a plow, upset an ax, or perform any other jobs in the line with as much skill as her husband.

Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. If to destroy a single bee you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, you make a thousand.

Manners easily and rapidly mature into morals.

A Religion that may be Taught in the Schools.

It is not at all to be wondered at that the various sects should attach supreme importance to the subject of religious teaching in the schools. The youthful mind is plastic and impressionable, easily moulded into almost any form. What is once strongly imprinted upon it remains, in the majority of cases, indelible during life. This is especially true of religious impressions, because, unlike those resulting from instruction in secular matters, they are associated with the profoundest mysteries and enforced by the most awful sanctions. When the moral nature is once so worked upon and stimulated by excitement that it surrenders itself fully to these impressions, it is only the shallowest and most fickle minds, or those of extraordinary power, that are ever able to free themselves from their domination.

The man who in his maturity abandons the creed of his youth is often visited by seasons of doubt and reaction, and not unfrequently, after a period of estrangement, he turns to the early faith. The backslider who has slackened in his allegiance to his religion experiences at intervals more or less feels revivals of his first enthusiasm, and struggles to rekindle it. A dogma renounced at the dictate of reason is again accepted in periods of sickness or affliction, and multitudes of men in the solemn hour of death profess anew the faith of their childhood, after long years of denial or neglect.

These things are true of all religions, and no less so of all superstitions. The hold which the belief has upon the mind does not depend upon its truth or its excellence. The believers in the Koran, the Veda and the Analets hold as tenaciously to the doctrines impressed upon their minds in youth as do the believers in the Bible. Hence the religious belief of men as a rule depends upon the country in which they are born and educated. If the majority of our church goers had been born and brought up in Turkey they would have been devout Mohammedans; if in Siam, Buddhists; if in Ashantee, Fetishists. Thus the religious faith of most depends upon the accident of birth. In countries like ours, where numerous sects, all animated by proselyting zeal, contend for the mastery, it seems manifestly unjust to give either the immense advantage of being permitted to impress its dogmas upon the susceptible minds of the children in the public schools.

And there is another injustice still more flagrant, which seems to have been overlooked. The children themselves are wronged when given over to the influence of any particular sect in the public school. None but the parents, or teachers authorized by them, should assume the tremendous responsibility of fastening upon the opening mind a system of doctrine before the powers of thought and judgment have been reasonably developed. Since the teachings of the school-room are so indelible in their character, they should be, so far as practicable, confined to those things which are matters of knowledge—not merely of opinion; matters about which there is no dispute among intelligent men, and of which the truth and usefulness are unquestionable, leaving each pupil to choose his own creed when his intellect has been sufficiently developed to qualify him to grapple with the vexed questions of theology.

But in the meantime there is a kind of religious teaching which is not dogmatic or theological, in which all can believe and to which none can reasonably object. The noble sentiment of "personal honor" can be appealed to and strengthened. If the Bible may not be taught in the schools, who can oppose a veto to a Scripture which shall consist in the record of brave deeds done by true men and women under a sense of duty or the inspiration of the best impulses of human nature? Let it tell of Leonidas, Nelson and Lawrence, who fell fighting for their country; of Bruno going to the stake rather than renounce the truths revealed to him by science; of Howard devoting his life to the amelioration of the condition of prisoners; of the captains of sinking ships who have gone down at their posts doing their duty; of statesmen like Pitt, and Deak, and Seward and Sumner, who were incorruptible

in their integrity and unselfish in their patriotism; of rulers like Alfred and Washington; of philanthropists and reformers like Wilberforce and Florence Nightingale, Garrison and Peabody. Let its hymnal consist of the selectest anthology of the world, gathered from the choicest poetry of all ages and nations. Let its revelation be the wonderful and awe-inspiring book of nature ever spread forth like an open scroll before the eyes of man, a volume illustrated on the earth by all that is magnificent and beautiful, on the heavens in letters that are suns and worlds."

It may be said that such teaching is not "religious," and this must be admitted if religion and theology are held to be identical. It sets forth no dogmatic doctrines, no ghostly mysteries. It produces no whirl-wind of emotion, no spiritual raptures, no ecstasies of devotion; but it is capable of training up our youth so that they shall be manly, earnest, brave, truthful, modest, honorable, faithful to duty, and inspired by a noble ambition to emulate the good deeds and patriotic achievements of the heroes and sages, the great reformers and benefactors of past ages.—*Express*.

Mr. Smith's Boy.

A YOUNG MUNCHAUSEN WHO HAS BROWN'S BOY COLD.

A family named Smith has recently moved to Germantown, and Mr. Brown's boy, on Saturday, leaned over the fence and gave to our reporter his impression of Mr. Smith's boy, a lad about fourteen years old:

"Yes, me and him are right well acquainted now. He knows mo'n I do, and he's had more experience. Bill says his father used to be a robber (Smith by the way, is a deacon in the Presbyterian church, and a very excellent lawyer), and that he has ten million dollars in gold buried in his cellar, along with a whole lot of human bones of people he's killed. And he says his father is a conjurer, and that he makes all the earthquakes that happen anywhere in the world. The old man will come home at night, after there's been an earthquake, all covered with sweat, and so tired he can hardly stand. Bill says it's such hard work. And Bill told me that once, when a man came around there trying to sell lightning rods, his father got mad and et, et him right up; and he takes bites out of everybody he comes across.

"That's what Bill tells me. That's all I know about it. And he told me that he once used to have a dog, one of those little kind of dogs, and he was flying his kite, and just for fun he tied the kite string to the dog's tail. And then the wind struck her, and his dog went a 'bommin' down the street, with hind legs in the air, for about a mile, when the kite all of a sudden began to go up, and in about a minute the dog was fifteen miles high, and commanded a view of California and Egypt and Oskosh, I think Bill said. He came down, anyhow, I know, in Brazil; and Bill said he swum home all the way in the Atlantic ocean; and when he landed his legs were all nibbled off by sharks. I wish father would buy me a dog, so's I could send him up in that way. But I never had no luck. Bill said that where they used to live he went out on the roof one day to fly his kite, and he sat on top of the chimney to give her plenty of room, and while he was sitting there thinking about nothing, the old man put a keg of powder in the fireplace to clean the soot out of the chimney, and when he touched her off Bill was thrown over against the Baptist church steeple, and he landed on the weathercock with his pants torn, and they couldn't git him down for three days, so he hung there, going round and round with the wind, and he lived by eating crows that came and sat on him, because they thought he was made of sheet iron and put there on purpose.

"He's more fun than enough. He was telling me about a sausage stuffer his brother invented. It was a kinker machine that worked with a treadler and Bill said the way they did in the fall was to fix it on the hog's back, and connect the treadle with a string, and the hog'd work the treadle, and keep on running it up and down until the machine cut the hog up fine and shoved the meat into the skins. Bill said his brother

called it 'Every Hog His Own Stuffer,' and it worked splendidly. But I don't know; 'pears to me there couldn't be no machine like that. But, anyway, Bill said so. And he told about an uncle of his out in Australia who was et by a big oyster once, and when he got inside he stayed there till he'd et the oyster. Then he split the shell open and took one half for a bet, and he sailed along until he met a sea serpent, and he killed it and drawed off his skin, and when he got home he sold it to an engine company for a hose for forty thousand dollars to put out fires with. Bill said that was actually so, because he could show me a man who used to belong to the engine company. I wish father'd let me go and find a sea serpent like that; but he don't let me have no chance to distinguish myself.

"Bill was saying only yesterday that the Indians caught him once, and drove eleven railroad spikes through his stomach and cut off his scalp, and it never hurt him a bit. He said he got away by the daughter of the the chief sneaking him out of the wigwam and lending him a horse. Bill says she was in love with him. And when I asked him to show me the holes where they drove in them spikes, he said he darsn't take off his clothes, or he'd bleed to death. He said his father didn't know it, because Bill was afraid it might worry the old man. And Bill told me they wasn't going to go to Sunday school. He says his father has a brass idol that he keeps in the garret, and Bill says he made up his mind to be a pagan, and begin to go naked, and carry a tomahawk and a bow and arrow, as soon as the warm weather comes. And to prove it to me he says his father has this town all under laid with nitro-glycerine, and as soon as he gets ready he's going to blow the old thing out, bust her up, let her rip, and demolish her. He said so down to the dam, and told me not to tell anybody, but I thought they'd be no harm in mentioning it to you. And now I believe I must be going; I hear Bill whistling. Maybe he's got something else to tell me."

The Smith boy, we think, will be profitable to the youth of this community.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Keep your Troubles Sacred.

A worthy wife of forty years standing, and whose life was not made up of sunshine and peace, gave the following sensible and impressive advice to a married pair of her acquaintance. The advice is so good and so well suited to all married people, as well as those who intend entering that state, that we here publish it for the benefit of such persons:

"Persevere sacredly in the privacies of your own house, your married state and your heart. Let no father or mother, sister, or brother, ever presume to come between you two, or to share the joys and the sorrows that belong to you two alone. With God's help build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace. Let moments of alienation, if they occur, be healed at once. Never, no never, speak of it outside; but to each other confess and all will come out right. Never let the morrow's sun still find you at variance. Review and renew your vow; it will do you good, and thereby your souls will grow together, cemented in that love which is stronger than death, and you will become truly one."

What a Plant Did.

A little plant was given to a sick girl. In trying to take care of it the family made changes in their way of living. First, they cleaned the window that more light might come in to its leaves; then when not to cold, they wo'd open the window so that fresh air might help the plant to grow. Next, the clean window made the rest of the room look so untidy that they used to wash the floor and walls and arrange the furniture more neatly. This led the father of the family to mend a broken chair or two, which kept him at home several evenings. After the work was done, he staid at home, instead of spending his leisure at a tavern, and the money thus saved went to buy comforts for them all. And then the home grew attractive, the whole family loved it and each other better than ever before, and grew healthier and happier with their flowers. Thus the little plant brought a real as well as a physical blessing.

"Moral Sense."

Herbert Spencer says: "I believe that the experiences of utility organized and consolidated through all past generations of the human race, have been producing corresponding modifications, which, by continued transmission and accumulation, have become in us certain faculties of moral intuition—certain emotions responding to right and wrong conduct, which have no apparent basis in the individual experiences of utility."

What can this mean? Does the professor mean to say that we possess, by inheritance or otherwise, a "moral sense" independent of intellect, by which we can determine the right or wrong of anything? This is inferred from the language used. But to me the idea is absurd: for, according to that, a half or three fourths idiot who might inherit a large development of this "moral sense" might be as good a judge of right or wrong—justice or injustice, in any case, as a man of the most brilliant intellect.

It seems the professor has not been able to entirely throw off the effects of early prejudices. This, "moral sense" is presumed to be the principle of conscience; and which man in the ages of comparative ignorance and barbarism mistook for a *knowing* faculty; and their definition has descended to us; but like many other things descended to us from the same source—it is purely a myth. To illustrate; let us define anger or resentment, on the same principle that conscience is defined.

Anger or resentment: The faculty by which one decides on the actions of another whether they are insulting or not; the faculty which decides on the motives of action in one person towards another. This is just as proper a definition for anger, or resentment, as is the definition of conscience as given in our standard dictionaries. Conscience is no more a knowing faculty than anger: all perceptions of right or wrong—justice or injustice are purely intellectual. Anger and conscience, are both *emotions*, responsive only to intellectual perceptions, the same as pity or admiration: conscience is but an *emotion*, involuntarily responsive to the intellectual perception of right and wrong and prompts the individual to do the right in preference to the wrong.

The great misfortune of many of the brightest intellects of the age, who have the most keen and appreciating perceptions of right and wrong—justice and injustice is, that they have inherited so little of the emotion of conscience that it does not respond to their intellectual perceptions sufficiently strong to cause them to act honestly. And it is the misfortune of our country to day that the government is mostly, or at least, largely, in the hands of this class of men: hence the stealing. Mr. Editor, what is conscience?

F. H. M.

Friendship.

Friendship has always been deemed essential to the happiness of human beings, and indeed to their very homes; for it would be thought as disgraceful as it is disconsolate to have no friend.

No peculiarity of condition, nor elevation of rank, sets a man above the attractions and utility of friendship. Kings have laid aside their royalties to indulge in it, and Alexander would have found a conquered world a kind of desert without an Hephaestion. But it is needless to enlarge on the excellency and value of this blessing. Who is not ready to acknowledge that friendship is the delight of youth—the pillar of age—the bloom of prosperity—the solace of adversity—the best benefactor and comforter in this vale of tears. But the question is where is there a friend to be found; it will be allowed that many who wear the name are worth the title; and that even those who are sincere in their profession may be chargeable with infirmities. Yet even in the man friendship is not an utopian good. He who says all men are liars says it in his haste, or from a heart that judges of others by itself. He who complains most are commonly, those the most to be complained of—for there is real friendship to be found on earth.

PORT SUSAN, Oct. 2, 1876.

The story that Von Moltke is bald headed is not true. Let us get into no war with Germany.

Wm. H. WARD,

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Special Diploma

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JOHN PIKE, Agent, for Snohomish.

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JOINT COUNCILMAN,
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REPRESENTATIVE,
O. B. IVERSON.
SHERIFF,
BENJ. STRETCH.
AUDITOR,
JOHN SWETT.
PROBATE JUDGE,
H. D. MORGAN.
TREASURER,
J. D. MORGAN.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
J. IRVINE,
L. H. WITTER,
M. T. WIGHT.
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT,
HUGH ROSS.
CORONER,
A. C. FOLSOM.

Democratic Ticket.

DELEGATE TO CONGRESS,
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REPRESENTATIVE,
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TREASURER,
T. F. MARKS.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS,
WM. WHITFIELD,
CHAS. HARRIMAN,
F. H. HANCOCK.
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT,
J. TOWN.
COUNTY SURVEYOR,
J. T. COTTON.
CORONER,
A. C. FOLSOM.

The Whatcom County Ticket.

FOR DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.

FOR PROSECUTING ATTORNEY

FOR JOINT COUNCILMAN

E. C. FERGUSON.

FOR REPRESENTATIVE

N. W. LAKEMAN.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS

H. A. SMITH,

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FOR AUDITOR

R. C. WOLVERTON.

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FOR TREASURER

CHAS. DONOVAN.

FOR PROBATE JUDGE

E. D. WINSLOW.

FOR SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT

Mrs. ALMIRA GRIFFIN.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR,

D. WILSON.

FOR CORONER,

DANIEL KILCUP.

FOR WRECKMASTER

J. H. TAYLOR.

For calling a Convention to frame a State Constitution.

Proclamation by the Governor.

I, ELISHA P. FERRY, Governor of the Territory of Washington, do hereby declare that a General Election will be held in said Territory on Tuesday, the seventh day of November, A. D. one thousand eight hundred

and seventy-six, at which the following named officers will be elected, viz:

A Delegate to represent said Territory in the Forty-fifth Congress of the United States.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the First Judicial District.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the Second Judicial District.

A Prosecuting Attorney for the Third Judicial District.

Members of both branches of the Legislative Assembly.

And all County and Precinct officers provided for by the laws of said Territory.

The electors will also vote "For" or "Against" calling a Convention to form a State Constitution.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory to be affixed.

Done at Olympia, this ninth day of September A. D. one thousand eight hundred and seventy-six, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundredth.

By the Governor.

[L.S.] ELISHA P. FERRY.

HENRY G. STRUVE.

Secretary of the Territory.

Oregon State Fair.

It had long been our wish to visit the far famed Valley of the Willamette and see its many and varied productions.

We also had many old time friends there whom we had not seen since making this Territory our home, besides we were somewhat identified with the interests of our County Agricultural Society, and wished to study the workings of the Washington Industrial Association at Olympia as well as the Oregon State fair at Salem, for the purpose of seeing if we could learn by this means something beneficial to our readers generally, as well as of use in the management of our County fair.

All these considerations induced us to arrange our visit, so that we could leave here shortly after our fair, visit Olympia the first week in October, and the Oregon fair, the week after. Thus enabling us to visit a fair each week, for three weeks in succession as well as see many of our old friends, and obtain a general idea of the country, its resources &c.

The Oregon State fair is the great representative institution of the State, is patronized and supported by all classes. Each day of fair week is regarded as a general holiday, wherein everything else in the Willamette Valley is held subordinate to the fair. It is estimated that not far from twenty thousand people visit the grounds each year. These grounds are situated about two miles from Salem near the railroad track running from East Portland up the valley. Trains stop at the grounds. Tents, cabins and booths are erected just outside, with some few inside the grounds sufficient to accommodate several thousand people. It is estimated that as many as ten thousand people have been in the grounds at a single time.

Farmers oftentimes come from a great distance with their teams and their families, and camp out for the whole time of the fair. The grounds are ample in size for all the purposes of the Society. Long rows of stalls, stables and sheds have been erected for the accommodation of the great number and variety of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Goats and Poultry exhibited there every year. We have no means of comparing the entries of this with former years, only can say the stock was fine in quality, great in numbers and variety. Among the large number of Swine exhibited there was not a single white haired hog,

Nearly all were of the Berkshire Breed with a few China's. We inquired the cause of this; was informed that the climate did not agree with the white varieties, and that they were too long coming to maturity. A large band of Angora or Cashmere goats were on exhibition. The display of fruits, vegetables, flowers, works of art, and ladies fancy goods as well as many articles of domestic manufacture was made in the large Pavilion.

Elsewhere we publish accounts of many features of this fair, so ably conducted for the benefit of that state by its energetic officers. We hope to make their personal acquaintance, so we can lay before our readers the details of their successful management as an inducement towards creating on the Sound a similar spirit of enterprise upon these subjects.

Exhibits at the Oregon Fair.

The general arrangement and organization of the exhibition is much superior to that of last year and reflects great credit upon the executive ability of President W. P. Watson, who is ably seconded by the Board of Directors and Secretary E. M. Waite.

THE LADIES' NEEDLE WORK DEPARTMENT Arranged by Mrs. Dr. E. Y. Chase of Salem, is an attractive feature of the Pavilion, and visitors are loud in their praises of the excellent taste shown by that lady in the arrangement of this department.

THE DEPARTMENT OF FINE ARTS Is under the supervision of Mrs. Josie DeVore Johnson of Oregon City. The artistic skill with which the beautiful works of art in this department are arranged indicates that Mrs. Johnson, who is herself an artist of much ability, is the right woman in the right place.

THE OREGON FURNITURE MAN'G. CO. Have even excelled their former efforts in the brilliant display of excellent furniture at this exhibition. Occupying, as they do, the entire hall of Mechanic's Pavilion, the opportunity afforded for a fine display of their really elegant ware could not be better, and that the company have fully appreciated the opportunity is amply evidenced by the tasteful manner in which Mr. Kapus has arranged the exhibit. The display consists of a parlor, dining room and chamber set, each complete.

THE PARLOR SET Is of black walnut, richly carved and paneled with French burl, the upholstering being of crimson reps with black silk trimming. This set attracts the universal attention of the fair sex, and in point of beautiful finish and elegance of design would compare very favorably with the manufactures of Paris and Vienna.

THE CHAMBER SET Is of beautifully grained ash, trimmed in black walnut and paneled with maple boards, the latter, as well as the ash, being from the woods of Oregon, and a splendid specimen of the resources of our State, which this company is doing much to show, produce some of the most beautiful grains in the world.

THE DINING ROOM SET Consists of extension dining table, side-board, chairs and Turkish lounge, all of ash, highly polished and elegantly upholstered. The side-board is in itself a work of art in which the designer has had sufficient originality to throw aside the extraneous aids of mirrors and metals, relying solely upon elegance of design and Oregon's beautiful woods. It is of ash, trimmed with black walnut and paneled with Oregon burl. The chairs and lounge are upholstered in Turkish morocco with black morocco edges, and compare favorably with any upholstering we have ever seen.

In addition to the three sets mentioned the company have on exhibition a lady's work table, made of black walnut, beautifully carved and paneled in French burl, containing myriads of little drawers, recesses and receptacles for the thousand and one implements which constitute the paraphernalia of a lady's work box. Another work table, scarcely less ornate, is made of black walnut, and paneled in Oregon burl. A clock of Oregon ash, with gilt edges, surmounts an elaborately-carved bracket of the same wood, and together constitute one of the most beautiful ornaments in the

collection. A Turkish easy chair invited the weary to repose, and suggests by its luxurious outlines a siesta in Dreamland. A library table of walnut, with French burl finish and billiard cloth top, with a gilt border of Grecian pattern, completes the list. Altogether, Oregon has reason to value her woods, and to appreciate the taste and enterprise of the Oregon Furniture Manufacturing Company, which is rapidly bringing them into use for the manufacture of fine furniture throughout the world.

THE PACIFIC RUBBER PAINT COMPANY Make one of the most interesting exhibits in the mechanical department, having decorated a large space in the pavilion with specimens of the colors produced by their paints, and representing as they do all the colors of the rainbow, as well as the shades and tints their exhibit makes an exceedingly ornamental and beautiful display. The peculiarity of this paint is that it is manufactured largely of pure India Rubber, chemically united with other ingredients, so as to form a smooth, glossy, durable and elastic paint. Further excellence is claimed for the paint on account of its entire freedom from acid, alkali, and lime, which enters into the composition of other paints, and cause them to chalk, peel, and crumble away. The paint is adapted to all purposes for which other paints are used, and on account of its elasticity and beautiful gloss, is especially adapted to the painting of wagons, carriages, steamers and cars. For house work it is claimed to be the cheapest paint in use for the reason that the same quantity covers a larger surface. It is put up ready for use in cans of convenient sizes, containing all colors and shades. Mr. Jesse Healy of San Francisco is in charge of the exhibit, and will be happy to show callers the paints and ingredients of which they are composed.

HAWLEY, DODD & CO., With their usual enterprise have fitted up a large space immediately to the right of the main entrance, and have a large variety of farm implements on exhibition and all in motion being driven by one of Gaar, Scott & Co's portable steam engines, the power of which is well exhibited by its ability to drive the number of machines which are connected with it in this exhibition. A very notable feature of this display is the ELWARD HARVESTER, Which being in motion with its long arms sweeping down upon the straw-bed with nice precision, presents a unique appearance, and attracts the attention of an admiring crowd of farmers and mechanics.

THE STEAM THRESHER Is another attractive specialty, and great interest is manifested by the sight-seers in the trial of its merits, which is to take place to-morrow in actual operation, an immense stack of wheat having been provided which the machine is expected to "chaw up" with lightning rapidity. This firm have also on exhibition the Deere Sulky and gang plow with patent block and welded frog. The famous Schuttler farm and spring wagons, the Deere cultivator, Buckeye grain drill and broadcast seeders, and farm grist mills of various styles and makes. The description and merits of which would fill a volume. In a word, Messrs. Hawley, Dodd & Co., do the State and their own enterprise ample credit by the extent and the thorough manner in which it is placed upon the ground.

WOOD-PUMPS AND WATER PIPES Exhibited by A. Prescott, of Salem, are of his own invention and manufacture. The special merit of this pump consists in inserting a hard wood cylinder in which the plunger works, which makes the pump durable, avoids wearing away and loss of suction, and cheapens the price by the use of soft wood for other portions of the pump without lessening its durability. All visitors who need a good pump should see this exhibit.

MESSRS. BILES & HOLIDAY Of Oregon City exhibit a variety of wood and hollow ware of their own manufacture, and all of Oregon woods. Their display is remarkable for beauty of finish, combined with the qualities of strength and durability. We remarked

improvements in cavalry buckets, waste tubs, butter buckets, wash boards and bread boards.

HIRAM WATSON'S FARM GATE Is one of the attractions of the agricultural department. This gate combines the qualities of ornamentation, strength, durability and wonderful convenience—it being so arranged that the driver can open and close it by simply pulling a cord without moving from his seat in wagon or saddle. It is not expensive, and no farm should be without it. For information address Hiram Watson, Lincoln, Polk county, Oregon.—*Doc.*

The Olympia Fair.

We were only present the last two days of the fair, and shall not try to write up any general account of it, but only treat of those things that may be of use to this community. The fair occupied all of the first week in October. There seemed to be a total lack of enterprise in regard to helping to sustain the officers of the society in their efforts to make this a truly Territorial Fair. Only a few counties being represented; none from east of the Mountains we believe.

It was also predicted by many at Olympia that the attempt of the Directors to hold the fair on the fair grounds, two miles from town, was foolhardy, and could not meet with success; therefore many held back from entering articles until they saw success would surely reward the patient spirit of application displayed by the officers of the society; whether they participated or not.

Like our own county fair under similar circumstances, a great number of entries were made at the last moment. Notwithstanding all these things, this was the most successful fair ever held by the society, being a complete social and financial success.

All the articles on exhibition were excellent in character. It only needed a general spirit of co-operation to make this a great Jubilee week like the State Fair of Oregon is regarded by the people of that go-ahead State. Scarce no entries would have been made from the lower Sound were it not for the selections made from articles exhibited at our county fair. Quite a number of which took premiums. We believe our committee would have done well to have made a larger selection, especially to have sent up a good supply of fruit, from entries made here. Another year we hope to see a greater interest taken in the Territorial Fair, so that it may become in fact as well as name a Territorial enterprise.

The many friends of our legal preceptor in Iowa, G. W. Yocum Esq. now of the firm of Page & Yocum Attorney's at Law at Portland, Oregon, will be pleased to learn that since reaching that place some two years ago from Albia, Iowa, he has built up a law practice and established a reputation as a lawyer second to few on the Northwest Coast, fully maintaining the reputation he held in Iowa as one of the leading lawyers of that representative state of the Mississippi Valley. We were at his residence in Portland nearly a week; time glided very swiftly away, talking of old scenes and associations as well as of present and future prospects for each of us. Mr. Y. and family enjoy the best of good health, and are exceedingly well pleased with their change to this coast. We hope it may be our pleasure to receive a visit from them to the Snohomish ere long. Mr. Y's former legal partner, J. W. Robb, the old College chum, and old time friend of W. H. Reeves, for the past year has been engaged in legal practice at Astoria, we believe is doing well. We regret very much we failed to have time to visit our old army friends in the garrison at Vancouver, as well as our friend Robb at Astoria. We shall endeavor to pay those places a visit if possible before the end of this year.

Good temper is like a sunny day, it sheds a brightness over everything; it is the sweetener of toil, and the soother of disquietude.

If you want a man for your friend, never get the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion is made up of the average prejudices of womankind.

LOCAL ITEMS.

Mr. Simon Elwell has a new dwelling well under way.

The Otter arrived from Seattle on the 18th, bringing freight, passengers and mails. She left at 7 o'clock for Seattle and way ports.

Messrs. Hughes & Hanson will erect immediately a butcher shop and vegetable market and commence business as soon as completed.

Stretch's Pile driver was towed up from Lowell by Steamer Otter, on last Wednesday evening with the crew belonging to it. All busted—Poker.

The heavy rains the past few days have raised Pill Chuck, the Skykomish and the Snoqualmie, the latter five feet two inches, above the junction.

Mr. D. Humphreys, an old resident, living this side of Lowell, is suffering from an attack of partial paralysis, which has nearly deprived him of speech.

Our thanks are due to the Press of Portland, for the many very complimentary notices given to the STAR, as well as the courtesies extended to us during our recent visit to that place.

The Nellie arrived yesterday morning. She brought lumber and freight. She was intending to go from here to Port Gamble, but as she stuck a snag at the mouth of the river, she will go Seattle for repairs.

Mr. Salem Woods brought to town a small lot of fine free-stone peaches, perfect in color and of delicious flavor. Mr. W. is of the opinion that a few of the early varieties of peaches would mature in this climate and be profitable to the cultivator.

The Ladies sewing society meets today at the residence of M. A. Sinclair. They will hold a sociable in the evening to which all are invited. The officers in the name of the society, tender their thanks to M. W. Packard and J. N. Low for a donation of delicious grapes, at their last meeting.

The Nellie, with her usual promptitude, arrived on the 17th, with a large load of freight for Lowell and this place. After discharging, she steamed up the river as far as R. D. Hilton's place, and took on a load of hay for Hatt Island. She also brought between fifty and sixty head of fine mutton sheep for J. H. Hilton of this place.

DROWNED.—Last Sunday the body of Jackson, an Indian, who has lived a long time on the river, was found, at low water, just below Judge Haskell's. Several weeks ago he went up river in the night and attempted to return; his canoe was found next day, partially filled, but he has himself been missing, until the recovery of his body, Sunday, leaves no room to doubt that he was accidentally drowned.

Capt. Hill requests us to announce that next week the Fanny Lake will commence again her regular trips to this place, and that she will immediately thereafter run regularly once a week to the Stillaguamish and Skagit River, and try to build up a paying trade upon that route. We hope the people there will give him and his boat as great a support as possible, as nothing else will do more to build up that section of country.

During the past two weeks we have been away from Snohomish most of the time; visited the Fair at Olympia and the State fair of Oregon at Salem. Also renewed many acquaintances with old friends formerly well known in the States, as well as made many new friends through whom we expect to secure a very large support for the STAR in Oregon during the next few months. Already we have a larger support there, than any other Sound journal.

A WRECK.—Fred. Cedergren and Charley Morgan attached a four-horse-power traction-engine to one of the out buildings belonging to E. C. Ferguson and steamed down First street passed this office in grand style; but in turning the corner, near the Exchange, the concern snagged, and came down with a crash. The wreckmaster came on the scene, took possession and soon cleared the street of the debris. Nobody hurt and this paper loses an item.

Last weeks Express says of Mr. Tirtlot a lawyer, lately located here, that he has "turned Christian preacher." Will the Express tell us what he "turned from." Was he a Mormon, Mahamedan, or Buddhist or a Pagan? We want to know. We hope he is not a Cannibal. Since his arrival here, he has behaved himself like a genuine Christian gentleman; but if he is a "wolf in sheep's clothing," come here to "spy out the land," we would be glad to know it.

Mr. Shoecraft, of Olympia has been in town several days. He is a most agreeable gentleman and we have the pleasure of receiving a very pleasant call. The prospect of having any surveys in this county this fall is not at all encouraging. Mr. Shoecraft informs us, that our parsimonious Congress have reduced the rates for surveys so that it is impossible to run lines anywhere except in a prairie country; and as we have no open country, we must give up all hope until we can secure a more liberal appropriation.

Just prior to leaving Seattle last Wednesday morning, we were invited by Capt. J. S. Hill to visit the Steamer Fanny Lake for the purpose of seeing the extensive improvements being made, and now nearly completed upon his boat. The changes are so many that she appears almost like an entirely new boat. By means of the new bow put upon her and the changes made in her hull, she will be classed among the best modded stern wheel boats on the Sound. The new boiler take up only about one fourth the space of the old. Her carrying room for freight is over twice as great; for passengers three times what it was before. Her wheel is much larger. It is estimated that she will draw eight inches less water, and run three miles an hour faster than before these improvements were made. Making her as fast as the Zephyr, if not as fast as the Nellie.

One of the surest signs of healthy growth in the business of a given community is when we see one business house after another being started exclusively devoted to the sale of goods in a special department. During the past year Seattle has been fortunate enough to have several stores started upon such a basis as this. These new stores, as well as the most enterprising of the old established firms of Seattle, have found it largely to their interest to advertise in the STAR, circulating so widely as it does among those who do much of their trading there. This week we call attention to the advertisement of Elliot M. Best & Co. who claim to hold the largest stock north of San Francisco in Boots and Shoes, are exclusively devoted to this special business, and giving it their whole attention are able to take such pains in the selection of stock, that they warrant every pair of boots or shoes sold. Such business enterprise should be encouraged. We think our people would do well to call and examine their stock in Kench's block, Occidental Square, Seattle, W. T.

A SEIZURE OF LOGS BY A GOVERNMENT AGENT.—About two weeks ago, a Mr. Tull of Olympia, came to our county and seized two booms of logs from Messrs Mowat & Hinman, who were logging on Klicitat Slough and the Quillseader Creek which puts into Ebey's Slough. The alleged cause of seizure was that some of the logs were cut upon Government land. The value of the two booms is about \$1-360. Messrs Mowat & Hinman own the land on which they were cutting the logs and seem to have exercised reasonable care to prevent their workmen from cutting the line on government land. After the seizure by Tull, Messrs Mowat & Hinman employed our county surveyor to run out and reestablish their lines, and he reports, that they have not cut up to the government line in any place nearer than eight rods. Whereupon, they instituted legal proceedings for the recovery of the possession of the logs and damages for the taking and detaining of them by Mr. Tull. The case will come on for trial in the District Court of this county next month. Messrs White & Nash, of Seattle, and Mr. Tirtlot of this place are attorneys for Mowat & Hinman the Plaintiffs.

We call attention to the efforts made by Messrs. Bean & White to supply local dealers and teachers and all others wanting school books—Examine their stock in this line.

CASE OF PROBABLE DROWNING, AT SEATTLE.—From the Seattle Intelligencer of last Thursday, as well as the statement of Capt. T. A. Wright of the Nellie as furnished to us yesterday, we gather the following particulars relative to Mr. A. H. Jones, late engineer of the Nellie, and for some two and a half years at one time engineer of the Zephyr.

Mr. Jones was last seen a little after five o'clock Tuesday evening by the Capt. and employees of the Nellie, when he took supper aboard. After supper he said he intended to visit his sister Mrs. E. B. Moore, during the evening, and would not return until late. Between one and two o'clock that night the watchman was awakened by a heavy crash and what sounded like a half audible groan. He sprang from his berth and hurrying to the deck found a piece of broken board suspended from the wharf to the boat.

The Nellie was then lying at the end of Messrs. Crawford & Harringtons wharf. The first thought was that some one had fallen into the water in attempting to cross on the board, but after a careful look, finding nothing to confirm his suspicion he retired.

In the morning, at the hour the engineer should have been on hand, he was nowhere to be found. Although careful search has been instituted, he has not been found since, it is generally supposed now that he was drowned in attempting to go aboard the boat.

If his remains are ever found, it will probably be somewhere in the vicinity of Sandy Point, or Smith's Cove, whither they would have been taken by ebb tide, as the current sets that way very strong. The deepest anxiety is manifested by his numerous friends and relatives, and it is generally feared by them that the worst may prove true. Mr. Jones, we are informed by Captain Wright, of the Nellie, was about forty-five years of age. He was formerly employed for a long time on the upper Columbia River, where, by his steady habits and good conduct he won many friends. Leaving there he came here about three year ago. He was engineer of the Zephyr for two years and a half, and afterwards took the same position on the Nellie. As an engineer he was thorough and proficient, understanding his business in all its details, and punctual in the discharge of his duty. As a man he exhibited these social qualities which commended him to fellowship, and an honorable deportment which entitled him to respect.

Lopez Island is about twelve miles in length and averages about four miles in width, containing 13,600 acres of good farming land. Of this 5,600 acres are now occupied by settlers and the remaining 8,000 acres still belong to the Government and may be taken up now.

THE COLBY WASHER.—We call the attention of the people of Snohomish Co. to an examination of the work performed by the Colby Washer. A simple trial of its work is sufficient to convince anyone of its superiority, in every respect, over all other machines now in use. A. M. Cornelius will show its work, free of charge, to any who may wish to test its merits. This machine is warranted to last three years and give entire satisfaction. Territory for sale.

DIED.

At Schome, on the 18th inst., C. C. Fink-bauer, aged about 50 years.

TAX NOTICE.

The tax payers of School District No. 2 Snohomish County, W. T., are hereby notified that the Special School Tax Roll of said District, for the year 1876, is now in my hands for collection. All parties named in said Tax Roll are requested to call at my office, at my residence, within ten days from the date of this Notice, and pay their taxes and save costs. October 13, 1876. GEORGE ALLEN, Clerk.

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. As a 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. Sample number, 20 cents. Address the publisher, I. 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. v1 n:34 2m.

THE PACIFIC TRIBUNE!

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 fullest 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. v1 n:4.

WADDELL & MILES,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN STOVES & RANGES, TIN, COPPER, & JAPANED WARE, SUCTION AND FORCE PUMPS, Lead and Iron Pipe, GAS & STEAM PIPE FITTINGS, BRASS GOODS. All work pertaining to the business done at short notice and in a workmanlike manner. Give us a call. SEATTLE, W. T. v1 n:8

Among recent postal appointments we find the names of J. Sweeney, Post Master at Orcas Island; M. McNamara, Centreville, Snohomish county; and G. W. Morse, Oak Harbor, Island county.

Yakima, Stevens and Whitman counties, which have an aggregate population of 4,000, and an area of almost 50,000 square miles, embrace by far the larger portion of farming and grazing lands available for the wants of the emigrant, in Eastern Washington.

The following directors of the Washington Industrial Association have been elected for 1877: G. A. Barnes, W. O. Bush, L. P. Venen, S. D. Ruddell, C. C. Hewitt, A. A. Manning, M. E. Hartsuck, Thos. Webb, A. F. Tullis, Wm. Meydenbauer, C. W. Lawton and Jas. Wood. Officers, W. O. Bush, president; A. F. Tullis, vice-president; L. G. Abbott, recording secretary; L. P. Venen, corresponding secretary; G. A. Barnes, treasurer.

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SNOHOMISH CITY MARKET REPORT.

Table with market prices for various goods including Milk Cows, Work Oxen, Beef cattle, Horses, Sheep, Hogs, Groceries, Provisions &c. Items include Flour, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, Oats, Hay, Beans, Sugar, Syrup, Apples, Nails, Course salt, Tobacco, Coal Oil, Cabbage, Turnips, Apples, Wood, Shingles, Ship Knives, Logs, Hewed Timber.

Announcement.

The subscriber herewith announces himself to the voters of Whatcom County as a candidate for representative to the Legislature at the election in November next. N. W. LAKEMAN.

SAN FRANCISCO GRAIN MARKET.

Table with grain market prices for Wheat, Barley, Oats, Rye, Buckwheat, Hops, Wash. Terry, Ground Barley, Hay.

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The tax payers of School District No. 1, Snohomish County, W. T., are hereby notified that the Special School Tax Roll of said District for the year 1876, is now in my hands for collection. All parties named in said Tax Roll are requested to call at my office in Snohomish City, within ten days from the date of this Notice, and pay their taxes and save costs. Snohomish City, Sept. 23, 1876. E. C. FERGUSON, Clerk.

For Sale.

160 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:24

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 1877, 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. AUGUSTA 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. B. LEWIS, Judge of said Court, and the seal thereof, this 23rd day of August A. D. 1876. J. A. GREGORY, Clerk. n:36 6w.

Legal Notice.

Territory of Washington, County of Snohomish. In Justice's Court before H. OLIVER, Justice of the Peace. To SILAS HODGEN. You are hereby notified that James Hatt has filed a claim against you in said court which will come on be heard at my office in Centreville, in Snohomish county, W. T., on the eighteenth day of November, A. D. 1876, at the hour of one o'clock P. M.; and unless you appear and then and there answer, the same will be taken as confessed and the demand of said plaintiff granted. The object and demand of said claim is a failure to pay him a certain demand amounting to sixteen dollars and twenty-nine cents for provisions sold you as per book account. Complaint filed Sept. 20, 1876. H. OLIVER, Justice of the Peace. 4:4

Notes at the Centennial.

"The half was not told me"—as said the Queen of Sheba, on a certain memorable occasion; or to parody the expression of another regal personage, I went, I saw, I was overwhelmed.

To descend to the common speech of every day modern life; I have been to the Centennial.

I took notes to aid overtaken memory, but even by the help of these, I fear little can be done to give you any adequate idea of the wonders and beauties that await your inspection. You must see for your self. Still, as I read with avidity, before going there, everything that fell in my way upon the subject, and continue to do so, now that it is no longer wholly terra incognita, I may without vanity, hope that what I write will be of interest, though so much is being said and written on all sides, and by all pens.

The first glimpse of the city of a summer, which has sprung up like magic and mushrooms outside the Fair enclosure, was by gas light. The pavilion-like structures were all open to the street, with flags flying, pillars gaily wreathed and painted, and stands of fruit and bright colored small wares bordering the steps. Inside a great many little tables and chairs suggested ice cream, and other delicacies, while in the far end of several could be seen a stage with gay hangings, upon which were performers in fantastic dress, or a minstrel band, for the allurement of the idle and curious, who might then be inveigled into some other indulgence or expenditure.

Outside again were huge bills or placards setting forth the curiosities and monstrosities of the "side shows." A two legged horse appeared himself on his hind feet—if they can be called hind feet, when there are no fore (not four) feet. What the creature's fashion of locomotion might be, I did not learn. Perhaps he walks upright like a man, but without arms to balance himself, it must be at an awkward gait. His picture looks like some fabulous monster of the deep, or the creation of a night mare, (no pan intended.)

Near by was placarded "Ghost Show," the tall white letters on a black ground, themselves suggestive to the fearful fancy of a train of gibbering spooks.

Afterwards, on an open lot near the same place, was a funny little short-legged man, who seemed to be trotting around at some game of pegs in the ground. His head and body were as large as those of an ordinary man, but his legs were so short that he looked like a boy of seven or eight years. He was always surrounded by a group of men and boys, but what the little monster was doing, I never could make out.

At this time, or from this point, the buildings of the exhibition proper, were lost in the gloom of night, except the long line of dim radiance, shining through the latticed glass of the main building, which is only lighted for safety and the needs of the guards. But there were glimpses of towers, pinnacles, and graceful perspectives, and the memory of it all is now like a veritable mid summer night's dream.

On Monday morning, I passed by the prosy turnstile into the enchanted ground. It may surely be called thus, when one thinks of the numberless powers of earth, air, fire, water, human patience, skill and study, that have gone into the creation and combination of this great display. But not to moralize or philosophize, let us materialize, so to speak, some of the memories of those cool, bright, delightful days—days which make a life richer and broader, and the future even, seem better worth striving for.

Once within the Main building, I found myself transported to China, for the moment, and a group of natives in costume, was quite as attractive as any of the exhibit, bringing with the pagodas, lively recollections of the pictures in childhood's geography. Exquisite carvings and inlaying, are displayed here—a magnificent bedstead attracting a great deal of attention—so costly and elaborate, however, that only an Alladin palace would be a fit home for it.

Next came the bronzes and lacquered goods of the Japanese. Cabinets, jewel and card cases, boxes and trays, vases, cups and jars of every size, and prettiest shapes abounded. The screens, both of

lacquer, and embroidered silk, like banners, gave a gay and most attractive appearance to the department, and are the best examples of the pictorial art of the Japanese. The landscape is always slight—a snowy peak, waves rather suggested than drawn, a few rushes, or other tall graceful water plants, storks and herons, the most picturesque of birds, standing, feeding, or flying—the colors few, the design simple. But simplicity is truly the glory of art, and the effect is most charming.

An odd twinkle-eyed native came sauntering through, but he was dressed in American style and therefore little worthy of notice.

In one corner of this department were several boxes and cabinets left unfinished, to show the material and workmanship. The wood is white and close grained, like holly, and the different parts most beautifully adjusted. Small, quaint metal figures of men, or flowers, or grasses, had taken their places as part of the design, not otherwise indicated; while here and there could be seen a neat circle of completed lacquer, perhaps sparkling with grains of gold, or suggesting some dainty device. Altogether, I am afraid I came nearer violating the tenth commandment in Japanese quarter than anywhere else.

Passing on, the wax figures from Sweden and Norway, for the display of national costumes of different periods and occupations, presented themselves. The soldiers were the most picturesque and interesting, particularly the dress of the time of Chas. XII, who ranks in one's mind with the heroes of poetry and romance, and calls up a whole procession of blonde and blue-eyed giants, from the time of the Vikings down.

Next, we were among the islands of the southern sea, where strange birds and beasts greeted the eyes—the emu, the flying squirrel, and the kangaroo. There were ores, and gold bearing quartz, a tall buttressed pyramid of coal, grains, pressed ferns and other plants, photographs, and beautiful tweed cloths from Australia; while Tasmania sends, among other interesting things, the history, and several photographs of the last of her aborigines—an exhibit which America is not likely to rival, even at the next Centennial, if the policy of the Indian bureau, and the gold-greed of the Black Hill's mine, long combine, as at present, to enable our savage braves to accept Uncle Sam's beef and corn with one hand, while they use improved rifles to shoot his soldiers with the other.

But Trucanini (alias Lalla Rookh), who must have been a belle in her time; since she had five husbands, all kings, took her leave of this mundane sphere, in quite a blaze of distinction. It was worth while to be the last of a vanished race—supported by the nation, called "Her Majesty," and finally buried by the government with pomp and pageant. Much more than this is not attained by the founder of a race—the builder up of a great name, and when, in the march of events—the inevitable triumph of civilized man over the savage, it shall come to our country, as it has come to so many others, since time began, to have supplanted an earlier race, not even the Sam Randall of that period, in an economical streak (for history repeats itself) will oppose an ample appropriation for the pageant which shall bear the last Indian to his happy hunting grounds, beyond the setting sun.

Another curious specimen from Tasmania, is a platypus—a sort of connecting link between the furred and the feathered creatures, with webbed feet and flat bill, like a bird, and body like a mink or muskrat. He makes an appeal to the curious through a card, held in his broad flat bill, "Please do not handle me—it spoils my fur." They can fruit in Hobart Town, and make shot, and it is to be supposed, now that they have the island all to themselves, that life is very much like what it is in any other of the new Empress' dominions, in that quarter of the globe.

What life is in Queen's Land, a series of colored photographs illustrates, representing mining operations and modes of agriculture, with astonishing mountain peaks, beds of rocky rivers, strange vegetation, and beautifully graceful trees. Pausing a few moments at a case

of bright plumaged Australian birds, we go back to Egypt, where "The oldest people of the world sends its morning greeting to the youngest nation."

Here hieroglyphics, sacred birds, the Sphynx' head, and a model of the Great pyramid, bring to mind all one has ever read or dreamed of that ancient land. A man in a red fez cap seems to be in charge, but he is suspiciously like a blonde John Bull;—you look upon him as a sham, and give your attention to the crocodile, or the rhinoceros horns from Soudan, in whose line of march you would not have cared to be found, when the monsters whose heads they adorned were on the war path. There was also a case of gorgeous military trappings—quite too gorgeous for anything except holiday soldiering, inlaid cabinets, and other fine furniture.

But Memorial Hall was our destination, and we found it necessary to pass resolutely by all the other allurements, even the music stand, and the Great Organ, in order to regale our eyes with still fairer creations of human fancy and skill. Of these perhaps we shall tell another time.

ADELE G.

Worship of the Golden Calf.

What we need is a higher and more exacting public morality, severe judgments upon lapses in honorable conduct, sharper self criticism, the elevation of the tone of business conduct, the private social punishment of political offenders, and the denial to a man of a leading seat in the church or in society who does not come with clean hands. The only question is, how are we to do the things required? So long as the rich man—no matter how bad his public life, no matter that he may be known to every member of the church as a bribe-taker and public plunderer—is received with open arms in any church to which he offers himself for membership, how can we expect a higher tone in business, social, or public life? Now, to our thinking, the very basis of all our present private and public rottenness has its seat in the dishonesty of the churches. There are but few of our readers who do not know as well as we do, that the shortcomings of the poor members of churches are visited with stern punishment, while the sins of the rich members are passed over in silence. We remember a case which made a sensation some twenty-five years ago. A woman was brought up for discipline in the old John Street Methodist Church. She was charged with the reading of novels. She admitted her heinous offence, and was either censured or expelled, we forget which. A low fellow among the members asked her who were the publishers of the novels which she read. She answered that the publishers were the Harper Brothers. This low fellow moved that the Harpers, who were members of the church, be disciplined for publishing novels. He was "sat upon" immediately by the whole body of deacons. There was one law for the poor woman and another for the rich publishers. So long as the churches are corrupt and subservient, can we expect to see a high standard of honor among business men, faithful performances of duty by public officers, or a higher social tone? While the teachers of morality bow them down in worship before the Golden Calf, can they expect their pupils to do otherwise?—N. Y. Dispatch.

Copy was out. The devil picked up a paper and said: "Here's something about a woman—must I cut it out. "No!" thundered the editor, "the first disturbance ever created in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman."

Forty centuries may look down upon us from the pinnacle of modern civilization without discovering a man bold enough to hit a woman on the toes with a tack-hammer while she is directing him how to put down a carpet.

It has been said that a truly innocent person will never be an object of suspicion, but we defy an angel to carry a black vinegar bottle around a neighborhood in which is located a saloon, and not have public opinion divided as to its contents.

E. SHONE.

K. SHONE

RIVER SIDE HOTEL!

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY,

Shone Brothers

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

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

FIRST QUALITY OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS ALWAYS ON HAND

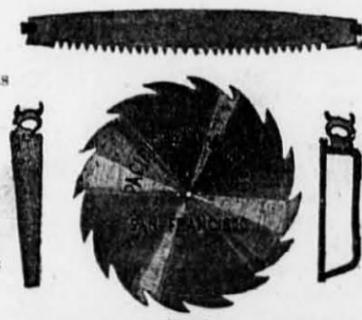
Every attention will be shown for the convenience of the patrons of

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MECHANICS' TOOLS
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CIRCULAR SAWS
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All Kinds Fur-
NISHED TO ORDER AT
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Patent Ground Thin Back Cross-Cut Saws.

Country Orders
Promptly Filled.

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GREAT CUT DOWN IN PRICES!

AT
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Watches & Jewelry at Cost.

Best Waltham Watch, 3 oz. case,	\$20.	(Regular price \$30.)
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Dealer In

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Skagit City, W. T.

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.

v1 u 22.

The Festive Hopper.

For a mathematical genius commend us to the grasshopper, especially if he be in a healthy condition and disposed to do his duty by his prosperity. The following from the *Fergus Falls Journal* describes the insect and its method of multiplying:

The grasshopper as a champion multiplier has no equal. He lays (speaking generically and not to put too fine a point upon it) an egg which is about the size and shape of a long primer 0. In fact he lays several of them. From Aug. 1st until winter he is actuated by a reckless desire to bore holes in the ground, of the size of a pipe stem, and then to fill these holes with cream-colored oo. And though he is small he attends to his biz, and is a triumphant success. In stature he is about a match for a sixpenny stub nail, in form he is like a lynchpin, and he wears a green sealing-wax head on him and a pair of glass eyes, so that with his long tailed duster on he looks like an unsophisticated and near-sighted schoolmaster. But unsophisticated isn't what's the matter with him. And numeration is his best mathematical hold. He will stand himself bolt upright like a peg in one of those holes aforesaid, and view the heavens with an air of sublime serenity and wooden-headed unconsciousness. Don't you fool yourself—he knows just what he is about. He prefixes himself like a figure 1 in the business, and, adopting the decimal system of notation calmly places an 0 where it will do the most good. That stands for 10, and before you can dot and carry one he has added another cipher to that, and he now reads 100. About this time you begin to discover what sort of a rooster he is, and you entertain a degree of awe for him not inspired by a front view of his green goggles. Reasoning *a posteriori* you discover that he is a dangerous neighbor. But while you stand amazed he rapidly suffixes fifteen or twenty 000, carrying his problem into the million millions, and has sealed and cemented it up ready to be fired at you next spring. In two minutes and quarter he has given you a problem that with all your powers of multiplication cannot be solved or equated. He compounds his interest at 100 per cent. every five seconds, puts a snap judgment on your cornfield, and forecloses before you can say Jack Robinson.

Peculiarities of the Mocking Bird.

The mocking-bird of Florida is described as rather a dissipated character. He forages about, singing in his neighbor's vineyard while he robs him, until the berries of the Pride-of-China are ripe, then he proceeds to have a regular frolic; acquires a habit of intoxication, and gets as drunk as a lord. It is curious to see a flock of these birds at this time. They become perfectly tipsy, and fly round in the most comical manner, hiccupping and staggering just like men, mixing up all sorts of songs, and interrupting each other in the most impudent manner, without any regard to the politeness and decorum that usually mark the intercourse of all well-bred society, whether of birds or men. They will fly about promiscuously, intrude on domestic relations, forget the way home, and get into each other's nests, and families, just like the lords of creation. After the berries are gone, and the yearly frolic is over, they look very penitent, make many good resolutions and join the temperance society.

A Connecticut paper offers "a very handsome two-bladed pocket knife" as a premium to subscribers. This is rough on the chromo dealers.

The heart seldom grows better by age. A young liar will generally be an old one; a young knave only a greater knave.

Sunday-school teacher—"Annie, what must one do to be forgiven?" Annie—"He must sin."

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

The American rifle team beat the Irish team at Creedmoor on the 21st ult. by 11 points.

A foolish fellow, having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit it as a sample.

W. H. Pumphrey,

SEATTLE, W. T.

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER.

Always keep a large stock of everything

usually kept in a first class

BOOK STORE.

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Pianos & Organs,

SOLD ON THE

Installment Plan.

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EASTERN

News Papers

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furnished at Publishers prices in coin.

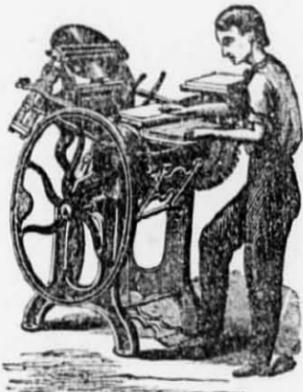
Cash strictly in advance.

v101

NORTHERN STAR

JOB OFFICE,

Snohomish City, W. T.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT

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Business and Legal Blanks on

HAND.

All kinds of job work

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BEST STYLE AT REASONABLE

PRICES.

Ladies' Visiting Cards

A SPECIALTY.

CUSTOM MADE

Boots and shoes.

Manufactured and Sold

wholesale and Retail

BY

BENJ. VINCENT

Main st., Olympia, W. T.

Latest styles Boots and Shoes made to order. All work warranted and satisfaction guaranteed.

Also agent for the celebrated

NEW WEED

"Family Favorite" SEWING MACHINE.

Why is it the Best?

IT IS THE MOST SIMPLE, DURABLE, PERFECT.

It runs easy and quiet, Has no cams for shuttle motion, Has no springs to get out of order, The needle is set correctly without screw-driver, or tool of any kind, It can be cleaned or oiled without lifting from the table; and the best thing of all, It has Perfect Self-Adjustable Tensions. Call and examine this Machine before buying elsewhere. v1n8.6m. BENJ. VINCENT.

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Portland, Oregon,

INCORPORATED 1874,

CAPITAL \$100,000 00 Gold

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Supt't Agencies, Olympia,

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

CUTTER'S OLD BOURBON WHISKEY

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

SMITH & JEWETT.

Proprietors.

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D. B. JACKSON

PACKARD & JACKSON,

DEALERS IN

DRY GOODS,

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

Groceries and PROVISIONS, TOBACCO and Cigar

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

Market.

A NEW INVOICE OF

JEWELRY, WATCHES and CHAINS; WARRANTED PURE MATERIALS

and as cheap as can be purchased anywhere in the Territory.

BUTTER, EGGS, HAY, HIDES,

SHINGLES, SHIP KNEES and LOGS

Taken in Exchange for Merchandise.

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JOHN L. JAMIESON,

NEXT DOOR TO SCHWABACKER BRO'S, SEATTLE, W. T.

School and Miscellaneous Books,

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CIGARS, TOBACCO and SMOKE MATERIALS.

Subscriptions solicited for all San Francisco and Eastern Papers and Periodicals.

All orders will receive prompt attention.

v1 n3

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EXCHANGE,

SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.

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Is the Best in Snohomish County, in every

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FIRST CLASS BOARD.

Is always Furnished at Moderate Rates,

THE BAR

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.

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For the Exclusive Sale of

BOOTS AND SHOES!

The largest and best selected stock North of San Francisco!

Have personally superintended the manufacture of our splendid stock. Shall keep an extensive stock of goods of the BEST EASTERN MAKE.

Boots specially made for Loggers and Farmers, from the Celebrated house of

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All goods warranted, and sold at San Francisco prices,

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ELLIOT M. BEST & CO.

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ICE CREAM AND JACKSON & CO.

STRAWBERRIES

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Confectionery Saloon
Front Street, Seattle.

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

HAM AND EGGS

and other Eatables.

Fresh Made CANDIES,

And an Assortment of

FINE CAKES

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

Hall & Paulson

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

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Window Curtains,

Picture Frames,

Windows, Doors,
and blinds.

Seattle, W. T.

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SALOON,

T. F. MARKS

PROPRIETOR.

SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.

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

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ALWAYS ON HAND.

Choicest Brands

OF

Flour,
Feed,
Sugar,
Tobacco,
& CIGARS, &c. &c.

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LOWELL, W. T.

SHIP SPARS!

Spars of every description will be

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THE

undersigned at his
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SNOHOMISH CO., W. T.

In Any Quantity Desired.

Address

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LOWELL, SNOHOMISH CO., W. T.

BLACKSMITH!

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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WHOLESALE AND

RETAIL DEALER IN

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

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TEAS,

TOBACCOES,

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W. A. JENNINGS,

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For Averill Paints

Mixed ready
FOR USE.

PARTIES

Going to

SEATTLE.

Would do well to call

And Examine Stock of

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before purchasing

Elsewhere.

v1:85.

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Jobbing trade from Country Dealers solicited.

School Books & Stationery
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The Largest and Best Stock of the same in the Territory!

SPECIAL RATES FOR LOCAL DEALERS.

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v1. 32.

Wm. DODD.

JOHN E. PUGH.

CENTRAL HOTEL.

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Port Townsend - - - W. T.

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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.

DODD & PUGH.

v1:35

JOHN H. HILTON,

BUTCHER.

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

Will endeavor to supply the
community with the best qual-
ity of

FRESH MEATS.

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

Logging Camps
Supplied.

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All work entrusted to their care will be done

with NEATNESS and DISPATCH.

CHARGES TO SUIT THE TIMES. Place of business at the old BLUE EAGLE BUILDING, Union Avenue, SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.

E. C. FERGUSON,

Dealer in

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Snohomish City, W. T.

HAS ON HAND A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED
STOCK OF GOODS,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

Dry Goods, Groceries & Provisions,

HARDWARE and CUTLERY, BOOTS and SHOES,

CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, YANKEE NOTIONS, CORDA

Crockery & Glassware,

Paints & Oils,

Stationery, Wines, Liquors, &c.,

ALSO

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

v1:1

Give Me a Call

SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T. January 1, 1876