

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1890.

Easton Heights

Investment Unequaled

CHOICEST

BALLARD WATER FRONT ADDITION,

Residence Property

IN THE CITY.

One Block from Madison

Street Power House.

One-quarter of a mile of water front on Shilshole Bay, at the entrance to Salmon Bay. Two different and separate railroads. The Seattle & Montana Railroad and the Fairhaven & Southern Railroad will run along the entire water front.

The location and conveniences for a great railroad transfer and shipping point is unsurpassed on the Pacific coast, and it is only a question of a few months until it will actually be the greatest railroad terminus and transferring point on the Pacific coast.

Remember what the increase in all water frontage along the shore of Elliot Bay within the last four years has been with only one railroad. Shilshole Bay is far superior for the purposes above mentioned to Elliot Bay, and with three railroads who can estimate the advance in value at this point? Prices will range from

\$100 TO \$250 PER LOT.

ONE-THIRD CASH, BALANCE IN 4 AND 8 MONTHS.

RUSSELL & RUSSELL

ROOMS 11, 12, AND 13, KILGEN BLOCK, SECOND ST., BET. JAMES AND CHERRY.

ANACORTES

200 LOTS IN THE KYLE'S ADDITION TO ANACORTES

SEATTLE & NORTHERN RAILROAD

PRICES WILL BE ADVANCED WITHOUT NOTICE

PERFECT TITLE FAIR PRICES EASY TERMS

SOLE AGENTS H.L. GULLINE & CO. ROXWELL BUILDING COLUMBIA ST. SEATTLE

BRYN MAWR PARK

On the west shore of Lake Washington lies this beautiful level addition, commanding a view of magnificent scenery.

Any one desiring a lovely site for a home should see this property. It will be placed on the market April 1.

W. E. PARKER & CO., Room 4, Roxwell Building.

BIOKERTON & BELL, WHOLESALE FRUIT AND PRODUCE DEALERS

1,522 FRONT STREET, Between Pike and Pine Streets.



Latest Spring Styles NOW ON SALE.

TOKLAS, SINGERMAN & CO. SOLE AGENTS.

Robeson Bros., LUMBER.

REAL ESTATE

DRINK MOUNTAIN DEW

Virginia Moonshiners Defy the Government.

THEY FORTIFY A CAMP

To Protect the Manufacture of Their Favorite Beverage and Successfully Resist Revenue Officers.

DANVILLE, Va., April 3.—More than 200 moonshiners have established a fortified camp in Franklin county, this state, and openly defy the authority of the United States.

The manufacture of illicit whisky has been carried on more or less extensively throughout the country for a good many years, but the contraband has been conducted on a small scale in the hidden recesses of the mountains. It has always been a comparatively easy matter for the revenue officers to capture and break up these stills whenever they could locate them.

The place selected for their operations is well suited for their purposes. Franklin county is on the border between Virginia and North Carolina. It is sparsely settled and mountainous. Encircling one of the lesser mountains near the North Carolina line are two streams boasting of the poetical names of "Shooting creek" and "Russett Bag."

A correspondent of the New York World is credibly informed that two-thirds of the regular distillers in this state and North Carolina are seriously embarrassed in their business by reason of the production of so much illicit whisky.

The revenue force is not sufficient to enforce the law, and red tape and a scarcity of money prevent any decisive action by the department at Washington. Although there is presumably a large surplus in the treasury, the appropriation for the revenue service has nearly run out for the fiscal year ending June 30, and there is no money available to employ a large enough force to break up the Franklin county camp.

"If the commissioner had any funds left at his disposal," said a revenue officer to a World correspondent yesterday, "he would authorize us to engage a sufficient force to break up the camp; but he hasn't, and unless congress comes to our rescue we will be powerless to do anything before the 1st of July, when the appropriation for the next fiscal year will be available.

"Franklin county today is completely under the control of the cut-throat gang of moonshiners. One illicit distillery has a more demoralizing effect on a locality than a hundred licensed saloons. In the one case the men meet after dark in secret and drink the raw whisky until they are hopelessly drunk. It is cheap and they drink a great deal more than if they went to a regular saloon.

The revenue officers have had obstacles thrown in their way in the performance of their duty. The illicit distilling of whisky in this state and in North Carolina has grown to be such a nuisance, however, that the majority of the citizens now would gladly see it abated. There is more or less danger to the people who render the revenue officers any assistance. Many instances could be cited where a man has had his house or barn burned simply because he gave the officers something to eat or allowed them to sleep in his house one night. It is very difficult for a revenue officer, if he is known, to obtain shelter or food in many of the country districts. The hostility of the people to the revenue officers lessened a great deal in the last few years. There is no doubt that the

great majority of the people would be glad to assist the government agents to break up all the illicit distilleries. They prefer the revenue men to the moonshiners as the lesser of the two evils.

North Carolina has been the theatre of some very exciting events during the last two weeks. The moonshiners have been increasing their numbers very rapidly but have nowhere gathered in such force as in Franklin county in this state. A tough nest of them, however, was located recently in Stokes county, North Carolina. Agent Sanford Kirkpatrick, of Iowa, while heading a posse of five men in a raid in Stokes county, on February 25, was shot in the face by a negro. Fitzpatrick is very seriously injured. Nearly three hundred men have been picked out of his face and he may lose his eyesight even if he recovers. The negro who fired on Fitzpatrick was shot and killed by a member of the posse just as he was in the act of discharging the second barrel at one of the officers. No one knows who fired the shot that killed the negro. An interesting fact in this connection is that Fitzpatrick is a Democrat and the man who avenged his death is a Republican. Fitzpatrick and the members of his posse have all been arrested charged with murder. The revenue men were government officers and the negro was killed while in the act of shooting one of them after having shot their chief, Fitzpatrick.

When Fitzpatrick was shot two members of his posse fled, but the other two took to trees, and, besides killing the negro mentioned, succeeded in wounding a couple of others, but how seriously could not be ascertained. They experienced some difficulty in getting away. They were followed for several miles. A house where they were thought to have slept for the night was surrounded, and the intention was to shoot them as they came out. The members of the gang swore that they should not leave Stokes county alive. Fortunately for Fitzpatrick and his party, they did not remain in the house one night, but pressed on after getting supper, and thus probably saved their lives.

A FUNNY STORY.

How Mount Vernon's First Cable Car Venture Came to Grief.

A meeting was held in this town (Mount Vernon) on the 17th inst., for the purpose of organizing a company to secure a charter to build and operate electric and cable railways and to own and build such other necessities as are deemed by the company to be necessary to the operation of a first-class railway.

After the organization was completed and refreshments taken, in which harmony fully prevailed, arrangements were at once begun for the operation of an experimental line and at 9:45 p. m. the first train, fully and ornamentally equipped, pulled out at the corner of Front and Dock Hewland streets for up town. The first passengers were President Presentin and Vice President Cleaves, whose safety were vouched for by Conductor J. B. Moody and Gripman Thomas Weir.

The train had not gone far, however, until the officers found that their lives were in danger on account of the inexperienced operators being unable to control their internal machine. Near the Odd Fellows hall an unforeseen calamity appeared when one of Ed English's fine imported motor-backs, which was under the control of the train, which seemed to increase its speed, and whipping around the corner of Market and Klement streets just in time to make a collision with Bulldog Davis' New Concord stage, the Janitor, drawn by his favorite span of Arizona cayuses. Here the gripman lost his grip, the conductor his equilibrium, and the passengers their intense desire for trial trips on newly constructed motors, and all went into a confused mass of cayuses, officers, cables, Janitors, whiffle-trees, Pullman palaces and Bulldogs, which will take a first-class anatomist and scavenger some time to reconstruct. Thus ends one of the greatest efforts the enterprising citizens of Mount Vernon ever made, and there lies the wreck of one of the brightest imaginations she ever produced, and the financial shadow of a once prosperous citizen, but now a broken stockholder.

Short, but Full of Meat. St. Louis Republic. SALADO, Tex., Feb. 26.—I notice among the "Notes for the Curious" you publish a sentence claiming to be the shortest sentence containing all the letters in the alphabet in the English language. It has thirteen words and forty-seven letters. Someone sent you a sentence which was in your issue of the 20th inst. It had nine words and thirty-five letters, and contained all of the letters of the alphabet. I have one to beat either of them. It has eight words and thirty-four letters. It is: "John V. Fox quickly seized Matt Brown's pig." W. F. WOODALL.

YATES CENTER, Kan., March 2.—Enclosed find a sentence of seven words and thirty-two letters containing every letter of the alphabet: "James F. Wix quickly brought five down." W. M. WYSE.

BOHLELL NEWS. Railroad Builders Escaped—A Religious Revival.

PORTLAND, April 3.—There is quite a railroad excitement here now. A party of the Fairhaven & Southern surveyors have been camped here, and are running a line north. Rev. J. W. Martin and wife, who have been holding revival meetings here for the past two weeks, left for Snohomish today. They have had great success. Free reading chair cars run through from Portland to Chicago without charge. The Union Pacific. A. C. Martin, city ticket agent, 702 Second street, Boston block. O. F. Duggan, agent, city block.

SENTIMENTAL CLARK.

Romance of the Accused Murderer.

HIS FAINTING IN COURT.

A Pathetic Study of His First Love for the Lady Witness.

San Francisco Chronicle. "You don't know what there is between that girl and myself," moaned accused Charles E. Clark, the murderer of Captain Logan, as he sat weeping in his cell after his sensational scene in the police court Wednesday afternoon. He had referred to Mrs. Minnie Schneider, who had taken the stand and given such damning testimony against him. The declaration of Clark that there was a deep, dark secret behind it all, and that a mysterious relationship existed between himself and the witness, was repeated by him so often that the court was moved to investigate the matter yesterday.

"Well," said the sturdy ex-convict, "I'll tell you what I referred to when I made that remark. I know you'll think I'm foolish, for in the telling of my own story I am sure to show foolish weakness. I can never think of that girl without tears. You saw how I fell fainting to the floor when she came into the court-room to testify against me yesterday! Look at me. Would you ever suspect that such a man as I, a criminal, a prison bird, a man standing in the shadow of the gallows should ever in his life have known such a thing as love? Ah! No wonder you start at the idea. The embodiment of all that is reckless, coarse and brutal, you think, could never have known what the tender passion meant. You are mistaken; let me tell you my story.

"My father was a contractor and an honest, respectable man. He had his weaknesses, as all men have, but all in all he was a straightforward honored gentleman. The love of a woman ruined him as it has me and that woman was the mother of the lady you saw in the court yesterday. You heard her testify that her mother had married my father. I'll tell you how it was: One day, many years ago, as he was driving down Clay street, my father's horse became unmanageable, ran away and threw him violently to the ground. He sustained a number of serious injuries and was confined to his bed for a long time. During his disability Mrs. (I'll not mention any names) came and nursed him. They conceived a passionate fondness for each other and in order to conceal from her mother the fact of their mutual affection, they had me sent to the industrial school. I remained there but a short time and then returned home.

"The woman's daughter was also living at my father's house, and though both of us were children, I lost my heart to her within a week. Mind you, I'm not saying that she reciprocated my affection, but I grew to think her the most charming girl in the world, and that I never could live without her. Time only strengthened my affection for her, and within a year my love was a madness.

"Something happened one day, I don't know what it was, which brought about a separation between my father and the woman he so fondly loved. She moved to Alameda, and was soon united to another man. The daughter then began to scorn my attentions, and I became next to insane with disappointment. Some time later, year or so, a strange thing happened. It was a tragedy which I can never think of without horror. I'll not tell you the part I played in it. You can draw your own conclusions.

"The mother of the object of my affections, whom I always bitterly blamed for my own sore lot, was in a very delicate state of health. She was about to become a mother. Notwithstanding her weak condition she left her home at Alameda one day and came to this city to do some necessary shopping. As she was riding along on a street car (I won't say at what point; you can learn that elsewhere) she heard loud cries, and, looking out of the window, she saw some men fighting in the street. They were firing pistols at each other. She became frightened and hurried to the door of the car, which had stopped. As she gained the platform a bullet fired by one of the men struck her in the center of the forehead and she fell back into the car mortally wounded. While in the very throes of death her babe was born.

"Since then I have been a reckless man without any concern for consequences. You know what my record has been. I don't know what the result of my present trial will be, but I hope to God they be able to prosecute me, without putting the woman on the stand to testify against me. She is married now and has forgotten the past. I haven't and never shall, but—

"Come Clark, get ready there!" cried the jailer, and a burly trusty hustled him away.

Centuries Behind Time. Credit Foncier.

To the east and adjoining the colony far La Logia lies a Mayo Indian settlement, Mayocoba, where live on a tract of perhaps 2,000 acres some 300 descendants of the branch of the Aztecs called Mayos, now intermixed with a considerable percentage of Spanish blood. Most of the land is uncultivated, a few acres being all the land required for cultivation by the natives, and being all they can till with the ancient means and methods employed by them.

These people are quiet, docile, honest, unlearned, and, though more industrious than the North American Indians, are by no means enterprising. Their needs are few, their surroundings the most primitive. Their carts, their cooking utensils, their plows, their ox yokes, their contrivances for spinning and weaving, their water jars—everything about them is as in the time of Christ. The native civilization here is like Palestine's 2,000 years ago.

GROWING OLD. The Prince of Wales Said to Be Declining. PARIS, April 3.—The Prince of Wales is here on his way back from Berlin, and is reported with more than the usual impairment. It may be noted, however, that the prince is aging rapidly. He has a worn-out, weathered look and walks like a feeble old man. These evidences of physical decline corroborate the recent reports of the prince's illness.

This desirable property lies on a dry and level. It commands a fine view of Lake Washington.

Selling this choice property for the low price of

\$700

TO

\$1,000

A lot for a few days only.

Now is the time to buy before I advance the price.

Fred E. Sander

614 Second Street.