

THE POST-INTELLIGENCER.

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A GUARANTEE: The Post-Intelligencer hereby guarantees its advertisers a bona fide paid circulation, Daily, Weekly and Sunday, double that of any other newspaper published in the state of Washington.

CITY OFFICIAL PAPER: SEATTLE, SUNDAY, AUG. 29.

RUSSIA'S ASTUTE POLICY: Already the European powers which fabulously referred a short time ago to the isolated condition of England, in consequence of the absolute harmony between the continental governments, are beginning to show signs of jealousy.

ANDREE'S LONELY JOURNEY: Although it is probable that Andree may not be heard of for a year or more from the time he started, even according to his own calculations, the public will not feel any less anxiety as to his welfare.

PLURAL MARRIAGES: Polygamy has had its defenders among men, and it has been submitted to by women of a temperament which will accept any fate in life if they are convinced it is a religious duty to submit.

THE OLD STANDARD CROP: The whirligig of time brings results to those who wait. This is illustrated in the wheat fields of Eastern Washington and in the hop fields of Western Washington.

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MISS F. WILZINSKI: Graduate Optician. Headquarters for Klondike Glasses.

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New Underwear and New Hosiery: Every day is adding to this stock of newness. A little while only and 'twill seem a different store.

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land's power in India, and that new alliances and new circumstances may occur to eclipse the present popular sentiment as to the memory of Moscow and of Sebastopol has been offered by the events of the past few days. But if Russia shall be successful in her Indian campaign, Germany will be the next to suffer, and the disintegration of that patchwork of kingdoms and principalities and the partition of the ill-assorted union between Austria and Hungary would leave Russia the only great empire in the world, dominant alike in Europe and in Asia.

THE PORTLAND'S ARRIVAL.

The long looked for steamer Portland has arrived at last. No steamer has for many years been so eagerly watched and waited for by the people of the United States as this messenger from the gold fields of the Yukon.

Her news was brought to the city by a special tug chartered by the Post-Intelligencer. For nearly a week a large corps of newspaper correspondents have awaited her, and she was met by at least three tugs which went out to meet her at Cape Flattery, 150 miles from Seattle.

The Post-Intelligencer is gratified to be able to announce that its tug outstripped all the rest, and was the first to reach the dock. The expense has been very great. The entire cost of obtaining the Portland's news could not be less than \$5,000. The Post-Intelligencer was the only newspaper in the country to foresee the interest that would be aroused, and anticipated it a month before by sending Mr. S. P. Weston as special correspondent to St. Michaels.

He came down on the Portland, and when the steamer entered the straits he was met by the tug Sea Lion, which sped on ahead of the slower steamer, and enables the Post-Intelligencer to lay the whole story before its readers this morning.

The pride of the Post-Intelligencer in this achievement will be shared by every citizen of Seattle, and be appreciated by the entire state of Washington.

ANDREE'S LONELY JOURNEY.

Although it is probable that Andree may not be heard of for a year or more from the time he started, even according to his own calculations, the public will not feel any less anxiety as to his welfare. There is something almost solemn in the notion that while we are attending to every-day business, and the affairs of life are proceeding and absorbing man's interest, these lonely voyagers are far off in absolute solitude, and if their balloon has collapsed, almost despairing of the possibility of escape.

It would be the most cruel fate if Andree and his companions had accomplished the task they had undertaken and solved the mystery which had defied all previous efforts, and finding themselves able to impart the great secret, they should be doomed to perish with their labor thrown away and their story untold.

Hope and experience will keep men vacillating between the expectation of seeing the adventurers and in misgivings as to their ever being seen again. In theory it seems so simple, and yet science warns us that the task is well nigh impossible. Such authorities as M. Alexis Machuron, the French aeronaut, and President J. Scott Kettle, of the British Royal Geographical Society, have expressed no doubt as to the outcome of the expedition, while other well known scientists have been equally positive in expressing their doubts.

Among the more notable of the latter is Col. Templer, the chief of the British army ballooning school at Aldershot, who is convinced that Andree cannot avoid disaster, except by a miracle. His opinion is not based upon any doubt as to the feasibility of reaching the pole by balloon, but on what he considers the unscientific character of Andree's machine. He says that no silk balloon such as that he is using can retain the gas for the time required. Speaking from a life-long experience, he declares that the only possible aerostat for impermeability is a skin balloon such as is used in the army, and which are made from a vast number of skins taken from the intestines of oxen. In addition to that, Andree is almost an amateur in ballooning, and on such a voyage Col. Templer says that a man should be a master of every device that a balloonist can know.

There is one point made by Col. Templer which must have occurred to anybody who took an interest in the preparations for Andree's journey. For the first trip it would have sufficed to do nothing more than have a powerful field glass with which to make observations that could be fitted down by one of his fellow voyagers. Not content with this, he encumbered himself with a number of scientific instruments which would be of little use except for a very short time, and it would be impossible for three men, handling a balloon possibly tossed about by contrary currents, to make use of those instruments with an accuracy which would be needed to make the results of value. These are minor objections, and if the daring aeronaut only succeeds in sighting the spot which forms the North pole he will have accomplished enough for one century and achieved fame enough for any one man.

TEMPORARILY OVERSHADOWED.

When the mines of the Klondike began to turn out their millions of treasure all ready for the mint, there was a lull in all other mining enterprises in every district in the Pacific Northwest, and it was so sudden that men marvelled at the change. Miners engaged in the development of promising quartz ledges threw down their picks and abandoned their claims; miners engaged at good wages threw up their positions, without notification in many instances, and started for the more alluring and attractive gold fields of the North. The same scene were enacted in these districts that were witnessed in thousands of instances during the first year of the War of the Rebellion, when men, with one common impulse, closed their places of business, abandoned their shops and went to the front. Miners are mercenary in their disposition, and they are always in search of the greatest attractions, no matter how remote or inaccessible the country may be that offers them. To them Klondike is a

summer excursion and a picnic, and they are bound to get there.

In the meantime, the question arises as to the effect their going will have on mining properties in the districts of Washington and British Columbia, in which thousands of local people are directly and incidentally interested. Work has been suspended already on many of the less promising claims, especially where silver was the greater value in the ore, and it is doubtful if there will be resumption on this class until there is an enhancement in the value of the white metal. There has been no depreciation in gold, copper and lead—on the contrary, there has been a steady appreciation—while the cost of mining and reduction of ores remain the same, and the incentive to legitimate mining for these metals is greater than has been known in years.

Regardless of the greater attraction on the Yukon and Klondike, at present there is active inquiry for meritorious mines of gold, copper and lead in this country, and the inquiry is not confined to the United States, but it extends all over Europe—London, Paris and Berlin being the centers of inquiry.

There is an abundance of capital for investment in properties of this kind, and the larger the mines and the more productive they are, the better prices they command. There is every reason for encouragement over the local mining outlook by reason of the universal interest in mines, and those who have mines should keep up their interest and await their reward.

THE OLD STANDARD CROP.

The whirligig of time brings results to those who wait. This is illustrated in the wheat fields of Eastern Washington and in the hop fields of Western Washington. Between the bugs and a bad market the hop interest went out of sight, and the ground that had yielded so abundantly and profitably for many years was plowed up and planted in other crops. It requires time and patience to get hop fields into good bearing condition, but it required but one season to destroy the work of years. Hops are stop now, and the only thing bothering the successful raiser is how long enough to gather his crop. In the wheat-growing portion of the state the farmers resorted to diversified farming, but within the old staple crop was going to be king, and they sowed accordingly, with results that place them on the broad road to prosperity such as the state has never experienced.

PLURAL MARRIAGES.

Polygamy has had its defenders among men, and it has been submitted to by women of a temperament which will accept any fate in life if they are convinced it is a religious duty to submit. Defenders of the practice have advanced very many arguments in its favor taken from the descriptions in the Bible of married life among the ancients, but it is very rarely that a thoughtful modern woman will advocate sharing her husband's affections with another. The present generation has become so accustomed to regarding the polygamous condition of the Mormons as reprehensible that it will be astonished to read the plea of an intellectual woman on its behalf.

The recent jubilee in honor of the anniversary of the founding of Salt Lake City has revived interest in the peculiar institution which made Utah a parish community in the midst of the civilization of the United States. One of them says it is not excessive religious fervor which induces women of Mormon faith to make their disinterested statements concerning the suppression of plural marriages. She admits what cannot be denied—that religious enthusiasm and the influence of the church had much to do with it, but she makes the astonishing statement that it is the loss of a beautiful, unselfish home life based on a rare Utopian plan that they desire.

The following sentence is particularly recommended to the attention of self-respecting women whose idea is that there can be no true happiness in a married life wherein there is one husband to several wives: "It is the loss of a kind of domestic life where the silly sentimentality, where petty jealousy and hatred, has no place, but a life made attractive by practicality, self sacrifice, love, kindness, and an instinct to live not for one's self but for others." The ordinary wife with undisturbed right to her husband's entire attention will fall to see why she cannot practice all these virtues—why, indeed, she is not called upon to practice them if she devotes herself to one husband, to say nothing of several children.

Another woman, who is described as beautiful, white-haired and well advanced in years, is quoted as saying that plural marriage is the very gift of heaven itself, and that she who rears the greatest number of children in plural marriage receives the brightest diadem in heaven. Why should not the woman who rears a large number of children by herself, irrespective of what another wife might do, not receive the brightest diadem in heaven?

The same lady says that among the Mormons in polygamous days there were no homeless women, no outcasts in society, no beggars in the streets, no starving children. It is only a few days ago that a similar description was given of the Indians of Mexico, where bigamy is unknown as an institution.

Each woman, she says, has a place in society and in a home; she is not only a helpmeet to her husband, but a helper in the community; "they weave, they spin, they sew, they cultivate their gardens, they vote in municipal affairs." Now what is there in all this inconsistent with a monogamous condition?

The old lady seems to be like most old ladies in repining for that which is past. She advances no one argument in favor of plural marriage. She does not present the case truthfully when she says, also, that the only person in a Mormon family who ever becomes discontented and unhappy is the husband himself. Human nature is not different in Utah from that in other places, and any one who knows anything of a woman's disposition, her pride in her prerogatives, and her tenacity in maintaining her rights, will be distinguished to believe that there is less jealousy and less rivalry among women married to the same man than among women married each to her own husband.

The only respect in which the view of the lady quoted seems to agree with the experience of mankind is that in which she says: "It takes a man of unusual qualities and of good natured temperament to manage more than one woman to the utter satisfaction of all concerned."

It takes a man with all these qualities to manage even one woman to her satisfaction. If all men were so perfect as she would have us believe the old-time Mormon husbands were, they might risk the perils and the perplexities of polygamy, but even then it would be necessary that the woman should be endowed with all the virtues she inferentially ascribes to them. Now, the question is: Given all these unusual qualities and good natured temperament on the part of the man, and all those meritorious attributes on the part of woman, why cannot the marriage of one man to one woman secure as much happiness as if the man had to consider and minister to the varying temperaments of half a dozen wives, and the woman had not only to consider and minister to the disposition of one husband and her children, but must also take into account the varying temperament, temper, intellectual condition and physical constitution of five other partners in the business of her domestic life?

The good old lady is mistaken. The experience of one man is that plural marriage is not the gift of heaven, but the relic of a barbarous age. It detracts from the dignity of woman and adds to the anxieties and responsibilities of man. There is no ordinary man, who, with all the calls upon him for the proper sustenance of a family, the care and thought required in rearing children to become useful members of society, and proper affectionate and mental devotion to his wife, can maintain a household consisting of more than one wife. The mere pettiness of offspring does not entitle parents to the brightest diadem of heaven. In ancient days when the world was thinly populated, pride of numerous progeny might have been the same as pride in a prolific increase of stock, but mankind has a higher duty to perform, as he knows now, and that duty cannot be performed better in plural marriage than by concentration of love and care upon one family.

TELEGRAPHIC CONNECTION.

When Alaska was acquired from Russia by the United States, Gov. William Gilpin was the chief executive of the territory of Colorado. William was a dreamer and not a rider, like the illustrious John, but he dreamed in his waking hours of wonderful schemes and grand enterprises that never materialized. One of these was the construction of a railroad circling the world, with its initial at the nearest point on the Atlantic off the west coast of Europe to the Atlantic off the east coast of America by way of Alaska and Bering straits, the straits to be crossed by bridges and ferries of iron. Crossing these waters, the road was to connect with a line to be constructed by Russia across Siberia. So far the Russian portion of the dream has been partially realized, the Trans-Siberian railroad having been half completed, and being pushed with energy that is not usually accorded the Muscovites. Since the Klondike gold excitement, European and Canadian capitalists have taken up the question of constructing on lines in accordance with the early dreams of Gilpin, and concessions are being asked from the Canadian government at Ottawa with this enterprise in view, visionary as it still seems to be.

A scheme, however, more easily accomplished would be the speedy construction of a telegraph and telephone line combined. An enterprise of this character was undertaken through the same country many years ago, but was abandoned by reason of the successful completion of the Atlantic cable. This is something that should command the attention of capital, and the wonder is that lines are not already under construction to the Yukon and Klondike. Miners who have been isolated in that country say they would willingly pay from \$15 to \$20 to send the ordinary ten-word message to their friends in the outside world, and there would be plenty of this kind of business.

The battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the fleetest of foot. There are facts patent to those who witnessed men sailing past Seattle bound for the Klondike by way of the difficult passage. There were strong, robust men; there were weak men and old men; there were men used to toil and hardships; there were men used to indoor work and easy positions. The former, it was asserted, would go over the rough and rugged roads without trouble, but the latter would linger and fall by the wayside. Letters from Skaguay and Dyea port, however, tell another story; the boys are getting there, while the other fellows are getting left, in many instances.

We sometimes leave the good things we have to obtain the better things we know not of. This is illustrated in the case of an old California miner who has been operating in the placer mines of the Swank for several years past, selling out recently to go to the Klondike. Coming to Seattle to outfit, he received information from the lucky purchaser of his mine yesterday that he had struck it rich and was taking out nuggets of the purest character, worth from \$50 to \$100, with plenty of smaller ones thrown in for good weight.

It is usually an exceedingly cold day when an American gets left in his own country especially, but he does, and there is a recent instance of it. When the young Italian prince gets home he will tickle the vanity of his illustrious uncle, the king, by relating the circumstances. It is true it cost him in big round dollars at least twenty-five thousand, but the price is over eighteen thousand feet above the head of the American climber.

In the production of wheat this season Washington has fairly excelled itself, the total in bushels exceeding 20,000,000 and yielding \$50 per capita to every man, woman and child in the commonwealth, estimating at the price prevailing yesterday at Pacific tide water.

It is reported that the United States circuit court for Tennessee District has decided that mortgages have precedence over tax claims. A profound faith in the good sense of the supreme court enables us to contemplate that ruling with equanimity.

The reckless man who fired a shot at a special train carrying a battalion of soldiers, wounding two of them, should be severely punished, as a warning to stupid jokers who "didn't know it was loaded."

P. D. Armour, who has just returned from Europe, told a great truth, although an old one, when he said that prosperity

attends business when labor is employed. Nobody doubted it until the calamity howlers said in the last campaign that capital was in a conspiracy to keep men from getting work in order to benefit by their necessities.

POSTSCRIPTS.

The new formula is 16 dollars to 1 ounce of gold.

It is almost time to start an expedition for the relief of Andree.

The Madison street church could not afford to keep its pastor after the exposure.

Thanksgiving day ought not to escape observance in the state of Washington this year.

The men who ascended to the summit of Mount St. Elias will now be known as Highlanders.

There is little fear of women whose husbands have gone to the Klondike seeking to get divorces.

There is one great advantage in prospecting for claims in Alaska. Every man can take his pick.

If Diogenes wants to employ his lantern he can look for the man who isn't "going up in the spring."

It seems rather odd that the only people who seem to believe that money is an evil are those who haven't any.

Prince Luigi may now boast that at one time he stood higher than any other member of the Italian royal family.

If this sort of thing goes on the telegraph companies will soon be bidding for a franchise to string wires on the north pole.

EDITORIAL SPARKLES.

A gold mine to start with is becoming a necessary part of the Klondike outfit.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The enterprising people of Seattle, Wash., see their opportunity, and the town is booming.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The day of long speeches is past. Brevity is the soul, not only of wit, but of political popularity, nowadays.—Richmond Dispatch.

Pennsylvania claims to be the banner state for peaches this season, but she is sorely in it with Ohio with respect to Plums.—Boston Herald.

The man who can make two blades of wheat grow where only one grew before deserves to get a dollar a bushel for the product.—Boston Herald.

The case of Coxey shows the value of keeping yourself in evidence, even when the way of doing it consists in playing the clown.—New York Sun.

The mistake of William J. Bryan was in running for the presidency instead of running a Nebraska farm and growing dollar wheat.—Kansas City Journal.

The Cubans contemplate the prospect of a new head of Spanish affairs with the conviction that any change is not likely to be for the worse.—Washington Star.

The Hartford Courant advises Klondikers to take coffee along. That would be foolish. The bears make coffee unnecessary in the Klondike region.—Cleveland Leader.

Senator Gorman does not desire to see interviewers. He says: "I never talk politics during vacation." The senator one of these days may enjoy a longer vacation than he likes.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

The men who have been editing the business depression departments of the newspapers will not necessarily be thrown out of employment if they conduct the Klondike columns.—Washington Post.

NOTABLE PEOPLE.

Hon. "Jerry" Simpson, of Kansas, threatened to break his friendship with James Hamilton Lewis, of Washington, recently because the latter called him "Gus Achates."

Ex-Congressman William D. Ely, chairman of the national committee of the Gold Democracy, will soon make his home in Brooklyn, and begin the practice of law there.

Theodore Mackintosh Fay, who was associated with N. P. Willis and George P. Morris in editing the New York Mirror more than thirty years ago, is still living in Berlin at the age of 90.

London's fire chief, who is a commander in the royal navy, was married recently in a grand style to a young girl in full uniform and a police band accompanying him and his bride to the church.

One of the jolliest of the old men present at the old folks' dance given recently at Barre, Mass., was Dr. William L. Russell, who is now the oldest living graduate of Harvard college. Dr. Russell is 97.

THE KLONDIKE.

A stranger from some lone retreat passed slowly down a city street; and ever and anon he gazed, as if his mind were all amazed.

As if his mind were all amazed, to see the piles of merchandise, and when he reached well into the skies. And busy clerks rush to and fro; He paused to ask, "What made it so?" A clerk gave answer from his place, With pity written on his face, "The Klondike."

And, still perplexed, he wandered on, And found an answer, all alone, A man shedding bitter tears in full, Which ill became her tender years. "What mishap now, my little maid? Come, tell me all, be not afraid." "My father speeds him far away." "And pray, where has your father gone?" The little maiden answered, "On 'The Klondike.'"

The poor man stared, then went his way— And down the street a party gay, Of sturdy lads and fair young girls, With laughing eyes and sunny curls, Came jutting past him, and he heard Again, that strange, mysterious word, "Come on lad, hallow'd down the street, To those behind with lasting feet, 'Come on, and let us bid adieu To Charlie, who is going to 'The Klondike.'"

The stranger paused; his cares would cease. Here was, at least, a scene of peace: An old man sat beside his door, Which rose clambered gaily o'er And nodded, while the summer breeze Came softly through the swaying trees. "He dreams of heaven," the stranger thought; When suddenly his keen ear caught The old man's whisper as he turned, And on his brain these words were burned: "The Klondike."

The stranger fled—and day by day He wanders on his lonely way. A weary soul, with grief oppressed, A spirit vainly seeking rest, His eyes gleam with a frenzy strange; That time or place will never change, He peers into each passing face, Then starts again upon his race, And as he leaves them all behind, These words float sadly on the wind: "The Klondike."

Portland, Ore. MINNIE M. BODE.

MISS F. WILZINSKI GRADUATE OPTICIAN. Headquarters for Klondike Glasses.

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