The Evil Genius.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

BEFORE THE STORY.

10.—*The School.*

Time's march moves slowly, where weary lives languish in dull places.

Dating from one unkept and unacknowledged birthday to another, Sydney Westerfield had attained the sixth year of her martyrdom at school. In that long interval no news of her mother, her brother, or her stepfather had reached England; she had received no letter, she had not even heard a report. Without friends and without prospects, Roderick Westerfield's daughter was, in the saddest sense of the word, alone in the world.

The hands of the ugly old clock in the schoolroom were approaching the time when the studies of the morning would come to an end. Wearily waiting for their release, the scholars saw an event happen which was a novelty in their domestic experience. The maid-of-all-work audaciously put her head in at the door and interrupted Miss Wigger conducting the education of the first class.

"If you please, miss, there's a gentleman—"

Having uttered these introductory words, she was reduced to silence by the tremendous voice of her mistress.

"Haven't I forbidden you to come here in school hours? Go away directly!"

Hardened by a life of drudgery, under conditions of perpetual scolding, the servant stood her ground, and recovered the use of her tongue.

"There's a gentleman in the drawing-room," she persisted. Miss Wigger tried to interrupt her again. "And here's his card!" she shouted, in a voice that was the loudest of the two.

Being a mortal creature, the school-mistress was accessible to the promptings of curiosity. She snatched the card out of the girl's hand.

Mr. Herbert Linley, Mount Morven, Perthshire. "I don't know this person," Miss Wigger declared. "You wretch, have you let a thief into the house?"

"A gentleman, if ever I see one yet," the servant asserted.

"Hold your tongue! Did he ask for me? Do you hear?"

"You told me to hold my tongue. No; he didn't ask for you."

"Then who did he want to see?"

"It's on his card."

Miss Wigger referred to the card again, and discovered (faintly traced in pencil) these words: "To see Miss S. W."

The school-mistress instantly looked at Miss Westerfield. Miss Westerfield rose from her place at the head of her class.

The pupils, astonished at this daring act, all looked at the teacher—their natural enemy, appointed to supply them with undesired information derived from hated books. They saw one of Mother Nature's favorite daughters, designed to be the darling of her family, and the conqueror of hearts among men of all tastes and ages. But Sydney Westerfield had lived for six weary years in the place of earthly torment, kept by Miss Wigger under the name of a school. Every budding beauty, except the unassailable beauty of her eyes and her hair, had been nipped under the frosty superintendence of her maternal aunt. Her cheeks were hollow, her delicate lips were pale, her shabby dress lay flat over her bosom. Observant people, meeting her when she was out walking with the girls, were struck by her darkly gentle eyes, and by the patient sadness of her expression. "What a pity!" they said to each other. "She would be a pretty girl if she didn't look so wretched and so thin."

At a loss to understand the audacity of her teacher in rising before the class was dismissed, Miss Wigger began by asserting her authority. She did in two words—"Sit down!"

"I wish to explain, ma'am!"

"Sit down."

"I beg, Miss Wigger, that you will allow me to explain."

"Sydney Westerfield, you are setting the worst possible example to your class. I shall see this man myself. *Will* you sit down?"

Pale already, Sydney turned paler still. She obeyed the word of command—to the high delight of the girls of her class. It was then within ten minutes of the half hour after twelve—when the pupils were dismissed to the playground while the cloth was laid for dinner. What use would the teacher make of that half-hour of freedom?

In the meanwhile Miss Wigger had entered her drawing-room. With the slightest possible inclination of her head she eyed the stranger through her green spectacles. Even under that disadvantage his appearance spoke for itself. The servant's estimate of him was beyond dispute. Mr. Herbert Linley's good breeding was even capable of suppressing all outward expression of the dismay that he felt on finding himself face to face with the formidable person who had received him.

"What is your business, if you please?" Miss Wigger began.

Men, animals, and buildings wear out with years, and submit to their hard lot. Time only meets with flat contradiction, when he ventures to tell a woman that she is growing old. Herbert Linley had rashly anticipated that the "young lady," whom it was the object of his visit to see, would prove to be young in the literal sense of the word. When he and Miss Wigger stood face to face, if the door had been set open for him he would have left the house with the greatest pleasure.

"I have taken the liberty of calling," he said, "in answer to an advertisement. May I ask"—he paused and took a newspaper from the pocket of his overcoat—"if I have the honor of speaking to the lady who is mentioned here?"

He opened the newspaper and pointed to the advertisement.

Miss Wigger's eyes rested—not on the passage indicated, but on the visitor's glove. It fitted him to such perfection that it suggested the enviable position in life which has gloves made to order. He politely pointed again. Still inaccessible to the newspaper, Miss Wigger turned her spectacles next to the front window of the room, and discovered a handsome carriage waiting at the door. (Money evidently in the pockets of those beautiful trousers, worthy of the gloves!) As patiently as ever, Linley pointed for the third time, and drew Miss Wigger's attention in the right direction at last. She read the advertisement.

"A young lady wishes to be employed in the education of a little girl. Possessing but few accomplishments, and having been only a junior teacher at a school, she offers her services on trial, leaving it to her employer to pay whatever salary she may be considered to deserve, if she obtains a permanent engagement. Apply, by letter, to S. W., 14, Delta Gardens, N. E."

"Most impertinent!" said Miss Wigger.

Mr. Linley looked astonished.

"I say, most impertinent!" Miss Wigger repeated.

Mr. Linley attempted to pacify this terrible woman. "It's very stupid of me," he said; "I am afraid I don't quite understand you."

"One of My teachers has issued an advertisement, and has referred to My address, without first consulting Me. Have I made myself understood, sir?" She looked at the carriage again, when she called him "sir."

Not even Linley's capacity for self-restraint could repress the expression of relief, visible in his brightening face, when he discovered that the lady of the advertisement and the lady who terrified him were two different persons.

"Have I made myself understood?" Miss Wigger repeated.

"Perfectly, madam. At the same time, I am afraid I must own that the advertisement has produced a favorable impression on me."

"I fail entirely to see why," Miss Wigger remarked.

"There is surely," Linley pleaded, "something straightforward—I might almost say something innocent—in the manner in which the writer expresses herself. She seems to be singularly modest on the subject of her own attainments, and unusually considerate of the interests of others. I hope you will permit me——"

Before he could add "to see the young lady" the door was opened; a young lady entered the room.

Was this the writer of the advertisement? He felt sure of it, for no better reason than this: The moment he looked at her she interested him. It was an interest new to Linley in his experience of himself. There was nothing to appeal to his admiration (by way of his senses) in the pale, worn, young creature who stood near the door, resigned beforehand to whatever reception she might meet with. The poor teacher made him think of his happy young wife at home—of his pretty little girl, the spoilt child of the household. He looked at Sydney Westerfield with a heartfelt compassion which did honor to them both.

"What do you mean by coming here?" Miss Wigger inquired.

She answered gently, but not timidly. The tone in which the mistress had spoken had evidently not shaken her resolution, so far.

"I wish to know," she said, "if this gentleman desires to see me on the subject of my advertisement."

"Your advertisement?" Miss Wigger repeated. "Miss Westerfield, how dare you beg for employment in a newspaper without asking my leave?"

"I only waited to tell you what I had done till I knew whether my advertisement would be answered or not."

She spoke as calmly as before, still submitting to the insolent authority of the schoolmistress with a steady fortitude very remarkable in any girl, and especially in a girl whose face revealed a sensitive nature. Linley approached her and said his few kind words before Miss Wigger could assert herself for the third time.

"I am afraid I have taken a liberty in answering you personally, when I ought to have answered you by letter. My only excuse is that I have no time to arrange for an interview, in London, by correspondence. I live in Scotland, and I am obliged to return by the mail to-night."

He paused. She was looking at him. Did she understand him?

She understood him only too well. For the first time, poor soul, in the miserable years of her school life, she saw eyes that rested on her with the sympathy that is too truly felt to be uttered in words. The admirable resignation which had learnt its first hard lesson under her mother's neglect—which had endured, in after years, the daily persecution that heartless companionship so well knows how to inflict—failed to sustain her, when one kind look from a stranger poured its balm into the girl's sore heart. Her head sank; her wasted figure trembled; a few tears dropped slowly on the bosom of her shabby dress. She tried, desperately tried, to control herself. "I beg your pardon, sir," was all she could say: "I am not very well."

Miss Wigger tapped her on the shoulder and pointed to the door. "Are you well enough to see your way out?" she asked.

Linley turned on the wretch with a mind divided between wonder and disgust. "Good God, what has she done to deserve being treated in that way?" he asked.

Miss Wigger's mouth widened; Miss Wigger's forehead developed new wrinkles. To own it plainly, the school-mistress smiled.

When it is of serious importance to a man to become acquainted with a woman's true nature—say, when he contemplates marriage—his one poor chance of arriving at a right conclusion is to find himself provoked by exasperating circumstances and to fly into a passion. If the lady flies into a passion on her side, he may rely on it that her faults are more than balanced by her good qualities. If, on the other hand, she exhibits the most admirable self-control, and sets him an example which ought to make him ashamed of himself, he has seen a bad sign, and he will do well to remember it.

Miss Wigger's self-control put Herbert Linley in the wrong before she took the trouble of noticing what he had said.

"If you were not out of temper," she replied, "I might have told you that I don't allow my house to be made an office for the engagement of governesses. As it is, I merely remind you that your carriage is at the door."

He took the only course that was open to him; he took his hat.

Sydney turned away to leave the room. Linley opened the door for her. "Don't be discouraged," he whispered as she passed him; "you shall hear from me." Having said this, he made his parting bow to the school-mistress. Miss Wigger held up a peremptory forefinger and stopped him on his way out. He waited, wondering what she would do next. She rang the bell.

"You are in the house of a gentlewoman," Miss Wigger explained. "My servant attends visitors, when they leave me." A faint smell of soap made itself felt in the room; the maid appeared, wiping her smoking arms on her apron. "Door. I wish you good-morning"—were the last words of Miss Wigger.

Leaving the house, Linley slipped a bribe into the servant's hand. "I am going to write to Miss Westerfield," he said. "Will you see that she gets my letter?"

"That I will!"

He was surprised by the fervor with which the girl answered him. Absolutely without vanity, he had no suspicion of the value which his winning manner, his bright blue eyes, and his sunny smile had conferred on his little gift of money. A handsome man was an eighth wonder of the world at Miss Wigger's school.

At the first stationer's shop that he passed he stopped the carriage and wrote his letter.

"I shall be glad, indeed, if I can offer you a happier life than the life you are leading now. It rests with you to help me to do this. Will you send me the address of your parents if they are in London, or the name of any friend with whom I can arrange to give you a trial as governess to my little girl? I am waiting your answer in the neighborhood. If any hindrance should prevent you from replying at once, I add the name of the hotel at which I am staying—so that you may telegraph to me before I leave London to-night."

The stationer's boy, inspired by a private view of half-a-crown, set off at a run—and returned at a run with a reply.

"I have neither parents nor friends, and I have just been dismissed from my employment at the school. Without references to speak for me I must not take advantage of your generous offer. Will you help me to bear my disappointment by permitting me to see you for a few minutes only at your hotel? Indeed, indeed, sir, I am not forgetful of what I owe to my respect for you, and my respect for myself. I only ask leave to satisfy you that I am not quite unworthy of the interest which you have been pleased to feel in S. W."

In those sad words Sydney Westerfield announced that she had completed her education.

THE STORY.

I.

Not far from the source of the famous river which rises in the mountains between Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond, and divides the highlands and the lowlands of Scotland, travelers arrive at the venerable gray walls of Mount Morven, and, after consulting their guide-books, ask permission to see the house.

What would be called, in a modern place of residence, the first floor is reserved for the occupation of the family. The great hall of entrance, and its quaint old fireplace, the ancient rooms on the same level opening out of it, are freely shown to strangers. Cultivated travelers express various opinions relating to the family portraits and the elaborately carved ceilings. The uninstructed public declines to trouble itself with criticism. It looks up at the towers and the loopholes, the battlements and the rusty old guns, which still bear witness to the perils of past times when the place was a fortress—it enters the gloomy hall, walks through the stone-paved rooms, stares at the faded pictures, and wonders at the lofty chimney-pieces hopelessly out of reach. Sometimes it sits on chairs, which are as cold and hard as iron, or timidly feels the legs of immovable tables which might be legs of elephants so far as size is concerned. When these marvels have been duly admired, and the guide-books are shut up, the emancipated tourists, emerging into light and air, all find the same social problem presented by a visit to Mount Morven: "How can the family live in such a place as that?"

If these strangers on their travels had been permitted to ascend to the first floor, and had been invited (for example) to say good-night to Mrs. Linley's pretty little daughter, they would have seen the stone walls of Kitty's bed-chamber snugly covered with velvet hangings which kept out the cold; they would have trod on a doubly-laid carpet, which set the chilly influences of the pavement beneath it at defiance; they would have looked at a bright little bed, of the last new pattern, worthy of a child's deeply delicious sleep; and they would only have discovered that the room was 300 years old when they had drawn aside the window curtains, and had revealed the adamantine solidity of the outer walls. Or, if they had been allowed to pursue their investigations a little farther, and had found their way into Mrs. Linley's sitting-room, here again a transformation scene would have revealed more modern luxury presented in the perfection which implies restraint within the limits of good taste. But on this occasion, instead of seeing the head of a lively little child on the pillow, side by side with the head of her doll, they would have encountered an elderly lady of considerable size, fast asleep and snoring in a vast arm-chair with a book on her lap. The married men among the tourists would have recognized a mother-in-law, and would have set an excellent example to the rest—that is to say, the example of leaving the room.

The lady composed under the soporific influence of literature was a person of importance in the house—holding rank as Mrs. Linley's mother, and being otherwise noticeable for having married two husbands and survived them both.

The first of these gentlemen, the Rt.-Hon. Joseph Ormond, had been a member of parliament and had taken office under government. Mrs. Linley was his one surviving child. He died at an advanced age, leaving his handsome widow (young enough, as she was always ready to mention, to be his daughter) well provided for, and an object of matrimonial aspiration to single gentlemen who admired size in a woman, set off by money. After hesitating for some little time Mrs. Ormond accepted the proposal of the ugliest and dullest man among the ranks of her admirers. Why she became the wife of Mr. Presty (known in commercial circles as a merchant enriched by the sale of vinegar) she was never able to explain. Why she lamented him, with tears of sincere sorrow, when he died after two years of married life, was a mystery which puzzled her nearest and dearest friends. And why, when she indulged (a little too frequently) in recollections of her married life, she persisted in putting obscure Mr. Presty on a level with distinguished Mr. Ormond, was a secret which this remarkable woman had never been known to reveal. Presented by their widow with the strictest impartiality to the general view, the characters of these two husbands combined, by force of contrast, the ideal of manly perfection. That is to say, the vices of Mr. Ormond were the virtues of Mr. Presty, and the vices of Mr. Presty were the virtues of Mr. Ormond.

Returning to the sitting-room after bidding Kitty good-night, Mrs. Linley discovered the old lady asleep, and saw that the book on her mother's lap was sliding off. Before she could check the downward movement the book fell on the floor, and Mrs. Presty woke.

"Oh, mamma, I am so sorry! I was just too late to catch it."

"It doesn't matter, my dear. I dare say I should go to sleep again if I went on with my novel."

"Is it really as dull as that?"

"Dull?" Mrs. Presty repeated. "You are evidently not aware of what the new school of novel-writing is doing. The new school provides the public with soothing fiction."

"Are you speaking seriously, mamma?"

"Seriously, Catherine—and gratefully. These new writers are so good to old women. No story to excite our poor nerves; no improper characters to cheat us out of our sympathies; no dramatic situations to frighten us; exquisite management of details (as the reviews say), and a masterly anatomy of human motives which, I know what I mean, my dear, but I can't explain it."

"I think I understand, mamma. A masterly anatomy of human motives which is in itself a motive of human sleep. No; I won't borrow your novel just now. I don't want to go to sleep; I am thinking of Herbert in London."

Mrs. Presty consulted her watch.

"Your husband is no longer in London," she announced; "he has begun his journey home. Give me the railway guide and I'll tell you when he'll be here to-morrow. You may trust me, Catherine, to make no mistake. Mr. Presty's wonderful knowledge of figures has been of the greatest use to me in later life. Thanks to his instructions, I am the only person in the house who can grapple with the intricacies of our railway system. Your poor father, Mr. Ormond, never could understand time-tables, and never attempted to conceal his deficiencies. He had none of the vanity (harmless vanity, perhaps) which led poor Mr. Presty to express positive opinions on matters of which he knew nothing, such as pictures and music. What do you want, Malcom?"

The servant to whom this question was addressed answered: "A telegram, ma'am, for the mistress."

Mrs. Linley recoiled from the message when the man offered it to her. Not usually a very demonstrative person, the feeling of alarm which had seized on her only expressed itself in a sudden change of color. "An accident!" she said, faintly. "An accident on the railway!"

Mrs. Presty opened the telegram.

"If you had been the wife of a cabinet minister," she said to her daughter, "you would have been too well used to telegrams to let them frighten you. Mr. Presty (who received his telegrams at his office) was not quite just to the memory of my first husband. He used to blame Mr. Ormond for letting me see his telegrams. But Mr. Presty's nature had all the poetry in which Mr. Ormond's nature was deficient. He saw the angelic side of women—and thought telegrams and business, and all that sort of thing, unworthy of our mission. I don't exactly understand what our mission is——"

"Mamma! mamma! is Herbert hurt?"

"Stuff and nonsense! Nobody is hurt; there has been no accident."

"Then why does he telegraph to me?"

Hitherto, Mrs. Presty had only looked at the message. She now read it through attentively to the end. Her face assumed an expression of stern distrust. She shook her head.

"Read it yourself," she answered, "and remember what I told you when you trusted your husband to find a governess for my grandchild. I said: 'You don't know men as I do, I hope you may not live to repent it.'"

Mrs. Linley was too fond of her husband to let this pass. "Why shouldn't I trust him?" she asked. "He was going to London on business—and it was an excellent opportunity."

Mrs. Presty disposed of this weak defense of her daughter's conduct by waving her hand. "Read your telegram," she repeated, with dignity, "and judge for yourself."

Mrs. Linley read:

"I have engaged a governess. She will travel in the same train with me. I think I ought to prepare you to receive a person whom you may be surprised to see. She is very young, and very inexperienced; quite unlike the ordinary run of governesses. When you hear how cruelly the poor girl has been used I am sure you will sympathize with her as I do."

Mrs. Linley laid down the message with a smile.

"Poor, dear Herbert!" she said, tenderly. "After we have been eight years married, is he really afraid that I shall be jealous? Mamma! Why are you looking so serious?"

Mrs. Presty took the telegram from her daughter and read extracts from it with indignant emphasis of voice and manner.

"Travels in the same train with him. Very young and inexperienced. And he sympathizes with her. Ha! I know the men, Catherine—I know the men!"

To be Continued.

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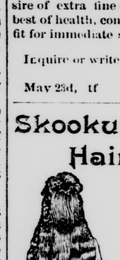

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I negotiate loans for those wishing to borrow or lend on real estate security. (In the matter of loans, I represent only such local capitalists as are my clients.)

I have for many years represented, and at this time represent, as agent of residents and non-residents, a large holding of real estate in the city of Olympia, and in Thurston county, for the sale of which negotiations can be made through me.

I also have upon sale, for fixed prices, a large amount of real estate, both city and country, which I am ready to show up on call.

I am ready and equipped by the labor and experience of more than twenty years in the transaction of a general real estate business, in which line I respectfully offer my services to those who desire, either to purchase or sell, to borrow or loan.

To those who think of investing, I have no hesitation in saying that money put into real estate in Olympia and Thurston county at this time would be a good investment.

To those who wish to sell, I have to say that my connections in this line of business will enable me to find purchasers for their property among the many strangers constantly coming and going through the country in search of chances for investment, who would otherwise know nothing of the opportunity.

I have a large amount of city property, both improved and unimproved for sale. Also, some very desirable farms.

Olympia, June 1, 1890

The Road to Wealth

Cannot be successfully traveled without good health. To reach wealth or any coveted position in life requires the full possession and operation of all the faculties kind nature has endowed us with. These conditions cannot exist unless the physical being is in perfect working order, and this is impossible when the liver and spleen are torpid, thus obstructing the secretions, causing indigestion and dyspepsia, with all their accompanying horrors.

DR. HENLEY'S
English Dandelion Tonic

exerts a specific influence over the liver, excites it to healthy action, resolves its chronic engorgements, and promotes the secretions; cures indigestion and constipation, sharpens the appetite, tones up the entire system, and makes life worth living.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
SEATTLE, W. T., March 6th, 1889.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada, and Washington Territory," Robert Foran, of Olympia, County of Thurston, Territory of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 4,503 for the purchase of the SE ¼ of Section No 28, in Township No. No. 17 North, Range No. 4 West, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Seattle, Wash. Ter., on Wednesday, the 8th day of October, 1889.

He names as witnesses: Budd Bartlet, of Olympia, Thurston county, Wash. Ter; E. E. Jones, of Olympia, Thurston county, Wash. Ter.; R. B. Hoy, of Olympia, Thurston county, Wash. Ter.; James Swan, of Olympia, Thurston county, Wash. Ter.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 8th day of October, 1889.

JNO. R. KAITH,
Register.

Date of first publication, July 11 1890.

SIGHTLY LOTS

All cleared, can be had on easy terms, in the

CULLEN ADDITION

In the Offut Claim, Eastside.

HONG HAI & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Chinese and Japanese Fancy Goods

AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Forty cans of FIRE CRACKERS just received and for sale at wholesale.

Fifth street, between Main and Columbia, Olympia, Wash. d20 tf

MRS. GEO. INGLE,

DRESSMAKER,

WILL give careful and prompt attention to cutting, fitting and making ladies and children's wear.

Cor Fourth and Pear Sts., Eastside

March 21, 1890. tf

PURE ICE.

TELEPHONE NO. 51.

THE Olympia Ice Company will deliver ice to all parts of the city at reasonable rates. Our ice is manufactured from pure distilled water.

Orders from Shelton, Montesano, Gray's Harbor districts, and adjacent towns will receive careful and prompt attention, and ice shipped promptly.

Office with Olympia Water Co.

May 9, 1890.

T. V. EDDY. M. J. GORDON

EDDY & GORDON,

Attorneys at Law.

Rooms 1, 2, 3 and 4, Woodruff Block.

OLYMPIA, - - - WASHINGTON

J. C. HORR,

DEALER IN

HAY, OATS, GROUND FEED,

CRACKED CORN, CORN MEAL,

SHORTS, BRAN, FLOUR, OIL MEAL, BUCKWHEAT,

and all kinds of farm and dairy produce. Agent for Abbott's buggies, Newton Wagons, Norwegian Plows, and Emerson, Talcott & Co.'s Reapers, Mowers and Horse Rakes, and a

General Commission Business Done.

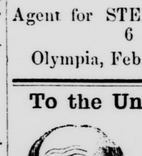
Cash advances will made be on purchases or consignments.

PARKER'S WHARF, FOURTH STREET, OLYMPIA.

Agent for STEAMER FLEETWOOD, which runs daily, a 6 A. M., for Seattle and way ports.

Olympia, Feb. 10, 1888.

To the Unfortunate.



DR. GIBBON'S DISPENSARY.

623 KEARNEY St., corner of Commercial Street, San Francisco. Established in 1854, for the treatment of Sexual and Seminal Diseases, such as Gonorrhea, Gleet, Stricture Syphilis, in all its forms, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, night losses by dreams, pimples on the face and lost manhood can positively be cured. The sick and afflicted should not fail to call upon him. The Doctor has traveled extensively in Europe, and inspected thoroughly the various hospitals there, obtaining a great deal of valuable information, which he is competent to impart to those in need of his services. The Doctor cures when others fail. Try him DR. GIBBON will make no charge unless he effect a cure. Persons at distance may be cured at home. All communications strictly confidential. You see no one but the Doctor. Send ten dollars for a package of medicine. Persons writing to the Doctor will please state the name of the paper they see this advertisement in. Charges reasonable. Call or write. Address DR. J. F. GIBBON, Box 1,957 San Francisco.

May 28th, 1889. 1y

ROBT. FROST,

DEALER IN

General Hardware,

AGENT FOR

Knapp, Burrell & Co.,

BAIN WAGONS

—AND—

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

D. M. Osborne & Co.,

SELF-BINDERS REAPERS

—AND—

MOWERS

Judson and Giant Powder,

For Stump and tree blasting.

Goods at factory prices. Call for descriptive circulars.

Olympia, June 25. 6. tf

DREWRY & SON,

PROPRIETORS OF

OLYMPIA HACK

—AND—

Transfer Stable.

Main St., bet. Fifth and Sixth.

A FINE line of horses and carriages. Hack day and night. Boarding horses a specialty. General trucking, and moving safes, pianos and household goods. All orders promptly attended to.

Olympia, June 8, 1888.

PATENTS

OBTAINED, and all PATENT BUSINESS at home or abroad attended to for MODERATE FEES.

Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain Patents in less time than those remote from WASHINGTON.

Send MODEL OR DRAWING. We advise as to patentability free of charge and we CHARGE NO FEE UNLESS PATENT IS ALLOWED.

We refer here, to the Postmaster, the Supt. of Money Order Div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms, and references to actual clients in your own State or county, write to C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office,
Washington, D. C.

ROBT F. WHITHAM, Civil Eng. and City Surveyor. MARY L. PAGE, Draughtsman.

WHITHAM & PAGE,

Civil Engineering and Draughting.

BLUE printing done to order. Blue print maps of Olympia "Olympia and Surroundings," and Thurston county, for sale.

Room B, Chamber's Block, Olympia, Washington.

Ma 9, 18 0. tf

PATRONIZE THE

Acme Drug Store,

—EMPORIUM OF—

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

Patent and Proprietary Medicines.

Druggists' Sundries and Stationery.

THE MOTTO OF THIS HOUSE,

"ATTENTION AND INTEGRITY,"

Assures you satisfaction.

Special preparations have been made for compounding prescriptions. MARR & ROSS, Proprietors.

Olympia, Feb. 28, 1890.

THE OFFICE,

FOURTH STREET, BET. MAIN AND COLUMBIA,

OLYMPIA, WASH.

CALL AND SEE ME.

J. H. WILSON, Prop.

Olympia, Jan. 25, 1889. tf

JAMES RANDALL. C. DOFFLEMYRE.

RANDALL & DOFFLEMYRE

House Moving & Raising.

Will also attend to

MOVING HEAVY MACHINERY AND SAFES.

Apply at YOUNG'S HOTEL,
July 25, 1890. Olympia, Wash.

W. L. BROWN, M. D.,

YOUNG'S HOTEL, OLYMPIA, WASH.

May 30, 1890. tf.

From Terminal or Interior Points

—THE—

Northern Pacific Railroad

is the line to take

TO ALL POINTS EAST AND SOUTH.

is the DINING CAR ROUTE. It runs through VESTIBULED TRAINS every day in the year to

ST. PAUL AND CHICAGO

(NO CHANGE OF CARS)

Composed of DINING CARS unsurpassed, PULLMAN DRAWING ROOM SLEEPERS, Of Latest Equipment

TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

Best that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both FREE and furnished for holders of First or Second class tickets.

ELEGANT DAY COACHES.

A CONTINUOUS LINE connecting with ALL LINES, affording DIRECT AND UNINTERRUPTED SERVICE.

Pullman Sleeper Reservations

Can be secured in advance through any agent of the road.

THROUGH TICKETS To and from all Points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any Ticket Office of this Company.

Full information concerning rates, time of trains, routes and other details furnished on application to any agent, or

A. D. CHARLTON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
No. 121 First St., cor. Washington,
Portland, Oregon.

S. G. WARD,
Agent, Olympia, Wash. ja24

OLYMPIA MUSIC ROOMS.

Pianos & Organs!

STYLES and prices to suit all. Easy payments Large reduction on cash sales. Handsome stool and cover given with each instrument sold.

EXTRA STOOLS AND COVERS FOR SALE.

We purpose making this THE MUSIC STORE of Olympia. Shall be pleased to have you call, even though you are not ready to buy.

MRS. S. M. F. JONES.
628 Stuart Building, opposite Public Square.

Better than Ever!

ANTICIPATING a still better business the approaching season, the proprietor of the

GOLD BAR RESTAURANT

Will make renewed effort to secure popular approval. He feels a very gratifying sense of pride in the evident fact that his efforts so far have been appreciated, and this will serve as a constant incentive to attain a still higher degree of excellence.

The tables are always supplied with the sub stantials as well as the delicacies of the season

Meals at all Hours, Day and Night.

LAWRENCE CORMIER.

Olympia, April 20, 1888.

A WOMAN'S FACE