The Evil Genius.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

BEFORE THE STORY.

X.

A young lady, possessed of the inestimable advantages of worldly experience, must submit nevertheless to the laws of nature. Time and sleep (both in powerful fragments in the small hours of the morning—had got the better of Mrs. Presty's resolution to keep awake. Free from discovery, Sydney descended the stairs. Free from discovery, Sydney entered her own room.

Half an hour later Linley opened the door of his drawing-room. His wife was still sleeping. His mother-in-law awoke two hours later, looked at her watch, and discovered that she had lost her opportunity. Other old women, under similar circumstances, might have felt discouraged. This old woman believed in her own suspicions more devoutly than ever. When the breakfast bell rang Sydney found Mrs. Presty in the corridor waiting to say good-morning.

"I wonder what you were doing last night, when you ought to have been in bed?" the old lady began, with a treacherous amiability of manner. "Oh, I am not mistaken! Your door was open, my dear, and I looked in."

"Why did you look in, Mrs. Presty?"

"My young friend, I was naturally anxious about you. I am anxious still. Were you in the house or out of the house?"

"I was walking in the garden," Sydney replied.

"Admiring the moonlight?"

"Yes; admiring the moonlight."

"Alone, of course?" Sydney's friend suggested.

And Sydney took refuge in prevarication. "Why should you doubt it?" she said.

Mrs. Presty wasted no more time in asking questions. She was pleasantly reminded of the words of worldly wisdom which she had addressed to her daughter on the day of Sydney's arrival at Mount Morven. "The good qualities of that unfortunate young creature," she had said, "can *not* have always resisted the horrid temptations and contaminations about her. Hundreds of times she must have had deceit forced on her; she must have lived through ungovernable fear." Elevated a little higher than ever in her own estimation, Mrs. Presty took Sydney's arm and led her down to breakfast with motherly familiarity. Linley met them at the foot of the stairs. His mother-in-law first stole a look at Sydney, and then shook hands with him cordially. "My dear Herbert, how pale you are! That horrid smoking. You look as if you had been up all night."

Mrs. Linley paid her customary visit to the school-room that morning.

The necessary attention to her guests had left little leisure for the exercise of observation at the breakfast table. The one circumstance which had forced itself on her notice had been the boisterous gayety of her husband. Too essentially honest to practice deception of any kind cleverly, Linley had overacted the part of a man whose mind was entirely at ease. The most unsuspicious woman living, his wife was simply amused. "How he does enjoy society," she thought. "Herbert will be a young man to the end of his life."

In the best possible spirits—still animated by her successful exertions to entertain her friends—Mrs. Linley opened the school-room door briskly. "How are the lessons getting on?" she began, and checked herself with a start. "Kitty!" she exclaimed. "Crying!"

The child ran to her mother with tears in her eyes. "Look at Syd! She sulks, she cries, she won't talk to me. Send for the doctor."

"You tiresome child, I don't want the doctor. I'm not ill."

"There, mamma!" cried Kitty. "She never scolded me before to-day."

In other words, here was a complete reversal of the usual order of things in the school-room. Patient Sydney was out of temper; gentle Sydney spoke bitterly to the little friend whom she loved. Mrs. Linley drew a chair to the governess' side and took her hand. The strangely altered girl tore her hand away, and burst into a violent fit of crying. Puzzled and frightened, Kitty (to the best of the child's ability) followed her example. Mrs. Linley took her daughter on her knee and gave Sydney's outbreak of agitation time to subside. There were no feverish appearances in her face; there was no feverish heat in her skin when their hands had touched each other for a moment. In all probability the mischief was nervous mischief, and the outburst of weeping was a hysterical effort at relief.

"I am afraid, my dear, you have had a bad night," Mrs. Linley said.

"Bad? Worse than bad!"

Sydney stopped, looked at her good mistress and friend in terror, and made a confused effort to explain away what she had just said. As sensibly and kindly self-possessed as ever, Mrs. Linley told her that she only wanted rest and quiet. "Let me take you to my room," she proposed. "We will have the sofa moved into the balcony, and you will soon go to sleep in the delicious, warm air. You may put away your books, Kitty; this is a holiday. Come with me, and be petted and spoilt by the ladies in the morning-room."

Neither the governess nor the pupil were worthy of the sympathy so frankly offered to them. Still strangely confused, Sydney made commonplace apologies, and asked leave to go out and walk in the park. Hearing this, Kitty declared that where her governess went she would go, too. Mrs. Linley smoothed her daughter's pretty auburn hair, and said, playfully: "I think I ought to be jealous." To her surprise Sydney looked up as if the words had been addressed to herself. "You mustn't be fonder, my dear, of your governess," Mrs. Linley went on, "than you are of your mother." She kissed the child, and, rising to go, discovered that Sydney had moved to another part of the room. She was standing at the piano, with a page of music in her hand. The page was upside down—and she had placed herself in a position which concealed her face. Slow as Mrs. Linley was to doubt any person (more especially a person who interested her) she left the room with a vague fear of something wrong, and with a conviction that she would do well to consult her husband.

Hearing the door close, Sydney looked round. She and Kitty were alone again; and Kitty was putting away her books, without showing any pleasure at the prospect of a holiday.

Sydney took the child fondly in her arms. "Would you be very sorry," she asked, "if I was obliged to go away, some day, and leave you?" Kitty turned pale with terror at the dreadful prospect which those words presented. "There! there! I am only joking," Sydney said, shocked at the effect which her attempt to suggest the impending separation had produced. "You shall come with me, darling; we will walk in the park together."

Kitty's face brightened directly. She proposed extending their walk to the paddock and feeding the cows. Sydney readily consented. Any amusement was welcome to her which diverted the child's attention from herself.

They had been nearly an hour in the park, and were returning to the house through a clump of trees, when Sydney's companion, running on before her, cried: "Here's papa!" Her first impulse was to draw back behind a tree in the hope of escaping notice. Linley sent Kitty away to gather a nosegay of daisies, and joined Sydney under the trees.

"I have been looking for you everywhere," he said. "My wife——"

Sydney interrupted him. "Discovered already!" she exclaimed.

"There is nothing that need alarm you," he replied. "Catherine is too good and too true herself to suspect others easily. She sees a change in you that she doesn't understand—she asks if I have noticed it—and that is all. But her mother has the cunning of the devil. There is a serious reason for controlling yourself."

He spoke so earnestly that he startled her. "Are you angry with me?" she asked.

"Angry! Does the man live who could be angry with you?"

"It might be better for both of us if you were angry with me. I have tried to control myself; I will try again. Oh, if you only knew what I suffer when Mrs. Linley is kind to me!"

He persisted in trying to rouse her to a sense of the danger that threatened them while the visitors remained in the house. "In a few days, Sydney, there will be no more need for the deceit that is now forced on us. Till that time comes, remember—Mrs. Presty suspects us."

Kitty ran back to them with her hands full of daisies before they could say more.

"There is your nosegay, papa. No, I don't want you to thank me—I want to know what present you are going to give me." Her father's mind was preoccupied; he looked at her absently. The child's sense of her own importance was wounded; she appealed to her governess. "Would you believe it?" she asked. "Papa has forgotten that next Tuesday is my birthday!"

"Very well, Kitty, I must pay the penalty of forgetting. What present would you like to have?"

"I want a doll's perambulator."

"That is one thing we were satisfied with a doll."

"They all three laughed heartily. Another person had evidently joined in the talk. There was no mistaking the person's voice. Mrs. Presty appeared among the trees, taking a walk in the park. Had she heard what Linley and his governess had said to each other while Kitty was gathering daisies?

"Quite a domestic group!" the old lady remarked. "Papa, looking like a saint in a picture, with flowers in his hand; papa's spoiled child always wanting something and always getting it; and papa's governess, so sweetly fresh and pretty that I should certainly fall in love with her if I had the advantage of being a man. You have no doubt remarked, Herbert, I think I hear the bell; shall we go to lunch? You have no doubt, I say, remarked what contrasts (opposite styles Catherine and Miss Westerfield present—so charming, and yet such complete contrasts. I wonder whether they occasionally envy each other's good looks? Does my daughter ever regret that she is not Miss Westerfield? And do you, my dear, sometimes wish you were Mrs. Linley?"

"While we are about it, let me put a third question," Linley interposed. "Are you ever aware of it yourself, Mrs. Presty, when you are talking nonsense?"

He was angry, and he showed it in that feeble reply. Sydney felt the implied insult offered to her in another way. It roused her to the exercise of self-control as nothing had roused her yet. She ignored Mrs. Presty's irony with a composure worthy of Mrs. Presty herself. "Where is the woman," she said, "who would *not* wish to be as beautiful as Mrs. Linley—and as good?"

"Thank you, my dear, for a compliment to my daughter—a sincere compliment, no doubt. It comes in very neatly and nicely," Mrs. Presty acknowledged, "after my son-in-law's little outbreak of temper. My poor Herbert, when will you understand that I mean no harm? I am an essentially humorous person—my wonderful spirits are always carrying me away. I do assure you, Miss Westerfield, I don't know what worry is. My troubles—deaths in the family, and that sort of things—seem to slip off me in a most remarkable manner. Poor Mr. Ormond used to attribute it to my excellent appetite. Or, no; I think he said my excellent digestion. My second husband would never hear of such an explanation as that. His high ideal of women shrank from allusion to stomachs. He used to speak so nicely (quoting some poet) of the sunshine of my breast. Vague, perhaps," said Mrs. Presty, modestly looking down at the ample prospect of a personal nature which presented itself below her throat, "but so flattering to one's feelings. There's the luncheon bell again, I declare! I'll run on before and tell them you are coming. Some people might say they wished to be punctual. I am truth itself, and I own I don't like being helped to the underside of the fish. Au revoir! Do you remember, Miss Westerfield, when I asked you to repeat 'au revoir' as a specimen of your French? I didn't think much of your accent. Oh! dear me, I didn't think much of your accent."

Kitty looked after her fluent grandmother with eyes that stared respectfully in ingorant admiration. She pulled her father's coattail, and addressed herself gravely to his private ear. "Oh, papa, what noble words grandmamma has!"

XI.

On the evening of Monday in the new week the last of the visitors had left Mount Morven. Mrs. Linley dropped into a chair (in, what Randal called, "the heavenly tranquility of the deserted drawing-room"), and owned that the effort of entertaining her guests had completely worn her out. "It's too absurd at my time of life," she said, with a faint smile, "but I am really and truly so tired that I must go to bed before dark, as if I was a child again."

Mrs. Presty—maliciously observant of the governess, sitting silent and apart in a corner—approached her daughter in a hurry, to all appearances with a special object in view. Linley was at no loss to guess what that object might be. "Will you do me a favor, Catherine?" Mrs. Presty began. "I wish to say a word to you in your own room."

"Oh, mamma, have some mercy on me and put it off till to-morrow!"

Mrs. Presty reluctantly consented to this proposal on one condition. "It is understood," she stipulated, "that I am to see you the first thing in the morning?"

Mrs. Linley was ready to accept that condition or any condition which promised her a night of uninterrupted repose. She crossed the room to her husband and took his arm. "In my state of fatigue, Herbert, I shall never get up our steep stairs unless you help me."

As they ascended the stairs together Linley found that his wife had a reason of her own for leaving the drawing-room.

"I am quite weary enough to go to bed," she explained. "But I wanted to speak to you first. It's about Miss Westerfield. (No, no, we needn't stop on the landing). Do you know, I think I have found out what has altered our little governess so strangely—I seem to startle you?"

"No."

"I am only astonished," Mrs. Linley resumed, "at my own stupidity in not having discovered it before. We must be kinder than ever to the poor girl now; can't you guess why? My dear, how dull you are! Must I remind you that we have had two single men among our visitors. One of them is old, and doesn't matter. But the other—I mean Sir George, of course—is young, handsome, and agreeable. I am so sorry for Sydney Westerfield. It's plain to me that she is hopelessly in love with a man who has run through his fortune, and must marry money if he marries at all. I shall speak to Sydney to-morrow, and I hope and trust I shall succeed in winning her confidence. Thank heaven, here we are at my door at last! I can't say more now; I am ready to drop. Good-night, dear; you look tired, too. It's a nice thing to have friends, I know, but oh what a relief it is sometimes to get rid of them!"

She kissed him and let him go.

Left by himself, to compare his wife's innocent mistake with the terrible enlightenment that awaited her, Linley's courage failed him. He leaned on the quaintly carved rail that protected the outer side of the landing, and looked down at the stone hall far below. If the old woodwork (he thought) would only give way under his weight there would be an escape from the coming catastrophe found in an instant.

A timely remembrance of Sydney recalled him to himself. For her sake he was bound to prevent Mrs. Presty's contemplated interview with his wife on the next morning.

Descending the stairs he met his brother in the corridor on the first floor.

"The very man I wanted to see," Randal said. "Tell me, Herbert, what is the matter with that curious old woman?"

"Do you mean Mrs. Presty?"

"Yes. She has just been telling me that our friend Mrs. MacEdwin has taken a fancy to Miss Westerfield, and would be only too glad to deprive us of our pretty governess."

"Did Mrs. Presty say that in Miss Westerfield's presence?"

"No. Soon after you and Catherine left the room Miss Westerfield left it too. I daresay I am wrong, for I haven't had time to think of it; but Mrs. Presty's manner suggested to me that she would be glad to see the poor girl sent out of the house."

"I am going to speak to her, Randal, on that very subject. Is she still in the drawing-room?"

"Yes."

"Did she say anything more to you?"

"I didn't give her the chance; I don't like Mrs. Presty. You look worn and worried, Herbert. Is there anything wrong?"

"If there is, my dear fellow, you will hear of it to-morrow."

So they parted.

Comfortably established in the drawing-room, Mrs. Presty had just opened her favorite newspaper. Her only companion was Linley's black poodle, resting at her feet. On the opening of the door the dog rose, advanced to caress his master, and looked up in Linley's face. If Mrs. Presty's attention had happened to be turned that way she might have seen in the faithful creature's sudden and silent retreat a warning of her son-in-law's humor at that moment. But she was, or assumed to be, interested in her reading, and she deliberately overlooked Linley's appearance. After waiting a little to attract her attention he quietly took the newspaper out of her hand.

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Presty asked.

"It means, ma'am, that I have something to say to you."

"Apparently something that can't be said with common civility? Be as rude as you please; I am well used to it."

Linley wisely took no notice of this.

"Since you have lived at Mount Morven," he proceeded, "I think you have found me, on the whole, an easy man to get on with. At the same time, when I do make up my mind to be master in my own house I am master."

Mrs. Presty crossed her hands placidly on her lap, and asked: "Master of what?"

"Master of your suspicions of Miss Westerfield. You are free, of course, to think of her and of me as you please. What I forbid is the expression of your thoughts—either by way of hints to my brother or officious communications with my wife. Don't suppose that I am afraid of the truth. Mrs. Linley shall know more than you think fit, and shall know it to-morow; not from you, but from Me."

Mrs. Presty shook her head compassionately. "My good sir, surely you know me better by this time than to be disposed to interfere in the matter at all? Must I remind you that your wife's mother has the cunning of the devil?"

Linley recognized his own words. "So you were listening among the trees!" he said.

"Yes, I was listening; and I have only to regret that I didn't hear more. Let us return to our subject. I don't trust my daughter's interests—my much-injured daughter's interests—in your hands. They are not clean hands, Mr. Linley. I have a duty to do, and I shall do it to-morrow."

"No, Mrs. Presty, you won't do it to-morrow."

"Who will prevent me?"

"I shall prevent you."

"In what way, if you please?"

"I don't think it necessary to answer that question. My servants will have their instructions; and I shall see myself that my orders are obeyed."

"Thank you; I begin to understand; I am to be turned out of the house. Very well. We shall see what my daughter says to that."

"You know as well as I do, Mrs. Presty, that if your daughter is forced to choose between us she will decide for her husband. You have the night before you for consideration. I have no more to say."

Among Mrs. Presty's merits it is only just to reckon a capacity for making up her mind rapidly under stress of circumstances. Before Linley had opened the door, on his way out, he was called back.

"I am shocked to trouble you again," Mrs. Presty said, "but I don't propose to interfere with my night's rest by thinking about *you*. My position is perfectly clear to me without wasting time in consideration. When a man so completely forgets what is due to the weaker sex as to threaten a woman, the woman has no alternative but to submit. You are aware that I had arranged to see my daughter to morrow morning. I yield to brute force, sir. Tell your wife that I shall not keep my appointment. Are you satisfied?"

"Quite satisfied," Linley said, and left the room.

His mother-in-law looked after him with a smile of supreme contempt.

"You fool!"

Only two words, and yet there seemed to be some hidden meaning in them which gently tickled Mrs. Presty in the region assigned by phrenologists to the sense of self-esteem.

[To be Continued.]

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Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT OLYMPIA, WASH., October, 6, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Olympia, Wash., on Friday November 28, 1890, viz.: James McVittie, Hd. No. 7,610 for the SE ¼ NE ¼, N ½ SE ¼ SW ¼ SE ¼ sec. 2, Tp 15 N., R. 2 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz.: John Longmire, Elcain Longmire, John Birtchey, Henry Matthews, all of Yelm, Wash. GEO. G. MILLS, Register.

Date of first publication, Oct. 10, 1890.

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Order To Show Cause.

IN the Probate Court of Thurston county, Washington.

In the matter of the Estate of Georgia L. Foster, a Minor, order to show cause.

In the above entitled cause, George H. Foster, guardian of the person and estate of his minor child, Georgia L. Foster, having filed a petition asking for an order to sell the real estate belonging to said minor, and it appearing to the satisfaction of the Court, by said petition, that there is no personal estate belonging to said minor; that it is necessary to sell said real estate for the purpose of discharging subsisting liens and encumbrances thereon, and for the education and support of said minor, it is ordered by the Court that all persons interested in said estate appear before the Judge of this Court at his office, in the City of Olympia, Washington, on the sixth day of December, A. D. 1890, to show cause if any they have, why an order should not be made directing the guardian to sell in the manner prescribed by law all of the real estate belonging to said minor situated in the counties of Thurston, King and Pierce in said Washington. And William Billings, of Olympia, is hereby appointed guardian *ad litem* for said minor for the purpose of defending her interests in the matter of said application.

Dated November 5 1890.

[SEAL.] M. A. ROOT, Probate Judge.

State of Washington, } ss
County of Thurston. }

I hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a full and true copy of an order made and entered in the matter therein set forth on the 5th day of November, A. D. 1890, as the same appears upon the records of my office.

Witness my hand and seal this 5th day of November, A. D. 1890.

M. A. ROOT.
Judge and ex-officio Clerk of the Probate Court of Thurston county, Washington.

Date of first publication November 7, 1890.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878,

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, Wash., Oct. 3, 1890.

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," Mary A. O'Neil, of Olympia, County of Thurston, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 4,407, for the purchase of the SE ¼ NE ¼ S E ½ SE ¼ and SW ¼ SE ¼ of Section 26, Township No. 18 North, Range No 3 W, 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 her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Olympia, Wash., on Friday, the 9th day of January, 1891.

She names as witnesses: James McFadden, Edward W. Austin, Francis Henry and D. S. B. Henry, all of Olympia, Thurston county, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 9th day of January, 1891. GEO. G. MILLS, Register.

Date of publication October 10th, 1890.

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Attorneys at Law.

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OLYMPIA, - - - - WASHINGTON

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT OLYMPIA, WASH., October 6, 1890.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver at Olympia, Wash., on Monday, December 1, 1890, viz.: Charles E. Rehoe, D. S No. 13,627, for the SE ¼ section 26, Tp. 17 N., R. 4 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz.: Ralph R. Weller, Seth C. Murphy, John O. Stewart, Uniam King, all of Olympia, Wash. GEO. G. MILLS, Register.

Date of first publication, Oct. 10, 1890.

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OFFICE, COR. FIFTH AND MAIN STREETS
OLYMPIA WASH,

Aug. 10, 1890. se1tf

FRANCIS HENRY,

Attorney-at-Law

AND PROPRIETOR OF

THURSTON COUNTY ABSTRACT.

Olympic Block, Cor. Fourth and Main.

MY Abstract, and an experience of more than twenty years in searching the records of Thurston county in regard to title, enables me to give prompt attention in regard to same.

I have a complete and the only abstract of the Records of the Probate Court of said county, prepared during the eight years that I was Judge of said Court.

I have the only abstract that was ever attempted to be made of sales of property for taxes in said county.

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 for 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

UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Tickets ON SALE —TO— DENVER, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, ST PAUL, ST. LOUIS, AND ALL POINTS East, North and South, —AT— **Union Dock, Olympia,**

J. C. PERCIVAL, Ticket Agent.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, Wash., October 11, 1890.

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," Mrs. Maggie Eshom, of Little Rock, County of Thurston, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 4,412, for the purchase of the lots 3 and 4 and E ½ SW ¼ of section No. 18, in Township No. 17 North, Range No. 4 W, 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 her claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Olympia, Wash., on Monday, the 2d day of February, 1891.

She names as witnesses: Aaron Jeffries, of Little Rock, Wash., Jessie Cleveland, of Little Rock, Wash., Frank I. Rutledge of Little Rock, Wash., E. McReynolds of Olympia, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 2d day of February, 1891. GEO. G. MILLS, Register.

Date of first publication Oct. 17, 1890.

CITY MARKET.

THE LARGEST VARIETY OF

FRESH AND CURED MEATS

SAUSAGES OF ALL KINDS,

And Vegetables in their Season

Can be found at the City Market,

Odd Fellows' Temple, Main Street,

OLYMPIA, WASH.

C. M. MOORE, Successor to A. H. Chambers.

Olympia, Dec. 21, 1888. tf

Prof. Loisette's MEMORY

DISCOVERY AND TRAINING METHOD

In spite of adulterated imitations which miss the theory, and practical results of the Original, in spite of the grossest misrepresentations by envious would-be competitors, and in spite of "base attempts to rob" him of the fruit of his labors, (all of which demonstrate the undoubted superiority and popularity of his teaching) Prof. Loisette's Art of Never Forgetting is recognized to-day in both Hemispheres as marking an Epoch in Memory Culture. His Prospectus (post free) gives opinions of people in all parts of the globe who have actually studied his System by correspondence, showing that his System is used *only while being studied, not afterwards;* that *any book can be learned in a single reading, without wearying mind, &c.* For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address

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J. M. RICE,

Fresco and Sign Painter,

OLYMPIA, WASH.

Fre co Work Done in Oil at or En-ceus .'

FANCY AND PLAIN SIGN WORK.

All work warranted first-class.

A Share of the Patronage Solicited.

Sept. 12, 1890. tf

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, WASH. Oct. 6, 1890.

To Emerson D. Peasley, and all others whom it may concern:

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," Clarence L. Whiting, of Olympia, County of Thurston, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 5,860, for the purchase of the SW ¼ of section No. 29, in Township No. 18 North Range No. 3 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 Olympia, Wash., on Wednesday, the 14th day of January, 1891.

He names as witnesses: Charles Stewart, of Olympia, Wash., Swan Solbeck, of Olympia, Wash., Theodore Extine, of Olympia, Wash., L. P. Orellette, of Olympia, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 14th day of January, 1891. GEO. G. MILLS, Register.

Date of first publication Nov. 7, 1890.

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

PORE 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.

PATRONIZE THE

Acme Drug Store,

—EMPORIUM OF—

DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

Patent and Proprietary Medicines.

Druggists' Sundries and Sttionery.

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.

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 **ISPENSARY.** 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. 1v

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 for 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.

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Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, Wash., Oct. 30, 1890.

To Mary A. O'Neil and all others whom it may concern:

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," John Hudson, of Kamilchie, County of Mason, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 4,759 for the purchase of the NW ¼ of Section No. 34, in Township No. 18 N., Range No. 3 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