The Evil Genius.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

BEFORE THE STORY.

XIV.

Linley advanced a few steps—and stopped. His wife, leaving eagerly to meet him, checked herself. It might have been distrust, or it might have been unreasoning fear—she hesitated on the point of approaching him.

"I have something to say, Catherine, which I am afraid will distress you."

His voice faltered, his eyes rested on her—then looked away again. He said no more.

He had spoken a few commonplace words,—and yet he had said enough. She saw the truth in his eyes, heard the truth in his voice. A fit of trembling seized her. Linley stepped toward, in the fear that she might fall. She instantly controlled herself, and signed to him to keep back. "Don't touch me!" she said. "You come from Miss Westerfield!"

That reproach roused him.

"I own that I come from Miss Westerfield," he answered. "She addresses a request to you through me."

"I refuse to grant it."

"Hear it first."

"No!"

"Hear it—in your own interest. Will you permit her to leave the house, never to return again? While she is still innocent——"

His wife eyed him with a look of unutterable contempt. He submitted to it, but not in silence.

"A man does'nt lie, Catherine, who makes such a confession as I am making now. Miss Westerfield offers the one atonement in her power while she is still innocent of having wronged you—except in thought."

"Is that all?" Mrs. Linley asked.

"It rests with you," he replied, "to say if there is any other sacrifice of herself which, may be more acceptable to you."

"Let me understand first what the sacrifice means. Does she make any conditions?"

"She has positively forbidden me to make conditions."

"And goes out into the world helpless and friendless?"

"Yes."

Even under the terrible trial that wrung her, the nobility of the woman's nature spoke in her next words.

"Give me time to think of what you have said," she replied. "I have led a happy life: I am not used to suffer as I am suffering now." In the minute that followed her changing color revealed a struggle with herself.

"Miss Westerfield is innocent of having wronged me, except in thought," Mrs. Linley resumed. "She might have deceived me—she has not deceived me. I own it to her to remember that. She shall go, but not helpless and not friendless."

Her husband forgot the restraints he had imposed on himself.

"Is there another woman in the world like you!" he exclaimed.

"Many other women," she answered firmly. "A vulgar termagant, feeling a sense of injury, finds relief in an outburst of jealousy and a furious quarrel. A woman in my position, who respects herself, restrains herself. I try to remember what I owe to others as well as what they owe to me."

She approached the writing table and took up a pen.

Feeling his position acutely, Linley had abstained from again declaring admiration of her generosity. Until he had deserved to be forgiven, he had forfeited the right to express an opinion on her conduct. She misinterpreted his silence. As she understood it, he appreciated an act of self-sacrifice on Miss Westerfield's side—but he had no word of encouragement for an act of self-sacrifice on his wife's side. She threw down the pen, with the first outbreak of anger that had escaped her yet.

"You have spoken for the governess," she said to him. "I haven't heard yet, sir, what you have to say for yourself. Is it you who tempted her? You know how gratefully she feels toward you—have you perverted her gratitude and led her blindfold to love? Cruel, cruel, cruel! Defend yourself, if you can."

He made no reply.

"Is it not worth your while to defend yourself?" she burst out, passionately. "Your silence is an insult!"

"My silence is a confession," he answered, sadly. "I have as much need of your mercy as she has—and more."

Something in the tone of his voice reminded her of past days—the days of perfect love and perfect confidence, when she had been the one woman in the world to him. Dearly treasured remembrances of her married life filled her heart with tenderness, and dimmed with tears the angry light that had risen in her eyes. There was no pride, no anger, in his wife when she spoke to him now.

"Oh! my husband, has she taken your love from me?"

"Judge for yourself, Catherine, if there is no proof of my love for you in what I have resisted—and no remembrance of all that I owe to you in what I have confessed."

She ventured a little nearer to him. "Can I believe you?"

"Put me to the test."

She instantly took him at his word. "When Miss Westerfield has left us, promise not to see her again."

"I promise."

"And not even to write to her."

"I promise."

She went back to the writing-table. "My heart is easier," she said, simply. "I can be merciful to her now."

After writing a few lines she rose and handed the paper to him. He looked up from it in surprise. "Addressed to Mrs. MacEdwin!" he said.

"Addressed," she answered, "to the only person I know who feels a true interest in her. Have you not heard of it?"

"I remember," he said—and read the lines that followed:

"I recommend Miss Westerfield as a teacher of young children, having had ample proof of her capacity, industry, and good temper while she has been governess to my child. She leaves her situation in my service under circumstances that testify to her sense of duty and her sense of gratitude."

"Have I said," she asked, "more than I could honorably and truly say—even after what has happened?"

He could only look at her; no words could have spoken for him as his silence spoke for him at that moment. When she took back the written paper there was pardon in her eyes already.

The last, worst trial remained to be undergone; she faced it resolutely. "Tell Miss Westerfield that I wish to see her."

On the point of leaving the room, Herbert was called back. "If you happen to meet with my mother," his wife added, "will you ask her to come to me?"

Mrs. Presty knew her daughter's nature; Mrs. Presty had been waiting near at hand, in expectation of the message which she now received.

Tenderly and respectfully Mrs. Linley addressed herself to her mother. "When we last met I thought you spoke rashly and cruelly. I know now that there was truth—some truth, let me say—in what offended me at the time. If you felt strongly it was for my sake. I wish to beg your pardon; I was hasty; I was wrong."

On an occasion when she had first irritated and then surprised him, Randal Linley had said to Mrs. Presty: "You have got a heart, after all!" Her reply to her daughter showed that view of her character to be the right one. "Say no more, my dear," she answered. "I was hasty; I was wrong."

The words had barely fallen from her lips before Herbert returned. He was followed by Sydney Westerfield.

The governess stopped in the middle of the room. Her head sank on her breast; her quiet, convulsive breathing was audible in the silence. Mrs. Linley advanced to the place in which Sydney stood. There was something divine in her beauty as she looked compassionately at the shrinking girl and held out her hand.

Sydney fell on her knees. In silence she lifted that generous hand to her lips. In silence Mrs. Linley raised her, took the writing which testified to her character from the table and presented it. Linley looked at his wife, looked at the governess. He waited, and still neither the one nor the other uttered a word. It was more than he could endure. He addressed himself to Sydney first.

"Try to thank Mrs. Linley," he said.

She answered, faintly; "I can't speak!"

He appealed to his wife next. "Say a last kind word to her," he pleaded.

She made an effort, a vain effort, to obey him. A gesture of despair answered for her as Sydney had answered: "I can't speak!"

True, nobly true, to the Christian virtue that repents, to the Christian virtue that forgives, those three persons stood together on the brink of separation, and forced their frail humanity to suffer and submit.

In mercy to the women Linley summoned the courage to part them. He turned to his wife first.

"I may say, Catherine, that she has your good wishes for happier days to come?"

Mrs. Linley pressed his hand.

He approached Sydney and gave his wife's message. It was in his heart to add something of his own, to speak of his old relation toward her in terms equally kind and honorable to both. He could only say what we have all said—how sincerely, how sorrowfully, we all know—the common word "good by"—the common wish "God bless you!"

At that last moment the child ran into the room in search of her mother.

There was a low murmur of horror at the sight of her. That innocent heart, they had all hoped, might have been spared the misery of the parting scene!

She saw that Sydney had her hat and cloak on. "You're dressed to go out," she said. Sydney turned away to hide her face. It was too late; Kitty had seen the tears. "Oh, my darling, you're not going away!" She looked at her father and mother. "Is she going away?" They were afraid to answer her. With all her little strength she clasped her beloved friend and playfellow round the waist. "My own dear, you're not going to leave me!" The dumb misery in Sydney's face struck Linley with horror. He placed Kitty in her mother's arms. The child's piercing cry: "Oh don't let her go! don't let her go!" followed the governess as she suffered her martyrdom and went out. Linley's heart ached; he watched her until she was lost to view. "Gone!" he murmured to himself. "gone forever!"

Mrs. Presty heard him, and answered him: "She'll come back again!"

XV.

As the year advanced, the servants at Mount Morven remarked that the weeks seemed to follow each other more slowly than usual. In the higher regions of the house the same impression was prevalent; but the sense of dullness among the gentlefolks submitted to circumstances in silence.

If the question had been asked in past days: Who is the brightest and happiest member of the family? everybody would have said: Kitty. If the question had been asked at the present time, differences of opinion might have suggested different answers—but the whole household would have refrained without hesitation from mentioning the child's name.

Since Sydney Westerfield's departure Kitty had never held up her head.

Time quieted the child's first vehement outbreaks of distress under the loss of the companion whom she had so dearly loved. Delicate management, gently yet resolutely applied, held the faithful little creature in check when she tried to discover the cause of her governess' banishment from the house. She made no more complaints; she asked no more embarrassing questions; but it was miserably plain to everybody about her that she failed to recover her spirits. She was willing to learn her lessons (not under another governess) when her mother was able to attend to her; she played with her toys and went out riding on her pony. But the delightful gayety of other days was gone; the shrill laughter that once rang through the house was heard no more. Kitty had become a quiet child; and, worse still, a child who seemed to be easily tired.

The doctor was consulted.

He was a man skilled in the sound medical practice that learns its lesson without books—beside practice. His opinion declared that the child's vital power was seriously lowered. "Some cause is at work here," he said to the mother, "which I don't understand. Can you help me?" Mrs. Linley helped him without hesitation. "My little daughter dearly loved her governess; and her governess has been obliged to leave us." That was her reply. The doctor wanted to hear no more; he at once advised that Kitty should be taken to the seaside, and that everything which might remind her of the absent friend—books, presents, even articles of clothing likely to revive old associations—should be left at home. A new life, in new air. When pen, ink, and paper were offered to him that was the doctor's prescription.

Mrs. Linley consulted her husband on the choice of the seaside place to which the child should be removed.

The blank which Sydney's departure left in the life of the household was felt by the master and mistress of Mount Morven—and felt, unhappily, without any open avowal on either side of what was passing in their minds. In this way the governess became a forbidden subject between them; the husband waited for the wife to set the example of approaching it, and the wife waited for the husband. The trial of temper produced by this state of hesitation, and by the secret doubts which it encouraged, led insensibly to a certain estrangement—which Linley in particular was morbidly unwilling to acknowledge. If, when the dinner hour brought them together, he was silent and dull in his wife's presence, he attributed it to anxiety on the subject of his brother—then absent on a serious business errand in London. If he sometimes left the house the first thing in the morning and only returned at night, it was because the management of the model farm had become one of his duties in Randal's absence. Mrs. Linley made no attempt to dispute this view of the altered circumstances in home life—but she submitted with a mind ill at ease. Secretly fearing that Linley was suffering under Miss Westerfield's absence, she allowed herself to hope that Kitty's father would see a necessity, in his own case, for change of scene and would accompany them to the seaside.

"Won't you come with us, Herbert?" she suggested, when they had both agreed on the choice of a place.

His temper was in a state of constant irritation. Without meaning it, he answered her harmless question sharply.

"How can I go away with you when we are losing by the farm, and when there is nobody to check the ruinous expenses but myself?"

Mrs. Linley's thoughts naturally turned to Randal's prolonged absence. "What can be keeping him all this time in London?" she said.

Linley's failing patience suffered a severe trial.

"Don't you know," he broke out, "that I have inherited my poor mother's property in England, saddled with a lawsuit? Have you never heard of delays and disappointments, and quibbles and false pretenses, encountered by unfortunate wretches like me who are obliged to go to law? God only knows when Randal will be free to return, or what bad news he may bring with him when he does come back."

"You have many anxieties, Herbert; and I ought to have remembered them."

That gentle answer touched him. He made the best apology in his power; he said his nerves were out of order, and asked her to excuse him if he had spoken roughly. There was no unfriendly feeling on either side, and yet there was something wanting in the reconciliation. Mrs. Linley left her husband, shaken by a conflict of feelings. At one moment she felt angry with herself.

With the best intentions (as usual) Mrs. Presty made mischief, nevertheless. Observing that her daughter was in tears, and feeling sincerely distressed by the discovery, she was eager to administer consolation. "Make your mind easy, my dear, if you have any doubt about Herbert's movements when he is away from home. I followed him myself the day before yesterday when he went out. A long walk for an old woman—but I can assure you that he does really go to the farm."

Implicitly trusting her husband—and rightly trusting him—Linley's wife replied by a look which Mrs. Presty received in silent indignation. She summoned her dignity and marched out of the room.

Five minutes afterward Mrs. Linley received an intimation that her mother was seriously offended in the form of a little note:

"I find that my maternal interest in your welfare and my devoted efforts to serve you are only rewarded with furious looks. The less we see of each other the better. Permit me to thank you for your invitation, and to decline accompanying you when you leave Mount Morven to-morrow."

Mrs. Linley answered the note in person. The next day Kitty's grandmother—ripe for more mischief on the next favorable occasion—altered her mind and thoroughly enjoyed her journey to the seaside.

XVI.

During the first week there was an improvement in the child's health, which justified the doctor's hopeful anticipations. Mrs. Linley wrote cheerfully to her husband; and the better nature of Mrs. Linley's mother seemed, by some inscrutable process, to thrive morally under the encouraging influences of the sea air. It may be a bold thing to say, but it is surely true that our virtues depend greatly on the state of our health.

During the second week the reports sent to Mount Morven were less encouraging. The improvement in Kitty was maintained; but it made no further progress.

The lapse of the third week brought with it depressing results. There could be no doubt now that the child was losing ground. Bitterly disappointed, Mrs. Linley wrote to her medical adviser, describing the symptoms, and asking for instructions. The doctor wrote back: "Find out where your supply of drinking water comes from. If from a well, let me know how it is situated. Answer by telegraph." The reply arrived: "A well near the parish church." The doctor's advice ran back along the wires: "Come home instantly."

They returned the same day—and they returned too late.

Kitty's first night at home was wakeful and restless; her little hands felt feverish, and she was tormented by perpetual thirst. The good doctor still spoke hopefully, attributing the symptoms to fatigue after the journey. But, as the days followed each other, his medical visits were paid at shorter intervals. The mother noticed that his pleasant face became grave and anxious, and implored him to tell her the truth. The truth was told in two dreadful words: "Typhoid fever."

A day or two later the doctor spoke privately with Mr. Linley. The child's debilitated condition—that lowered state of the vital power which he had observed when Kitty's case was first submitted to him—placed a terrible obstacle in the way of successful resistance to the advance of the disease. "Say nothing to Mrs. Linley just yet. There is no absolute danger so far, unless delirium sets in." "Do you think it likely?" Linley asked. The doctor shook his head, and said "God knows."

On the next evening but one the fatal symptom showed itself. There was nothing violent in the delirium. Unconscious of past events in the family life, the poor child supposed that her governess was living in the house as usual. She piteously wondered why Sydney remained down-stairs in the school-room. "Oh, don't keep her away from me! I want Syd! I want Syd!" That was her one cry. When exhaustion silenced her they hoped that the sad delusion was at an end. No! As the slow fire of the fever flamed up again the same words were on the child's lips—the same fond hope was in her sinking heart.

The doctor led Mrs. Linley out of the room. "It this the governess?" he asked.

"Yes!"

"Is she within easy reach?"

"She is employed in the family of a friend of ours, living nine miles away from us."

"Send for her instantly!"

Mrs. Linley looked at him with a wildly mingled expression of hope and fear. She was not thinking of herself—she was not even thinking, for that one moment, of the child. What would her husband say, if she (who had extorted his promise never to see the governess again) brought Sydney Westerfield back to the house?

The doctor spoke to her more strongly still.

"I don't presume to inquire into your private reasons for hesitating to follow my advice," he said; "but I am bound to tell you the truth. My poor little patient is in serious danger—every hour of delay is an hour gained by death. Bring that lady to the bedside as fast as a carriage can fetch her, and let us see the result. If Kitty recognizes the governess—there, I tell you plainly, is the one chance of saving the child's life."

Mrs. Linley's resolution flashed on him in her weary eyes—the eyes which, by day and night alike, had known so little rest. She rang for her maid. "Tell your master I want to speak to him."

The woman answered: "My master has gone out."

The doctor watched the mother's face. No sign of hesitation appeared in it—the one thought in her mind now was the thought of the child. She called the maid back.

"Order the carriage."

"At what time do you want it, ma'am?"

"At once!"

XVII.

Mrs. Linley's first impulse in ordering the carriage was to use it herself. One look at the child reminded her that her freedom of action began and ended at the bedside. Two hours at least must elapse before Sydney Westerfield could be brought back to Mount Morven. The bare thought of what might happen in that interval, if she was absent, filled the mother with horror. She wrote to Mrs. MacEdwin and sent her maid with the letter.

Of the result of this proceeding it was not possible to entertain a doubt.

Sydney's love for Kitty would hesitate at no sacrifice, and Mrs. MacEdwin's conduct had already answered for her. She had received the governess with the utmost kindness, and she had generously and delicately refrained from asking any questions. But one person at Mount Morven thought it necessary to investigate the motives under which she had acted. Mrs. Presty's inquiring mind arrived at discoveries, and Mrs. Presty's sense of duty communicated them to her daughter.

"There can be no sort of doubt, Catherine, that our good friend and neighbor has heard, probably from the servants, of what has happened; and (having her husband to consider—men are so weak!) has drawn her own conclusions. If she trusts our fascinating governess, it's because she knows that Miss Westerfield's affections are left behind her in this house. Does my explanation satisfy you?"

Mrs. Linley said: "Never let me hear it again!"

And Mrs. Presty answered: "How very ungrateful!"

The dreary interval of expectation, after the departure of the carriage, was brightened by a domestic event.

Thinking it possible that Mrs. Presty might know why her husband had left the house, Mrs. Linley sent to ask for information. The message in reply informed her that Linley had received a telegram announcing Randal's return from London. He had gone to the railway station to meet his brother.

Before she went down-stairs to welcome Randal, Mrs. Linley paused to consider her situation. The one alternative before her was to acknowledge, at the earliest opportunity, that she had assumed the serious responsibility of sending for Sydney Westerfield. For the first time in her life Catherine Linley found herself planning beforehand what she would say in speaking to her husband.

A second message interrupted her, announcing that the two brothers had just arrived. She joined them immediately in the drawing-room.

Linley was sitting in a corner by himself. The dreadful discovery that the child's life, (by the doctor's confession) was in danger had completely overwhelmed him; he never even lifted his head when his wife opened the door. Randal and Mrs. Presty were talking together. The old lady's insatiable curiosity was eager for news from London; she wanted to know how Randal had amused himself when he was not attending to business.

He was grieving for Kitty; and he was looking sadly at his brother. "I don't remember," he answered, absently. Other women might have discovered that they had chosen their time badly. Mrs. Presty, with the best possible intentions, remonstrated.

"Really, Randal, you must rouse yourself. Surely you can tell us something. Did you meet with any agreeable people while you were away?"

"I met one person who interested me," he said, with weary resignation.

Mrs. Presty smiled. "A woman, of course!"

"A man," Randal answered; "a guest like myself at a club dinner."

"Who is he?"

"Capt. Bennydeck."

"In the army?"

"No; formerly in the navy."

"And you and he had a long talk together?"

Randal's tones began to betray irritation. "No," he said; "we were at opposite ends of the table—and the captain went away early."

Mrs. Presty's vigorous intellect discovered an improbability here. "Then how came you to feel interested in him?" she objected.

Even Randal's patience gave way. "I can't account for it," he said, sharply. "I only know I took a liking to Capt. Bennydeck." He left Mrs. Presty and sat down by his brother. "You know I feel for you," he said, taking Linley's hand. "Try to hope."

The bitterness of the father's despair broke out in his answer. "I can bear other troubles, Randal, as well as most men. This affliction revolts me. There's something so horribly unnatural in the child being threatened by death, while the parents (who should die first) are alive and well——" He checked himself. "I had better say no more. I shall only shock you."

The misery in his face wrung the faithful heart of his wife. She forgot the conciliatory expressions which she had prepared herself to use. "Hope, my dear, as Randal tells you," she said, "because there is hope."

His face flushed, his dim eyes brightened. "Has the doctor said it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Why haven't I been told of it before?"

"When I sent for you I heard that you had gone out."

The explanation passed by him unnoticed—perhaps even unheard. "Tell me what the doctor said," he insisted; "I want it exactly, word for word."

She obeyed him to the letter.

The sinister change in his face, as the narrative proceeded, was observed by both the other persons present, as well as by his wife. She waited for a kind word of encouragement. He only said, coldly: "What have you done?"

Speaking coldly on her side, she answered: "I have sent the carriage to fetch Miss Westerfield."

There was a pause. Mrs. Presty whispered to Randal: "I knew she would come back again! The Evil Genius of the family—that's what I call Miss Westerfield. The name exactly fits her!"

The idea in Randal's mind was that the name exactly fitted Mrs. Presty. He made no reply; his eyes rested in sympathy on his sister-in-law. She saw, and felt, his kindness at a time when kindness was doubly precious. Her tones trembled a little as she spoke to her silent husband.

"Don't you approve of what I have done, Herbert?"

His nerves were shattered by grief and suspense, but he made an effort this time to speak gently. "How can I say that," he replied "if the poor child's life depends on it?"

Miss Westerfield? I ask one favor—give me time to leave the house before she comes here."

Mrs. Linley looked at him in amazement.

Her mother touched her arm; Randal tried by a sign to warn her to be careful. Their calmer minds had seen what the wife's agitation had prevented her from discovering. In Linley's position the return of the governess was a trial to his self-control which he had reason to dread; his look, his voice, his manner, proclaimed it to persons capable of quietly observing him. He had struggled against his guilty passion—at what sacrifice of his own feelings no one knew but himself—and here was the temptation, at the very time when he was honorably resisting it, brought back to him by his wife! Her motive did unquestionably excuse, perhaps even sanction, what she had done; but this was an estimate of her conduct which commended itself to others. From his point of view—motive or no motive—he saw the old struggle against himself in danger of being renewed; he felt the ground that he had gained slipping from under him already.

In spite of the well-meant efforts made by her relatives to prevent it, Mrs. Linley committed the very error which it was most important that she should avoid. She justified herself, instead of leaving it to events to justify her. "Miss Westerfield comes here," she argued, "on an errand that is beyond reproach—an errand of mercy. Why should you leave the house?"

"In justice to you," Linley answered.

Mrs. Presty could restrain herself no longer. "Drop it, Catherine!" she said, in a whisper.

Catherine refused to drop it; Linley's short and sharp reply had irritated her. "After my experience," she persisted, "have I no reason to trust you?"

"It is part of your experience," he reminded her, "that I promised not to see Miss Westerfield again."

"Own it at once!" she broke out, provoked beyond endurance; "though I may be willing to trust you—you are afraid to trust yourself."

Unlucky Mrs. Presty interfered again. "You're quite right, Herbert. Keep out of harm's way, and you keep right."

She patted him on the shoulder, as if she had been giving good advice to a boy. He expressed his sense of his mother-in-law's friendly offices in language which astonished her.

"Hold your tongue!"

"Do you hear that?" Mrs. Presty asked, appealing indignantly to her daughter.

Linley took his hat. "At what time do you expect Miss Westerfield to arrive?" he said to his wife.

She looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. "Before the half-hour strikes. Don't be alarmed," she added, with an air of ironical sympathy; "you will have time to make your escape."

He advanced to the door, and looked at her.

"One thing I beg you will remember," he said. "Every half-hour while I am away (I am going to the farm) you are to send and let me know how Kitty is—and especially if Miss Westerfield justifies the experiment which the doctor has advised us to try."

Having given those instructions he went out.

The sofa was near Mrs. Linley. She sank on it, overpowered by the utter destruction of the hopes that she had founded on the separation of Herbert and the governess. Sydney Westerfield was still in possession of her husband's heart!

Her mother was surely the right person to say a word of comfort to her. Randal made the suggestion—with the worst possible result. Mrs. Presty had not forgotten that she had been told—at her age, in her position as the widow of a cabinet minister—to hold her tongue. "Your brother has insulted me," she said to Randal. He was weak enough to attempt to make an explanation. "I was speaking of my brother's wife," he said. "Your brother's wife has allowed me to be insulted." Having received that reply Randal could only wonder. This woman went to church every Sunday and kept a new testament, bound in excellent taste, on her toilet table. The occasion reflected suggestion on the system which produces average Christians at the present time. Nothing more was said by Mrs. Presty. Mrs. Linley remained absorbed in her own bitter thoughts. In silence they waited for the return of the carriage and the appearance of the governess.

[*To be Continued.*]

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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. 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. 20, 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. Coquillette, 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.

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 mix 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 (sent 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, mind-wandering cured, &c. For Prospectus, Terms and Testimonials address*
Prof. S. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N.Y

J. M. RICE,

Fresco and Sign Painter,

OLYMPIA, WASH.

Fresco Work Done in Oil, Water or En Caustic,

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.

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. 5,859, 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., F. 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.

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.

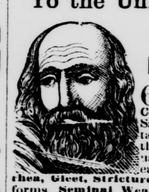
Cash advances will made be on purchases or consignments.

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 by 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.*

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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. 4,789 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 land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Olympia, Wash., on Friday the 13th day of March, 1891.

He names as witnesses: Fred Bemis, W. D. McBride, Francis Carr and Joseph Ellison, all of Kamilchie, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 13th day of March, 1891. GEO. G. MILLS, Register.

Date of first publication, Oct. 31, 1890.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, Wash., Oct. 30th, 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," Frederick W. Taylor, of Kamilchie, County of Mason, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 4,790, for the purchase of the NW ¼ of Section No 28, 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 Friday, the 13th day of March, 1891.

He names as witnesses: John Hudson, M. C. Simmons, W. D. McBride, Fred Bemis, all of Kamilchie, Wash.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 13th day of March, 1891. GEO. G. MILLS, Register.

Date of first publication, Oct. 31, 1891.

Central Market.

JAMES BREWER, Prop.

DEALER IN

FRESH AND CURED MEATS,

Lard, Tallow, Vegetables, Etc.

Corner Main and Fifth Streets.

Goods delivered in any part of the city free of charge

Olympia, Sept. 28, 1890. 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