The Evil Genius.

A DOMESTIC STORY.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

BEFORE THE STORY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Punctual to his fishing appointment with Kitty, Mr. Sarrazin was out in the early morning watching on the pier.

Not a breath of wind was stirring; the lazy mist lay asleep on the farther shore of the lake. Here and there only the dim tops of the hills rose like shadows cast by the earth on the faint gray of the sky. Nearer at hand, the waters of the lake showed a gloomy surface; no birds flew over the colorless calm; no passing insects tempted the fish to rise. From time to time a last left leaf on the wooded shore dropped noiselessly and died. No vehicles passed as yet on the lonely road; no voices were audible from the village; slow and straight, wreaths of smoke stole their way out of the chimneys and lost their vapor in the vapory sky. The one sound that disturbed the sullen repose of the morning was the tramp of the lawyer's footsteps as he paced up and down the pier. He thought of London and its ceaseless traffic, its roaring high tide of life in action, and he said to himself, with the strong conviction of a town-bred man: "How miserable this is!"

A voice from the garden cheered him just as he reached the end of the pier for the fiftieth time, and looked with fifty-fold intensity of dislike at the dreary lake.

There stood Kitty behind the garden gate, with a fishing-rod in each hand. A tin box was strapped on one side of her little body and a basket on the other. Burdened with these impediments, she required assistance. Susan had let her out of the house, and Samuel must now open the gate for her. She was pleased to observe that the raw morning had reddened her friend's nose, and she presented her own nose to notice as exhibiting perfect sympathy in this respect. Feeling a misplaced confidence in Mr. Sarrazin's knowledge and experience as an angler, she handed the fishing-rods to him. "My fingers are cold," she said; "you bait the hooks." He looked at his young friend in silent perplexity; she pointed to the tin box. "Plenty of bait there, Samuel; we find maggots do best." Mr. Sarrazin eyed the box with undisguised disgust; and Kitty made an unexpected discovery. "You seem to know nothing about it," she said. And Samuel answered cordially: "Nothing!" In five minutes more he found himself by the side of his young friend—with his hook baited, his line in the water, and strict injunctions to keep an eye on the float.

They began to fish.

Kitty looked at her companion and looked away again in silence. By way of encouraging her to talk the good-natured lawyer alluded to what she had said when they parted over night. "You wanted to ask me something," he reminded her. "What is it?"

Without one preliminary word of warning to prepare him for the shock Kitty answered: "I want you to tell me what has become of papa, and why Syd has gone away and left me. You know who Syd is, don't you?"

The one alternative left to Mr. Sarrazin was to plead ignorance. While Kitty was instructing him on the subject of her governess he had time to consider what he should say to her next. The result added one more to the lost opportunities of Mr. Sarrazin's life.

"You see," the child gravely continued, "you are a clever man, and you have come here to advise mamma. I have got that much out of grandmamma, if I have got nothing else. Don't look at me; look at your float. My papa has gone away, and Syd has left me without even saying good-by, and we have given up our nice old house in Scotland and come to live here. I tell you I don't understand it. If you see your float begin to tremble and then give a little dip down as if it was going to sink, pull your line out of the water; you will most likely find a fish at the end of it. When I ask mamma what all this means she says there is a reason and I am not old enough to understand it, and she looks unhappy and gives me a kiss, and it ends in that way. You've got a bite; no, you haven't; it's only a nibble; fish are so sly. And grandmamma is worse still. Sometimes she tells me I'm a spoiled child, and sometimes she says well-behaved little girls don't ask questions. That's nonsense—and I think it's hard on me. You look uncomfortable. Is it my fault? I don't want to bother you; I only want to know why Syd has gone away. When I was younger I might have thought the fairies had taken her. Oh, no! that won't do any longer; I'm too old. Now tell me."

Mr. Sarrazin weakly attempted to gain time; he looked at his watch. Kitty looked over his shoulder. "Oh, we needn't be in a hurry; breakfast won't be ready for half an hour yet. Plenty of time to talk of Syd; go on."

Most unwisely (seeing that he had to deal with a clever child, and that child a girl), Mr. Sarrazin tried flat denial as a way out of the difficulty. He said: "I don't know why she has gone away." The next question followed instantly: "Well, then, what do you *think* about it?" In sheer despair the persecuted friend said the first thing that came into his head.

"I think she has gone to be married."

Kitty was indignant. "Gone to be married, and not tell me?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean by that?"

Mr. Sarrazin's professional experience of women and marriages failed to supply him with an answer. In this difficulty he exerted his imagination, and invented something that no woman ever did yet. "She's waiting," he said, "to see how her marriage succeeds before she tells anybody about it."

This sounded probable to the mind of a child. "I hope she hasn't married a beast," Kitty said, with a serious face and an ominous shake of the head. "When shall I hear from Syd?"

Mr. Sarrazin tried another prevarication—with better results this time. "You will be the first person she writes to, of course." As that excusable lie passed his lips his float began to tremble. Here was a chance of changing the subject. "I've got a fish!" he cried.

Kitty was immediately interested. She threw down her own rod and assisted her ignorant companion. A wretched little fish appeared in the air, wriggling. "It's a roach;" Kitty pronounced. "It's in pain," the merciful lawyer added; "give it to me." Kitty took it off the hook and obeyed. Mr. Sarrazin, with humane gentleness of handling, put it back into the water. "Go, and God bless you," said this excellent man, as the roach disappeared joyously with a flick of its tail. Kitty was scandalized. "That's not sport!" she said. "Oh, yes, it is," he answered—"sport to the fish."

They went on with their angling. What embarrassing question would Kitty ask next? Would she want to be told why her father had left her? No; the last image in the child's mind had been the image of Sydney Westerfield. She was still thinking of it when she spoke again.

"I wonder whether you're right about Syd!" she began. "You might be mistaken, mightn't you? I sometimes fancy mamma and Sydney may have had a quarrel. Would you mind asking mamma if that's true?" the affectionate little creature said, anxiously. "You see, I can't help talking of Syd, I'm so fond of her; and I do miss her so dreadfully every now and then; and I'm afraid—oh, dear, dear, I'm afraid I shall never see her again!" She let her rod drop on the pier and put her little hands over her face and burst out crying.

Shocked and distressed, good Mr. Sarrazin kissed her and consoled her, and told another excusable lie. "Try to be comforted, Kitty; I'm sure you will see her again."

His conscience reproached him as he held out that false hope. It could never be! The one unpardonable sin, in the judgment of fallible human creatures like herself, was the sin that Sydney Westerfield had committed. Is there something wrong in human nature, or something wrong in human laws? All that is best and noblest in us feels the influence of love—and the rules of society declare that an accident of position shall decide whether love is a virtue or a crime.

These thoughts were in the lawyer's mind. They troubled and disheartened him; it was a relief rather than an interruption when he felt Kitty's hand on his arm. She had dried her tears, with a child's happy facility in passing from one emotion to another, and was now astonished and interested by a marked change in the weather.

"Look for the lake!" she cried. "You can't see it."

A dense white fog was closing round them. Its stealthy advance over the water had already begun to hide the boat house at the end of the pier from view. The raw cold of the atmosphere made the child shiver. As Mr. Sarrazin took her hand to lead her indoors he turned and looked back at the faint outline of the boat house disappearing in the fog. Kitty wondered. "Do you see anything?" she asked.

He answered that there was nothing to see in the absent tone of a man busy with his own thoughts. They took the garden path which led to the cottage. As they reached the door he roused himself and looked round again in the direction of the invisible lake.

"Was the boat house of any use now," he inquired—"was there a boat in it for instance?" "There was a capital boat, fit to go anywhere." "And a man to manage it?" "To be sure! the gardener was the man; he had been a sailor once, and he knew the lake as well as ——" Kitty stopped, at a loss for a comparison. "As well as you know your multiplication table?" said Mr. Sarrazin, dropping his serious question on a sudden. Kitty shook her head. "Much better," she honestly acknowledged.

Opening the breakfast-room door they saw Mrs. Presty making coffee. Kitty at once retired. When she had been fishing her grandmamma inculcated habits of order by directing her to take the rods to pieces and to put them away in their cases in the lumber-room. While she was absent Mr. Sarrazin profited by the opportunity and asked if Mrs. Linley had thought it over in the night, and had decided on applying for a divorce.

"I know nothing about my daughter," Mrs. Presty answered, "except that she had a bad night. Thinking, no doubt, over your advice," the old lady added with a mischievous smile.

"Will you kindly inquire if Mrs. Linley has made up her mind yet?" the lawyer ventured to say.

"Isn't that your business?" Mrs. Presty asked slily. "Suppose you write a little note and I will send it up to her room." The worldly wisdom which prompted this suggestion contemplated a possible necessity for calling a domestic council, assembled to consider the course of action which Mrs. Linley would do well to adopt. If the influence of her mother was among the forms of persuasion which might be tried, that wary relative maneuvered to make the lawyer speak first, and so to reserve to herself the advantage of having the last word.

Patient Mr. Sarrazin wrote the note.

He modestly asked for instructions; and he was content to receive them in one word—yes or no. In the event of the answer being yes, he would ask for a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Linley, at her earliest convenience. That was all.

The reply was returned in a form which left yes to be inferred: "I will receive you as soon as you have finished your breakfast."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Having read Mrs. Linley's answer, Mr. Sarrazin looked out of the breakfast-room window, and saw that the fog had reached the cottage. Before Mrs. Presty could make any remark on the change in the weather, he surprised her by an extraordinary question.

"Is there an upper room here, ma'am, which has a view of the road before your front gate?"

"Yes."

"And can I go into it without disturbing anybody?"

Mrs. Presty said, "Certainly!" with an uplifting of her eyebrows which expressed astonishment not unmixed with suspicion. "Do you want to go up now?" she added, "or will you wait till you have had your breakfast?"

"I want to go up, if you please, before the fog thickens. Oh, Mrs. Presty, I am ashamed to trouble you! Let the servant show me the room."

No. For the first time in her life Mrs. Presty insisted on doing servant's duty. If she had been crippled in both legs her curiosity would have helped her to get up the stairs on her hands. "There!" she said, opening the door of the upper room and placing herself exactly in the middle of it so that she could see all round her: "Will that do for you?"

Mr. Sarrazin went to the window, hid himself behind the curtain, and cautiously peeped out. In half a minute he turned his back on the misty view of the road and said to himself: "Just what I expected."

Other women might have asked what this mysterious proceeding meant. Mrs. Presty's sense of her own dignity adopted a system of independent discovery. To Mr. Sarrazin's amusement, she imitated him to his face. Advancing to the window, she, too, hid herself behind the curtain, and she, too, peeped out. Still following her model, she next turned her back on the view—and then she became herself again. "Now we have both looked out of the window," she said to the lawyer, in her own inimitably impudent way, "suppose we compare our impressions."

This was easily done. They had both seen the same two men, walking backward and forward opposite the front gate of the cottage. Before the advancing fog made it impossible to identify him, Mr. Sarrazin had recognized, in one of the men, his agreeable fellow-traveler on the journey from London. The other man—a stranger—was in all probability an assistant spy obtained in the neighborhood. This discovery suggested serious embarrassment in the future. Mrs. Presty asked what was to be done next. Mr. Sarrazin answered: "Let us have our breakfast."

In another quarter of an hour they were both in Mrs. Linley's room.

Her agitated manner, her reddened eyes, showed that she was still suffering under the emotions of the past night. The moment the lawyer showed himself she crossed the room with hurried steps and took both his hands in her trembling grasp. "You are a good man, you are a kind man," she said to him wildly; "you have my truest respect and regard. Tell me, are you really—really—really sure that the one way in which I can keep my child with me is the way you mentioned last night?"

Mr. Sarrazin led her gently back to her chair.

The sad change in her startled and distressed him. Sincerely, solemnly even, he declared that the one alternative before her was the alternative that he had mentioned. He entreated her to control herself. It was useless; she still held him as if she was holding to her last hope.

"Listen to me!" she cried. "There's something more; there's another chance for me. I must and will know what you think of it."

"Wait a little. Pray wait a little!"

"No! not a moment. Is there any hope in appealing to the lawyer whom Mr. Linley has employed? Let me go back with you to London. I will persuade him to exert his influence—I will go down on my knees to him—I will never leave him until I have won him over to my side—I will take Kitty with me; he shall see us both, and pity us, and help us!"

"Hopeless. Quite hopeless, Mrs. Linley."

"Oh, don't say that!"

"My dear lady, my poor dear lady, I must say it. The man you are talking of is the last man in the world to be influenced as you suppose. He is notoriously a lawyer and nothing but a lawyer. If you tried to move him to pity you he would say: 'Madam, I am doing my duty to my client'; and he would ring his bell and have you shown out. Yes, even if he saw you crushed and crying at his feet."

Mrs. Presty interfered for the first time.

"In your place, Catherine," she said, "I would put my foot down on that man and crush *him*. Consent to the divorce and you may do it."

Mrs. Linley lay prostrate in her chair. The excitement which had sustained her thus far seemed to have sunk with the sinking of her last hope. Pale, exhausted, yielding to hard necessity, she looked up when her mother said: "Consent to the divorce," and answered: "I have consented."

"And trust me," Mr. Sarrazin said fervently, "to see that justice is done, and to protect you in the meanwhile."

Mrs. Presty added her tribute of consolation.

"After all," she asked, "what is there to terrify you in the prospect of a divorce? You won't hear what people say about it—for we see no society now. And,—as for the newspapers, keep them out of the house."

Mrs. Linley answered with a momentary revival of energy.

"It is not the fear of exposure that has tortured me," she said. "When I was left in the solitude of the night my heart turned to Kitty: I felt that any sacrifice of myself might be endured for her sake. It's the remembrance of my marriage, Mr. Sarrazin, that is the terrible trial to me. Those whom God has joined together let no man put asunder. Is there nothing to terrify me in setting that solemn command at defiance? I do it—oh, I do it, in consenting to the divorce! I renounce the vows which I bound myself to respect in the presence of God; I profane the remembrance of eight happy years, hallowed by true love. Ah, you needn't remind me of what my husband has done. I don't forget how cruelly he has wronged me; I don't forget that his own act has cast me from him. But whose act destroys our marriage? Mine! mine! Forgive me, mamma; forgive me, my kind friend—the horror that I have of myself forces its way to my lips. No more of it! My child is my one treasure left. What must I do next? What must I sign? What must I sacrifice? Tell me—and it shall be done. I submit! I submit!"

Delicately and mercifully Mr. Sarrazin answered that sad appeal.

All that his knowledge, experience, and resolution could suggest, he addressed to Mrs. Presty. Mrs. Linley could listen or not listen, as her own wishes inclined. In the one case or in the other, her interests would be equally well served. The good lawyer kissed her hand. "Rest, and recover," he whispered. And then he turned to her mother—and became a man of business once more.

"The first thing I shall do, ma'am, is to telegraph to my agent in Edinburgh. He will arrange for the speediest possible hearing of our case in the Court of Sessions. Make your mind easy so far."

Mrs. Presty's mind was by this time equally inaccessible to information and advice. "I want to know what is to be done with those two men who are watching the gate," was all she said in the way of reply.

Mrs. Linley raised her head in alarm.

"Two!" she exclaimed—and looked at Mr. Sarrazin. "You only spoke of one last night."

"And I add another this morning. Rest your poor head, Mrs. Linley; I know how it aches; I know how it burns." He still persisted in speaking to Mrs. Presty. "One of those two men will follow me to the station and see me off on my way to London. The other will walk after you, or your daughter, or the maid, or any other person who may try to get away into hiding with Kitty. And they are both keeping close to the gate, in the fear of losing sight of us in the fog."

"I wish we lived in the middle ages!" said Mrs. Presty.

"What would be the use of that, ma'am?"

"Good heavens, Mr. Sarrazin, don't you see? In those grand old days you would have taken a dagger, and the gardener would have taken a dagger, and you would have stolen out and stabbed those two villains as a matter of course. And this is the age of progress! The vilest rogue in existence is a sacred person whose life we are bound to respect. Ah, what good that national hero would have done who put his barrels of gunpowder in the right place on the 5th of November! I have always said it, and I stick to it, Guy Fawkes was a great statesman."

In the meanwhile Mrs. Linley was not resting, and not listening to the expression of her mother's political sentiments. She was intently watching Mr. Sarrazin's face.

"There is danger threatening us," she said; "and you see a way out of it."

To persist in trying to spare her was plainly useless. Mr. Sarrazin answered her directly.

"The danger of legal proceedings to obtain possession of the child," he said, "is more near and more serious than I thought it right to acknowledge while you were in doubt which way to decide. I was careful—too careful, perhaps—not to unduly influence you in a matter of the utmost importance to your future life. But you have made up your mind. I don't scruple now to remind you that an interval of time must pass before the decree for your divorce can be pronounced and the care of the child be legally secured to the mother. The only doubt and the danger are there. If you are not frightened by the prospect of a desperate venture which some women would shrink from, I believe I see a way of baffling the spies."

Mrs. Linley started to her feet. "Say what I am to do," she cried, "and judge for yourself if I am as easily frightened as some women."

The lawyer pointed with a persuasive smile to her empty chair. "If you allow yourself to be excited," he said, "you will frighten me. Please—oh, please, sit down again!"

Mrs. Linley felt the strong will asserting itself in terms of courteous entreaty. She obeyed. Mrs. Presty had never admired the lawyer as she admired him now. "Is that how you manage your wife?" she asked.

Mr. Sarrazin was equal to the occasion, whatever it might be. "In your time, ma'am," he said, "did you reveal the mysteries of conjugal life?" He turned to Mrs. Linley. "I have something to ask first," he resumed, "and then you shall hear what I propose. How many people serve you in this cottage?"

"Three—our landlady, who is housekeeper and cook; our own maid, and the landlady's daughter, who does the housework."

"Any out-of-door servants?"

"Only the gardener."

"Can you trust these people?"

"In what way, Mr. Sarrazin?"

"Can you trust them with a secret which only concerns yourself?"

"Certainly! The maid has been with us for years; no truer woman ever lived. The good old landlady often drinks tea with us. Her daughter is going to be married, and I have given the wedding dress. As for the gardener, let Kitty settle the matter with him, and I answer for the rest. Why are you pointing to the window?"

"Look out and tell me what you see."

"I see the fog."

"And I, Mrs. Linley, have seen the boathouse. While the spies are watching your gate what do you say to crossing the lake under cover of the fog?"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Winter had come and gone; spring was nearing its end, and London still suffered under the rigid regularity of easterly winds. Although in less than a week summer would begin with the 1st of June, Mr. Sarrazin was glad to find his office warmed by a fire when he arrived to open the letters of the day.

The correspondence in general related exclusively to proceedings connected with the law. Two letters only presented an exception to the general rule. The first was addressed in Mrs. Linley's handwriting and bore the postmark of Hanover. Kitty's mother had not only succeeded in getting to the safe side of the lake—she and her child had crossed the German ocean as well. In one respect her letter was a remarkable composition. Although it was written by a lady, it was short enough to be read in less than a minute:

"*My Dear Mr. Sarrazin:* I have just time to write by this evening's post. Our excellent courier has satisfied himself that the danger of discovery has passed away. The wretches have been so completely deceived that they are already on their way back to England, to lie in wait for us at Folkestone and Dover. To-morrow morning we leave this charming place—oh, how unwillingly!—for Bremen, to catch the steamer to Hull. You shall hear from me again on our arrival. Gratefully yours,

CATHERINE LINLEY."

Mr. Sarrazin put this letter into a private drawer, and smiled as he turned the key. "Has she made up her mind at last?" he asked himself. "But for the courier, I shouldn't feel sure of her, even now!"

The second letter agreeably surprised him. It announced that the writer had just returned from the United States, it invited him to dinner that evening, and it was signed "Randal Linley." In Mr. Sarrazin's estimation Randal occupied a higher place than his brother. The lawyer had known Mrs. Linley before her marriage, and had been privately inclined to think that she would have done wisely if she had given her hand to the younger brother instead of the elder. His acquaintance with Randal ripened rapidly into friendship. But his relations with Herbert made no advance toward intimacy; there was a gentleman-like cordiality between them, and nothing more.

At 7 o'clock the two friends sat at a snug little table in the private room of a hotel, with an infinite number of questions to ask of each other, and with nothing to interrupt them but a dinner of such extraordinary merit that it insisted on being noticed, from the first course to the last.

Randal began. "Before we talk of anything else," he said, "tell me about Catherine and the child. Where are they?"

"On their way to England, after a residence in Germany."

"And the old lady?"

"Mrs. Presty has been staying with friends in London."

"What! have they parted company? Has there been a quarrel?"

"Nothing of the sort; a friendly separation, in the strictest sense of the word. Oh, Randal, what are you about? Don't put pepper into this perfect soup. It's as good as the gras double at the Cafe Anglais in Paris."

"So it is; I wasn't paying the proper attention to it. But I am anxious about Catherine. Why did she go abroad?"

"Haven't you heard from her?"

"Not for six months or more. I innocently vexed her by writing a little too hopefully about Herbert. Mrs. Presty answered my letter, and recommended me not to write again. It isn't like Catherine to bear malice."

"Don't even think such a thing possible!" the lawyer answered, earnestly. "Attribute her silence to the right cause. Terrible anxieties have been weighing on her mind since you went to America."

"Anxieties caused by my brother? Oh, I hope not."

"Caused entirely by your brother—if I must tell the truth. Can't you guess how?"

"Is it the child? You don't mean to tell me that Herbert has taken Kitty away from her mother!"

"While I am her mother's lawyer, my friend, your brother won't do that. Welcome back to England in the first glass of sherry; good wine, but a little too dry for my taste. No, we won't talk of domestic troubles, just yet. You shall hear all about it after dinner. What made you go to America? You haven't been delivering lectures have you?"

"Certainly not. I have been enjoying myself among the most hospitable people in the world. What is there left for me to do but to try change of scene, and go roaming about the world, a restless creature without an object in life?

"Remember what my life used to be when I was in Scotland—and look at my life now! No Mount Morven; no model farm to look after; no pleasant highland neighbors; I can't go to my brother while he is leading his present life; I have hurt Catherine's feelings; I have lost dear little Kitty; I am not obliged to earn my living (more's the pity); I don't care about politics; I have a pleasure in eating harmless creatures, but no pleasure in shooting them. Have I done something wrong again? It isn't the pepper this time—and yet you're looking at me as if I was trying your temper."

The French side of Mr. Sarrazin's nature had got the better of him once more. He pointed indignantly to a supreme preparation of fowl on his friend's plate. "Do I actually see you picking out your truffles and putting them on one side?" he asked.

"Well," Randal acknowledged, "I don't care about truffles."

Mr. Sarrazin rose, with his plate in his hand and his fork ready for action. He walked round the table to his friend's side, and reverently transferred the neglected truffles to his own plate. "Randal, you will live to repent this," he said, solemnly. "In the meantime I am the gainer." Until he had finished the truffles no word fell from his lips. "I think I should have enjoyed them more," he remarked, "if I had concentrated my attention by closing my eyes; but you would have thought I was going to sleep." He recovered his English nationality, after this, until the dessert had been placed on the table and the waiter was ready to leave the room. At that auspicious moment he underwent another relapse. He insisted on sending his compliments and thanks to the cook.

"At last," said Randal, "we are by ourselves; and now I want to know why Catherine went to Germany."

[*To be Continued.*]

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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. 4,807, for the purchase of the SE ¼ NE ¼ 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.

Found.

A DARK bay mare, with white face, also a sorrel colt. The owner can have the same by calling on Barbara Metzger, near East side Cemetery, and paying for their keeping.

Olympia, Nov. 28th, 1890. tf.

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

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 Territory of Washington," Mary Maggie Eshom, of Little Rock, County of Thurston, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. [illegible] for the purchase of the [illegible] and SW ¼ of Section No. [illegible], 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 3d day of February, 1891.

She names as witnesses: Aaron Jeffries, of Little Rock, Wash., Jesse Cleveland, of Little Rock, Wash., Frank I. Lutledge of Little Rock Wash., K. 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 3d 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.

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 (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. A. 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.

To Emerson D. Pelsley, 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. Wright, of Olympia, County of Thurston, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 4,560, 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 15th day of January, 1891.

He names as witnesses: Charles Stewart, of Olympia, Wash., Swan Sobeck, of Olympia, Wash., Theodore Exline, of Olympia, Wash., L. P. Oberdeer, 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 15th day of January, 1891. GEO. G. MILLS, Register.

Date of first publication Nov. 7, 1890.

MRS. GEO. INGLE,

DRESSMAKER,

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

Cor. Fourth and Jefferson Sts., Eastside.

March 11, 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.

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.

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 effects 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 day and night. Boarding horses a specialty. Gentle driving, and moving safes, pianos and household goods. All orders promptly attended to.

Olympia, June 8 1888.

PATENTS

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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.*

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**Timber Land,