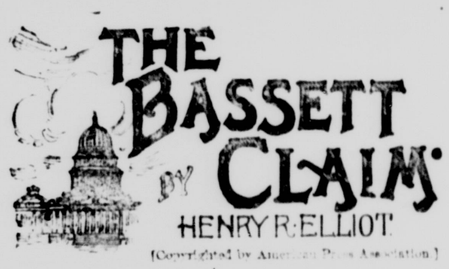

THE BASSETT CLAIM

BY

HENRY R. ELLIOT

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CHAPTER X.

NEVER SAY DIE.

The remarkable person on a sofa couch.

"I may not be in earnest, but we Americans play hard." So Windward said to his friend Stevens that night, after a quick walk home through the bracing wind. "I am determined," he continued, "to see what there is in this thing. And I propose to you now, as one lawyer to another, that you help me along, working, like myself, on a contingent fee. I shall need help, that is certain, and you say you want to get out of the rut. You have your evenings. Suppose you take hold?"

"I rather like the idea," said Stevens, "though I should not care to figure openly in the campaign, as it might hurt me in the office."

"I see," said Windward. "Very well; you be silent partner, the 'Co.' in our lobby firm."

"I'll consider it," laughed Stevens. "And you propose, then, to stay here right through the session?"

"If it looks at all promising," replied Windward.

Stevens was thoughtful and silent a moment, then he said, "If you are really going to be here all winter why not bring your family down here and be comfortable?"

"I've a great mind to," said Windward. "They could see the patent office and the Smithsonian." Here he burst out laughing and told McArdle's story about Gen. Grant.

"I am sure I should like to meet your mother and Miss Florence again," said Stevens, "and it is just as well for a man to have his family about him in Washington; though, as to that, no city has been so slandered. My experience of Washington is of a prosy, steady moral, big village. It got a bad name in the war, when it was overrun with camp followers, and the reproach has stuck to it."

"I believe I will write to them tonight," said Windward, and there the subject dropped, for Stevens did not care to press it, but he found himself feeling very glad that the suggestion needed no pressure.

"Now, to-morrow," continued Windward, "we shall begin operations. Uncle Tom told me of a lawyer here who represents many of the claimants. He will know the situation, and I must look him up. Then I mean to make some business arrangement with Col. McArdle. And I suppose there are members of congress to see, and letters to write, and I don't know what else. Yes, to-morrow we raise the battle stained ensign of the Bassett claim. Good night."

Tomorrow came punctually, and with it the jolly group of boarders to the breakfast table. There were the member, prompt, silent and efficient; the private secretary, quiet, stolid, and, as become a railroad man, of great executive ability. Mrs. Ex liked these two gentlemen personally, but sometimes they made her nervous. She would tell them, however, with a smile, that it was some satisfaction to set a table for people who enjoyed their meals; and they assured her they did. ("I should say so!" she would remark to Sophia afterwards.) There, too, was Lieut. Quire, bright faced, anecdotal, polite—especially to Miss Sophia, who nestled beside him. There was broad beamed Mrs. Ex, talking fashionable gossip as she poured the coffee. There was the small boy, crowing with chanticleer; there were the two third story young men; and, and, why certainly, there was Mr. Ex too, to be sure—altogether quite a happy family, and very select.

There was half an hour of clatter and then the group broke up. Mr. Ex buttered a roll, folded it in a napkin, put an apple in his pocket and went to the office. Stevens doubled the roll ration, but otherwise followed Mr. Ex's example. Sophia had got into the way of putting up Lieut. Quire's lunch, and the consequence was that the jovial officer would generally find at noon, beside the rolls and apple, some tidbit from the closet. The member and the private secretary bought their lunches at the capitol—an alleviating circumstance from the standpoint of Mrs. Ex. Windward was a rover, lunching at large. Finally, the small boy lunched more or less, off and on, all the time.

After breakfast, when the clerks had gone to their desks and the member was talking with an early constituent in the parlor, Windward caught busy Mrs. Ex in the hall and asked her if she could accommodate two more ladies, his mother and sister, whom he thought of inviting to Washington for the season. The matron pursed her lips, was silent, and almost shook her head. The house was full, and besides she never took ladies if she could help it; still, money was money to Mrs. Ex. It would cost no more to lay a table for ten than for eight. If, now, it were only the fashion to sleep on shelves, as in a palace car!

"I'm contriving, Mr. Bassett," she said at length, explanatory of her silence, and it was well for the happiness of Mr. Ex and Miss Sophia that they were not conscious of her mental operations at that moment. "I'm contriving, and possibly I can take them." Mrs. Ex was a rare one at contriving, and as a result had contrived to earn a living for herself and hers.

"Yes," she said finally, "I can fix it." Admirable woman, she had made her combinations as promptly, bravely and skillfully as a great general forced by the turn of fortune to recast his whole plan of action on the instant and in the face of the enemy.

"Very good," exclaimed Windward, for like every one else he liked Mrs. Ex and her housekeeping and her table. And he readily acquiesced in the little compromises she suggested for the better accommodation of the ladies, and in the top notch prices which she, knowing her advantage, had the nerve to set. "Very good," he exclaimed, therefore, "I will let you know our plans as soon as possible," and he went to his room at once to write an earnest letter of invitation.

And, that done, he was now free to work. It would be several days at the least before the ladies came, and meantime, postponing sight seeing—even the Smithsonian—he resolved to devote himself to the claim.

He decided to begin by finding out and making the acquaintance of a lawyer who had charge of many of the French spoliation claims. Tom Bassett had named this attorney to him as one with whom he had consulted—while keeping the heirloom in his own hands—and as one who would prove a capable and publicspirited citizen in any effort he might make to secure legislation. But to his surprise and chagrin he could not find the lawyer's name in the directory. Baffled thus at the very start, the youth knew no resource but to go for help to McArdle. He sought his office therefore, but the colonel was out. A brisk young clerk told him, however, that he believed a lawyer who had an office on the south side of Pennsylvania avenue, near the Washington circle, represented some of the claimants, and could no doubt give him the information he desired. Thither he accordingly turned his steps, and soon his eyes were gladdened by a neat sign before the door of a large private house which bore the legend, "Agency of the French Spoliation Claims."

"Land ho!" cried Windward, delighted, and he bounded up the steps and twitched the bell.

"Is Mr. Causten here?" he asked the servant who had come to the door.

She did not seem to understand him.

"The agent of the French claims," he explained.

"Oh, yes, sir. Come in," she said, and, opening a door into the parlor, motioned him in.

Windward, on entering the apartment, found himself amid the most unique and surprising surroundings, but he had no opportunity for more than a glance at the strange furniture and embellishment, for his interest was at once fastened on the remarkable person who rose from a reclining posture on a sofa couch to receive him. He was manifestly an invalid and his step was feeble, but there was a beautiful dignity in his bearing, and his head and beard were Olympian.

"Are you Mr. Causten?" asked Windward.

"Dead!" exclaimed the stranger, in a strange explosive voice, which startled the visitor.

"Dead? Mr. Causten dead?" he asked, to make sure he had rightly understood the monosyllabic reply.

The stranger nodded. Talking was evidently an effort, and he wished to economize his words.

"Indeed!" said Windward. "Has it been long?"

"Years," exploded the stranger, waving his caller courteously to a chair while he resented himself on the sofa.

"Then," continued Windward, "perhaps you represent the French claims?"

The invalid nodded again and looked at him earnestly, as if wishing him to proceed.

"I have one of those claims," said Windward, interpreting his glance. "Possibly you knew my uncle, Mr. Bassett?"

The man on the couch brightened up instantly.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, breathing heavily in his anxiety to be understood. "Old Tom—good man. Where?"

"He, too, is dead," said Windward sadly.

"Tom dead!" The invalid raised his feeble hands, or hand, for one lay idly at his side, with a look of grief and protest, and sank back among his cushions as in despair. Then as suddenly rousing himself again he pointed nervously to a fine oil portrait of "Stonewall" Jackson which hung above a huge old fashioned trunk, and from that starting point directed his visitor's eyes to a series of grotesque Aztec idols that stared hideously from bureau and mantel.

"Dead!" the invalid gasped. "Jackson—dead! Lost cause—dead! Aztecs—lead—long ago! Causten—dead! Tom—dead! And I'm—paralyzed! But the claims—live! Claims—live!" he shouted; and his lustrous eyes sparkled with indomitable resolution. The effort seemed to fatigue him, however, and he sank once more among his pillows and was silent, while Windward regarded, for the moment silent also, this singular and fascinating man.

"I see," he said, after this short pause, "that talking is painful and tires you, and I will not make you tax your strength. But if I don't weary you I should like to tell you about my uncle and myself and what I hope to do here."

"Very glad!" exploded the invalid, smiling his thanks.

Thus encouraged Windward gave a brief account of his uncle's last years, and the manner in which the claim was transferred to his keeping, and how he had come to take an active interest in the claim through the persuasions of a Mr. Blamms.

"Blamms!" burst out the invalid. "Know him! Bore!"

Windward smiled and proceeded, telling of his plan for a winter campaign, his acquaintance with Col. McArdle (here the invalid interrupted him with a series of vigorous nods of approval), his hopes of interesting other people, and finally expressing his wish to work in harmony with the agency.

Again the invalid nodded, and his expressive eyes showed his interest and satisfaction in the new recruit. But the prolonged and exciting interview was beginning to tell upon his strength, discerning which Windward rose to go.

"I won't tire you further now," he said; "perhaps to-morrow or whenever convenient I will call again. Don't get up, please."

But the invalid was on his feet. "To-morrow," he exploded, "3 o'clock. Assistant here. Can talk. Documents. Plans." As he spoke, laboriously word by word, he moved toward the sideboard. "Drink?"

"No, I thank you, if you will excuse me," said Windward. "I will be here to-morrow. Good day," and with this he took his leave, musing as he went on the extraordinary man on the lounge whom neither defeat in a war of ideas, nor reiterated delays and failure in professional hopes, nor the heaviest stroke of disease could rob of his mental powers, his courage, his patient good humor or his Virginian hospitality.

CHAPTER XI.

SUNSHINE AND MOONSHINE.

She pinned his flowers upon her bosom.

"What luck?" said Stevens, as he was brushing the dust of office from his clothes after the day's work.

Windward, in reply, briefly explained his adventures and plans for the morrow. Stevens showed much interest; it was certainly, he thought, a good beginning. Then he asked casually if Mrs. Ex had been able to find room for the ladies.

"By squeezing," replied Windward, and then he recounted the sacrifices that must be made to accommodate them. Stevens was, however, fully as complaisant as Windward had been, so that matter was settled.

"You are to take Miss Willis to the theatre tonight. I believe you told me you promised to do so. We had planned arranging matters so as to give you a chance to be with your mother and sister. But the play is the thing."

"She is good company. You will have a fine time, and I envy you."

"I think so. We parted reserved and he thought, and yet we had spent the most delightful evening together. I meant to be polite to my guest, of course, and I hope he thought I succeeded in that, but I fear I was rather cold and formal. Perhaps we were both shy. Anyhow, we talked stiffly about the weather, and when she finally rose to go I felt as if I had been a perfect iceberg."

Mrs. Willis glared on her daughter fiercely, admonished her with a look, and then which Miss Clara acted with pretty warmth and, while the young man stood by, pretending to be busy with the second Pilgrim's Progress, or the Pilgrim's Progress, you see, not in reality, she rushed in, arranging the nods and bows and wreathed smiles of the plump little beauty, as with nimble and expert fingers she pinned his flowers upon her bosom. Then away they went as easy and as affable as old friends.

Miss Clara was in high spirits. She loved the theatre, and her light feet spurned the ground in their eagerness to bring her once more to its blaze and stir and competitive dressing. Tonight she would see 500 hats, and see and be seen by a score of acquaintances, all of whom would say, "There is that lovely Miss Willis. Who can it be with her?" And incidentally the play would be interesting, happy Mr. Bassett also. Both Col. McArdle and Miss Sheffield had spoken of him highly, though for that matter Miss Willis made up her own independent judgment of her gentlemen friends. So she rattled on as they walked briskly down town, as happy and as frolicsome as a flag in a breeze, and Windward listened as well as she talked—no small praise, for the former is quite as hard to do as the latter, and is as necessary, if one wishes to be found agreeable. We are always interesting when we are interested, and he who has mastered the difficult art of saying "Ah!" "Indeed!" and "How very surprising!" properly at the proper time may justly be ranked as a fine converser.

Quick steps soon brought them to the theatre, and such a delicious tumult! What fun to march down the middle aisle to the best seats a little late, the orchestra playing dance music, a rustle of dresses and fans on all sides, everybody looking, the ushers slapping down the seats with a flourish, people getting up and crushing, a great fuss with wraps, overcoats, hats, glasses, fans and what not; then the nods to friends and a swift searching preliminary survey of the 500 hats!

Soon the curtain rose and the actors began their tasks—the inferior actors that is, who are hired to amuse by their noncense and sustain the better actors who sit on the other side of the footlights and play their difficult parts on the larger stage of the world. It was the acting of these finer comedians that Miss Willis liked most. Some of them she knew personally, many others by reputation, and all were fair objects of study.

Windward, meanwhile, simple male, was enjoying the stage fun and bluster, for neither age, nor law, nor city life had withered in him that freshness of nature which, sneered at by the stale, is the most precious heritage of the heart. In other words, though now nearly thirty, he still had imagination, and, therefore, was still young.

Yes, with one radical difference, he could yet enjoy life as perfectly as a boy; that radical difference was that now, as a man, he could no longer enjoy enjoyment alone. So hath kindly nature ordained. Even the stars are sociable, and live in groups. Windward, also, wished to be "set in families," for God had not been so stingy in making him that he could find the company of a book or cigar, or a brute or a cane, sufficient.

And thus, as the playactors made their points, he would turn to his fair neighbor to catch her smile; nor would he miss it, and such a sweet, merry smile! Its candor, affinity and good fellowship melted his heart.

Amid such scenes and feelings the evening passed swiftly away. "It was splendid!" cried Miss Clara, as Windward folded her wraps about her. "I enjoyed every minute." And so she had; the play, the house, the company had been charming. Mr. Bassett she found very agreeable and entertaining; he on his part was bewitched. They chatted incessantly all the way home, she talking and he listening, to their mutual admiration and delight. It was a glorious night, semi-tropical, mellow, silent. Clara was thrilled with nervous exaltation. They were sorry to reach home; they hated to part; they loitered at the door. Had Windward kissed her in the entry, and gone about it just right, she would not have been offended.

To be continued.

Atchison's Maids and Matrons.

A girl in Atchison has a peculiar way of attracting attention to herself. She scallops her finger nails, and leaves them that way.

An Atchison girl recently refused to marry a man, saying that she thought too much of him; she believed she was certain to think less of him if she married him.

An Atchison woman has the fad of naming her cats, dogs and chickens for her friends. When her neighbors hear her abusing Mrs. Smith they know it is not her friend she is abusing, but the cat, which has probably been stealing cream.

An Atchison woman, who recently interviewed twelve married women on the subject, finds that four married to escape being old maids, two married for a home, five married because some other woman wanted their husbands, and one married because she really thought so much of her husband that she could not help herself.—Atchison Globe.

Moving Made Easy.

When madam gets good and ready to move she notifies the moving bureau that on Wednesday she wishes her goods and chattels removed from 110 Washington avenue to 9 Clinton Park place, and that said articles are valued at $2,000. On the appointed day the family breakfast as usual, let the fire go out in the fireplace and cook stove, and, putting on their jewelry, go out to luncheon. Then they go to the matinee. Later they find their way to the new flat at 9 Clinton Park place, to be greeted by the familiar lares and penates, which have been transferred in their entirety to the new quarters.

Of course some rearrangements are necessary. Tidies must be pinned on squarely instead of cornerwise, pictures must be hung by two wires instead of one, and the prayer rug must be placed in front of an east window instead of between the folding doors. But these things are trifling. And madam and family go to bed with a rainbow in their souls, for all the moving has been accomplished successfully without work, worry or pneumonia. And all this for twenty-five dollars.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Inquirer.

A Brave Woman.

One is never too old to give up a bad habit. A lady in Islesboro, eighty-eight years old, who had used tobacco all her life, has discarded the weed. She hasn't given up work, though, as she makes it a rule to knit a dipnet every day besides doing her other work.—Lewiston Journal.

THE PUZZLER

No. 138.—Riddle.

I'm a little wee boat,
With a sail for a breeze,
That sails in a lovely motion
Wherever my owner sees.

On my back he lists now rolling,
I'm proud of this sail I trail,
And down the valleys strolling,
My dainty garments trail.

Now the sun to give me greeting,
Not one cloud I have me stay,
But now, or all, repeating,
"While, will you go away?"

And then I go, so lightly,
My young none can hear,
But all things shine more brightly,
Soon as I disappear.

No. 139.—How Many Sheep?

A man bought sheep for $100; he lost fifteen of them, and then sold one-fifth of those that remained at their original cost, for fourteen dollars. How many had he at first?

No. 140.—Central Acrostic.

The cross words are of unequal length. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, in the order here given, the central row of letters, reading downward, will spell the name of a famous queen.

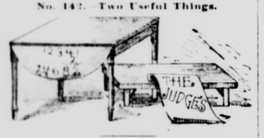
1. The name by which two brothers, famous in Roman history, are called. 2. A renowned Scottish hero and patriot. 3. The name of a Russian empress. 4. A noted queen of Palmyra. 5. The owner of the famous estate of Malmaison. 6. The Sultan of Egypt to whom Jerusalem surrendered in 1187. 7. The wife of Louis XVI of France. 8. A name borne by many kings of Sweden. 9. The Roman emperor during whose reign Jerusalem was conquered by Titus.

No. 141.—Charades.

No. 1. 1. An instrument for bringing water from the earth. 2. Relatives. The whole, a vegetable very popular and magnified by Whittier.

No. 2. 1. A name applied to a sailor. 2. "A feature or characteristic." The whole, "a salt formed by the union of tartaric acid with a base."

No. 142.—Two Useful Things.



No. 143.—Numerical Enigma.

My whole, composed of 21 letters, is a quotation from Shakespeare.

My 13, 11, 7 is timid.
My 9, 14, 15 is a French coin.
My 4, 20, 17, 16 is a musical instrument.
My 1, 2, 12, 19 is to make beer.
My 18, 8, 6 is suitable.
My 21, 5, 3 is to bind.
My 20, 10 is a pronoun.

No. 144.—Two Diamonds.

1. A letter. 2. Stationary. 3. A number. 4. Income. 5. Opinion. 6. A fruit. 7. A vowel.

1. A letter. 2. A verb. 3. An open space of ground. 4. A country. 5. To establish by law. 6. An insect. 7. A letter.

No. 145.—Cross Word Enigma.

In pump, not in well,
In valley, not in dell;
In certain, not in sure;
In sick, not in cure;
In yarrow, not in rose.
Whole, I think the prettiest flower that grows.

No. 146.—Decapitation.

To rinse a person in debate,
To one's own satisfaction,
Is one thing; but I here will state,
Another is retraction.

To make him two that he was wrong,
Is quite another matter;
And to but few does it belong
False tenets thus to scatter.

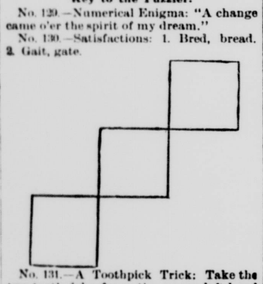
No. 147.—Central Deletions.

1. Delete a fragment and leave to emit.
2. A bog and leave bran and water.
3. Money and leave to invite.
4. To compare and leave a legal claim to property.
5. Rough and leave to mince.

Key to the Puzzler.

No. 129.—Numerical Enigma: "A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."

No. 130.—Satisfactions: 1. Bred, bread. 2. Gait, gate.



No. 131.—A Toothpick Trick: Take the two toothpicks from the upper left hand corner and place them in the same position at the upper right hand corner; then remove the two picks from the lower right hand corner and place them with the two others at the upper right hand corner and the deed is done. You have the accompanying figure.

No. 132.—Hidden Pieces of Furniture: Stove, sofa, bracket, chair, bureau, table, piano.

No. 133.—Floral Anagrams: Asters, rose, pansy, gentian, petunias, sweet pea, geranium.

No. 134.—Tangled Truth:

A day at a time,
It's a wholesomer hyme;
A good one to live by,
A day at a time.

No. 135.—Letter Rebuses: 1. G-over-nor. 2. Rat-on-al.

No. 136.—Word Squares:

S A T E D S A T I N
A T O N E A L O N E
T O A S T T O L L S
E N S U E I N L E T
D E T E R N E S T S.

No. 137.—Names of Noted Authors: 1. Chaucer. 2. Dryden. 3. Pope. 4. Taylor. 5. Holmes. 6. Hood. 7. Burns. 8. Southey. 9. Shelly. 10. Cole-ridge.

A Woman with Five Pockets.

A young man came up town to his home and dinner the other afternoon in a Broadway car, and just about Tenth street, where the big shops begin, the overloaded team halted to take in one more passenger. She was a tall, slim, pretty girl, dressed in a brown gown, and the young man noticed her at once—first, because her face was exceedingly charming, and second, because she carried nothing in her hands. Not even the tiniest purse or the flattest card case, he swears.

On careful cross examination he could not tell how her gown was made or what shape of hat she wore. But this much he does know, that after she got on she actually did push her way well up in the car, in exact obedience to the conductor's humble suggestion, and she also lifted up one of the empty hands, gloved in a heavy three buttoned, stitched red dogskin, and held so firmly to the strap that she did not lose her footing when the car turned a curve.

Yet more remarkable, when the long suffering conductor came collecting, she calmly thrust her free hand into the folds of her frock and into an invisible pocket, set just about where such convenient receptacles are put in a man's trousers. This was on the front of the right hand hip. Apparently not feeling the right change there, she brought down the other hand, and while the young man gaped with amazement, she ran it into another deep invisible pocket on the left hip. He swears he recognized the rattle of keys and a knife, and when the hand reappeared it was full of small change. The conductor satisfied, she resumed her strap and looked calmly over the young man's head till another woman got in who recognized the young lady, and much chattering followed till the second woman wanted to know the time.

Then he almost lost his balance watching the first young woman unbutton her loose boxcoat to reveal a white shirt front and high buttoned waistcoat, in the front of which dangled a watch chain. Into a side pocket went the hand, out came an openfaced watch, then from an inside breast pocket was drawn a little flat red memorandum book, and bracing herself the owner jotted down some important address given by the first woman, buttoned herself up snugly, drew a dainty silk handkerchief from somewhere under the tail of her coat, touched her dear little nose, and signaling to the conductor swung off with all the easy nonchalance of a woman hardened to the convenience of five pockets and a coat tail handkerchief bag.—New York Letter.

Manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home."

The death of Mrs. Asa Jackson in Athens, Ga., has brought up once again the much talked of mystery of the whereabouts of the original of John Howard Payne's "Home, Sweet Home."

Mrs. Jackson was a near relative of Miss Mary Hardin, who was much admired by John Howard Payne. For a long time Miss Hardin had the only known copy of the famous song in the handwriting of its author. When she was dying several years ago in Athens it was rumored that in one of her eccentric moods she had willed the copy to be buried with her, but when asked on her deathbed if this were true she told Mrs. Jackson that she had not done so, but had left the manuscript, as well as all her other earthly goods, as a heritage to her.

After Miss Hardin's death the manuscript was searched for by Mrs. Jackson, but was not found. Only a few days ago a reporter called on Mrs. Jackson and asked if nothing had ever come of the search.

"Nothing yet," was the reply, "but I hope to find it before I die. Mary kept the copy concealed all the time while she lived. John Howard Payne sent it to her when he was consul to Algiers, and between the lines were written little love messages. They were sweethearts once, these two. Mary was offered tempting sums for the manuscript in her lifetime by publishers, but would never part with it.

"Several lawyers have lately been to me to get my permission for them to ferret out the whereabouts of the manuscript, but I have refused to let them take the case. I feel certain that it will come to light before I die."

It is generally believed that the manuscript will some time be found. Some think that the copy, which was known to be the only one extant written by Payne himself, was stolen from the house by a servant.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A Little Georgia Volcano.

Mr. Henry Gartrell, living about ten miles from Ellijay, Ga., says there is a tree on the mountain above the large cliff of marble on the line of the Marietta and North Georgia railroad that has been burning for five months.

The latter part of last October the woods were being burnt off, and an old hollow tree caught fire. About three weeks thereafter he saw the fire and found that the tree had been almost consumed, and the ground appeared to be ablaze. He has watched it continuously ever since, and can see the fire better on a rainy night.

Sunday he took a long rod of iron and some water and poured the water in the hole, but it did not extinguish it. He then ran his iron rod down about five feet through the cinders and got some out. The whole mass in the hole is red hot, and the material when taken out is very much like shop cinders, but after being exposed for a few hours it slacks like lime. It is very strong with alkali, and smells like sulphur. Gilmer county may have a young volcano.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

Government in Competition.

It is perhaps not generally known that Montreal has the cheapest telephonic service on the continent today. But so it is, and the increase in the number of persons now having telephones in their residences and offices has been exceedingly large since the rates were lowered to twenty-five dollars in both residences and offices by the Bell Telephone company. The Federal Telephone company has at present almost 6,500 city subscribers, their prices being thirty-five dollars for offices and twenty-five dollars for private residences, while the Bell, in the city alone, have about 5,000. The latter company are increasing their subscribers at about the average rate of over a hundred a month, while the Federal company's list of patrons is also steadily on the increase. Think of it, twenty-five dollars a year when we here in Boston pay $125 a year, or five times as much.—Boston Transcript.

A Big Estate and No Heir.

The estate of the late Mrs. Wilson C. Swann, of 1,512 Walnut street, will amount, it is said, to $5,000,000, and for this vast wealth there appear to be no heirs. The magnificent property at 1,512 Walnut street, with its inestimable wealth of paintings, sculpture, carvings and curios, will be sold at an early date. The house was planned by Dr. Swann and built in 1857. In past years it was the scene of many princely entertainments, and although Mrs. Swann was afflicted with a form of nervous prostration which confined her to her apartments and prevented her attendance to social duties, it was her wish that these entertainments should be continued. Probably no establishment in Philadelphia was maintained on a more lavish scale during Dr. Swann's life.—Philadelphia Record.

Death of an Editor.

Frank Campbell, a noted character of Victoria, B. C., died recently. For more than twenty-one years he carried on a store, and was known to every person in the city for his good humor and widespread charity. But he was better known as editor of the "Bulletin." This was not a paper, but was a big blackboard, on which was placed every bit of local news as soon as it was known. The people of Victoria consulted the Bulletin with as much confidence as they did their newspapers.

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California Wine Co.

Main St., bet. First and Second,

Would respectfully inform the citizens of Olympia that they are now fully prepared to supply the family trade with

PURE WINES and LIQUORS.

PARTIAL PRICE LIST.

	Per Gallon.		Per Gallon
Al Table Claret	50c and 75c	Sherry	$1 50
Riesling (White Wine)	$1 00	Angelica	1 50
Port Wine	1 50	California Grape Brandy	3 50
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And all other California Wines at the very lowest prices.

ample Room and Beer Hall Attached.

Goods delivered to any part of the city free of charge.

Olympia, Aug. 8, 1890. tf

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HAY, OATS, GROUND FEED,

CRACKED CORN, CORN MEAL,

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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, OLYM IA.

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

Olympia, Feb. 10, 1888.

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For stump and tree blasting.

Goods at factory prices. Call for descriptive circulars.

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RESTAURANT

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

Meals at all Hours, Day and Night.

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Pianos and Organs!

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

EXTRA STOOLS AND COVERS FOR SALE.

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Olympia Dairy Co.

J. W. BOMER, MANAGER.

303 FOURTH ST.

Feb. 20, 1891. tf

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Olympia, Wash., Nov. 14, 1890. t

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May 28th, 1891. 1y

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A Fine Display of

Bedroom Suits, Chairs,

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Call at the Real Estate Office of

WILLIAM RAGLESS,

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June 20, 1890. tf

PUT THIS IN YOUR SCRAP BOOK FOR FUTURE USE!

IF YOU HAVE NO SCRAP BOOK GO TO

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AND BUY ONE!

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the irons are hot rub them first with the wax rag, and then scour with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

That Van Epps' bargain counters are still the attraction for buyers who know where to get good goods at the lowest figures.

That cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That W. A. Van Epps has a splendid stock of wall paper and decorations.

That a teaspoonful of turpentine boiled with pour white clothes will aid the whitening process. f2

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ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON MILL WORK OF ALL KINDS.

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March 6, 1891. tf

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SUCCESSORS TO T. I. McKENNY,

Wholesale and Retail Druggists,

COR. MAIN AND FOURTH STS.,

Olympia, Washington Territory.

January 25, 1889. tf

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INSURE YOUR LIFE OR INSURE YOUR HOUSE

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For the Solicitors Mortgage Loan Company, of Philadelphia, capital	$500 000
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Orient Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. Capital	1,000 000
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London & Lancashire Fire Insurance Co., of Liverpool, England, capital (gold)	7,500,000
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Money loaned on Improved Real Property, at a low rate of interest in sums to suit. Houses rented and sold. Farms for sale. City lots for sale.

Oct. 2, 1890.