A Decided Bear Movement

By W. C. MIBES and EDWIN TARISSE.

(Copyright, 1892, by American Press Association.)

CHAPTER I.

[illegible]

"Well, Mr. Grierson, I am glad to see you," greeted Miss Huntingdon as he [illegible] drawing-room. "Won't you sit down? I [illegible] waiting for her hard to [illegible]." Taking a seat herself, she leaned forward on a pose of long white gloves. "I hope your call is one of business," she continued, smoothing her fingers into the left hand glove, "at least I interpreted so from your note. You will pardon me if I seem abrupt, but as I am about to leave in a few moments for the opera we must come to the point at once." And Miss Huntingdon smiled apologetically at Mr. Grierson.

"Just so," assented he suavely. "I called to see you in regard to the Carlotta mine."

"Oh, perhaps you wish to know my opinion concerning stocks," interposed the young woman, with a quizzical look at her vis-a-vis.

"Well, hardly that," was the reply, with some hesitation. Then, quickly and bluntly: "Miss Huntingdon, can't I induce you to sell me your interest in Carlotta? You have some 5,000 shares, I believe."

An arching of the eyebrows indicated mild surprise. "I do not know that I care to sell," answered she. "Carlotta was quoted at 110 at the close of the market today, was it not?"

"You are correct, Miss Huntingdon. However, I stand ready to give you that figure in return for your stock. There is much in it for me," he went on tentatively, "and little for you—that is,

"Miss Huntingdon, can't I induce you to sell me your interest in Carlotta?"

now that you have made such a paying investment you can afford to sell out high. The truth of the matter is that I want a controlling interest in this mine, which, as more or less of an operator yourself, you will readily appreciate."

Miss Huntingdon nodded. "Well?" she interrogated.

"When you invested in Carlotta, the stock was at 70. You have made a neat sum out of it, and the dividends are paying handsomely, yet," he concluded, attentively regarding the young woman's face, "in return for your holdings I can offer you such properties as will accrue immensely to your benefit, infinitely more so than Carlotta shares."

As Miss Huntingdon listened to the banker's words a curious expression passed over her face and was gone the next moment. Reflectively she traced with the tiny point of her slipper the figures in the rug at her feet. Bending toward the financier in a confidential way, she spoke:

"Really, Mr. Grierson, I have every confidence in your dealing liberally and justly with me. Still," raising her dark eyes to the inscrutable orbs of the banker and tapping the arm of her chair with her forefinger, "I want a controlling interest in Carlotta myself."

The man of the street opened his eyes suddenly; then the lids dropped over them again, and they were as inscrutable as before. "Really, my dear Miss Huntingdon," and he laughed a soft little laugh, "I fear that cannot be—with your 5,000 shares of the stock and none to be bought."

Miss Huntingdon was impatiently tapping the floor with her foot. "Oh, no, not impossible" returned she. "For instance," and she raised her finger to insure Grierson's close attention, "my 5,000 shares, together with your, say, 10,000, would enable me to bear Carlotta, to—er—slump things, as it were," she finished, with a smile.

"Am I to understand, then, that you wish to purchase my interest?" asked Grierson, with a wicked grin, for he thought she was making game of him.

"Well, no, not at present," answered the fair operator in stocks, leaning back and calmly surveying him, "but you must not be surprised at receiving an offer from me at any time."

Perplexed to know what she was aiming for, the banker rubbed his chin with his chubby hand. "Then you will not sell, even in the light of my liberal proposal?"

"Listen, Mr. Grierson," edging forward again in her chair and speaking very earnestly. "We may both secure what we desire. Let me propose something to you. Suppose we mass our forces, under the condition which I shall name, and you shall have control of the Carlotta mine. I will sell if"——

"If"——

"You will consent to bear the market, run Carlotta down so that a certain operator, whose interest is something more than mine is now, shall go under, be forced out of the street and lose all he has."

"Then this is your condition—that the man you refer to shall be ruined. Ruined is a hard word, Miss Huntingdon."

"It is."

"You will pardon me, Miss Huntingdon, but I must know exactly the why and the wherefore of this thing," said the banker, astonished at the feeling she displayed. "That I am a man of the street in the accepted sense of the phrase I will not deny. I am regarded by the world as unscrupulous, selfish, unmerciful to those standing in the way of my fortune, but I can truthfully say that I have never gone out of my path to crush any man. If, as I have said, he were an obstacle in my way, I might wreck him if necessary to save myself. But in revenge for a fancied or even a real wrong sweep him into bankruptcy—that I would not do. Is your scheme one of retaliation?"

"You are right—my motive is one of vengeance. Mr. Grierson, I might spend an hour in telling you how this man most unworthily, most cruelly violated an old man's confidence; how, seeing a chance to enrich himself, he inflicted disgrace and death upon his benefactor, the man who had extended the hand of friendship and assistance. He ruined my father—my father, you understand," she added, her voice rising in anger as the bitter memories of those days crowded back upon her. "But it must suffice to say that as Silas Huntingdon lay upon his deathbed, gasping out his life, I swore to him that I would do all in my power to repay the score." She sank back into a chair, overcome by her sudden outburst of passion. When she spoke again, it was in a softer voice.

"Nearly all that we had was swept into the rapacious pocket of this rascal. The world knew very little of that deal—only this, that my father lost all on a turn of the market. Deprived of my remaining parent, I, scarcely out of school, was forced to seek a means of livelihood. You remember how I entered the street. An old friend of my father's obtained employment for me. I became private secretary to Dent of Wall street. It was there I learned to keep my ears and eyes open and became hardened to the sternness of life.

"With some surprise and much amusement the denizens of the Exchange perceived the clerk become the operator. I scraped together all I had, the proceeds of the sale of a small house, the pitiful legacy of a once wealthy father, and awaited an opportunity to make my first plunge.

"It came in this way," Miss Huntingdon continued, beginning again to draw on the gloves she had torn off in her nervousness. "One day the king of the street came into the office. Quite accidentally I overheard that which made my fortune. I learned from the conversation that Southern Union was sure to drop several points by the close of the market, and the next day jump to 10 points higher than what it had been the previous day. Well, I cleared $15,000 by that operation.

"So much for my first venture. With few exceptions I have been phenomenally successful ever since. I am now worth not a small sum in stocks as well as quite a fortune in real estate."

Mr. Grierson bowed for her to proceed. "Yet I am not satisfied. I want something more, and I shall not rest until I have obtained it. My revenge shall be to pull this man down to the depths of poverty and despair to which he consigned my father. No quarter to him!"

"I accept your condition," said the financier.

"Then it is agreed?" cried the young speculator impulsively.

"Still," went on Mr. Grierson hesitatingly, "you have not yet told me the name of this person. I should not like to injure a friend," he added, with a touch of regret in his voice. "Who is he?"

A faint tinkle of the doorbell was heard. Drawing nearer the banker, as if fearful of being overheard, Miss Huntingdon whispered in his ear, "James Delafield."

And just then the butler announced a caller—"Mr. Delafield."

"Humph!" muttered Grierson.

Darting a meaning glance at him, the young lady rose, her whole expression changing instantly. With smiling face and outstretched hand she greeted the new arrival.

"Mr. Delafield," she said winningly, "I am glad you have come early—you know Mr. Grierson?" The two men clasped hands as they murmured that they had had the honor. "Aunt Cavanaugh will be down in a moment," she continued easily, "and we shall be ready to go with you."

"The opera, I presume," observed Grierson to Delafield.

"Yes," replied the young man, "both Miss Huntingdon and I are lovers of music."

Mrs. Cavanaugh, the relative who was to complete the party, now made her appearance. As the ladies were entering their carriage, the man of money said to Miss Huntingdon, "We will arrange that matter in the morning—good night."

"Business, I suppose?" ventured Mr. Delafield as the carriage rattled down the street.

"Yes," laughed Miss Huntingdon, "business—always business."

CHAPTER II.

The opening of November saw a remarkable change in the condition and the working of the Carlotta silver mine at Jason City, Colo. During the two months after the sealing of the compact between Banker Grierson and Miss Huntingdon the Wall street man had been working like a beaver. Slowly, surely, he was preparing for a coup. Only a few days after, a new election had taken place, and by virtue of his acquisition of Miss Huntingdon's entire share of Carlotta he easily had become possessed of a majority of the votes in the directory. And so all this time he had been quietly manipulating the affairs of the mine until the value of its output, to an outsider, would have seemed materially decreased.

Mr. Grierson was very well pleased with himself as he rang the bell of Miss Huntingdon's house the same evening that the directors of the Carlotta Mining company were to hold a meeting. Since the transfer books had closed he had quietly floated, through his various agents, 7,500 shares of the stock in small lots, and as Carlotta was just then quoted at 108½ the chance for investment had been eagerly seized by a goodly number.

When Miss Huntingdon appeared in the drawing room in response to his card, he shook hands with his fair fellow conspirator with an effusiveness that rather surprised her. Had that young woman known what was revolving in the banker's mind as a part of this deal not yet revealed to her she would have been astounded.

"Well," the arch schemer said when his greetings were over, "everything is working as smoothly as could be desired. There will be quite a stir in the morning, to say the least. Can't stop to tell you any more now—watch the papers." And Mr. Grierson bowed himself out.

Miss Huntingdon dropped on a divan in front of the fireplace. She leaned forward and gazed into the fire. The coals glowed and spluttered as if in sympathy with the excitement the breezy announcement of the banker had stirred in her breast. So it was coming, she thought, with an unwonted light in her eyes—this thing she had dreamed of so long. So she was going to be in this as she had been in every move she had made since she began to gather her fortune—successful. That the banker had come with his proposition at the time he had—was it not proof that she was born under a lucky star?

"Father, dear father," she murmured pensively, "you shall have your will."

She took from her pocket a cardcase, and from it drew a scrap of paper, yellow and creased. It seemed to rouse her. "I have sworn to crush this man, James Delafield," nervously clinching her hand, "and I am ready to do it." Again she looked at the paper long and earnestly. "That is my talisman!" she exclaimed.

"But my poor father did not know to what he condemned me. He did not know that I would come into such contact with men whose only ambition in life is to get money—anyway, anyhow—but to get it. He did not know that to fulfill the vow he demanded of me he was subjecting me to an existence that is fast crushing out of me the sensibility, the goodness of heart—yes, the very womanliness—that so endeared my mother to him—an existence distasteful to me and suffered only for the sake of my promise. But it will soon end; then my life will be my own. In this deal I shall ruin James Delafield to the last dollar in his pocket. I cannot fail."

Miss Huntingdon rose and thoughtfully paced the floor. "Why does the man seek me so? I have not encouraged him. Sometimes I feel contemptible. Perhaps I ought to have sent him away long ago. And yet the whole affair came about so naturally, and the acquaintance has progressed in such a way that to dismiss him would have been out of the question. As much as I might wish to, I cannot hate him. Really, I must admit it, I rather like him personally. He seems so great hearted, so frank, so—no, no, no—I am his enemy! I must not think of"——

"Mr. Delafield!" gravely announced the servant at this juncture. Miss Huntingdon turned quickly. With a graceful, swinging movement she put out her hand toward the man who had entered, but feeling almost Judaslike. Had she attempted to analyze the situation at that moment she would have been confronted by a sequence of perplexing questions such as would have ached her pretty head to answer. However, she was quite composed outwardly and ejaculated: "Why, I did not expect to see you this evening! I supposed you would attend the directors' meeting."

"I thank you for thinking of me," replied Delafield gently as he released her hand. Flushing a little, Miss Huntingdon sat down. Delafield leaned against the mantel and crossed his hands behind him. He looked very manly, Miss Huntingdon thought, in this careless attitude. It had never struck her so forcibly before how broad his shoulders were, what strength there was in his figure. She noted the firm lines of his face, and how the whole expression of that face in repose was softened by his kindly eyes. Presently his rich voice roused her.

"No," he was saying, "I did not go to the meeting because I—well, I preferred very much to be with you tonight."

"Then he won't know until tomorrow," flashed through her head. "I am sure I am glad to have you come," she said. "I"— She stopped, disconcerted at the young man's steady gaze—that look in his eyes that she had noticed so often of late.

"Miss Huntingdon," he began, "I said I came here tonight because I preferred to be with you. I came for more than that—I came because—I—I—love you. I loved you that day of the yacht

"I came for more than that—I came because—I—I—love you."

race." He was bending over her now. "Is the remembrance of that day as sweet to you as it is to me?" very tenderly.

Miss Huntingdon's heart, whose pulsations hitherto had been increased mainly by the rise or the fall of the stock market, beat very fast now with a far different emotion. Why should she be so moved at the sound of this man's voice, at the warmth of his regard, when her heart should have been filled with hatred for him? Perversely her thoughts ran back to that day in the glorious summer time—the excitement of the great race and the gay party aboard the little vessel that followed the contesting white wings far down the bay. She remembered how she had met him and—whither was she letting herself drift? No, no, this would not do. She must answer him now. There could be only the one thing to say, of course, and he was waiting.

"Mr. Delafield," she said, turning very white, "you have pained me—but not in the way you think," she added quickly, seeing him shrink back. "I—I—oh, no, I can never say what you want me to say. The thing is impossible, impossible. I think, Mr. Delafield, I think—oh, go, I beg of you, go. You don't know—Mr. Delafield, go. I can't say any more." She was all unnerved. She had not calculated on this, and the sight of this man standing there with that hurt look in his eyes was too much for her to bear.

Delafield bent his head, and it was some moments before he spoke. Then he raised himself proudly and steadily regarded her. In a low voice he said:

"I am very sorry, Miss Huntingdon. I do not understand, but perhaps I have no right to an explanation. Good night," and the young man turned and left her.

(To be Continued.)

A BAY KNIGHT ON HOOFS.

He Saved His Master's Little Daughter From the Attacks of a Savage Cur.

The bay Jack is one of a dozen hunters which Mr. James B. Dill keeps in his stable at his home on Harrison street, Orange. His fad is breeding hunters. The other morning Mr. Dill was standing just inside the stable door talking to his groom and had Jack's bridle in his hand.

Suddenly he heard a scream and recognized the voice as that of his little daughter. Jack, the bay hunter, heard it, too, and he must have recognized it, for quicker than it takes to tell and before Mr. Dill realized what had happened, Jack had jerked the bridle from Mr. Dill's hand, backed out of the stable and was running across the stable yard. Mr. Dill followed, and what he saw was calculated to make him follow pretty rapidly. His little daughter was being attacked by a dog—a big, ugly, yellow cur that did not belong around the place. She had seen her father return from his ride and had started from the house to the stable to meet him, as was her custom. The strange dog had sprung at her. Its teeth were tearing her dress, and she was vainly struggling to release herself.

What Mr. Dill saw Jack, the bay hunter, saw, too, and he must have had the same appreciation of the little girl's danger that the father had. Running until he reached the little girl and the dog, he reared up on his hind legs and then brought his fore feet down with crushing force on the vicious cur. The dog released its hold on the girl's clothing and fell, but Jack had not finished his work. Turning just as the dog was about to rise again, he let fly his hind legs and gave the cur a kick that landed it in a heap against a stone fence full 10 feet away. Then Jack's work was done, and he waited for Mr. Dill to come up.

Mr. Dill found that his little daughter was not injured, though badly frightened. Then he went over and took a look at the dog. It was dead. Then he went over to his bay hunter, Jack, gave him an affectionate slap or two and placed his little daughter on Jack's back. The hunter seemed to appreciate the compliment and neighed with delight as he started for the stable, where Mr. Dill told the groom to give him "the best in the house and plenty of it."—New York World.

PAGES IN CONGRESS.

The Careers Before Them Are Not In All Cases Very Desirable.

There are lads now employed as pages in the house and senate who have undoubtedly embarked on careers which will revolve about the huge marble building on Capitol hill. Some one of them may live to step into the shoes of Captain Bassett, for instance, the aged and dignified assistant doorkeeper of the senate, who began his services in the upper chamber over 60 years ago and is apparently good for several years more. Some of them may become plain, ordinary, everyday doorkeepers of the house or senate.

There is one man watching a senate door these days who has occupied that one position for 14 years. For years before he began this work he was similarly employed in the house of representatives. The pay of a doorkeeper is not very large, and the distinction which attaches to the place is absolutely nil. The work is not arduous, however, and the man who fulfills it does not have to use either his hands or his brains to any extent—a fact which seems to have had weight with some of the doorkeepers.

If the parents of the lads who are now running about the capitol at the beck and nod of senators and representatives were to be guided by the experience of persons who have held these positions, they might display less anxiety to condemn their offspring to an undesirable future.—Cor. New York Times.

A Late Fad of Royalty.

The latest fad among the ladies of the English royal family, including, it is said, the queen herself, is to beguile the winter hours by plaiting straw for the fabrication of hats to be presented to their sons and husbands at the approaching season. A well known hatter has just finished a handsome straw hat for Prince Henry of Battenberg, every inch of which was plaited by Princess Beatrice's own hands. It is said to be a remarkably delicate piece of workmanship.—London Letter.

SERVIA'S STOCK TROUBLE.

In a Muddle Over Who Shall Rule, While Milan Poses as a Patriot.

The frugal Servians just now are torn by conflicting emotions. King Alexander and his erratic, disreputable father have managed between them to alienate what little love had been left in Servia for the Obrenovitsch dynasty, and if the Karageorgevitch pretenders were reasonably respectable and fairly disinterested they could obtain the throne without much difficulty. But Prince Arsene and Prince Peter are, in their way, not much to be preferred to ex-King Milan and his son. They are ambitious, autocratic, extravagant and heavily in debt, and their morals will not bear severe scrutiny.

They are surrounded by impecunious Russian nobles and loose people of both sexes, all of whom will have to be liberally provided for in the event of the Karageorgevitch restoration out of the national treasury, and, to crown their disadvantages in the eyes of the Servian farmers, they claim the retrocession to them of the enormous estates which were formerly the private property of their house, and which were confiscated to the state when the head of the Karageorgevitch family was assassinated and all his relatives were kicked out of the country.

On the whole, therefore, Arsene and Peter would be more expensive than Milan and Alexander. As the question is mainly one of money, the latter will in all probability remain in Belgrade, the establishment of a republic being entirely out of the question. Meanwhile Milan poses as a patriot. He pines for Paris and its supreme delights, which it is impossible to enjoy in semibarbarous Belgrade, but a stern sense of duty keeps him at his son's side. Privately he is haggling with the ministers as to the sum which shall be paid him to clear out. He has hinted that if his price be not paid he will have himself appointed generalissimo and inspector of the army and settle permanently in the country. The appalling prospect thus opened is likely materially to hasten a settlement.—Belgrade Letter.

LOST IN ALASKAN WILDS.

An Explorer's Disregard of His Companions' Advice Costs Him His Life.

Death from either starvation or exposure in the biting winter weather of southwestern Alaska or perhaps suicide as the only means of avoiding the horrible fate in store for himself—such is the fate of M. Gross, a Canadian surveyor.

Gross, with four companions, left Fort Wrangle on the 29th of January, the party intending to hunt, fish and perhaps do some prospecting. When they got to Portage bay, they made permanent camp. It was early morning, and Gross told his companions that he intended to dive a little into the interior and would be back before night.

He was cautioned against going out alone, as it was known that he was not familiar with the surrounding country, and it was feared that he might get lost in the woods. He disregarded the advice of his companions, however, and at 6 o'clock the same evening the other members of the party heard a shot in the brush some few miles distant. They hailed and by other signs tried to guide Gross back to camp, but were not successful. The whole of the next day was spent in the search, which had to be finally given up.

Gross is said to have been from Victoria. He was last year a member of the Canadian survey party sent up to Alaska to officially determine the territory's boundary line.—Seattle Press-Times.

The Train Ran Five Miles Without Steam.

A marvelous race, up grade and down, in which momentum was the motive power, took place on the Consolidated road Saturday. Five miles below Stamford the cylinder head of the big engine, No. 247, blew out while the train was making express time. Instead of stopping and getting stalled, Engineer Scofield let the machine have its head and pulled into Stamford station on time, and not even the conductor knew that anything was the matter until the engineer called for another engine and No. 144 was put on and pulled the train to this city. The five miles were run without a pound of steam and solely on the momentum the train was under when the mishap took place.—New Haven Palladium.

Historic Brass Knocker.

Trifles light as air have interest sometimes, and apparently nothing is too trifling to feed American curiosity. A new brass knob has just been placed upon Mr. Gladstone's front door in Downing street. It replaced one which had done the state much service and had been grasped by the hands of a century of prime ministers, from Pitt upward. Hearing of this treasure trove, an enterprising and sympathetic antiquary purchased the discarded knocker for 5 shillings, and it is now upon its way to New York, accompanied by half a mile of attractive personal legend, for exhibition in the United States.—Huntly (England) Express.

Illuminated Lifebuoy.

Some trials have just been made at Kiel on board of the German war vessel Worth with an electrically lighted lifebuoy, the invention of Captain Melter. The buoy was thrown overboard when the vessel was proceeding at a speed of about 16 knots. For a space of about 12 seconds it was lost in the eddy currents caused by the twin screws of the vessel, but then reappeared. The new lifebuoy will be found useful at night, and the experiments resulted so successfully that it is probable that it will be adopted generally in the German navy.—Iron and Industries.

Blondin's Latter Day Feat.

M. Blondin's name goes on the list of athletic chaps of middle age. On his seventieth birthday he walked the tight rope, carrying one of his children, a 150 pounder. M. Blondin is enjoying his usual health and doesn't expect to reach the end of his rope for 30 years yet.—New York Sun.

ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE,

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood. By this means, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system. For every blood-taint and disorder, and for every disease that comes from an inactive liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so sure and effective that it can be *guaranteed.*

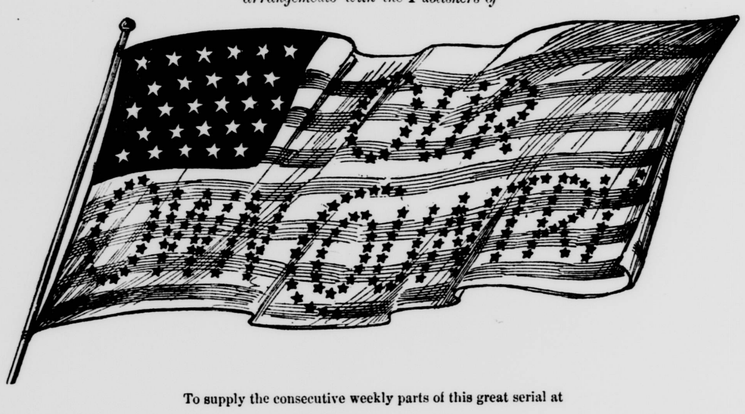
If the "Discovery" fails to benefit or cure, in every case, you have your money back.

These diseases are many. They're different in form, but they're like in treatment. Rouse up the torpid liver into healthful action, thoroughly purify and enrich the blood, and there's a positive cure. The "Discovery" does this, as nothing else can. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung Affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, are completely cured by it.

ALWAYS OPEN—the offer made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's a reward of $500 cash for an incurable case of Catarrh. The only question is—are you willing to try it, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

Important Announcement!

To the Readers of the WASHINGTON STANDARD. We have made arrangements with the Publishers of



To supply the consecutive weekly parts of this great serial at

Only Ten Cents and :: :: :: :: One Coupon per Number.

The publishers price is 25 cents, but we are determined to give the readers of the STANDARD the same advantages that are offered by the large city dailies, and accordingly, at considerable sacrifice on our part, we have arranged to supply "OUR OWN COUNTRY" on the above terms. The first coupon will be published this week. Now save your coupons and dimes, for we have just what you want: "OUR OWN COUNTRY," represented in more than

500 SPLENDID AND WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPHS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

The grandest and most beautiful thing you ever saw. Published in 20 consecutive numbers for only 10 cents each. Every family in America wants and needs "OUR OWN COUNTRY," and it is a splendid present to send to your friends across the ocean.

It is the Story of Our Country and Its People!

It is America photographed, reflected, pictured and described from Alaska to Florida and from Maine to Florida. It is not all scenery, nor all houses and streets, but it is America as you would see it reflected in a mirror.

Everything in America and America in Everything.

History, geography, scenic wonders, famous places, glorious landscapes. Everything about America. American scenery, American homes and home life, celebrated historical localities, the Indians and their surroundings, wild western scenes, character sketches photographed, our great battlefields and their monuments, homes of celebrated people, places where great events have occurred in our country's history; wonderfully and gloriously beautiful beyond all conception.

NO OTHER WORK LIKE IT! IT STANDS ALONE! GRAND SUPERIOR AND SPLENDID.

Majestic mountains, roaring cataracts, waterfalls more wonderfully beautiful than a poets dream, bewildering canons, charming valleys, picturesque lakes, famous caverns, spouting geysers, grinding glaciers, expansive prairies, evergreen forests scented with the pineapple and orange; everything that is necessary to compose a complete and splendid

PICTURESQUE AMERICA

AT THE END OF THE REGULAR SERIES OF 20 NUMBERS THERE WILL BE A SPECIAL GRAND PORTFOLIO OF WATER COLORS.

Representing such famous scenery as the great Natural Bridge, of Virginia; the Falls near Warm Springs, Va.; Niagara Falls; the Grand Canon of the Colorado in all its wonderful and glorious colorings; scenery in the Rocky Mountains, in the Blue Ridge and Alleghany Mountains; characteristic Southern scenery, &c., all reproduced in the

COLORS OF NATURE

By the new and beautiful SOLAR PRINTING PROCESS. A sample of these elegant colored views will be enclosed with each copy of Portfolio No. 4. Be sure to get this Number. We spend hundreds and thousands of dollars in educating our children, but all the books that were ever written about America and the American people do not reflect and reproduce them like these magnificent Portfolios of "OUR OWN COUNTRY." We can not all afford to travel and see the wonders and beauties of our native land, but for a few cents you can possess a perfect photographic reproduction of every part of America, accompanied by a continuous and splendidly written description, spiced with adventures, anecdotes, legends, stories of heroism, great historical events, and Nature's most marvelous wonders.

REMEMBER! The first coupon, with full instructions for ordering, will be published next week, and one each week thereafter, until the series is complete. Tell your neighbors and friends about this great offer, and get them to subscribe for the "Standard" NOW, so they can get all the coupons as they are printed.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY A

GOOD FARM

—IN—

Thurston & Lewis COUNTIES.

Call at the Real Estate Office of

WILLIAM RAGLESS,

Corner of Sussex and Sheridan Sts., Tenino.

June 20, 1892. tf

MARK W. JONES,

DEALER IN

STOVES AND TINWARE.

424 Fourth Street, Olympia, Washington.

PLUMBING, STEAM and GAS Fitting, Roofing, Lining, Etc.

Repairing Neatly Done and Promptly Attended To.

july 28, 1893 tf

OLYMPIA MUSIC HOUSE.

203 Fourth Street, Olympia, Washington.

Piaons and Organs on Easy Payments

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS OF ALL KINDS.

Sheet Music on Hand and TO ORDER.

PROMPT ATTENTION TO MAIL ORDERS.

B. F. DENTON, Manager.

Thos. F. Oakes, Henry C. Payne, Henry C. Rouse, Receivers

NORTHERN PACIFIC R.R.

RUNS

Pullman Sleeping Cars
Elegant Dining Cars
Tourist Sleeping Cars

To ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH, FARGO, GRAND FORKS, CROOKSTON, WINNIPEG, HELENA and BUTTE

THROUGH TICKETS TO

CHICAGO, WASHINGTON, PHILADELPHIA, NEW YORK, BOSTON, AND ALL POINTS EAST and SOUTH.

TIME SCHEDULE.

EAST.

Leave Portland	9 00 a. m
Leave Olympia	2 51 p. m
Leave Tacoma	4 15 p. m
Arrive Seattle	6 15 p. m

WEST.

Leave Seattle	9 00 a. m
Leave Tacoma	10 40 a. m
Leave Olympia	11 53 a. m
Arrive Portland	5 40 p. m

For information, time cards, maps and tickets write or call on

A. E. STANFORD, Agent, Olympia Wash.

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

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for Moderate Fees.

Our Office is Opposite U. S. Patent Office, and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A Pamphlet, "How to Obtain Patents," with names of actual clients in your State, county, or town, sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

A. P. FITCH,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

PRACTICES in all Courts and U. S. Land Offices.

ROOMS 2 AND 3 TURNER'S BLOCK.

OLYMPIA, : . WASH.

THERE IS MONEY IN IT!

WATER FRONT PROPERTY.

Fifteen Hundred Feet or Less from the Capital City Property.

BILLINGS' ADDITION

$1,000,000 Capitol to be Erected Within 1540 Feet from This Addition.

This well known addition overlooks the beautiful Olympia business center, and when the Capitol building is finished $800 would not be a high price for a lot in this addition, if our city should grow as we think it ought to.

Get in On the Ground Floor

BY PURCHASING NOW.

Seventy-five of these lots will be placed on the market for 30 days at $75 each; $5 cash, and $5 per month. The best savings bank is real estate, judiciously purchased. The best way for those who have no property is to buy it first and then pay for it.

New York, Chicago and Philadelphia have faith in Olympia. Boston, Atlanta and New Orleans are buying property in Olympia.

Outsiders Have Confidence in Olympia.

WRITE OR CALL ON

Lacey Investment Co.

OLYMPIA, WASH.

THE

WASHINGTON : STANDARD

JOB ROOMS

Printing by hand,
Printing by steam,
Printing from type,
Or from blocks by the ream

Printing in black,
Printing in white,
Printing in colors,
Sombre and bright.

Printing for merchants,
And land agents, too;
Printing for any
Who've printing to do.

Printing for bankers,
Clerks, auctioneers;
Printing for druggists,
For dealers in wares.

Printing of pamphlets,
And bigger books, to;
In fact there are few things
But what we can do.

Printing of placards,
Printing of bills,
Printing of cart-notes
For stores or for mills.

Printing of labels,
All colors or use, sirs;
Especially fit for
Thrifty producers.

Printing of forms,
All sorts you can get,
Legal, commercial,
Or houses to let.

Printing for drapers,
For grocers, for all
Who want printing done,
And who'll come or say call.

Printing done quickly,
Bold, stylish and neat,
At the office of the STANDARD
On Washington street.

Corner Washington and Second Sts.

CALL ON US ONCE, YOU'LL CALL AGAIN

PIANOS!

Chickering and Sons, Haines Bros., Kimball Co., and Hale Pianos.

Concert Grands, Parlor Grands, Cabinet Grands and Uprights, in Rosewood, French Walnut, Mahogany, Antique Oak and Circassion Walnut. A large assortment of elegant styles from which to select, ranging in prices from $275 to $950 piano to suit the purse of every buyer. For cash or on easy installments. Write for catalogues and prices, or take a pleasant trip to Tacoma by boat and make your own selection. I also have a large stock of

VOCALION and KIMBALL ORGANS

For churches, lodges and parlors, at low prices, on easy terms.

D. S. JOHNSTON

Wholsale and Retail Dealer.

TACOMA, - - WASH.

Pacific Meat Company

JAMES BREWER, Manager.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

Dressed Beef, Mutton, Veal,

PORK. POULTRY, ETC.

Telephone No. 10. Office and Salesroom, 312 Chambers Block, Fourth Street.

Special Rates Given to Logging Camps.