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Steamboats. CHEHALIS—Capt. Brownfield, arrives from Seattle, Tuesday mornings carrying U. S. Mail. Returning from Whatcom Wednesday morning. WELCOME—Capt. Brannan, arrives from Seattle, Monday nights and Friday morning. Returning from Whatcom on Tuesday morning and Friday afternoon, of each week.

DISPATCH—Capt. Williams arrives from Pt. Townsend Saturday morning carrying U. S. Mail. Returns from Semiahmoo Sunday morning.

Tide Table. From tables of United States Coast Survey for Ship Harbor complete. Table with columns for Date, A. M., P. M., and Low Water.

To get the tide at Whatcom figure thirty minutes later; Semiahmoo, sixty minutes later, and Lacon nearly two hours later. Corrected weekly.

THE GOOD PHYSICIAN. BY DR. OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. How blest is he who knows no meaner strife Than art's long battle with the foe of life! No doubt assails him, doing still his best, And trusting kindly nature for the rest; No mocking conscience tears the thin disguise That wraps his breast, and tells him that he lies. He comes; the languid sufferer lifts his head And smiles a welcome from his weary bed; He speaks: what music like the tones that tell How can he fail the petty slings of grief? 'Tis not the hour of danger—all is well! How can he fail the petty slings of grief? Whose cheering presence always brings relief? What ugly dreams can trouble his repose Who yields himself to soothe another's woes? Hour after hour the busy day has found The good physician on his lonely round; Mansion and hotel, low and lofty door, He knows, his journeys every path explore— Where the cold blast has struck with deadly chill The sturdy doctor on the storm-swept hill, Where by the stagnant marsh the sickening gale Has blanched the pined tenants of the vale, Where crushed and maimed the bleeding victim lies, Where madness raves, where melancholy sighs, And where the solemn whisper tells too plain That all his science, all his art were vain.

How sweet his fireside when the day is done, And cures have vanished with the setting sun! Evening at last its hour of respite brings, And on his couch his weary length he flings. Soft be thy pillow, servant of mankind, Lulled by an opiate art could never find: Sweet be thy slumber—that best earned it well— Pleasant thy dream! Chant goes the midnight bell! Darkness and storm! the home is far away That waits his coming ere the break of day: The snow-clad pine their wintry plumage toss— Doctored the frozen stream his road must cross; Deep he the drifts, the slanted heaps have shut The hardy woodman in his mountain hut— Why should thy sufferer from the tempest brave? Hast thou no life, no health, to lose or save? Look! read the answer in his patient's eyes— For him no other voice when suffering cries; Dead to the gate that all around him blows, A feeble whisper calls him—and he goes.

Or seek the crowded city—summer's heat Glazes burning, blinding, in the narrow street, Still, noisome, deadly, seeps the envenomed air, Unstirred the yellow fog that says "Beware!" Tempt not thy fate—the little moment's breath Bears on its wings the seeds of death; Thou at whose door the gilded chariot stands, Whose dear-bought skill unclasp the miser's hand, Turn from thy fatal quest, nor cast away That life so precious; let a man pray: Feed the destroyer's hunger; live to bless Those happier homes that need thy care no less.

Smiling he listens; has he then a charm Whose magic virtues peril can disarm? No safeguard there; no shield he wears; Too well he knows that nature never spares Her truest servant, powerless to defend From her own weapons her unshrinking friend. No darts the fate the bravest will might shun; Nor aches reward save only Heaven's "Well done!"

Such are the tolls, the perils that he knows, Days without rest and nights without repose, Yet all unheeded for the love he bears, His art, his kind, whose every grief he shares.

RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

What the Colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never troubled at the price of anything he wanted. Who could ask more than that? Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the Colonel, with every one else, abandoned Dutch Creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerably at cards and horse-races. In fact, the keeper of that one of the Challenge Hill saloons which the Colonel did not patronize was once heard to wonder, absent-mindedly, whether the Colonel hadn't a money-bill somewhere where he turned out eagles and "slugs" (the coast name for \$50 gold pieces).

When so important a personage as a bar-keeper indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge Hill, like all good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so, for a few days, certain industrious professional gentlemen, who won money of the Colonel, carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces, and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two, and retired them, and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the Colonel and a loss of considerable custom to the indiscreet bar-keeper.

The Colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge Hill, but, being mortal, the Colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsisie and lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently and glaring defiantly at all mankind were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the Colonel. They were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable Christian forbearance when the Colonel savagely dissented with every one who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the Colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsisie and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise, and riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of ex-

hilaration in the world; but when a man is so absorbed in his exercise that he will not stop to speak to his friend, and when his exhilaration is so complete that he turns his eyes from well-meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is only natural that people should express some wonder.

The Colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Come Hand, Blazer's, Murderer's Bar and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the Colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual, who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place and inquired if the Colonel had passed.

Had the gallant Colonel known that he was followed, and by whom, there certainly would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the Colonel possessed hatred.

On galloped the Colonel, following the stage road, which threaded the old mining-camps on Dutch creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes which grew thickly by the road, while the constable galloped on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path through the thicket into which the Colonel had turned, but Tipsisie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of his stable-yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted: "What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsisie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a nip since last night, and there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old gal go back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the Colonel, ruefully, "lost every blasted race! 'Twasn't her fault—bless her—she done her level best. Ev'ry body to home!"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a prayin' for yer to turn up with the rocks an' somethin' with more color than spring water. Come on."

The man led the way, and Tipsisie and the Colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate individuals, who looked appealingly to the Colonel.

"Mack'll tell ye how 'twas, fellers," said the Colonel, meekly, "while I picket the mare."

The Colonel was absent but a few moments, but when he returned each of the four were attired in pistols and knife, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"Tain't so late as all that, is it?" inquired the Colonel.

"Better be an hour ahead than a miss in this ere night," said one of the four. "I ain't been so thirsty since I came round the Horn in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern—they will, or my name ain't Perkins."

"Don't count on your chickens 'fore they've hatched, Perky," said one of the crowd as he adjusted the domino under the rim of his hat. "S'posin' there should be too many for us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remonstrated the Colonel. "Nobody ever gets along of they 'low themselves to be skered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says somethin' mighty hot 'bout that, I disremember dactly how it goes, but I've hern Parson Buzzy, down to Maine, preach a ripplin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thought what a comfort them sermons wuz agoin' to be to a road agent, though. 'That time we stopped Slim Mike's stage, and he didn't have no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons wuz a perfect blessing to me—the thorns of 'em cleaned my head as quick as a cocktail. An'—"

"I don't want to dispute Logroller's pious strain," interrupted the Colonel, "but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin' today instead of Slim Mike, and ez it's Old Black allers made his time, hadn't we better vamoose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed, and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parallel lines with it. After about half an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted, and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve. "Fur enough from home now," said he.

"Taint no use bein' a gentleman if yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the Colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em; Logroller, 'tend to the driver; Cranks, take the boot, and Mack and Perk take right and left. An' I know it's tough—but considerin' how everlastin' eternal hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contribution from the ladies, too, of ther's any aboard—eh, boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire even his black domino with a merry wrinkle or two. What's the use of women's rights, if they don't ever have a chance of exercisin' 'em? Hevin' ther purses borrowed 'nd show 'em the full doctrine in a bran-new light."

"Come, come, boys," interposed the Colonel, "thar's the crack of Old Black's whip; pick yer bush—quick! All jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging along handsomely; those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader, when the Colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle, and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominos and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the Colonel blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, 'cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked an' his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev you?" he asked of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Just put yer hands behind yer—so—that's it."

And the unfortunate man's hands were so gently tied behind in an instant. The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the Colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for who ever heard of a stage-driver having money?

"Boys," said the Colonel, calling his brother agents aside and comparing receipts, "taint much of a haul, but there's only one woman, and she's old enough to be a feller's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of a gold watch. "Just like the low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to hire an old woman to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Mebbe what she's got ain't nothin' to some folks that's got hosses that kin win money at races, but—"

The Colonel abruptly ended the conversation, and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Cranks' sarcastic reference to Tipsisie needed avenging, and, as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the Colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand, while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we are taking up a collection for some deserving object. We was goin' to make the gentlemen fork over the hull amount, but ez they ain't got enough we will have to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocket-book and raised her veil. The Colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and, sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothin'?" queried Perkins, in a whisper, and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the Colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em, and let the stage go ahead," he continued, springing to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin." And the Colonel dashed into the bushes and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if ther'd been anybody to mind the horses he could have cleaned out the hull crowd with his whip.

The passengers, now relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he laid them down at the station while the horses were being changed, then he cracked his whip and the stage rolled off, while the Colonel's party hurried back to the hut, fondly inspecting, as they went, certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered their hut, for there stood the Colonel in a clean white shirt, and in a suit of clothing made up

from the limited spare wardrobes of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence as, laying on the table a heavy purse, he exclaimed:

"Come, Colonel, business before pleasure; let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody should hear about it an' find our trail, an' ketch the traps in our possession, they might—"

"Divide yourselves!" said the Colonel, with a white abruptness and a great oath; "I want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick?" Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passengers' pockets."

"It haint nothin'," replied the Colonel, with averted eyes. "I'm goin' and I'm retirin' from business forever." "Ain't agoin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol lying upon the table.

"I'm agoin' to make a lead mine of you if you don't take that back!" roared the Colonel, with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. "I'm agoin' to attend to my own business, and that's enough to keep anybody busy. Somebody lend me \$50 till I see him agin'."

Perkins pressed the money in the Colonel's hand, and within two minutes the Colonel was on Tipsisie's back and galloped off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people at Mud Gulch knew the Colonel well, and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did; but they made an exception to the rule when the Colonel canvassed the principal bar-rooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsisie for twenty slugs—only \$1,000, when the Colonel had always said there was not gold enough on top of ground to buy her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the Colonel, after remaining in the barber shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely trimmed and parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the Colonel made a tour of the stores, and fitted himself up with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots and pruned his finger nails and, stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the Colonel stood at the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stopped, the Challenge Hill constable was seen to approach the Colonel and tap him on the shoulder, when all the men who had bet that the Colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the Colonel heard the constable say:

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you come out of Challenge Hill, it come to me that you might be in the road-agent business. But when I seed you sell Tipsisie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the country was robbed; and I'll give you satisfaction any way you want it."

"It's all right," said the Colonel, with a smile. The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea of how curiously the Colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impecuniosity.

The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the Colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started, and cried:

"George!" And the Colonel jumped in the stage, and, putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, exclaimed:

"Mother!"—Bret Harte.

A man in Erie county, Pa., whose mouth watered for sparerib on Thanksgiving, undertook to slay a pig for the occasion, and conceived the novel idea of lassoing the porker and then holding the rope in his teeth while he operated upon the animal with an ax. With firm set jaw, the Erie county man delivered a well aimed blow; but the wary shoat shot off on a sou'west course and took with him not only the rope, but a large and varied assortment of upper and lower front teeth. He now wears his jaw in a sling.