



Devoted to the interests of Whatcom and San Juan Counties and the whole Northwest.

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Steamboats. ORREHALES—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 Samish on Sunday morning.

Tide Table. From tables of United States Coast Survey for Ship Harbor complete.

Table with columns for Date, A.M., P.M., High Water, and Low Water. It provides tide information for various dates in 1882.

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

How to Mind a Baby.

First a man must have one to take care of. It isn't every one that is fortunate enough to have one, and when he does his wife is always wanting to run over to the neighbor's five minutes, and he has to attend to the baby. Sometimes she caresses him, and oftener she says, sternly, "John, take good care of the child till I return." You want to re-monstrate, but cannot pluck up courage while the awful female eye is upon you; so you prudently refrain, and merely remark: "Don't stay long, my dear." She is scarcely out of sight when the luckless babe opens its eyes, and its mouth also, and emits a yell which causes the cat to bounce out of the door as if something had stung it. You timidly lift the cherub, and sing an operatic air; it does not appreciate it, and yells the louder. You try to bribe it with a bit of sugar; not a bit of use, it spits it out. You get wrathful and shake it. It stops a second, and you venture another, when, good heavens! it sets up such a roar that the passers-by look up in astonishment. You feel desperate; your hair stands on end and the perspiration oozes out of every pore as the agonizing thought comes over you, what if the luckless child should have a fit! You try baby talk; but "litty, litty lamby" has no effect—for it stretches as if a red-hot poker had been laid upon its spine, and still it yells. You are afraid the neighbors will be alarmed, and give it your gold watch as a last resource, just in time to save your whiskers; though it throws down a handful of your cherished mustaches to take the watch, and you thankfully find an easy chair to rest your aching limbs, when down comes that costly watch upon the floor, and the cause of all the trouble breaks into an ear-splitting roar, and you set your teeth and prepare to administer personal chastisement, when in rushes the happy woman known as your wife, snatches up the long-suffering child from your willing arms, and, sitting down, stills it by magic, while you gaze mournfully at the remains of your watch and cherished mustache, and, uttering a malediction on babykind in general, and on the image of its father in particular, vow never to take care of the baby again—until the next time.

Brought Him in Alive.

A defeated man is fortunate if he happens to be a witty one too. He can save his credit by his explanation. An exchange tells how a lucky phrase of army language brought a certain "hero" out of a doubtful hunting experience with success:

A party of soldiers "out West," not having much to do, resolved to go bear hunting. They had been out about sixteen hours and had not seen a bear, and, being tired and hungry, returned to camp. On their arrival at headquarters they missed one of their companions, but thought nothing of it, one of them remarking:

"He will return all right." They made their camp-fire and commenced preparations for supper. They had some coffee over the fire; one of them was slicing some potatoes, another was stewing some meat, and the remainder sat around the fire waiting, when they were all startled by a terrible noise that seemed to come nearer the camp. Suddenly the thickets parted, and in rushed the missing man, his hair standing on end, his face deadly white, his gun gone, and his arms flying in the air, as if grasping for imaginary objects, and about two feet behind him came a great black bear. The pursued soldier turned when he saw the bear drop, and, looking at one of them, said, breathlessly:

"Is he dead?" One of the men asked: "Why didn't you shoot him, instead of running?" "What do you take me for?" replied the missing one. "Do you think I was such a fool as to shoot him, when I could bring him in alive?"

Matter-of-Fact People.

A very slight stretch of imagination is required to depict the amazement of that inquisitive old gentleman of a botanical turn of mind who inquired of the gardener in one of the public places of promenade: "Pray, my good man, can you inform me if this particular plant belongs to the arbutus family?" when he received for reply: "No, sir; it don't; it belongs to the corporation!" The same applies to that ambitious young lady who was talking very earnestly about her favorite authors, when one of the company inquired if she liked Lamb. With an indignant toss of the head she answered that she "cared very little about what she ate, compared with knowledge."—Chambers' Journal.

A RIVER has a soft spring bed, And billows where to rest its head; It has a sheet of water; yet It never seems asleep to get.

PITH AND POINT.

A LIGHT affair—A lamp. LIFE'S bitterest lesson—Biting a pessimism.

THE proper remedy for a young lady who is short of stature is to get spliced as soon as possible.

A WOMAN has been arrested in New York for abducting a little boy. Next time she'll know enough to take a big one.

THE Secretary of the Navy knows something about one ship, anyhow. We refer to courtship. He has had four wives.

A STRANGER in St. Louis, thinking he recognized his coat on the back of a pedestrian, shouted, "Stop thief!" and about thirty of the inhabitants suddenly disappeared down a side street.

"WHAT would the country have been without corporations?" inquired Jay Gould. "What would the world have been without navigation?" Capt. Kidd might have asked with equal cogency.

A CLIENT says to his wine-dealer who proposes to sell him a brand of new wine: "Tell me, now, this wine is not too heady?" Wine seller, with alacrity—"Heady? Why it's not even wine!"

AN old bachelor, who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him; "but I think it's better in the dark."

A SCHOOLBOY being set to write a composition on the ox, after a long struggle, produced the following: "An ox does not taste as good as an oyster, but can draw a bigger load, and run twice as fast."

A WESTERN ODE. I am waiting in the wilderness with a club, I'll meet you 'twixt the gloaming and the dark; I'll hit you with my weapon's biggest nub, And smother you pretty much above the park. A thousand shining stars you'll soon discover, And pyrotechnics till you cannot rest. Oh! come and set me free for your mother, My huge-headed poet of the West. —Chicago Tribune.

DEACON JELLY remarked to a penurious companion that the kingdom of Satan was to be destroyed, and asked him if he wasn't glad of it. "Yes," he replied, "I suppose so, but it seems a pity to have anything wasted!"

"Why did Gen. Washington cross the Delaware on the ice during the storm of an awful night?" asked a teacher of her young class in history. "I reckon," piped a small voice in answer, "it was because he wanted to get on the other side."

STRONG-MINDED wife—"Eh, James, you are great on languages; what is the difference between exported and transported?" Submissive husband—"Why, my dear, if you should go to Europe you would be exported, and I—well, I should be transported!"

AS THE family of a very orthodox divine were gravely discussing why the baby was so naughty, a boy of 12, who had just commenced to study the steam engine as well as the catechism, asked, "Papa, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, is there not a greater pressure of sin to the square inch in the baby than in any of the rest of us?"

"Did you serve in the war, uncle?" "No, sah; I was a cowardly niggab. I was a Kentucky niggab. And what did I want to 'list for?" "Were not the white men fighting for you?" "S'pose dey was. Dat was no sign why we should fight. Massa, did you ever see two dogs fightin' over a bone?" "Well, what's that to do with your fighting?" "A heap, massa. Did you ever see de bone fight?" The questioner led, amid a general laugh.—Cleveland Leader.

A GOOD parson, who had the happy faculty of saying a kind word for everybody in whose behalf one could possibly be said, recently officiated at the funeral of a farmer who was known as the meanest and most miserly man in the neighborhood. Instead of execrating the deceased for his extortionate and niggardly habits, this kindly disposed clergyman simply spoke of him as "the best arithmetician in the country."—Catskill Recorder.

THE wild storm still raged furiously. Ever and anon the vivid lightning, in fantastic shapes, illumined the darksome and angry heavens. At last our young hero, making a sudden, strategic movement, surrounded the band of fifteen howling red demons, and with no other weapon than a seven shooter, a cavalry sword, a dime novel, a Remington rifle, deck of cards, a bowie-knife and a pair of brass knuckles, he mowed down his pursuers like grain before the scythe of the reaper; then, seizing the fair Ethelinda around the waist with one arm and plunging a bayonet into the breast of a lusty Indian who exhibited signs of returning consciousness, he vaulted into the saddle of the swiftest horse in the Territory, and cried, in a delirium of triumphant joy—"To be continued in our next."—Norristown Herald.

A Trip up the Samish.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE.

One morning not long since, three visionaries, whose abiding place is in one of the quiet nooks of Fidalgo Island, whose business is shingle making, and whose schemes for the building of railroads, harbors, cities, etc., will outdo those of a Villard or Gould, and who from much gazing upon the emerald setting of which Mt. Baker is the pearl, had come to believe that wealth in some form must lie hidden within its unexplored depths, concluded, (having become tired of dull, steady, every day work) to go and search for themselves. Accordingly, after having laid in a goodly supply of provisions, they set sail with two pair of good stout ash oars from the tranquil Ship Harbor, steering in a direct line for Mt. Baker and dropped anchor the first night at the hospitable doors of Mr. D. Dingwall.

Crossing from there an arm of Bellingham Bay and following for three miles up one of the many sloughs that indent the mainland and down which the loggers float their logs to the sea, they came to a jam and were obliged to lay up their boat, put their "grub" into packs and pushed on foot, following a road for fourteen miles along the north side of the large tract of level alluvial lands, the combined deltas of the Skaget and Samish rivers, including the famed Olympia marsh and altogether embracing many thousand acres. So much has already been said and written of this wonderfully fertile land that it would be superfluous to add more, but to these three visionaries, who arrived weary and footsore at Capt. Warner's just at dark, it seemed as though enough wealth had already been seen by them, in the shape of magnificent timber and rich soil which, a few years would see developed, to repay them for coming thus far.

Capt. Warner, than whom no more hospitable or genial man is to be found, lives in what might be termed the northeast corner of the above mentioned alluvial plain in a little "Garden of Eden" of his own finding, which is a prairie of about two hundred acres. Here, unmolested by neighbors, surrounded by a large family, raising upon his pretty farm all the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life, he lives as happy as a king, troubled only by the thought that civilization is soon going to encroach upon his domain. By his own pluck and muscle he has built nearly the whole road from his place to salt water, some fourteen miles.

After having been made very comfortable over night, and having enjoyed the captain's reminiscences of his early travels and experiences in this western country, many of which would be intensely interesting to read if printed, our three visionaries donned their packs (about sixty pounds apiece) and plunged into the wilderness, making light of their rather cumbersome loads in the enthusiasm induced by the prospect ahead that had never been trodden by the foot of white man. They first took a northeast and then nearly due north course, following up what is known as the south Samish river a small stream unnavigable except only by salmon. The valley proper, or river bottom, has an almost uniform width, averaging about one and a half miles; the soil is exceedingly rich, consisting of wash from the hills upon either side, mixed with vegetable mold, and covered with a growth of vine maple, alder and salmonberry, with scattering spruce and hemlock, quite easy of clearing. The wash from the hills is of a soft greasy dark-colored slate rock, of which the hills are almost entirely composed.

Our three worthies scrambled across to the east side of the valley and followed up, sometimes in the bottoms and again on the benches that border the hills, finding fresh cause for surprise and amazement at every step, in the enormous fir and cedar trees that run up straight and clear of branches for a hundred or more feet.

They afterwards found the timber equally good on the sloping sides the hills, extending even to the summit of them. On the three toil; stopping to camp upon some of the numerous streams that come noisily down from the hills; taking short trips up the canyons searching for yellow grains of gold and dusky diamonds, finding instead beautiful cascades, fantastic rocks and the ever present giant trees surpassing any found nearer the salt water. Again they stop to rest upon some slight eminence overlooking the valley and fall to forming visions of the time when every 80 acres of this cosy valley will be a dairy farm, watered by one or two of these pure, cold mountain brooks; they build (in their mind) a railroad to take away this immense amount of timber. They name every stream they come to until the names give out and then commence to number them, and finally after prospecting along until they get about eighteen miles above Capt. Warner's conclude to go up no further with their packs but go into camp for a day or two and make short explorations in different directions. In looking from several points of observation the valley seems to widen above here and according to Indian stories contains quite a lake. The valley appears to extend at least fifteen miles further. The woods are full of bears trails which make it quite convenient for travel, and this brings us to a little experience of the visionaries with bears:

Sitting around the camp fire one morning after breakfast, smoking their pipes and pondering over the wonderful country they had come through, that was so near to civilization and so little known, their attention was attracted by a cracking of brush, and looking up, four large black bears were seen coming down the hill directly for camp. Instantly springing for their firearms, one grasped the old "Harpers Ferry" musket, another the big pistol, the third the butcher knife, and all trembling from excitement (?) prepared to receive the enemy. No. 1 suggested that bear meat was not good to eat at this time in the year; No. 2 said, "we don't want to bother to pack their skins out," and No. 3 remarked it was too cruel to kill the poor things as they were only coming peaceably down after their morning meal of skunk cabbage; and all three agreed that it was better to halloo at them to stop them from coming any closer. Accordingly the most unearthly yell was sent up that was ever heard in that part of the country, which sent the bears scurrying back up the hills. That night the three brave fellows (?) slept with one eye open and the musket and butcher knife as bedfellows and concluded as the provisions were getting low, to start for home in the morning, which they did, after erecting a memorial, and naming the considerable stream upon which they were camped, "Bear creek," in honor of the adventure of the preceding day.

In coming down they crossed directly over and followed down the west side of the valley finding the same general characteristics, innumerable small streams, rolling bench ground bordering the bottom and large straight tall timber. They arrived at Capt. Warner's after having been gone from his place twelve days, in a rather forlorn condition, having traveled three days in the rain, feeling a trifle disappointed at not having found the wealth sought, but very enthusiastic over the future of this beautiful valley, and amply repaid for their hardships, and resolved to explore it more fully in the dry season.

G. F. A.

C. W. Duffey, of San Francisco, has been awarded a patent for a method of protecting piling and the woodwork of wharves from decay and the ravages of the teredo and other destructive insects. Experiments with the new method, which have thus far been a success, are now being made by the board of state harbor commissioners of California.