



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

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THE Northwest Enterprise,

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-AT-

ANACORTES, WASHINGTON TER.,

By ALF. D. BOWEN & CO.

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Religious notices and notices for really charitable purposes, will be published free for a single week; one-half rates for a longer period.

We shall be obliged to any person who will furnish us with any information of local interest. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications.

Publication must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for any views or opinions expressed in the communications of our correspondents.

Subscribers not receiving their paper regularly will confer a favor by giving notice of the same at this office.

ENTERPRISE DIRECTORY.

Territorial Officers.

Delegate to Congress, Thomas H. Brents. Governor, William A. Newell. Secretary, N. H. Owings. Marshal, Chas. B. Hopkins.

Whatcom County Officers.

Auditor, H. Clotier. Treasurer, Thomas Conve. Sheriff, James O'Laughlin. Assessor, James O'Laughlin.

San Juan County Officers.

Auditor, J. L. Shearer, Friday Harbor. Treasurer, Israel Kats, San Juan. Sheriff, John Kelly.

Steamboats.

GENERALS—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.

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

Tide Table.

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

To get the tide at Whatcom square thirty minutes later; Semiamoo, sixty minutes later, and Lacanar nearly two hours later. Corrected weekly.

WHY DOES A HORSESHOE BRING LUCK?

Old relic of departed horse, Old harbinger of luck to man! When things seem growing worse and worse, How good to find you in the van!

A hundred thousand miles, I ween, You've traveled on the flying heel— By country roads, where fields were green, O'er pavements with the rattling wheel.

Your toe-calk, in that elder day, Was sharper than a serpent's tooth; But now it's almost worn away; The blacksmith should renew its youth.

Bright is the side was next the hoof, And dark the side was next the ground; 'Tis thus true metal's only found Where hard knocks put it to the proof.

For aught I know, you may have done Your mile in two ninetee or twenty; Or, on a dray-horse, never run, But walked and walked, and pulled a plenty.

At least your journeys all are o'er, Whether of labor or of pleasure, And there you hang above my door, To bring me health, and strength, and treasure

"The Mad Poet."

Such was the name given to McDonald Clarke, a wild, eccentric writer of verses, who lived in the city of New York some thirty years ago. He had a talent for improvisation, which he used to celebrate the charms of those persons of whom, from time to time, he became enamored.

A volume of his poems, published by subscription, contains in the preface these touching paragraphs: "I won't pester folks with apologies. Here's a rough handful of flowers—a little dirt about the roots—a tear'll wash it off!"

"If the life of my poetry is wholesome, 'twill breathe after the wild spirit that inspired it has been sobered at the terrible tribunal of eternity, and the weak hand that traced it long wasted to ashes."

In one of these wild moods which frequently came upon him, when the will to be sublime was not sustained by the strength, he wrote these lines on Washington:

Eternity—give him elbow room; A spirit like his is large; Earth—fence with artillery his tomb, And fire a double charge, To the memory of America's greatest man; Match him posterity if you can.

He was a regular attendant on Sunday church services, and in one of his lucid moods wrote this tender, simple tribute to the Sabbath:

I feel the happier all the week If my foot has pressed the sacred aisle, The pillow seems softer to my cheek; I sink to slumber with a smile; With sinful passions cease to fight, And sweetly dream on Sunday night.

He died in the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's island, and was buried in Greenwood Cemetery. Speaking of the arrangements he desired made for his funeral, he said:

"I hope the children will come. I want to be buried by the side of children. Four things I am sure 'ere will be in heaven—music, flowers, air, and plenty of little children.

Table Etiquette.

If by writing this we can induce one man who now wipes his hand on the table cloth to come up and take a higher ground and wipe them on his pants, we shall feel amply repaid.

If you cannot accept an invitation to dinner do not write your regrets on the back of a pool check with a blue pencil. This is now regarded as rickshat.

A simple note to your host informing him that your washerwoman refuses to relent is sufficient.

On seating yourself at the table draw off your gloves and put them in your lap under your napkin. Do not put them in the gravy, as it would ruin the gloves and cast a gloom over the gravy. If you have just cleaned your gloves with benzine you might leave them out in the front yard.

Stones in cherries or other fruit should not be placed upon the tablecloth, but slid quietly and unostentatiously into the pocket of your neighbor or noiselessly tossed under the table.

Ladies should take but one glass of wine at dinner. Otherwise there might be difficulty in steering the male portion of the procession home.

Do not make remarks about the amount your companion has eaten. If the lady who is your company at table, whether she be your wife or the wife of some one else, should eat quite heartily, do not offer to pay your host for his loss or say to her: "Great Scott! I hope you will not kill yourself because you have the opportunity," but be polite and gentlemanly, even though the food supply be cut off for a week.

If one of the gentlemen drop a raw oyster into his bosom and he should have trouble in fishing it out, do not make facetious remarks about it, but assist him to find it, laughing heartily all the time.—Bill Nye.

Or interest to mothers—A switch in time saves nine.

"In the Trade."

He called the salesman aside and asked for the proprietor. His general appearance was hardly one calculated to increase one's faith in the business boom, and the salesman told him that the proprietor had gone East.

"Well, perhaps you'll do just as well," was the reply. "I've been in the furniture trade myself, and would like to talk confidentially about prices, with a view to purchase."

The salesman ached to bet him a dollar that he had never handled anything more extravagant than a washboard, but he remembered stories he had read about millionaires in disguise and kept still.

"I'm solid as an Eastlake bedstead," the customer continued, "an' want bottom prices. No veneer about me. You see by my talk that I understand the biz. Oh, I'm right there, any time o' day. I'm a chamber suit painted to correspond with the carpet or the paper on the wall! See? How much time do you give on large orders?"

The salesman observed that they gave all the time necessary to make out the bill.

"But I'm in the trade, Jerusalem! Can't you make allowances for that? I'm clear quill, an' just from the dry kiln, an' don't you forget it. I ain't no thick-lipped son of an Egyptian carved on the back of a sofa. I want livin' prices an' reasonable time."

The salesman repeated his remark about the time given.

"Then you'll lose a mighty good customer, Mister," responded the individual. "A genuine mahogany purchaser, trimmed with raw silk and beaded with coin. I ain't no extension table, to be pulled out and shoved in to suit the convenience of men who get rich out o' my trade. I ain't no hat-rack to hang your blasted mean suspicions on. Ta-ta."

And the gentleman who belonged to the trade and wanted special terms passed out. In about five minutes the salesman went out to mail a letter and found him in a rival establishment, trying to trade a bushel of onions for a pine washstand and a dozen clothes pins.

Didn't Win the Bet.

Two friends were discussing the merits of their acquaintances. Said one of the gentlemen: "Talk about mean men; now there's old Strassberger. He's the hardest, driest, meanest old Shylock that ever lived. That man! why!" And there he stopped as if words couldn't do justice to the subject. "You're mistaken," said his friend. "He's not so bad; even the devil isn't so black as he is painted. Now I'll bet you \$10 I can borrow \$50 of him before night."

"Done!" and the money was put up. On posted the sanguine book-maker to his intended victim.

"Strassberger, my boy, how are you?" and he slapped him on the back of a faded ready-made coat with a capital assumption of good-fellowship.

"Vell, I was all r-i-g-h-t. Vot's de madder mit you?"

"Look here, old fellow, I made a little bet about you just now, ha, ha! It's a capital joke."

"Um!" said Strassberger. "Vell?" "Yes, I bet \$10 with Smithy that I could borrow \$50 of you to-day."

"Feefty kollar!" "Yes, that was the amount."

"Yes, you bet ten?" "That's what I put up."

"Vell, now look here, my friend" (in a low whisper) "you go straight away and 'hedge.'"

Concerning Cartridges.

The fact has just been made to appear in France that powder in cartridges decomposes under certain circumstances, causing diminished velocity and loss of precision as compared with fresh cartridges. It seems that, between the different dates of charge, 1876 and 1880, there was found a marked contrast in respect to efficiency. Thus, an analysis of the matter contained in those of 1876 proved them to be a mixture of carbon, sulphur, saltpeter, sulphide of potassium, sulphate and carbonate of potash, and sesquicarbonate of ammonia with some metallic salts arising from a combination of the brass of the case with the constituents of the powder. The showing in these and other cartridges examined clearly demonstrated a progressive decomposition of the powder in the metallic cases; and the quantity of powder transformed in the given time is proved to depend on the character of the atmospheric influences, and especially that of moisture, acting at the time of manufacture or during storage.

A SYRACUSE maiden has promised to marry five different men. The papers refer to her as "a promising society belle."

THE SWEET BY-AND-BY.

A Talk With the Composer of the Beautiful Hymn.

Dr. S. Fillmore Bennett, a practicing physician of Richmond, Ill., a small town southeast of Lake Geneva, was visited and conversed with by a Chicago News reporter with reference to the authorship of the words and music of that remarkably popular Christian hymn called "The Sweet By-and-By." Dr. Bennett is 45 years old, and the father of a considerable family, including a son who is a recent graduate of Rush Medical College. In stature the doctor is of medium height, and quite spare. He is thin-visaged, wears a thin mustache and goatee, and is of a not very light complexion. He has a lock of hair, slightly gray, overhanging his brow, which gives him the look of a person with the poetical faculty. In his conversation he is clear, practical, serious and positive. He said:

"The story of the origin of the hymn, 'The Sweet By-and-By,' is a short one and soon told. From 1861 to 1871 I resided in Elkhart, Wis., where I kept an apothecary store. And during that period was associated with Joseph P. Webster, a music teacher, in the production of musical works, I composing the words, and he the music. Our first publication was the 'Signet Ring,' our second, 'The Beatitudes,' our third, 'The Sunday-School Cantata,' and our fourth and last, 'The Great Rebellion.' It was in the fall of 1874, when we were at work on 'The Signet Ring,' that we composed 'The Sweet By-and-By.' It was composed for that work, and published first in it. And this was the way we happened to compose it. Webster was an extremely sensitive and melancholy man, and very prone to think that others had slighted him. He was always imagining that some old friend had spoken to him coolly and then dropping into bottomless despondency about it until some casual meeting afterward spelled the illusion. After while I understood this weakness so well that I knew how to take it, and it gave me no trouble at all. On the contrary, I used to aid him in getting over those spells, generally by putting him to work, which, I learned by experience, was sure to relieve him. So one day in the fall of 1874—I could give you the day if I had the copyright here—I was standing at my desk in my drug store writing up my books, when in came Webster, looking uncommonly blue. I knew at a glance what ailed him, but said to him, pleasantly, 'Webster, what is the matter with you?' 'Ah,' he said, 'nothing much. It will be all right by-and-by. 'That is so,' I said, 'and what is the reason that wouldn't be a good subject for a song—By-and-by?' With that, I snatched up a piece of paper and went to writing, and within fifteen minutes I handed him the paper with these words written on it:

"There's a land that is fairer than day, And by faith we may see it afar, And the Father stands over the way, To prepare us a dwelling place there.

"We shall sing, on that beautiful shore, The melodious songs of the blest, And our spirits shall sorrow no more, Not a sigh for the blessing of rest!

"To our beautiful Father above We will offer the tribute of praise; For the glorious gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.

"There," I said, "write a tune for that." Webster looked it over, and then turned to a man named Bright in the store, and said: "Hand me my fiddle over the counter, please." The fiddle was passed to him, and he went to work at once to make a tune. And I hardly think it was more than thirty minutes from the time when he came into the store that he and I were singing together the words and music just as you see them here, on the nineteenth page of 'The Signet Ring.' We liked them very much, and were singing our song, off and on, the rest of the day. Toward evening, Uncle Crosby, as we used to call him, my wife's uncle, came into the store and we sang it to him. He was deeply affected by it, and when it was ended the spirit of prophecy came over him, and he said, 'That piece is immortal.' And he was right."

The Cantelope Question.

The consumer of cantelopes has observed that only about one melon in five is of first-rate quality. That one will have a high, rich, musky flavor most delicious to the palate. The others will vary in flavor. One will taste like raw pumpkin, another like unboiled sweet potato, and another, perhaps, like a hickory chip. What we want to know is if it is not possible for some careful and ingenious horticulturist to produce entire crops of melons which have the tempting flavor? Is there no method of extirpating the melon with the taste of chips and the melon that is akin to pumpkin, and making the good melon universal?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TAKE BACK THY GIFTS.

Take back thy gifts—I crave not one To keep for memory's sake; I would not have the sight of them One fond regret awake.

A withered rose—at! once so fair, Faded and worthless now; Fit emblem of our sweet, dead past, And every broken vow.

One tiny curl, from off thy brow, Held with a knot of blue; "Be this a token," then you said, "My love for thee is true."

Take back thy ring—a lovely pearl Of rarest purity; "An emblem of our love," you said, "Through all eternity!"

I cannot say, take back thy love, I'm sure 'twas never mine. Would not a heart that's truly given, More constant prove than thine?

And thus we part—I will not say It causes me no pain; A brightness from my life has gone That ne'er will come again.

The Demoralization of Riches.

Said an aged politician and editor to me, "I like to read your off-hand social sermons, because they seem to be confessions. Now let me make a confession to you! I don't believe, although I have a large summer house at the most successful resort in the country, that the dissipations and broken habits of the long season do me any good or give me any rest, or that I am as well insured for length of days in the idle summer as in the severe winter. And can you tell me, then Diogenes of Broadway! why everybody is visiting the summer resorts and at such an increase of board bills and family expenses?"

"It is the rise of wealth," said I, "resulting from the development and speculation in a new country, giving an unrest to young and old, and making the most forward our leaders whether in physics or morals. None dare be independent where all can be rich. When George the Fourth was ruling a successful empire that had just finished thirty years of war and was trading with the whole world, Beau Brummel, who could starch his collars and neckties the nicest, was the next man to the King, though a sharper and a parasite, and the King, without a single virtue, was called the 'first gentleman of Europe!'"

"Alas!" said the political sage, "there is too much wealth, I fear, to make us as happy as we have been. I am sure people are not as happy as in the day of small incomes and quiet habits. I know most of our rich men, and as men they are not the social equals of the moderately rich men of forty years ago. Rufus King was then my neighbor at Albany, considered the richest man north of New York, and the leading banker. He told me that it cost him only \$3,000 a year for his whole expenses and family, and no other man lived as well in Albany. Yet his expenses would not now pay his children's school bills. When I was Collector of the Port of Albany, at a salary of \$4 a day, I felt as if I had got a lift that would make me independent, and when I saved \$750 a year I felt that I was on the high road to success. No man in those days had \$1,000,000, or, if he had, he was considered to have vast responsibilities to his country and his God. Now \$1,000,000 excites no admiration, and I do not think it brings much compensation. It only goads the man to push out for more. His relations to his faculties and his health are worse. His career is really more contracted, because he is sitting down by the millstone like a pin by a loadstone, unable to get away from its influence upon his mentality."—Gath, in New York Tribune.

An Exchange of Courtesies.

A story is told of an exchange of courtesy between a Scotch minister and his parishioner, which is characteristic of both. The minister was introduced into a country living, and, in his round of parochial visits, called at the cottage of a little tailor. Taking a seat uninvited, he proceeded to talk, but found it hard work, as he met with no response. The tailor sat upon the table, stitching in sulky silence. At length he spoke. "Sir," he said, "I regard it as an unwarrantable intrusion your entering my house, and I ask you in what capacity you come?" "My good man," was the reply, "I come as your parish clergyman—it is my duty to know all my parishioners. I know you don't attend church, but that is no reason why we should not be friends." To which the tailor responded: "I dinna regard ye as a minister of Christ, but as a servant of Satan; if ye come as a gentleman, well and good; but as a minister I refuse to receive you," which could hardly be called courteous, but the tailor's politeness was overruled by his minister's, who, rising, said: "My good fellow, be pleased to understand that it is only as your parish clergyman that I ever dreamt of visiting you; when I visit as a gentleman I don't visit persons in your position in society," with which he departed.