

## General News.

The mine at Yale are looting up.  
The pot political is sizzling in Oregon.  
There are 11,000 men at work on the Canada Pacific Railroad.

Potatoes are being shipped to the Sound from New Westminster.

It said that Senator Hill of Georgia is at the point of death.

The outlook for a profitable summer's work at the Freshatin mines never looked better.

The Democrats of California will hold their State Convention on the 20th.

Decoration Day was celebrated in Seattle last Wednesday by the firing of minute guns, a procession, literary exercises, etc.

The Catholics of Kittitas are building a church—the first erected in the valley.

Egypt is in a state of revolution, and armed bodies of men are gathering at several points.

There are, says the Pierce County News, rumors of advancing prices, and, in fact, a real estate boom in Steilacoom.

Gen. Anderson, chief engineer of the Northern Pacific Railroad, visited the Sound recently, and took a cruise among the islands.

Says the Ledger: One day last week the Tacoma mill sawed 170,750 feet of lumber in 11½ hours—the largest piece of work ever performed by it.

Among those present at the funeral of Lord Frederick Cavendish were 5,000 tenants of his father, the Duke of Devonshire.

Seattle will celebrate the Fourth of July in fine style. Mt. Vernon, on the Skagit, will also have a celebration—a little one for a bit.

The Masonic Grand Lodge will meet at Walla Walla on Wednesday next. A large reduction in fares has been made by the railroads for delegates and their families.

John Muir, superintendent of traffic for the O. R. & N. and N. P. Companies, has been appointed to a similar position on the P. S. S. Co's northern route, including the Portland, Sound and Alaska lines, an aggregate mileage of over 4,000 miles.

The new steamer Alki, built for the Snohomish river trade, gives entire satisfaction. What with regularity, speed and accommodations, she will undoubtedly enjoy a fine traffic, which her enterprising owners deserve.

Capt. Brittain has sold his interest in the steamer Nellie to Capt. Low, who is now sole owner. She will run, as heretofore, up the Snohomish river. Capt. Low has sold his interest in the Chehalis to Capt. Brittain.

The Transcript says that the large logging camp of Amos Brown, three miles northeast of Olympia, was sold last week to L. C. Ellis and the Port Blakely Mill Co. The camp is running about fifty men, and uses a railway, which employs a dozen horses and mules, and 40 oxen. It comprises several hundred acres of very fine timber lands, which will take the owners several years to log. It is said the price paid was \$20,000.

The farmers of Thuston county, says the Olympia Transcript, have again pooled their wool crop, and ask bids for its purchase of wool buyers. Last year, a part of our wool growers pooled their crops and realized a high market price, and that induced others to enter this year, so that the pool will have all the wool in the country. The crop will not fall short of forty thousand pounds, and is as fine as any ever offered in any market.

In the Puyallup valley, says the Tacoma Ledger, the aggregate yield of hops per acre, in 1880-81, we are informed by reliable hop growers, was not less than 1,500, or very nearly treble the product of the New York hop fields. If the industry is profitable in New York, it requires no argument to show that no other pursuit, in this section, with hops at from 12 to 15 cents per pound, will yield so large a return.

The first freight received on Wood river, Idaho, this season arrived at Hailey May 15th. It amounted to 14 tons. The teams were two weeks on the road, including nearly three days' delay at Snake river crossing. The freight was brought from Kelton. Arrivals average 30 a day. The stage roads are lined with people on foot, horseback and in wagons. The Wood River Company's smelter, one mile above Hailey, is now in operation. The bullion shipments during the last seven months of 1881 amounted to \$1,200,000, and shipments this year exceed \$3,000,000.

## LETTER FROM PAUL K. HOBBS.

JOHNS ISLAND, May 14, 1882.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:

I noticed in your interesting little sheet under date of April 22d, my name, with comments ending in my whereabouts among the Indians of Pender Island, which is as erroneous as would be the publication of the conquest of Hymen announcing the nuptial relations of President Arthur and Her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland with their connubial felicity amid amatory wars.

Owing to the severe treatment of my father while a boy I left the home government at an early age, and coming to Vancouver Island married the prettiest laughing, black-eyed girl on the coast according to the usages of the tribe, with whom I wandered north among the different tribes, and giving way to my eccentric and erratic disposition virtually became an Indian. Therefore it is true that the early days of my youth and early manhood was spent among the Indians. I have been among every tribe from the Nete-Nats to the Skenas, and have been nearly a year, when not otherwise engaged, writing the history of my life and adventures among them. Those were the happiest days of my life. The kindness shown me when far beyond the protection of the whites is in lasting remembrance. It is not strange that the affinity still exists. Such a life in those days was not altogether without its dangers; tribes were savage enemies. No timid youth would have ventured to travel at their mercy, but, on the contrary, would have clung to the fostering protection of the maternal roof. Their wars were carried on with indiscriminate slaughter, while their trophies were the trembling slaves and human heads. Notwithstanding all this those were the "happiest days of their sunshine," which has been eclipsed by the Nimbus cloud of civilization, bursting with its overcharged elements, as it were, the thunder peal of the heavens, preceded by the forked lightning, causing devastation and prostrating the humble dwellings and annihilating the helpless tenants—the inalienable inheritors of the land.

Pender island is neither contiguous or adjacent to my present place of residence, but is separated by a channel, which a few years since seemed to puzzle the most enlightened men of the world to ascertain its whereabouts, and because they could not find it were going to fight about it.

Johns island, where I am engaged in sheep raising, husbandry, farming and fishing, is in San Juan county. There are no Indians on the island, and they seldom visit it, excepting to dig camas in the spring of the year. I mention this to correct the error in your paper, which in other respects was complimentary, and to mention that my living with the Indians is far from being derogatory, and neither do I consider it so; but my mail might be misdirected, and perhaps I may want to follow the example of some of my antiquated friends who once looked in "siwash ranches" for black-eyed maidens, and are now surrounded by full blooded white children with blue eyes. Indeed I feel it is evident that the time is approaching such a crisis. I went to see an old friend not long since, who unfortunately has an Indian wife. She interested herself in my domestic affairs and inquired why I did not get a kloochman I replied that I did not want one, which brought from her the retort that she guessed I was nearly "played out" and would soon get a white woman.

Very respectfully,

PAUL K. HOBBS.

## BROWNSVILLE MATTERS.

BROWNSVILLE, (Samish) May 15.

EDITOR ENTERPRISE:

Thinking a few lines from this little hamlet might find space in your flourishing little paper, I will give you an account of a very pleasant trip made from this place by myself and the manager to West Sound, Orcas island, in search of work oxen. We left Edison with an ebb tide and no wind, and arrived at Mr. Stephen Sweeney's the same day (7th of May), who is situated in a snug little nook in what is known as West Sound, Orcas island. Having landed our boat and made her fast, we proceeded to the store and postoffice, which is kept by Mr. Stephen Sweeney, and I judge by the look of the stock on hand, which was large for a country place, consisting of drygoods and groceries, that it was quite a convenience for the farmers at the west end of the island. Having made known our business to Mr. S. he informed us that he

had three oxen for sale, running at a gait on the island. We concluded to stop, and through the hospitality of Mr. S. and wife we were made quite comfortable till the following morning, when we started out for a ramble to see the ocean, with Mr. S. as pilot, carrying his Winchester rifle, ready to drop on any deer that might be unfortunate enough to show himself. Having traveled for three miles on a passably dry road, we came to H. Gifford's place, which I must say is a very pretty little farm, and which is being worked this season by John Sweeney. I should judge by the way in which he handled a three months old colt on the place that the animal will be fit for a circus if he keeps him in training. Having rested a little we proceeded on the road two miles further, passing many place yet to be taken up by pre-emption or homestead settlers, and I am quite surprised that there is so much good farming land to be had handy to roads and water. The next place visited was Robinson Bros., where we were shown some gold, silver, copper and iron rock taken from a ledge on the island.

Having rested for a while we went down to where Mr. John Nelson was plowing, and having taken a look at the farm came to the conclusion that all the boys need on that farm is a wife and then that would make them and their farm complete. After getting the necessary information from A. Robinson as to where the oxen might be, we continued our rambling in search of them. After traveling two miles further we came to Mr. Miller's place, situated in a very pretty place at the foot of a range of hills that borders on the Miller farm. After being introduced conversation opened, and we found him to be a good talker and very obliging to us. Being a little hungry by this time we did not require a second invitation to take dinner, which Mr. Miller readily prepared for us. He is a bachelor, and he told us he had lived on the island 23 years. Having satisfied our appetite and seen Miller's farm cattle we bid him good by and continued our search for the oxen, till we arrived at Mr. Dixon's farm, about two miles from Miller's. Mr. Dixon has a fine farm and well improved, and at the time of our visit was working two teams of horses. On inquiry Mr. Dixon informed us that he had seen the oxen in the morning, and so we proceeded on their track. After climbing hills on one side and tracking them down the other, we discovered the stray oxen down in the valley and thither we went to take a look at them, but could get no nearer than fifty yards to them, so we commenced to drive them to the Robinson Bros.' farm where they were raised, and the way those brutes tore through the brush was astonishing to behold, and as Mr. S. remarked the white ox could out trot anything on the island, which we concluded was true before we got through driving them, for after getting as far as the fence of the Robinson Bros.' farm they took a stampede and so we concluded to let them go that night and look for them in the morning, as twilight was fast approaching, and we were then some five miles from Mr. Sweeney's residence; but we were in hopes of spying a deer on our way back, but did not do so, and by the time we had retraced our steps back it had become quite dark, and on entering Mr. Sweeney's house we had the pleasure of seeing a sumptuous meal on the table, prepared by Mrs. Sweeney; and the way us three tired and worn out cattle hunters cleaned that table would have astonished the natives. On the succeeding morning we again launched our boat, and after bidding all farewell, we again made sail, and as evening was approaching we ran into what is known as Hog Island, and there we found a Mr. Hopley, lately from Colorado, who had about completed a log cabin and made sundry other improvements. He greeted us quite cheerfully, and invited us to stop with him for the night, which we did, and with him we had quite a talk that evening. On the following morning it was blowing quite fresh, and we concluded to stop till afternoon, at which time we launched our boat and set sail, and reached our starting point the same evening none the worse for our ramble, and better posted as to the amount of land lying idle, and waiting for good settlers to make pretty homes of on that same Orcas Island. For information new comers should inquire of Stephen Sweeney, who will be happy to show settlers where the best vacant land is.

L. B.

We learn that the residence of D. N. Taylor, at Fall City, King county, together with all its contents was destroyed by fire last week. Loss, \$1,500.

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