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Steamboats. CHEHALIS—Capt. Brownfield, arrives from Seattle, Monday evenings, carrying U. S. Mail. Returning from Whatcom Wednesday morning.

WELPOME—Capt. Brannan, arrives from Seattle, Monday nights and Friday morning. Returning from Whatcom on Tuesday and Friday afternoons of each week.

DISPATCH—Capt. Moran, arrives from Pt. Townsend Saturday morning carrying U. S. Mail. Returns from Samishmo Sunday morning.

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

Table with columns for Date, High Water, and Low Water. Includes tide data for July 9-16.

To get the tide at Whatcom figure thirty minutes later. Samishmo, sixty minutes later, and Lacumux nearly two hours later. Corrected v. 11y.

THE LITTLE KINGS AND QUEENS

Monarchs whose kingdom no man bounds, No leagues uphold, no conquest spreads, Whose thrones are any mossy mounds, Whose crowns are curls on sunny heads! The only sovereigns on the earth Whose sway is certain to endure; No line of Kings of kindest birth Is of its reigning half so sure. No fortress built in all the land So strong they cannot storm it free; No palace made too rich, too grand, For them to roam triumphantly. No tyrant so hard-hearted known Can their diplomacy resist; They can usurp his very throne—No abdicates when he is killed. No hovel in the world so small, So meanly built, so squallid bare, They will not go within its wall, And set their reign of splendor there. No beggar so forlorn and poor To give them all they need to thrive; They frolic in his yard and door, The happiest Kings and Queens alive. Oh, bice of little Kings and Queens, The only sovereigns in the earth! Their sovereignty nor rests nor leans On pomp of riches or of birth, Nor ends when cruel death has low In dust each little curly head. All other sovereigns crownless go, And are forgotten, when they're dead. But these hold changeless empire past, Rampant past, all earthly scenes; We worship, true to the last, The buried "Little Kings and Queens." —Harper's Magazine.

A CLEVER DOCTOR.

About twenty years ago the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lambert, a clergyman of the Church of England, found that his health was growing infirm, a mental and physical languor seeming to take possession of him; that English melancholy which comes, no one knows why or wherefore, and he could not shake it off. Young, rich, handsome, eloquent, sure of preferment in the church—what was the matter with the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lambert? He did what all Englishmen do when other remedies fail—he crossed the channel. He thought he could seek the rays of the sun, that luminary so scarce in England. Perhaps it was that he needed. So one fine day he sailed for France, and found himself at Rouen, where he stayed for some days, taking every morning a walk around the cathedral, carrying a volume of Dante under his arm. One afternoon he walked up the Mont St. Catherine, and, seating himself on the grass, gravely devoted himself to the divine comedy. He had scarcely lost himself in Dante's stately measure, when a stranger approached and with the most perfect courtesy addressed him, asking if he were an Englishman, and, if so, if he would permit a few minutes' conversation. "I wish to perfect myself in your language," said the stranger, smiling, "and I always seize every opportunity to talk to an Englishman." "You already speak the language fluently," said Mr. Lambert, politely; "sit down, Monsieur." Resting on the turf, with a glorious view before them, the two young men soon found themselves talking glibly of the news of the day, of Dante, of religion, politics and the weather. The Frenchman was very agreeable, well educated, up to the times on all points; he immediately told Mr. Lambert that he was a doctor and practicing his profession at Rouen. It was natural that the young clergyman should speak to him of his own case, which he did freely, asking the doctor's advice. The doctor became extremely interested, and, upon examining Mr. Lambert's tongue and pulse, gave him a prescription. They walked together to Rouen, and Mr. Lambert then noticed that the doctor had a beautiful white dog, a pointer, which gambled around his master's heels. They separated as they reached the city, the doctor to go and see his patients, the clergyman to seek an apothecary, where he got his prescription prepared. The next morning the Honorable and Reverend Mr. Lambert was better. The doctor's prescription had made him sleep. It had given him strength, he felt an appetite for breakfast. Months of treatment in London at the hands of the best physicians had not done this for him. He wished to thank and remunerate the doctor, when he remembered that he did not know his name. Instinct told him, however, that he might meet him again on the Mont St. Catherine. So with renewed hope, health, energy he walked again to the top of the hill. In five minutes he was joined by the French doctor and his dog, who came bounding along with his pointer nose in the grass. The two men greeted each other with smiles, and shook hands cordially.

"You have saved my life, doctor," said Mr. Lambert, with unusual enthusiasm. "Not at all, my dear friend," said the doctor; "I only gave you a good tonic, which also made you sleep. I found out (what none of my English brothers in medicine seem to have found out) that you have nothing the matter with you! Your system needs a little jogging, that is all. Railroad travel, my dear friend, will soon set you up. Now, I dare say, you have been leading a very easy and sedentary life; now, haven't you?" "It is true, I have," "Take my advice, travel, ride day and night; take no medicine, excepting these syrups, which I will give you; seek adventure, lead a more varied existence, and, my friend—you are all right!" Now came the delicate question of money, and the Englishman felt for the proverbial guinea. He tendered it to the French doctor, who laughingly pushed it away, with a very soft, well-formed, white hand. "Never—never," said he; "for so slight a service, permit me to make my advice a return for a lesson in English conversation!" It was gracefully done, and the embarrassed Englishman put his gold back into his pocket. "Doctor," said he, in a low voice, hesitatingly, "I am an Englishman, and I hate to be under an obligation; you have lifted a load off my heart which has hung there for six months; you have made a new man of me. Now allow me to be of some service to you. I leave here by rail at 1 o'clock to-morrow morning for Paris; until then I am at your service—and forever after. Can I do anything for you?" The doctor reflected a moment, and looked at his dog. "I don't know, indeed; and yet I do happen to think of one thing. You might save me a journey to Paris, which, with my engagements, is just now inconvenient. But it is asking too much, perhaps." "What—how—too much?" said the clergyman. "Well, I have a number of sick people under my charge whom I treat for disease of the brain. One of these is a very rich woman who is slightly deranged. I hoped to have cured her. Unhappily she has determined to return to Paris, and I have no authority to detain her. I perceive that she will fret until this caprice is gratified. I must go with her to place her in charge of her friends, and I have been putting off from day to day, because I cannot leave my other patients, the duty of taking her home. Now, if you would escort her it would be a real service," said the doctor. "My dear sir, a crazy young woman, at 1 o'clock at night, and I a clergyman of the Church of England," said Mr. Lambert, forgetting his late gratitude. "Oh, she is 48, my dear sir, and her mania is a very quiet one. She looks and acts like a sheep, poor woman, and she will scarcely speak to a stranger. I do not know that she will go with you. The hour is rather early—1 in the morning—but still I might ask her, and it will be a real favor to me." "Bring her along, doctor," said the clergyman, ashamed of his reluctance; "bring her along—a sheep and forty-six; I will take care of your patient to Paris!" Talking in this way they reached the gates of the city. Before separating, the doctor gave his card to Mr. Lambert. "Au revoir," said he, "and perhaps adieu, my dear sir. Let me hear from you from time to time; and I hope, if we never meet again, that you will retain, as I shall do, an agreeable recollection of our acquaintance. I may not see you again, as my friend may not be willing to go with you—adieu!" Mr. Lambert glanced at the doctor's card, feeling anew the embarrassment of the possible night journey with an insane woman, and regretting his promise in spite of his gratitude. He read on the card—"Dr. de La Belle, Rue Antoine; No. 11." Mr. Lambert walked through the Rue Antoine and stopped at No. 11. It was a large, handsome house, with the announcement in black letters on a brass plate, *Docteur de La Belle*. On arriving at his hotel he asked the landier if he knew of Dr. de La Belle. "I believe, sir," said the man, civilly, "that he is the best physician in Rouen." At 1 o'clock in the morning Mr. Lambert waited with some anxiety in the depot the arrival of the train. Dr. de La Belle had not arrived. The English clergyman rubbed his hands with great satisfaction—for he did not care for this particular responsibility—when some one touched him lightly on the shoulder. It was the doctor! Seated on a bench was a lady in black, with her veil tightly drawn over her face.

"I have taken a coupe," said the doctor, "so you will not be incommoded by other travelers. Here is mademoiselle's purse, ticket and little traveling sachel; perhaps she will need something. Have the kindness to show the ticket to the conductor. I have telegraphed to Paris to her friends, who will meet her at the station. She is quiet as a dove. Should you find her agitated, give her a drop of this essence on sugar; here is the bottle. Monsieur Lambert, mademoiselle!" He then helped along the invalid lady and put her in the corner of the coupe. He then, after arranging her with great kindness, stepped out, held Mr. Lambert by the hands and talked with French effusion, as the officials hustled passengers in and out. "I trust you will have no trouble, adieu," said he, giving a final word of kindness to his fair patient and arranging her footstool. "Oh, no! I dare say not," said Mr. Lambert, bowing to the lady and taking his seat by her side. "But what a powerful odor there is in the coupe—will it not disturb the lady?" "Oh, no! I think not," said Dr. de La Belle; "I broke a bottle of cologne, as I was helping her in. It will all disappear in a few moments." The train departed; and Mr. Lambert, who felt exceedingly wide awake, and who found Dr. de La Belle's cologne very strong, tried to draw his fair friend into a conversation. She was separated from him by a high basket of flowers, the doctor's last attention. The poor insane woman would not answer a word, and from her immovable calm Mr. Lambert concluded that she was asleep. When they arrived at Paris he determined that she should speak. "Mademoiselle," said he, in a loud voice, "do awake and listen to me; I must leave you for a moment to go and find your friends." He sought a long time, but could not find anybody who wanted a lady from Rouen. He came back to the carriage very discomfitedly, when, to his intense astonishment, he found a crowd around the compartment where the lady still sat. He went forward to see what was the cause of the excitement. "Are you the man who traveled from Rouen in this coupe?" said a policeman. "Yes." "Do you know that this lady is dead? You have poisoned her with prussic acid! She has been dead four hours!" and the populace groaned. The clergyman was speechless with horror. He tried to clear himself with all the earnestness of an innocent man; but his story was found so improbable one. The police found on him the purse of the poor woman, and a bottle containing prussic acid! It was the little bottle which Dr. de La Belle had forced upon him in the train. Mr. Lambert, stunned, half dead, allowed himself to be carried to prison without resistance—he was past that. A day later he said: "Take me to Rouen; I will unmask the villain; he can never face me!" Two sergeants de ville, with other employes of the police in plain clothes, attended this dangerous criminal to Rouen in the railway, and drove to the house of Dr. de La Belle. Mr. Lambert was sure that at the sight of his face the assassin doctor would confess all. Dr. de La Belle was engaged at the moment, and kept them some time waiting. When at last the police began to be troubled, the head sergeant bade them to be calm. "The house is guarded," said he; "he cannot escape." Presently there entered a calm, elderly gentleman, with spectacles, which he removed as he looked at them. "I beg your pardon for keeping you waiting," said he, "but did you want me? I am Dr. de La Belle." Mr. Lambert trembled from head to foot. An abyss opened before him, of which he could not see the bottom. This was not at all the man whom he had met on Mont St. Catherine. "You are not Dr. de La Belle at all!" said the unhappy man. "I think that I can prove that I am," said the suave old doctor, smiling. Alas! everything was against him. The English clergyman had fallen into the most terrible snare, laid by the most accomplished villain. They returned to Paris. "I wish I could meet him again with his white dog," said Mr. Lambert, throwing his hands in the air. "White dog, did you say?" asked the sergeant de ville. Some weeks passed, and the police became convinced that Mr. Lambert was innocent, but they were waiting for the real villain. Mr. Lambert was taken, blindfolded and in the night, to a house, he knew not in what street, where he, however, was well lodged, and where he was allowed to read and to write.

Shortly after his new incarceration a valet arrived with his clothes, and asked him respectfully to make his toilette. A sergeant escorted him to a closed carriage, and drove toward the Champs Elysees. "Look at every one who passes," says he. Mr. Lambert looked, but saw nothing. The next day the sergeant, elegantly dressed, came again in an open carriage, and by the side of the coachman sat a white pointer dog. Mr. Lambert turned pale. "You have seen that dog before?" said the sergeant. "It is his dog," said Mr. Lambert. "Keep calm, and look about you," said the policeman. But they looked in vain. They saw no master for the dog. "On the night that crime was committed this dog was found in Rouen, without a master," said the sergeant de ville. Later, the prisoner was requested to make an evening toilette, and was escorted to a grand ball in a magnificent house in one of the best parts of Paris. "You are serving the ends of justice," said the sergeant to him. "Be patient and observe the guests." He was presented to the lady of the house, who received him very graciously, and who introduced him to her daughter. He talked with her and looked at the guests, but saw nothing. Another week passed. He went to another ball in the same company. His young host, Monsieur de F., seated himself beside him, and drew carelessly before them the curtains of a large window, which filled half the room. It was not long before Mr. Lambert heard the well-known voice of the sergeant of police (who in the most irremovable of black coats and white ties looked like a Conde or a Montmorency) talking to a gentleman near him, of hunting. "It is a long time since I have followed the hounds," answered the gentleman. Mr. Lambert darted from his seat. "It is he!" said he. "It is Dr. de La Belle." "Be silent," said Monsieur de F., "be silent," and he held him in his seat by main force. In a moment they were rejoined by the sergeant de ville. "I have heard him! It is his voice!" said Mr. Lambert, trembling all over. "Perhaps we are still wrong," said that imperturbable individual. "Stay here without moving. I will draw the curtain. Look at every one who enters with a lady on his arm. When the suspected passes, press my arm without a word." "Is it Monsieur de Bocage?" asked the best in a low voice of the officer. "Probably," said the policeman; "he was the lover of the unfortunate Blanche Villiers." At this moment poor Lambert, peeping from behind the curtain, saw the well-known smiling face and jaunty figure of the doctor of Rouen pass with a young lady on his arm. He gripped the arm of the officer. "It is he," said he, choking. The sergeant de ville drew the curtain quickly. "The chain is complete," said he; "we only wait for the dog. Mr. Lambert, your imprisonment will be short. One visit more, and you are free!" The next day a close carriage, with the white pointer tied under the seat, called for Mr. Lambert. "I shall conduct you to his door, but you must enter alone," said the friendly sergeant. "You are not afraid?" "Afraid!" said the Englishman. "I only desire to kill him." "No, no personal violence, please. You would spoil a very pretty job," said the officer. "Coachman, drive to the house of M. de Bocage, Avenue Josephine." When Mr. Lambert, pale as death, rang the bell of the inner door, M. de Bocage, a Parisian swell, just putting on his gloves, opened it himself. He started back, horrified, but soon composed himself. "You wish to see me, sir?" said he. "Yes, you wretched murderer!" said the Hon. and Rev. Lambert. "I do wish to see you!" M. de Bocage retreated several steps. "You are mad," said he. "I have come to unmask you, villain!" "You are deceived, my brave gentleman," said M. de Bocage, and, reaching behind him, he caught up a pistol and discharged it full in the face of the Englishman. At the noise and the fall of the clergyman, who was stunned and blinded for a moment, the two sergeants and several policemen entered the room, accompanied by a white pointer, who leaped up and cressed Monsieur de Bocage. "Down, Thanor, down!" said the murderer, forgetting himself. (Concluded on fourth page.)