



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

Vol. I.

Anacortes, W. T., Saturday, July 15, 1882.

No. 17.

Northwest Enterprise

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT

ANACORTES, WASH. TERR.

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ALF. D. BOWEN & CO.

F. M. WALSH. ALF. D. BOWEN.

Subscription Rates:

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One year, \$2 00
Six months, 1 50
Three months, 75

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GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

The Old Man Lingered.

The girl steeved on the burning deck,
For Rockaway she fled,
The sun, which blazed down on her neck,
Turned all her tresses red.

Yet innocent by pa she sat,
While glances, shy and warm,
Shot from beneath her saucy hat
At every manlike form.

Pa left to see a friend, he to'd;
And then her smile was sweet
On Mr. Jones, who, growing bold,
Took by her side a seat.

The boat rolled on. Jones would not go
Without her father's word;
That father, at the bar below,
Her laugh no longer heard.

She called not loud, "Stay, father stay,
Until thy task is done."
She knew, too well, the old man's way,
Unconscious of her fun.

The wind had freshened to a gale;
The boat tossed on the sea;
"O, Miss," cried Jones, "why art thou pale?
Why talk'st thou not to me?"

"Speak, maiden!" once again he cried
"Art ailing?" "Tell me quick."
And but the drooping maid replied,
"O, I—I feel so sick."

Upon her brow there came his breath;
He smoothed her ruffled hair;
She looked for all the world like death,
He looked like grim despair.

She murmured but once more aloud,
"O, Jones, a kiss—quick!"
Not one was left, for in that crowd
Each female, too, was sick.

Oh, where was gallant like to Jones;
For, rather, one so fat?
With me heretic smile he groans,
"Here, darling, is my hat."

There came a burst of lightning sound;
The great—oh, where—quick!
A—sighing Jones's hat, which crowned
His cup of misery.

Oh! knights of old and heroes rare;
Oh! lovers think of that.
The noblest thing which perished there
Was Jones's new silk hat.

The Long and Short of It.

"Tell me," she said innocently, as she surveyed the reconstructed heel of an aged sock, and scratched her head with a darning needle, "tell me why so much grain is being sold at auction just now."

"Where?" he asked, starting up and manifesting the first visible sign of life he had shown during the entire evening. "Why, in Chicago. I see so much about it in the papers. Whenever I go to look for a recipe for sugar cookies I come across something about auction grain, and they always hold them in the bedroom of a man named Converse, or something of that kind."

"Options, woman, options. They sell options in the Chamber of Commerce."

"What's them?"

"Bear with me and I will explain."

"Oats no matter," she said, disinterestedly. "If it's not an auction, I don't care anything about it."

"Rye't here permit me to remark, then, that it is the mission of woman to buy cheap, and that it is man's destiny to be sold."

"Well, I reckon I make well acknowledge the corn."

"And this is the long and short of it."

No Time to Read.

The woman who "has no time to read" generally has no inclination to do so. The true book lover will make time. I once knew one of these women who never take a book into her hands because they are too busy. She spent days in ruffling, tucking and embroidering, and had no spare moments in which to inform herself of the most ordinary topics of the day. I doubt if she knew how some of the most common words were spelled, judging from her pronunciation of them. In speaking of her lace curtains she invariably called them "curt-ings;" and once we asked her if she intended to remain in the city through the summer, and she replied: "Certingly not; we shall go to the mountings in August. She had very fine taste in the matters of dress, and was called "very stylish," but if she had spent a part of the time in reading and study which she had devoted to dress, what a different influence she might have exerted upon her children as well as upon the society in which she moved. But the mistake woman thought it of more importance to adorn the person than to improve the mind. Cultivate a habit of reading if you have it not. We all need a little mental food daily. We need it as we need air, sunshine, sleep and food. How refreshing to be able to lose ourselves, even for a short time, in the page before us. Let a volume lie beside your work-basket, and, if you have five minutes to spare, improve them by a peep at its contents.

Useless Expenditure.

While every girl and woman should justly take a pride in her own adornment and that of her home, she should use her own judgment and not buy just because a thing is cheap. Get what you need, and before buying think whether you really need the article. It is probably a pretty trifle in dress, in furniture,

but what solid benefit will it be to you? Or it is some luxury for the table that you can as well do without. Think, therefore, before you spend your money. Or you need a new carpet, new sofa, new chairs, new bedstead, or new dress; you are tempted to buy something a little handsomer than you had intended, and while you hesitate the dealer says to you, "It's only a trifle more, and see how far prettier it is." But before you purchase, stop to think. Will you be the better a year hence, much less in old age, for having squandered your money? Is it not wiser to "lay by something for a rainy day?" All these luxuries gratify you only for the moment; you soon tire of them, and their only permanent effect is to consume your means. It is by such little extravagances, not much separately, but in the aggregate, that the great majority of families are kept comparatively poor. The first lesson to learn is to deny yourself useless expenses; and the first step toward learning this lesson is to think before you spend.—Christian at Work.

A Quiet Talk.

"Here you have been home a whole week, Mr. Breezy, without telling me a word about your trip to Cleveland," said Mrs. Breezy. "You know you promised to tell me everything."

"Yes, dear," said Mr. Breezy, absently, from behind his evening paper. "I don't believe you heard a word I said," exclaimed Mrs. Breezy. "Do put down that paper and at least appear to be aware of my existence, Mr. Breezy."

"In a moment, dear. I am just at the end of an article on—"

"Yes, of course, your wife can wait," said Mrs. Breezy. "She can always be put off for everything and everybody," continued Mrs. Breezy, beating a nervous tattoo upon the carpet with the toe of her right shoe. "Before we were married, Mr. Breezy, you told me repeatedly that I should hold a first place in your heart, and that business, politics, everything should give way to my will. You have kept your word, have you not, Mr. Breezy?"

"With your assistance, dear, I have," said Mr. Breezy, as a sickly smile crept over his features.

"What do you wish to imply, Mr. Breezy, by saying with my assistance?" asked Mrs. Breezy, growing still more nervous.

"Oh, nothing, dear. It was only a little joke," said Breezy, making another desperate effort to finish the article he was reading.

"Your joke is, as usual, pointless, Mr. Breezy, and I wish you would drop joking in the future. My mother always told me that you possessed a light, frivolous character, but I confess I didn't have sense enough to discover it until too late."

"Too late!" echoed Mr. Breezy, in a suspiciously-doleful tone of voice.

"From your tone of voice, Mr. Breezy, I should imply that you rather regretted its being too late," said Mrs. Breezy.

"I'm sure I'm ready at any time, Mr. Breezy, to go back to my father. I was so happy in that dear old home—"

"Don't you think you are talking nonsense, dear?" asked Mr. Breezy, in a mild tone of voice, and quietly folding up his paper.

"Oh! I see you have got through with that article," said Mrs. Breezy, ignoring her husband's remark. "Now, perhaps, you can tell me a little about your trip."

"With pleasure, dear," said Mr. Breezy. "What do you wish to know about?"

"Now, Mr. Breezy, do you suppose I'm going to sit down and write a lot of questions for you to answer, like one of those newspaper-interviewing fellows? I'm sure there is plenty for you to tell me if you will only get up energy enough to talk; but my presence seems to have a silencing effect upon you—"

"It does," said Mr. Breezy.

"I'm told you are an awful talker among your gentlemen acquaintances, but the moment you get home you take a newspaper, settle in the most comfortable chair in the house, and remain as dumb and uninteresting as an oyster. I'm sure I do my part; I don't sit as dumb as a mummy—"

"No!" said Mr. Breezy, with emphasis.

"You think not, Mr. Breezy. Perhaps you accuse me of talking too much. You could be just unreasonable enough," said Mrs. Breezy, nervously pulling at the fringe of a table cover.

"You should be proud, Mr. Breezy, to have a wife with two ideas in her head and a tongue capable of expressing them. You—"

"I am proud, dear," said Mr. Breezy. "But you know, love, there is a limit—"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Breezy, a limit? Will you go on?" said Mrs. Breezy, growing more nervous every moment.

"A limit to a fellow's patience.

There!" said Mr. Breezy, with the least sign of firmness in his voice.

"Mr. Breezy, I have done forever. I will never attempt to converse rationally with you again. When I am—when I—when I am no more—more, Mr. Breezy—But no, I am nothing to you— Nothing!" and Mrs. Breezy disappeared, shutting the door with decided force. "Another skirmish safely over," sighed Mr. Breezy, unfolding his paper.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Cruelty to Fish.

Talking with a gentleman of 84 years—a man of great experience in practical life, and withal one of humane instincts and principles—we gathered many interesting suggestions and ideas, that would be worth repeating. Among other things, he referred to a lifelong practice he had always observed. In catching fish, he never failed to kill them immediately upon drawing them out of the water, which is their natural element. Every boy knows this fact, yet hardly one in a hundred stops to think that a living fish, deprived of the peculiar means of respiration that the water furnishes, must suffer similarly to a human being cut off from its usual supply of atmospheric air. Death by suffocation is regarded as terrible, and a fish out of water, being deprived of the oxygen that sustains its blood, doubtless suffers intensely. It is the easiest thing to kill a fish, either by striking it a slight blow upon the head or cutting its throat. It is well known that the flesh of animals wounded and then left to die is unfit for food, and experienced fishermen say that a fish should be killed immediately on being caught in order to render it fit for the table. But, aside from the question of food, the subject should be considered as one of principle. We know by the fierce struggles of the captive fish it is in severe pain, and humanity dictates that it should be speedily put out of misery. We have no right to inflict needless suffering upon any creature, and the torture of a fish is quite as bad as the torture of a dog or a horse. Nearly every day during the fishing season may be observed boys carrying large strings of fish through the streets, the movements of which show that they are alive and in great pain and misery. In most cases this is the result of thoughtlessness or ignorance. Most boys would dislike to be thought cruel, and, if they were instructed by their parents and others on this subject, would probably follow the rule of humanity in the treatment of fishes, as they do in the care of domestic animals. We trust our young friends who read this article will not only follow these suggestions themselves, but will try to induce their companions to do likewise.—Humane Journal.

A Wedding in Lapland.

A wedding is announced at the church, whose bells are pealing. We invite ourselves. A score of us enter the building. It is like most Lutheran churches, plain; but there is an altar with "seven candlesticks" and candles; a large cross, perfectly white; a pulpit midway, and commodious pews and seats. The hour is 2 in the afternoon, not in the morning, though as to lighting the church, it is "all one." Some dozen or so of the natives, all females, with handkerchiefs upon their heads, are present. Our party is seated at the front. I remain at the door. My wedding garments are not up to the highest style, but, as the procession enters the front door, I fall in behind with the small boy of the family. The bride is a tall girl, with inflammatory hair and cool demeanor. The groom is a thick-set, stout man, whose hair is erect, and whose imperturbability is quite equal to that of the woman whom he holds, gently, by the hand. She is dressed plainly in black. A long white veil depends from her back hair, held by a circle of ivory, a plant in great request and reputation here in Norway. The friends of the bride and bridegroom, including parents, pass up to the platform with them and take seats on either side. A priest comes out from the apse and stands before the altar silently, with his back to us, while the precursor from a side platform raises a sweet song, with whose music there is not so much accord by the audience. Then the bride and bridegroom kneel, a prayer is said and the two are one and all are happy. The bride is arrayed at the door, and the scene is concluded.

Monuments in Mammoth Cave.

To the rude monuments which have been erected in the Mammoth Cave to the memory of distinguished men, and which now number nearly 300, some of them reaching from floor to roof, one in honor of Gen. Burnside was added on the day of his burial by a party of visitors from Providence, R. I. These rough piles of stone are an impressive feature of the cave.

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 'Signal Ring,' our second, 'The Beatitudes,' our third, 'The Sunday-School Cantata,' our fourth and last, 'The Great Rebellion.' It was in the fall of 1874, when we were at work on 'The Signal 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 dispelled 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 bountiful 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 ninetieth page of 'The Signal 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 Cantelopes 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 lickory 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.