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RICHES AND FRIENDSHIP.

A certain man of vast estate,
And generous mind withal,
So freely spent it on his friends,
He soon had none at all.

His fickle friends discovered this,
And then their worth they showed;
They left him, none 'em paid the debt
Of gratitude they owed.

How long the man grew rich again,
More rich than before,
And those who then received so much
Came now—expecting more!

The man had by this time, how'er,
A lesson grown to teach;
And straight he sent them all away,
With the large sum of—naught.

Friends, he had learned, do round us
Book,
When we are rich and great;
But when we want comes and troubles rise,
They leave us to our fate.

And he had learned what oft is seen
That those of whom we think the best
Turn out to be the best.

THE WHITE ROSES.

Mademoiselle Pascaline Benoit was
one of the most renowned florists in
Paris. She was an enthusiast in her
profession, but very poor; still she
cultivated her flowers with a poetic
zeal which excited the admiration of
all who knew her. Her little garden,
situated at the outskirts of the city,
contained some prodigy of the vegeta-
ble kingdom.

It was mid-winter, when a fine
equipage drew up and stopped in
front of Pascaline's door. A fine-
looking matron and a charming young
lady alighted from the carriage; it
was the Marchioness de Regenal and
her daughter.

"Mademoiselle," said the Marchion-
ess, "my daughter is to be married
the day after to-morrow, and we wish
a white rose for her wedding dress. I
am told that you have one."

"Yes, I have two," replied Pasma-
line.

"Can I see them?" asked the noble
lady.

"Certainly," was the response; and
the two visitors were conducted to a
beautiful rosebush, bearing two half-
blown roses, which shed a most deli-
cious perfume.

"Can't I have both of them?" in-
quired the Marchioness.

"No, madame," said Pascaline, with
a sigh, "one of them is already prom-
ised."

"Then I will take this one," said
the lady. "What is the price?"

"Two louis."

"Here is the money," said the
Marchioness. "Send the rose to my
hotel, Rue St. Honoré."

Pascaline bowed politely, and re-
conducted her wealthy customers to
the door of her humble cottage.

"How fortunate," she thought,
"Forty francs! With this sum I can
pay my rent, and save myself from
being turned out. Oh! my dear
mother!" she exclaimed, "from thy
happy place in heaven thou still
guardest and protectest thy daugh-
ter!"

The night was one of sadness to
Pascaline. It was the eve of the an-
niversary of the death of her mother,
a good and pious woman, who had
cultivated in her daughter two chaste
affections—love of God and love of
flowers.

She wept as she reflected upon the
last moments of that adored mother
whom God had called to himself. It
was a cold night. Death had already
seized upon its victim. The weeping
daughter sat by the bedside. The
dying mother said in a faint, but
sweet voice,—

"Pascaline, are our white roses still
living?"

"Yes, mother," was the reply.

"Then bring them to me that I
may enjoy them once more."

They were two beautiful full-
blown roses upon one branch. The
doctor said that the odor of the flowers
might injure the patient.

"No, never," said Mna. Benoit,
"these roses, like my child,
will live long after me."

A few minutes afterward she
breathed her last.

While she lay a corpse the rose was
placed in her hand; but, as the dead
body was placed in the coffin the
leaves of the flower fell off. She was
buried, and the grave had scarcely
closed when the daughter made a
solemn vow, as chaste and tender as
the heart which inspired it.

The night was thus passed in pray-
er and filial remembrance. Next
morning she resumed her daily task
in the garden. She recollected that
she had engaged to send a rose to
the Marchioness, and she went to
pluck it; but, sad to relate, one of
the flowers had withered away. But
a single rose now remained.

That day the proprietor came and
demanded the payment of his rent.

"Sir," said Pascaline, "I am unable
to pay you."

"How is that? You have the
money," said the landlord reminding
her of the two louis which he had
learned she had received from the
Marchioness.

"That is no longer mine," she re-
plied. "The white rose has withered
and died. The money is to be re-
turned."

"But here is another rose remain-
ing," said he, "why not send it?"

"That is already promised," said
Pascaline; "all the gold in the world
would not purchase it!"

"Then," said the irritated proprie-
tor, "you must leave here at once. I
cannot allow tenants to occupy my
property for nothing."

"You shall be obeyed," said the girl
calmly.

Upon receiving the money which
she left with Pascaline the day be-
fore, the Marchioness hastened to the
garden for the purpose of learning
why the rose had not been sent. She
was informed that Mademoiselle
Benoit had just gone out with a white
rose in her hand.

The Marchioness turned and saw

her walking down the street; then,
prompted by curiosity to see where
she was going, she resolved to follow
her.

At length Pascaline entered a cem-
etary. She knelt at the grave of her
mother, and after planting the rose
upon it, she exclaimed,—

"Oh, my mother, accept this pledge
of my remembrance. Receive this
flower which thou lovest so much, and
which my own hands have cultivated
for thee. Intercede for thy poor
child, who is this day without protec-
tion or hope!"

And with her tears she beloved the
wooden cross which was the only
monument that marked the resting
place of that beloved mother.

The Marchioness, moved to tears,
retired unperceived. The next day
Pascaline was preparing to leave her
home, when a well-dressed servant
delivered her the following note, in-
closing two hundred louis:—

"Mademoiselle, I know all. I know
you have given to your mother the
flower with which I wished to adorn
my wedding robe. I have a mother
whom I adore, and can appreciate
your devotion. I therefore take this
opportunity of expressing my sym-
pathy with you in such heartfelt
proof of filial affection. Please ac-
cept of the enclosed as a pledge of
my remembrance. I hope you will
not refuse me this privilege of com-
mencing my married life by honor-
ing filial piety. YOUR FRIEND.

MOONSTRUCK.

"The sun shall not smite thee by
day nor the moon by night."

This beautiful verse expresses the
belief, common in ancient days, that
the moon exercises a baleful influ-
ence upon those exposed to her direct
rays. In modern times the pernicious
of the moon has been doubted and
even denied. But whatever the influ-
ence of the moon in the temperate
zones, within the tropics it is very in-
jurious to sleep exposed to its rays,
especially when at the full. On a
voyage to the antipodes, when near
the line, a Maltese sailor, who was a
most comical fellow, slept for some
hours on the boom with his face
toward the full moon. On waking
in the morning the muscles on the
right side of his face were contracted,
so that every attempt to speak was
attended with the most ludicrous
contortions. Feeling sure that some-
thing was seriously wrong, he spoke
to another sailor, who supposed that
as usual he was at his old tricks,
burst out into laughter. Off he went
to another, with exactly the same re-
sult. The poor fellow now got into a
rage, thereby adding not a little to
the ludicrousness of the scene. After
awhile the truth dawned upon the
Captain and officers of the vessel.
The doctor gave him some medicine,
the muscles gradually relaxed; and
in the course of a week our Maltese
friend was well again. Some five or
six years ago, when going from Tahiti
to Mangia, a little boy of mine, in
perfect health, was thoughtlessly placed
by his nurse in his berth, the slanting
beams of the moon falling on his face.

Next morning he was feverish and
ill, and it was two or three days be-
fore he was himself again. On the
island of Aitaki a native woman
was watching night after night for
the return of her husband from the
island of Atiu. While doing so one
night she fell asleep; the moon's rays
pouring upon her face. On awaking
she felt ill, and her eyes were drawn
on one side. Considerable interest
was felt by the Islanders in her case.
Eventually, however, her eyes were
restored. These facts illustrate the
injury done to human beings by the
moon in the tropics. Yet I never
heard of insanity or death resulting
from this cause. It is well known,
however, in tropical countries that
the moon's rays occasion the rapid
decomposition of flesh and fish. A
number of boats having been
caught one evening near the line by
a friend of mine, the spoil was hung
up in the rigging of the ship, and
was thus exposed to the moon through
the night. Next morning it was
cooked for breakfast. Symptoms of
poisoning were soon exhibited by all
who partook of it—their heads swell-
ed to a great size, etc. Emetics were
promptly administered, and happily
no one died. The natives of the
South Pacific are careful never to
expose fish (a constant article of diet
in many islands) to the moon's rays
by any chance. They often sleep by
the sea shore after fishing, but never
with the face uncovered. Aborigines
of Australia do the same as well
as they can with their fishing net,
etc. A fire answers the same pur-
pose. May not the injurious influence
of the moon (in addition to her
beauty and utility) account for the
almost universal worship of that orb
throughout the heathen world?—
[Sunday at Home.

SALLY COURT, THE BUXOM WIDOW.

Sally Court was a buxom widow
who owned a freehold cottage, nearly
two acres of land, and a mangie. She
was a tempting prize for Mr. Margets,
to win if he chose—for Margets was a
blacksmith, steady and well to do,
and the freehold would just have suited
him—but he was twenty-five and
she forty-two; there was the hitch.
Nevertheless, Margets more than
once or twice was observed to
sneak down the lane after working
hours, and it is undeniable that for
a period of weeks, or even months, he
had frequently and regularly "Called
on the lady, and stopped for tea."

After a while he waxed cool. Inter-
est drew him one way, but love
proved stronger, and it ended by Mr.
Margets leading another lady to the
altar, and one who was younger, not
older than her spouse. Widow
Court brooded over her wrongs—they
rankled in her bosom. She couldn't
hold her peace. "He's a false black-
guard!" she cried one day—for in
her wrath she was nice in her lan-
guage—"and if an ill wish can hit
him he shall have it. He shan't come
to no good as I can do him!" Poor
Margets had one child; but a
little while after he met with a
serious accident. His right
hand was caught in a machine
and dreadfully mangled—he had
to lose his arm. It preyed upon his
mind, he got into a desponding
condition, and ended by hanging him-
self. "I am sorry to say Mrs. Court
was jubilant, but her late was not
yet appeased nor her vengeance sat-
isfied. She proclaimed that no child
of poor Margets would come to any
good, and she gloried in the boast
that Margets had been "hit by an ill
wish," and the wish was hers. "Aye!
and the brat's under it now, and it'll
never be took off, neither!" As ill
luck would have it, a few months after
this the poor child, in the absence of
his mother, was playing with some
sticks in the fire, when its clothes
caught alight, and it was so severely
burned that it became shockingly dis-
figured and must continue to be so.
Mrs. Court exhibited quite a fiendish
joy, and went about loudly declaring
that she'd serve any one else the
same and worse than "came courting
her only to fool her." Of course she
had well earned her bad pre-
mence, and though suitors fought
shy of her, yet it is said that in the
dark hours men and women from all
quarters came and knocked furtively
at her door, and rumor said it was
not for the loan of her mangle. The
road ran just under her garden, and
once a young farmer riding by, and
seeing an apple tree loaded with
fruit hanging over the edge, sidled
his horse to the fence and picked a
rozy apple from the bough. He had
scarcely secured it when the animal
he rode reeled and dropped as if it
had been shot. The young fellow
was overwhelmed with terror; he had
been thrown over the horse's head,
but getting up as best he could, he
rushed into Widow Court's cottage,
fell on his knees and begged for
mercy, confessed his sins, and prayed
that the judgment might stop there.

"Missus Court, don't ye hit me no
more. Ye may ha' the saddle and
the bride and welcome, but don't ye
hit me, not for an apple!" "Get
along ye ye," said the old hag, for
by this time she was old and miserly;
"I don't ride them things! I shan't
do you no harm. On't don't ye
meddle wi' my apples no more!" The
young man, when he got out into
the road, found his horse, to his im-
mense joy and greater surprise,
standing quietly waiting for him.
Nothing on earth will convince him
that Widow Court did not first kill
that horse and then raise it from the
dead.—[The Nineteenth Century.

THE SECRET OF MAKING MUMMIES.

Two Pennsylvanians have applied
at the Patent Office for a patent on a
recently discovered process of pre-
serving the dead, supposed to be the
long lost Egyptian art. It is claimed
that, partly by accident and combi-
nation of antiseptic elements which,
if diffused through a dead body, even
when it is in an advanced stage of
decomposition, will destroy all cor-
ruptible matter and convert the flesh
into a castaneous mass, the denser
parts, such as the gristly part of the
ear, being converted into a hard,
bony substance, but natural in ap-
pearance. In one of their experi-
ments the inventors, by the aid of
electricity, applied the compound to
the body of a dead infant. Ten
weeks after the body had been re-
moved from all contact with the com-
pound the flesh had become like
rubber; the cheeks were full and
pliant to the touch, and the ears had
become like polished horn. There
was not the slightest odor, and the
corpses seemed to have no more pro-
pensity of decomposition than a
rubber doll. Whether the body will
remain in the pliant state or whether
it will become hard like horn as the
denser parts now are, will probably
take more than one lifetime to de-
termine.—[From the Washington
Post.

NARROW ESCAPES.

One or two cases of very narrow
escapes from death by a bullet oc-
curred to me. During the Kafir war
which I have already alluded to I
several times accompanied large par-
ties of troops sent out to intercept or
pursue bodies of the enemy, or to
destroy kraals or capture cattle. We
never succeeded in intercepting or
overtaking Kafirs unless they were in
strong parties and desired to fight,
and as we marched along by day the
Kafirs in loose order and in parties
of two or three, would hang upon
our flanks and rear, showing them-
selves upon the high ground, but
keeping out of the range of our mus-
kets. One night four of us were sit-
ting cross-legged round a little fire
on which we had put our coffee-kettle
to boil, and as we thus sat, a report,
followed by the ping of a bullet close
over our heads, warned us that Kafirs
were prowling about. This was fol-
lowed by several other shots, which
struck the ground quite close to us,
but we were tired and cold and hun-
gry, having had no food all day, and
we were unwilling to lie down to
sleep on the bare ground with empty
stomachs. We therefore determined,
in spite of danger, to keep the fire
burning until coffee was ready; and
to hurry this one of us stooped down
to blow the fire with his mouth, when
another shot settled the matter, for a
bullet passing between two of us,
smashed the kettle, and scattered the
embers about the head of the one
that was blowing the fire. How close
the bullet passed to his head may be
imagined, for it touched his hair.
There was nothing to be done but to
stamp all the embers out, roll our-
selves in our cloaks, and light our
pipes to keep down the cravings of
hunger. At the relief of the Resi-
dency of Lucknow the Colonel of my
regiment had two very narrow es-
capes. As he was cantering from one
position to another, the motion of
the horse raised him a little out of
the saddle every now and then, and
just at that moment when a bullet
was raised out of the saddle, a bullet
passed below him, tearing the leather
open along the whole seat of the sad-
dle. Had he been sitting still in the
saddle he would have been horribly
wounded. Shortly after another
bullet struck the handle of his re-
volver, which was in a pouch attached
to his sword-belt, and but for the
revolver he would have received a
mortal wound.—[Chambers' Journal.

A CHARMING LITTLE STORY.

The great American bird is under
every condition a bird altogether, but
it usually flocks alone on Wood river,
because its mate is as scarce as lady
partners at a programme ball. That
eagle is a bird of prey is established
by various stories in school-readers,
where they are shown to have fre-
quently carried off in mid-air chil-
dren, lambs, and other food ten
times their own weight, and disap-
peared with them into dim space
toward the summits of the mountains,
where they store their grub for win-
ter feasts. The largest birds of the
eagle species are found in the Wood
River mountains, and yet no mules,
nor cows, nor people have been car-
ried away by them. The eagles of this
country have often been known to
omit devouring weakly rabbits and
squirrels, and to have shown almost
human kindness. An event which
occurred ten days since at Foster's
ranch, above Hailey, fully establishes
this trait of the Wood River variety.
One of the ranchers saw a huge eagle
flutter over the barnyard, interested
in a fat turkey, and immediately se-
cured his rifle. The first shot broke
the eagle's wing, and in its original
condition it wobbled and flopped
around uttering screams of pain.
The man was watching the result be-
fore he fired again, when he discovered
another eagle coming from a distance.
It was evidently a mate of the first
one. Like an arrow it flew to the
rescue, and examining the wound and
seeing its mate could not escape, it
took hold of it by its claws and beak
and flew to the mountain side, where
it laid down the victim of the sportive
hunter.

During the past seven days the
men on Foster's ranch have noticed,
each day, that the mate carried food
to the wounded bird regularly, and
is yet feeding it upon squires, and
bits, birds, and mice. Mr. Foster
killed the two birds any day, but
has refrained on account of the affec-
tion displayed between them. A
small American flag will be fastened
about the wounded bird, and when it
again dies it will carry the emblem
of freedom with it to the highest
mountain peaks.—[Wood River
Times.

PENN A CATHOLIC.

At this moment, when the Penn
bi-centenary is on the tapis, it may
not be out of place to call attention
been secretly a Catholic. In Sir
John Hawkins' life Dr. Blow, the
composer, it is mentioned that Dr.
Battell, Sub-Dean of the Chapel
Royal and Dean of Westminster,
being in the reign of James II a vis-
itor in Rome to Cardinal Howard,
was asked by him to forward him
some pieces of Purcell's and Blow's
music (and Hawkins says a "Gloria"
of Dr. Blow's was on some occasion
performed in St. Peter's.) Being
asked how he should transmit them,
the Cardinal replied, "In Penn's
Paquet." That Penn should have
such a regular mode of correspond-
ence with Rome as this implies
seemed strange, and Hawkins, in a
note, mentions that Tillotson was at
great pains to examine him on the
subject of whether he were "a Papist
in disguise." Hawkins is a more sig-
nificant fact still: "The jailer of
Worcester was a man of such a char-
acter as procured him admittance
into the best company. By this per-
son Dr. Battell was told that he had
in his custody a Romish priest, who,
lamenting the troubles of James II's
reign, said that the misfortunes were
chiefly owing to Father Petre and
Father Penn. Dr. Battell, recollecting
that Penn was frequently with
Dr. Sherlock, Dean of St. Paul's, de-
termined to sift him about it. Ac-
cordingly he applied to Dr. Sherlock,
with whom he was well acquainted,
and told him the story. The Doctor
said that Mr. Penn dined with him
once a week, and that he should be
glad to be satisfied of the truth or
falseness of the insinuation; that he
would mention it to Penn and en-
gage Dr. Battell to meet him at the
Deanery and state the fact as he had
heard it. Penn, however, evaded an
appointment, and from that time for-
bore his visits to Dr. Sherlock."—
[Notes and Queries.

THE IDAHO BACHELOR AT DINNER.

A gentleman from Hailey, Idaho,
came to the Comstock the other day.
Having recently sold his claim he
had plenty of money and went in for
style—plug hat and a blue silk
handkerchief with one corner stick-
ing out of the pocket of his new diag-
onal coat. He walked into the Inter-
national, and when the gong rung
for dinner he sauntered into the din-
ing-room with the rest of the fashio-
nable throng. Everybody looked at
him, but he didn't mind it, and went
on eating the brandied peaches while
waiting for his soup. When that
came he bent so far over his plate to
suck it in with the sound like the
giggle of a bath-tub exhaust-pipe that
his plug hat fell off his head and
rolled across the table against the
plate of an Eastern lady tourist.
With a grin of apology he half rose
reached over and recovered it and
placed it on the well oiled and recent-
ly barbered head. He attacked the
trout with his fingers, and despised
the use of any other napkin than his
mouth. Pending the arrival of the
beef, the gentleman from Hailey
placed both elbows on the table and
surveyed the company with great af-
fection and self-possession as he con-
verted his fork into a tooth-pick.
Then he lifted his plug hat an inch
or two from his head and scratched
the same gently with his four-pronged
tooth-pick. When engaged on the
beef the hat fell off again and rolled
across to the Eastern lady, who had
grown pale. Presently the gentle-
man from Idaho had need of a
handkerchief, and made use of the
only one which nature, and probably
Hailey, provides. The plug hat fell
on the floor this time and when he
had recovered and replaced it he sat
alone at the table. He looked with
surprise at the guests jostling one an-
other to get out of the door.
"Fire?" he asked of a transfixed
waiter.

"No," grasped the man
"No!" What's the row then?"
"Had enough, I suppose," replied
the waiter with a withering look.
"Mighty small enter, 'pears to me,
and caused queer manners about giten'
outen a room. Give us another
chunk of beef—pooty far from the
horns, if yer kin."

Presently Landlord Hanak ap-
peared with a colorless face and
bulging eyes. He walked rapidly up
and touched the arrival from Hailey
on the shoulder.

"You seem to be having a pretty
good time," said the landlord, re-
fraining from gnashing his teeth.

"Well, that's so, boss. You sit
down here and whack up a bottle o'
wine at my expense. Oh, I've got a
pocketful of rocks, an' don't you for-
get it. Say, do you happen to know
any likely gals that's on the marry?
I'm in here on that lay, and I
grinned and once more lifted his hat
a little and again scratched his head
with his fork.

The landlord groaned and sat down
with a thud. Then he gazed de-
terminedly at the Wood River fashio-
nable, and said with set teeth:
"Do you know, my friend, what it
costs to stop at this house?"

"No, an' I don't care. I've got
the tin. But what's yer figure, jist
fur luck?"

"One—hundred—dollars—a—day."

The jaw of the gentleman from
Idaho dropped, and he fell back in
his chair and gazed in fear and won-
der at the landlord, who fixed him
with his steady eyes. Then huskily,
as he struggled to an upright posi-
tion on his chair, he asked:
"How much a meal? This is my
fast!"

"Nothing for a little lunch like
this," answered Hanak.

With a long sigh of returning life
the flush marrying man from Hailey
got his feet and made unsteadily for
the door. He sat the remainder of
the day in the waiting-room of the
depot with his hand behind him as
if on a pistol and fled on the evening
train.

A BACHELOR'S WAIVER.

A bachelor at the Luzerne bar has a
pretty cousin, at each recurrence of
whose birthday he is esteemed en-
titled to the cousinly privilege of a
kiss, though he always has to fight
for it. Lately, the birthday having
gone by during a business trip on
which he was away, he asked if he
might not have his kiss notwithstanding.
To this she strenuously ob-
jected. She said no bills, she said,
when the creditor allowed payday to
pass without calling on her. He pro-
posed a game of euchre, on which he
would stake a pair of gloves against
his cousinly privilege. She agreed