

## From the Field.

It is an old superstition that Friday is an unlucky day, and some of the holy dupes and slaves of superstition still cling to it and declare they wouldn't start anywhere on that day. Nevertheless, on April 15 I packed my faithful grip and with a light heart boarded the boat, with the resolve to spread the banner of Secularism on sea as well as land. A shriek and a jar, and we leave the city's noise and bustle for the sullen roar of the water. The boat is crowded and I am unable to secure a berth. Such conditions existed, and no power of mine could alter them, so I resolved to make the best of the circumstances. My fellow passengers were very agreeable, and the night wore pleasantly away. As I strolled on deck and watched the light sparkle in and out among the dark waves, I felt amply repaid for the loss of sleep. There is something sublime and fascinating when "darkness covers the face of the deep", broken only as the lighthouse appears at some distant point to guide the vessel on its devious way.

Slowly the morning dawns, and the black line of shore assumes a bluish cast. We are now in the harbor at Port Townsend. Just as the powerful machinery is again set in motion, the sun rises in all its majesty from behind the snow-capped mountains and whispers to sleeping Nature of a new day. As if by magic, all nature responds. The waves rise up and with ripples of laughter answer its caresses. The land robes itself in its garment of green and white, and day has dawned. Although the breeze is rather cool, I cannot remain inside with such scenery on every hand, so I wander up and down the deck. The captain very kindly offers me a seat in the pilot-house, which I gladly accept. I can now obtain a view on all sides and I sit enraptured with the grandeur about me. Surely no being could ask for anything more beautiful. But the crowning is yet to come! About 1 o'clock we round the harbor of Port Angeles. The long line of cliffs, with the little city sloping gently above it, back of this the mountains rising until they throb and thrill responsive to the kisses of the sun,—but words are but barren sounds! It is no time for words. We can only gaze and feel what speech is powerless to express. If I could only paint! But no canvas could ever glow with that life. I stand spellbound. The boat has reached the wharf and the passengers are hurrying ashore. So I join the eager rush.

Mr. Culver is there to meet me, and escorts me to my room, where I rest for a few hours and then call at the home of Mrs. L. T. Haines. Here I spend a very pleasant evening until weary nature asserts her-

self and I obtain a round trip ticket to the Land of Nod.

Sunday is a very beautiful day and I pass the time very pleasantly. In the afternoon I attend the Spiritualist organization, whose platform is open to all honest thought. They have established a lyceum for the children very much like our Sunday schools, and are doing much good work. In the evening I lecture to a good audience in the Odd Fellows' hall, the Opera House having been engaged for the week by Hamlin's Wizard Oil Company.

Port Angeles was once the seat of a co-operative colony, so I found many enthusiastic Liberals. Among these are Dr. F. S. Lewis, Mrs. Fred Thompson and Prof. and Mrs. Seymour. The next day I take dinner at the delightful home of Mrs. Haines, who has a charming family and all are free from superstition. In the afternoon we take a walk through the woods, gathering a nosegay of little yellow violets. On our return, Mrs. Haines leaves me at the residence of Mrs. Fred Thompson, whose home is always open to the Secular pilgrim. Time passes so pleasantly that it is time for the lecture before we realize it. In spite of many obstacles, we again have a good audience, and it is with regret that I say good by to the many kind friends who gave me much encouragement. I have promised to visit them again in the near future. Thanks are due both to Mr. Culver and Dr. Lewis for their assistance.

I find that it is best to take the boat back to Seattle, and from there to Whatecom; so 6 o'clock Tuesday finds me ready and waiting for the boat. The day is rather cloudy, so the trip is not so pleasant as before, but I enjoy it thoroughly. As I watch the great waves rise and sink, I can but think how like it is to life. One moment rising and sparkling with joy—the next moment lost in the dark expanse.

About 5 o'clock we catch sight of the "Queen City", and in a short time are lost in the great surge of humanity.

KATE DEPEATT.

## Obituary.

Mrs. Lina Schmidt, beloved wife of W. J. Schmidt, the contractor and builder and ex-city councilman, died at her home in this city Tuesday, after suffering intense pain and torture for the past several months. The beginning of her trouble was a tumorous growth which affected the bottom of her foot and grew rapidly into a cancer that soon possessed her side. The surgical and medical talent of the state gave her up, and although dear to husband and friends, death kindly relieved her of her great affliction. She was aged 44 years, 6 months and 28 days. The funeral took place this afternoon, being conducted by Hope Rebecca degree lodge of this city, of which deceased was a member. The interment was in Ashland cemetery.—[Ashland Valley Record.]

The subject of the above sketch was raised a Unitarian, but for several years has been an outspoken Secularist and a member of the Oregon State Secular Union. Her many friends regret to hear of her death, and extend sincere sympathy to the bereaved husband.

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## INFORMATION

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*Is there anything you want? Have you property to sell? Do you wish to buy a home? Do you wish to go into business? Do you wish to exchange real estate or personal property?*

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**Lots in Secular Home**, location to suit, at \$25, \$50 and \$75.

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**House and Lot** near the depot. \$750.

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**23 acres**, well improved, fine house, barn and outbuildings, one mile from Silverton, \$4000. Will trade for larger farm of equal value not over twenty miles from Silverton.

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Silverton is the home of Secularism, and families moving here will have the splendid advantage of schooling their children in the only Liberal University in the world. Silverton is beautifully situated in the great Willamette valley in the foothills of the Cascade mountains. A fine sparkling stream affords splendid water power and great advantages for drainage. Write to us for further information. Yours for business,

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