THE COLUMBIAN,

St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

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E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

EUGENE QUICK,

The only child of Hon. F. E. Quick, Superintendent of Schools of Columbia County, and Mrs. S. M. Quick, was born March 3d, 1882, and died Dec. 21st, 1884, of Pneumonia. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. A. Hanna. Text, 12th chapter of 2nd Samuel, 22nd and 23d verses. "And he said, While the child was yet alive; I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live?

But now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? can I bring him back again? I shall go to him but he shall not return to me."

Hymn, The Reaper and the Flowers.

"There is a reaper whose name is Death
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain
And the flowers that grow between."

Baby loved flowers and music.

OUR BEAUTIFUL DEAD.

We would not call back our beautiful dead
From the further shore of life,
They have passed all seas of doubt and dread,
Have passed all gales that blow from ahead,
Not a fear they feel, and no tear they shed,
In a harbor secure from strife.

Our baby boy in his tiny bark
Passed over the river of Death
O why should our hearts be full of dark
His way was short, and was not dark,
His boat went on like a morning lark,
This is what the Redeemer saith,

"I am the resurrecting power
That standeth behind the scenes,
Eternal life I give as a dower
I give the fruit as well as the flower,
Eternity, not a trifling hour,
Like the life that intervenes."

He will grow to manhood untouched by care,
It will be no stunted growth,
Like the tree that grows on the hillside bare,
That is only fed by wind and air
Little the nourishment they spare,
As if they were very loth.

We shall meet our boy a full-grown man
In the Paradise of God
Though his earthly life was but a span
He will meet us in the angels' van,
The perfection of the Godhead's plan
When He touched us with His rod.

He will lure us with his golden lyre
To where the lilies grow
As he chants the choruses of fire
Each note still sweeter and still higher
Till in bliss we almost shall expire
In the Heaven to which we go.

His little grave on the wind-swept hill
Is covered deep with snow,
His eyes are closed, his voice is still
Oh cheer us here he never will,
Our eyes with tears will always fill
When we think of long ago.

But above the bitter earth so cold,
In a warm and sunny clime,
In a mansion vast of burnished gold,
Our lamb is in the Shepherd's fold,
He never will be sick or old,
Or wrinkled by care or time.

Oh when the trials of life are passed,
How sweet at the final close,
To think as we launch out into the vast
Dim ocean of death so overcast,
That in Heaven for us will shine at last
A star that on earth arose.

E. G. A.

AN HEROIC MOTHER BIRD.

A Swiss paper relates this interesting story:

During one of the last summer's thunder-storms, the lightning struck a barn in the village of Lowenberg, and a stork's nest—in which there were some young storklings—was threatened by the flames.

The two parent birds contemplated the horrible situation from a distance with evident distress. At last the mother bird darted down upon the nest, and, seizing one of her young family with her beak, bore it off to a safe spot upon a meadow. The father followed her, and settled down to keep watch over his offspring. When the mother returned to the scene of danger the fire had reached the nest, in which one bird still remained; but while she was flying around it, preparing for a descent, the young one fell through the charred nest into the burning barn. It was no moment for thought. Down darted the mother into the smoke and fire, and, coming up with her *Sprosseling* in her beak, flew off, apparently unhurt.

On the next day a wounded stork fell to the ground in the market-place in the neighboring town of Trebbin. She was unable to stand, and the policeman of the little town carried her into the guard-house, where it was discovered that both legs were sorely burned, and she was recognized as the heroic mother who had done the brave feat of rescue at the fire in Lowenberg.

A physician was sent for, and the burgomaster found her a temporary hospital in the Rathaus. Meanwhile, the spouse of the sick she stork had discovered her whereabouts. He attended diligently to the two young ones, and paid daily visits to the mother, as if to inform himself how the patient was getting on, and to assure her that their children were doing well.

The school-children of Trebbin readily charged themselves with the task of finding food for the patient, bringing her every day far more than the necessary number of living frogs. The burgomaster paid an official visit every day to the sick guest of the municipality, to see that the doctor's orders were duly carried out, and in less than a fortnight the bird was sufficiently hale to fly away to her husband and children.

Mr. Nowise and Mr. Duwise are Having a Republican Talk.

Nowise: "Well, we are beaten Mr. Duwise; Do you know I would never have thought it possible that the American people could be brought to such a pass, as to lose sight of the stability and prosperity of this country in order to advance personal motives and interests, and put the reins of a Government, that has made them so unprecedentedly prosperous, into the hands of a party, which has so persistently labored to accomplish its ruin. Even the moral stamina of the people, I thought, would prevent them from electing a man like Cleveland. I say: Score one, for the doctrine of total depravity."

Duwise: "It is indeed deplorable, but then we have a chance to play Bible doctrine on them for a while: 'Eye for eye, and tooth for tooth.' They have been criticising, perverting and falsifying the best of our measures, we have at least a chance now to judge their actions."

N. "It would'nt set quite so bad, if it wasn't for the fact, that we can thank ourselves for the feat. The idea of us having hoodwinked with, and fostered the prohibition element, giving now an inch and then a yard to their long faced hypocritical dod gasted pleading, its like the Devil; give him a finger, and he wants the whole hand. I think the nation has grown so big with whiskey on the brain, it may safely grow a while longer without having water on it. I'm glad the ranting, canting clique has left the party, they have set themselves and their crazy project out in the cold, for at least twenty-five years."

D. "Hold, hold on Mr. Nowise, that kind of talk does neither you, nor the republican party any good, it can only work harm. This is no time for reviling and antagonizing, it only lays us subject to ridicule, and scorn, instead, we must by all means try to conciliate, and cement the different elements together, on a broader and firmer foundation, if we wish to perpetuate republican principles. I tell you Mr. Nowise, the republican party received her birth, her growth, and drew her giant strength from progressive thought and action, and we ought not to censure some of her children too severely. This reminds me very forcibly of old Peter De Oremus (you remember him too) when he first started that little grocery store down on Terence St. and had his three boys helping him around the store. Peter was quite poor then, but everybody knew that he was strictly honest, because he would neither himself, nor allow one of his boys to perpetrate any of the smart practices of light weight and adulteration, which they knew was done in other stores. You know Peter drove a big business and got rich, but De Oremus & Co., the wealthy broker firm, was quite a different thing from Peter the small grocer, and when his eldest son wanted to carry the principles of strict honesty and justice into the Broker Office, the old man showed him the difference, by excluding him from the firm, and finally driving him from his house."

N. "O yes, that's all right, and I don't know but what there is some logic in your argument, but to me this idea of legal prohibition savors too much of compulsory religion, like the methods of a Mahomet or a Cromwell, the only difference is between the sword of war, and that of the Law."

D. "Well, that is a pretty hard hit, and there is sense in the comparison, but there is one anchor to which both factions can safely tie their ships, and for that matter must tie, if they want to be saved. As long as a man needs a mother to bring him into this world, so long will he have need of that mother from the cradle to the grave, her advice and hand can be traced through all his actions, and omissions, and always for his moral and physical benefit; and we have good use for our sisters too, and who would be without a wife? Only a fool. The presence of our American women in our politics is now of paramount importance (Hold on, hold on, don't go away yet) with our Republican form of Government, republican principles and institutions, alone the elective current of their presence, will be of beneficent influence on the moral status of our people, they will effect good results, with a great deal less harsh measures. We must have woman suffrage, and we must have it through our legislature."

N. "O pshaw, shaw! there you go with woman suffrage again, I think we see enough of their wire pullings and manœuverings as it is. Well, I must go home and 'tend to my horses. Good bye Mr. Duwise."

D. "Good bye, come over this evening and let's have that talk out."

N. "I can't very well, I hav'nt time."

D. "Well, I'll come over then, I wanted to see your new poultry house any way."

N. "Hm, hm, hm." Exit N.

O. G.

We have received a letter from George Harris of New Era. He says times there are dull but his health is good.

Capt. A. D. Griffith, our traveling representative, returned exhausted from want of food and rest to this city last night, having traveled on snow shoes from the train blockaded about one and one half miles west of Viento, 53 miles from here. He reports: "I had been in the snow-bound train from Thursday week till Monday last, when I started on in company with twenty five other men four of whom turned back almost immediately. During the whole of the time we were in the train we were short of food. Fortunately a relief party arrived from the Dalles with some dried meat and crackers, and rations were served out twice a day. Two crackers and a small piece of meat were allowed to each man at first. Later on only one cracker was allowed. On leaving the train on Monday last the provisions taken by us were one cracker apiece, to last us 11 miles to the Cascades. Some of the men staid at Wyeth, and some in huts along the road. I stayed two days at the Cascades, and then started out with three others for Portland, 6:30 Thursday morning, and went on snow-shoes 21 miles to Rooster Rock. All the day the hurricane, which had been blowing with terrible force, increased in violence. I have been in fearful gales at sea but never remember anything so terrible as this. Often we could hardly get a foot hold on the shore precipice of ice under which the track lay, and the wind threw us down. This (Friday) morning we left Rooster Rock at 6:30, and walked nearly all the rest of the way, using the snowshoes very little. From Oneonta to Bridal Veil we could not pass the glaciers, and had to get down and walk on the frozen river for two miles. The Multnomah Falls are a sheet of ice. We were well taken care of at the Cascades, but while traveling we had only two small meals a day. There was no flour left at the Cascades. Between the Cascades and Rooster Rock we saw three engines telescoped—a few miles east of Oneonta. There was also an engine badly wrecked at Troutdale. The day after we left the train at Viento, all able-bodied mail passengers were ordered by Conductor Lyons to leave it. Some of these caught us volunteers up at the Cascades. If the relief party which left the Cascades should reach the train, those now on board will have plenty of food. If not, they will run terribly short. In my opinion, even supposing a thaw should set in immediately, there could be no rail communication with Portland for at least two weeks. I would not return to the snow-bound train at Viento, through the same storm if I were offered $10 000 to do so. The sufferings of some of the men who left the train were terrible. Their ears were very much swollen. During the whole of the journey we held our lives in our hands, and I should not be at all surprised to hear that some men have actually died in their endeavor to reach Portland. Lions, the train conductor, and the relief party which left the Cascades in the height of the storm, deserve unstinted praise for the noble way in which they have acted."—*Portland Journal of Commerce.*

An honest man always pays for his paper before announcing that he can afford to take it no more: while a thief depends on the postmaster to announce that he has left the country, or refuses to take the paper out of the office. Any man who doesn't want a certain paper any more has simply to pay what he owes and order stopped the copy sent to his address.—*Welcome.*

Sharon will have to pay dearly for his capers after all, the California court having decided that the woman on whom he had heaped contumely and abuse is his wife, and as such is entitled to alimony. But the verdict is a surprise to to everyone.

The Catholic church will hereafter observe Thanksgiving day in the United States, the Plenary council of Baltimore having so decided and set the example by the first public recognition of the day the Catholic church has given.

A Jersey City girl is at work on a crazy quilt composed of small pieces clipped from the silk linings of her many admirers' overcoats.

Two hundred visitors in Portland are weather bound. About two thousand residents of that city are hide-bound.

It is thought that Henry Ward Beecher will succeed James Russell Lowell as minister to England.

A Hungarian woman in Wilkesbarre, Penn., wears No. 11 shoes, thirteen inches long.—*Astorian*

A farmer living four miles west from St. Helena, Cal., raised this season a pumpkin that he estimates would weigh fully 300 pounds. He has taken out the inside, leaving only a shell, which is used for and completely shelters his big Newfoundland dog.

The postmaster-general has given instructions to bring on the delayed letter mail to this city, and men on snow-shoes will probably start out to execute the order to-day or to-morrow [Dec. 28].

THE WORLD OF AGRICULTURE.

The AGRICULTURAL WORLD, one of the best, if not the best, farm papers of its class, is making a great success of the plan inaugurated by its editor a few years ago. This plan is nothing less than the getting of exhaustive articles by the best writers on agriculture in all the countries of the world. The articles from the different States and Territories of our own country are particularly entertaining and instructive. Judge Parish's articles on "The Farmer's relation to Law" are alone worth the price of the paper. Judge Parrish, who is one of the oldest Judges and lecturers in the West, will soon leave for the South, with the view of supplying the paper with a series of articles on the agricultural features of that section. This journal also has a fine household department which makes it particularly attractive to lady readers. The price of the AGRICULTURAL WORLD (now in its tenth year) is only One Dollar per annum (26 numbers). In clubs of five, 80 cents each. Six months, 50 cents; three months, 40 cts. Sample copies, six cents. Two-cent postage stamps received on subscription.

Address Agricultural World, Grand Rapids, Mich.

THE ART AMATEUR for December fairly outdoes all previous issues of this admirable magazine in the variety, profusion and attractiveness of its designs and instructions for practical art work. Among these are a dozen designs for Christmas Church and Home Decoration; the same number for Ecclesiastical Embroidery; fifteen for China Painting, including a superb double-page figure panel and the first of a new series of twelve dessert plates; a striking old door-panel design for wood carving; a fine design of oranges (fruit, flowers and foliage), for repousse brass work; South Kensington embroidery designs for picture mount, menu frame and chair back; a charming ideal female head; and another page, in color, of Boucher's delightful cupids. Amateurs of clay modelling, wood engraving, art needlework, and China painting will find excellent illustrated articles devoted to their favorite pursuits. There is a notice by George P. Lathrop of the Watts pictures at the Metropolitan Museum, with a fine portrait of the artist, and exquisite illustrations of two of his works. "The Time of Holly" is an invaluable article on the Christmas Decoration of Homes and Churches. But space fails to enumerate all the attractions of a magazine which no one interested in art can possibly afford to be without. Price, 35 cents; $4 a year. MONTAGUE MARKS, Publisher, 23 Union Square, New York.

Complimentary Notice.

Our government can no longer be said to be an experiment. One hundred years of successful existence have established it as a permanent institution. The magnificent conduct of the people during the late election proves their patriotism, and the wisdom of our Constitution. Our immense commercial interests also furnish convincing proof. We know of no better illustration of the success attending honorable and able business methods than the firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., the leading seedsmen of this country. From small beginnings, thirty years ago, they have built up their mammoth business by strict adherence to their initial principle of furnishing only the best seeds obtainable. They offer to send their valuable "Annual" free to all who expect to buy seeds or bulbs.

COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENTS

Of our beloved ones are always treasures. We should never delay in securing them while we can; and to those of our readers who visit Portland, we would say, do not return without visiting the San Francisco Gallery, S. W. corner First and Morrison streets, and getting your photographs taken, you may not have another opportunity to secure a perfect likeness and a highly finished pictures. Most centrally located.

The Housewife's Favorite.

We will send FREE for ONE ENTIRE YEAR, to every lady who sends us AT ONCE the names of ten married ladies, at same address, and 12 two-ct. stamps for postage, our handsome, entertaining and instructive Journal, devoted to Fashions, Fancy Work, Decorating Cooking and Household matters. Regular price, $1.00. SEND TO DAY, and secure next number. Address, DOMESTIC JOURNAL. Nunda, N. Y.

PRENTICE'S *Musical & Home Journal* for December is as interesting and instructive as ever, the contents of which are poetry, stories, "Home Work," continued, and the following music: "The Fair Guitarist," "Polacca Brilliante," and "Water Mill." Price $1.00 per year. Single copies, 10 cents. 107 First Street, Portland, Oregon.

THE WEEKLY BLADE, (Nasby's Paper,) of Toledo, Ohio, is now the Largest and Best Dollar Family Newspaper published.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Mist goes into convulsions over Leland Stanford's expenditures on the funeral expenses of his child. If he had spent it like old Sharon on lawsuiting &c. &c. it would be all right, or on getting up shindigs with 40-er chickens it would be all correct. "He should give it to the poor." That's what Judas said when Magdalen annointed Christ's feet for his burial with precious ointment. Stanford should give it to the Mist to help freeze out a man that has done more to build up Columbia County than any other man ever in it.

Hon. R. D. Cole, member elect from Columbia County to the Oregon Legislature has been in St. Helen, and attended the dance at the Masonic Hall on New Year's night. The Legislature convenes on the 5th. Members from Eastern Oregon will have a hard time in getting to Salem.

The Mist has a censor in Jim Muckle. If any one he don't like is mentioned or has any circumstance connected with him, he or his affairs are spoken of in a diminutive way. Thus because Jim could'nt bull dose Mr. Taylor on his timber, the Mist speaks of Mr. Taylor's huge barn as a shed.

Rosa Edmonds' birthday was on Dec. 31st. Her mother arranged her a birthday party. They would have had quite a little company at their residence if the weather had not been so severe. The birthday cake was splendid.

There are a number of marriages in Portland postponed on account of the blockade. The contracting parties are unable to make the connection. The gentlemen are mostly R. R. conductors, snow-bound, not hide-bound.

The attachment to the Winton house, the old saloon part with the two story shed fell down, and killed Flagg's cow the other day. John Beegle just escaped from it with his life. It had been cracking all day before it fell.

We are told the snow is five feet deep on the level on Battle Ground. One house in that neighborhood, which stands ten feet high, is buried in the snow up to the eaves. How is that for high?

A large number of porches, sheds, etc. have tumbled down during the past week. A horse was killed down at Mrs J. E Hathaway's, and a cow was killed out at Mr. Miller's farm.—*Register.*

Visitors to Portland

Should not forget to call at Towne's San Francisco Gallery, where may be seen photographs of all the leading men and women of Oregon and Washington Territory. Skillful operators always in attendance, and the most minute attention paid to pictures of children. Don't forget the location, S. W. Corner First and Morrison streets, up stairs. No trouble to show specimens to visitors. Street railroads pass the door every ten minutes, and this is the nearest gallery to the five principal hotels.

A Terrible Country.

The Valley of Death, a spot almost as terrible as the prophet's valley of dry bones, lies just north of the old Mormon road to California, in Utah—a region thirty miles long by thirty broad, and surrounded, except at two points, by inaccessible mountains. It is totally devoid of water and vegetation, and the shadow of bird or wild beast never darkens its white glaring sands. The Kansas Pacific railroad engineers discovered it, and some papers which show the fate of the "lost Montgomery train," which came south from Salt Lake in 1850, guided by a Mormon. When near Death's Valley, some came to the conclusion that the Mormon knew nothing about the country, so they appointed one of their number a leader and broke off from their party. The leader turned due west; so with the people and wagons and flocks he traveled three days, and then descended into the broad valley, whose treacherous mirage promised water. They reached the center, but only the white sand, bounded by scorching peaks, met their gaze. And around the valley they wandered, and one by one the men died, and the panting flocks stretched themselves in death under the hot sun. Then the children, crying for water, died at their mothers' breast, and with swollen tongues and burning vitals the mothers followed. Wagon after wagon was abandoned, and strong men tottered, and raved, and died. After a week's wandering, a dozen survivors found some water in the hollow of a mountain. It lasted but a short time, when all perished but two who escaped out of the valley, and followed the trail of their former companions. Eighty-seven families, with hundreds of animals, perished here, and now, after twenty-two years, the wagons stand still complete, the iron works and tires are bright, and the shriveled skeletons lie side by side.

Never Tell a Lie.

A lady in this city missed a quarter of a dollar, and charged one of the cherubs that it had taken it for the purpose of giving an impetus to the candy and fruit trade. The cherub put in a general denial, but the mother insisted he was guilty. Not long after the missing money was found in the mother's pocket, and the cherub exculpated. He was disposed to be triumphant about his vindication, but his mother suppressed him with: "Always tell the truth, my boy. You see, if you had told me a lie—if you had owned up that you had taken the money and bought candy with it, I would have found you out and punished you severely."—*Galveston News.*

"SECURE THE SHADOW"

Ere the substance fade, and when you visit Portland, make it a part of your business to call on W. H. TOWNE, at the San Francisco Gallery, S. W. corner First and Morrison streets, and have your photograph taken in the highest style of art.

THE REPORTER.

Some of His Peculiarities.

This is a reporter. You will notice how finely he is dressed. He wears his best clothes every day, because he doesn't know what Sunday is. Reporters have an easy life. They seldom go to work before 10 o'clock in the morning, and are often through with their labors at 12 at night. There are many kinds of reporters. The society reporter goes to parties and weddings. He takes down the names of the people who have been invited, whether they are there or not, and prints them in the paper the next day. Once a man started for a party, but got too full for utterance before reaching there, and was locked up. The society reporter said he was at the party, all the same, but the police reporter said he was fined $3 for being drunk. So this man got his name in the paper twice, but he cut out one of the items for fear his wife might see them both and think the press was making too much of him. Men are not often so modest. The sporting reporter goes to horse-races, and base-ball games, and cock fights. It is wicked to go to horse-races if you bet on the wrong horse. Once there was a croquet tournament in a large city, and the editor of a paper knew that somebody must write it up. So he spoke to the sporting reporter. "What have I got to do with those dizzy croquet players?" said the sporting reporter. "That's a society event." "I guess you are right," replied the editor; "so you can go up in the country about two miles north of where the street-cars run and see if it looks as if we would have an early spring, and then this evening there are four Land-League meetings for you to look after." So the sporting reporter had a little something to do, after all, and clubbed himself quite heartily. A man need not have a classical education in order to be a good reporter, but he must be able to hustle around some and hump himself when there is a big fire or a murder. Reporters can get nearer to a fire than anybody except the firemen, and the new ones do it. But the old heads at the business know better. They stand on the corner until the fire is out, and then they get a hack and go to the house of the man who owns the building, and ask him how much the old shell was worth, and if he thinks the insurance companies will have him arrested for setting it on fire. This is when the man acts mean and does not open the door for them, because he has just got out of bed and declines to answer questions. But if he acts square, you bet the boys treat him right, and in the morning people read of him as "our estimable citizen, Mr. ——." Reporters seldom die early. They are too tough. Perhaps some other day I may tell you more about the reporters. Many of them are married men and live happily with their wives, because they never see them except when they come home to go to bed. A drowsy man cannot quarrel much.

You have learned already what easy times reporters have; but often those who have the best chances in this world do not seem to appreciate this fact, and sometimes a reporter gets this way and thinks his salary ought to be raised. So he speaks to the editor about it. Editors are very liberal men. Many of them do not think any more of a dollar than some men do of their lives, but they know that if the reporters were paid too much they would save their money and buy the paper, and then the editors would be like the Chinese—they would have to go. So in self-protection they are obliged to keep the salaries of the reporters at $5,000 or $6,000 a year. They hate to do this, but self-preservation is the first law of editors as well as of nature. Many editors preserve themselves so well that the reporters never buy them out. So you see that the fairies are kind to those who do good. Some good stories are told about reporters. Once a young man, who had graduated at Harvard College, and was a splendid scholar in base-ball and rowing, came to a large Western city and hired out to be a reporter. The next day the editor sent him to an inquest. He came back to the office at night with enough manuscript to make a book. The editor gave this to an experienced reporter and said: "Cut this down to a stickful." After a while he went over to where the experienced reporter was sitting and said: "How did that new duck manage with the inquest?" "Oh," said the experienced reporter, "he got everything—except the verdict." And then the other reporters that were sitting around laughed heartily, but the editor only let drop a few words of tropical warmth and discharged the new reporter, who was very much surprised to see that the paper continued to come out regularly after he had left it to its fate. New reporters always tell everybody that they are "journalists," but the old ones call them deck-hands. New reporters always think they know everything, and in some offices it is customary to put a dish of salt on a new reporter's desk. This is a delicate way of telling him he is too fresh. Reporters never like to hurt anybody's feelings. Once an editor in Cincinnati hired a reporter in Chicago to do some work for his paper. After a while the reporter forgot to send anything about an important matter, which made the editor very angry, he sent a dispatch to the reporter saying: "You are discharged. Why you get left on that murder?" Answer. When the reporter read this he laughed to himself and said: "I wonder if that old plum thinks he can get the best of me?" So he wrote the longest kind of an answer, explaining all about the matter, and closed by saying he was glad he had been discharged, because he disliked to be connected with a paper that allowed itself to get scooped. It took 1,700 words to say this, and, as it was sent by telegraph, the Cincinnati editor had a pretty big bill to pay. But it taught him never to ask for explanations by telegraph again, and that Chicago reporters were pretty liable to keep up with the procession.

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Notice of Final Settlement.

In the Matter of the Estate of F. A. Fowler, Deceased

The undersigned, having filed her final report in the above matter, the County Court of Columbia County, State of Oregon, has fixed Monday January 5, 1885 at the Court House at St. Helens in said County as the time and place for hearing any objections to such final report and the settlement thereof.

MARY L. FOWLER,
Executrix of said Estate.

v5n13 15

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL FOR 1885

INVALUABLE TO ALL! Will be mailed FREE to all applicants and to customers of last year without ordering it. It contains illustrations, prices, descriptions and directions for planting all Vegetable and Flower SEEDS, BULBS, etc.

D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT MICH.

Notice For Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT VANCOUVER, W. T.
December 2d, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make FINAL PROOF in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court at Kalama, Wash. Ter., on Saturday January 17th, 1885, viz: Antonia Belanger, Homestead Applications Nos 2422 and 2555, for the N ½ of S. E. ¼ and E ½ of N. E ¼ of Sec. 22, Tp. 6 N. R. 1 W.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz:

Joseph Smith,	of	Kalama W. T.
Robert Kirkwood,	of	" "
S. Hies,	of	" "
James Blackwell,	of	" "

FRED. W. SPARLING, Register

v5n1 5

NOTICE.

U. S. Land Office, Vancouver, W. T.
Oct. 1st. 1884.

Complaint having been entered at this Office by Robert G. Keasley against the heirs-at-law of Patrick Flanagan deceased, for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 1941, dated Feb'y 9th, 1881, upon the North West Quarter of Section 2, Tp. 10 North, Range 2 West, Will Mer. in Cowlitz County, Wash. Ter., with a view to the cancellation of said entry; the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this Office on the 18th day of Nov. 1884, at 10 o'clock A. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

FRED. W. SPARLING, Register.

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A PRIZE

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Consolidated Notice for Publication

LAND OFFICE AT VANCOUVER, W. T.
September 26th, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settlers have filed notice of their intention to make final proof in support of their claims, and that said proof will be made before the Judge of the Probate Court at Kalama, Wash. Ter., on Tuesday, November 11th, 1884, viz:

Louis Curtis, Homestead Application No. 4010, for the West ½ of South East ¼ and East ½ of South West ¼ of Sec. 10, Tp. 10 N., R. 3 W., and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of, said land, viz: L. J. Cravat, S. H. Rogers, Thomas E. Rogers, and John U. Hartley, all of Little Falls, Lewis Co. W. T.

Benjamin F. Curtis, Homestead Application No. 4011 for the South East ¼ of North West ¼ and Lots 3 and 4, of Sec. 4, Tp. 10 N. R. 3. W., and names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon, and cultivation of said land, viz: L. J. Cravat, S. H. Rogers, Thomas E. Rogers, and John U. Hartley, all of Little Falls Lewis Co. W. T.

Alice Laughlin, widow of Silas Laughlin, deceased, Homestead Application No. 4012, for the South West ¼ of North East ¼ and Lots 1 and 2, of Sec. 4, Tp. 10 N. R. 3 W. and names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: L. J. Cravat, S. H. Rogers, Thomas E. Rogers and John U. Hartley, all of Little Falls, Lewis Co. W. T.

Alice Ferrier, Homestead Application No. 5233, for the South West ¼ of North West ¼ and North West ¼ of South West ¼ of Sec. 4, Tp. 10 N. R. 3 W., and names the following witnesses to prove her continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land viz: L. J. Cravat, S. H. Rogers, Thomas E. Rogers, and John U. Hartley, all of Little Falls, Lewis Co. W. T.

FRED. W. SPARLING, Register.