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THE ROSE OF CHATHAM.

By MAURICE THOMPSON

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CHAPTER I.



On a breezy evening in December, 1776, a young officer in undress uniform was making his way on foot along a rather obscure highway leading into the little town which is now the beautiful city of Savannah, Ga. His heavy sword, dangling at his side, appeared to be in his way, for an observer might have noted, though the moonlight was dim, that he clasped it by the scabbard now and again and bore it in his hand as if to relieve his leg of the embarrassment, and perhaps the pain of its chafing.

He was above the ordinary to stature, well formed, quick and springy in his movements, evidently an alert, ready and efficient soldier. If the light had been sufficient you could have seen that his face was thoughtful, earnest, serious, but at the same time expressive of a deep and almost overflowing happiness. It was met that he should be happy, for Rose Fenwick, the loveliest girl in Savannah, had promised to marry him.

The Fenwick family was a rich and honorable one, connected with one of the best and proudest lines of English nobility. Pryor Fenwick, Rose's father, was, moreover, a staunch loyalist and a bitter enemy to American independence. Not so Rose. From the first she had favored the colonies and had been outspoken in her devotion to the rebel cause. Mr. Fenwick was a lame man, and owing to this and to his kindly and benevolent disposition he was not disturbed while the American forces occupied Savannah. Still he was looked upon as a traitor, and treated as a person who might be tolerated and yet detested. His wife, however, steered in a very wise course, declaring that she was but a woman, knowing nothing of state affairs, and that she loved her friends, be they English or American, French or what not. Rose, as the only child, may have been a trifle spoiled by over-indulgence, but she was as good and true as a girl could be, and beautiful besides.

Of course the young man was thinking of Rose as he stepped lightly along in the dim moonlight; in fact he was on his way to see her. He had just been relieved in turn as officer in command of a detachment of American troops stationed as an outpost picket on the river below the city. He would be off duty for two days, and why should he not spend the precious time where he could see his betrothed as often as possible? The engagement was as yet a clandestine one, so far as Mr. Fenwick was concerned, and there was a lurking dread in the hearts of the young people touching the outcome of their precious plans for future happiness. Furthermore, the terrible condition of affairs and the doubtful result of the dreadful war, now at its darkest hour, rendered the consummation of their hopes at best a thing obscured by the clouds of a very threatening future. Still they were happy. Love sang its ravishing songs for them, and love's glances so dimmed and delighted their eyes that they could not realize the danger that impended. So long as Wayne Prescott (that was our young lieutenant's name) could see Rose and be near her the whole world was bright for him, and as for Rose she was happy whenever he was.

It was the good, true, old-fashioned sort of love that had held of them—love that brims the heart with tender thoughts and simple dreams of happiness, while it aims at every second or selfish consideration. Rose was rich and Wayne Prescott was very poor; but what had either riches or poverty to do with his wooing or with her modest joy in listening to his warm yet manly and respectful entreaties? They had pledged their love without fear, without hesitation, trusting each other and relying implicitly on the future to bring them to the day of their bliss. The "days that tried men's souls" were days of high courage, of manly purity and of womanly steadfastness and single heartedness. It is not peace, with its ease and luxury, its refinements of social forms and its myriad avenues of petty intrigue, that engenders the noblest life. War is dreadful, but it is a great disinfectant. It separates the evil from the good, and gives the grace of outright simplicity to the sound human heart, just as it accentuates and projects the darkest and most dreadful elements of evil in the character naturally depraved.

Lieut. Prescott reported to the headquarters of his company, which was near the eastern outskirts of the town, and so soon as he could get leave went toward the Fenwick mansion, the most pretentious residence in the place. It was now near eight in the evening, and a fog, which the breeze had kept scattered, now fell, all silvered by the moon, over everything as the wind ceased to blow. Love was not a laggard. The lieutenant was walking very rapidly, absorbed in gentle reflections and impatient to reach the gate of the man-

sion where, perhaps, Rose might meet him and welcome him in, when, as he turned a corner, he collided with a man coming quick as a whiff from the opposite direction. They both fell heavily, Prescott on top. There was a momentary scramble and some unintelligible ejaculations before they arose and faced each other, glaring through the fog.

An impression of no uncertain sort now leaped from the stranger's lips, and at the same time his arm flew out, his clinched fist striking the lieutenant full in the chest with such force that he reeled back and came near falling again. The blow was so sudden, heavy and altogether unexpected that the surprise was greater than the injury. Before Prescott could recover himself his assailant had passed on and was lost in the fog, leaving behind him the sting of a very cutting insult added to the indignity of the fist stroke.

"Take that, you infernal rebel dog, and keep out of a gentleman's way!" With these exasperating words ringing in his ears, and with the dull pain of the buffet on his breast, the young lieutenant whipped out his sword and blindly tried to pursue; but the man was gone.

Turning about presently he resumed his way, most thoroughly excited and actually trembling from head to foot. Never before had he felt such anger, such uncontrollable and savage rage. The man's face was as firmly fixed in his memory as if it had been painted there, although he had seen it but dimly. It was a strong, rather stolid English face, with a long mustache, a firm, cruel mouth and a peculiarly heavy though straight and by no means ill shaped nose. "I'll know the scoundrel if I ever see him again," the lieutenant gnashed, "and I'll break his neck if I can, confound him! A British emissary, I'll wager my life."

There had been that in the fellow's voice which bespoke him a gentleman in one sense of the word—that is, it was the voice of an educated man—and Prescott was somehow strangely impressed (as he became aware when his fit of desperate rage had subsided) with a certain power in it, the power of one gifted in some extraordinary way.

Although the bit of adventure had left a vivid reflection on the young man's mind, and it was with the sense of having passed a crisis in his life that he strode on rather slowly, his pulse still abnormally quick and his nerves still tingling strangely.

When he reached the gate of Mr. Fenwick's house he found it locked and looking up he saw no light in the windows. He rapped upon the oaken bars, hoping that Rose might hear him were she near. All was quite silent and still, save that a large mastiff growled threateningly from some point inside the narrow space between the wall and the house.

What could this mean? It was not late, not late enough for the household to be asleep. Could they be gone away? Some dark presentiment began to take form in his brain as he stood with his hand on the top of the tall gate. Again he rapped loudly and listened as the sharp echoes rattled through the recesses of the rambling and rather gloomy building, which seemed to stare vacantly at him. It was mostly his excited imagination, for presently the negro porter came and unlocked the gate, after inquiring who it was that desired to enter. The mastiff was troublesome. Evidently it wished to go at the lieutenant, trying to break away from the negro even after Prescott had mounted the steps and was clanging noisily with the heavy brass knocker. A pleasant surprise awaited the young man, however, for, instead of a servant, Rose came to open the door, which she did with the manner of one who doubts the propriety of the act.

"Oh! she cried out, starting and nearly dropping the lamp. 'Is it you, Lieut. Prescott? I was not expecting you and—' 'Why, how you tremble!' he exclaimed, stepping in and closing the door behind him, his hand outstretched for greeting. 'What is it, Rose? What has happened?'"

She was pale, and the lamp she bore in her hand shook violently. "Go away! don't speak again," she whispered. "Quick—go!"

It was now his turn to show surprise and almost alarm. "What do you mean, Rose?" "I cannot tell you now, but you must go away—quick, quick!" She put forth an agitated hand and gave him a little push to emphasize her words, which were uttered with intense vehemence, though in a low whisper.

He stood irresolute, gazing at her, the surprise and mystery of the situation still bewildering him. She continued to push him and to urge him. "Go, please go quickly. You must, you must."

"But Rose, tell me, explain. What is all this for? What have I done?" "Nothing, nothing. Don't speak, hurry away, go!"

He was now outside the doorway on the uppermost step and she with the door half closed was looking at him, the trembling light from the lamp flickering on her pale, earnest, excited, beautiful face. She was still motioning him away. A puff of air blew out the lamp. Prescott was not sure whether or not it was Rose that caused the darkness by a puff from her bloodless lips.

"Some one is coming, go very lightly, make no noise, hurry away. Good-by, dear, dear Wayne!" he heard her say, and then the door closed with a barely audible click of the heavy latch.

Dazed, cruelly tortured, quite baffled in every way, the poor lover turned from the house and passed out into the street, where he paused and looked up, in the vain hope of catching some assuring glimpse; all was dark and the fog was every minute growing denser. Not a sound, not a glint of light, not a hint of life came from the dim, solemn looking mansion.

He lingered for a while, he hardly knew why, then walked slowly and, for the first time in his life, unsteadily away, taking the direction of "his company's camp. Naturally enough the words "Good-by, dear, dear Wayne," were ringing sweetly, yet with almost unbearable pathos, in his ears. True lover that he was, he felt the security of his hold upon Rose's heart. He could not doubt her faithfulness. What then was the meaning of the strange treatment he had received? Of course it was quite impossible for him to formulate any satisfactory explanation, and the more he thought of it the more mysterious it seemed. Doubtless his imagination exaggerated the whole affair, but at best, under the circumstances, there was much in it to arouse the deepest anxiety, if not the wildest and most shapeless suspicions which now crowded his brain. Hitherto he had been a frequent and always welcome visitor at the Fenwick place; nothing of which he was aware had happened to cause the sudden change, nor was "there any theory upon which he could account for the singular and almost frantic conduct of Rose in driving him away."

In going back toward the camp he did not rush along with the eager haste that had urged him when his feet were set in the other direction, but trudged heavily and slowly, with his face drawn and his hands in his pockets.

The fog, driven in more and more from the river, the creeks and the marshes lying seaward, was now so close and heavy that it made the darkness almost as great as if there had been no moon at all. The lieutenant had forgotten the collision with the strange man earlier in the evening, but the incident was suddenly and forcibly recalled by being repeated. Plump together they ran again, but this time, as Prescott was moving slowly and his opponent very rapidly, the former found himself flat on his back in the sandy street, while the sturdy stranger was going on his way apparently not in the least disconnected. This was soon seen and heard by the prostrate and thoroughly enraged lieutenant, who sprang to his feet and slashed away with his sword, much gratified that it struck the very substantial but quite invisible enemy, who turned and fired a pistol. By the quick, keen blade the man saw each other for an instant. The shot missed, and again Prescott cut savagely, this time making an ugly wound on the other's face. Another flash and sharp report; the ball grazed the lieutenant's arm and plowed along his side. Then the man rushed upon him and dashed him to the earth as if he had been a child, kicking him and stamping upon him heavily.

"Take that—and that, and that, you dirty dog of a rebel!" Prescott heard and then became insensible.

CHAPTER II.

There is no reason why the reader of this sketch of early American history should be kept in suspense touching the apparent mystery of Rose Fenwick's action as recorded in the foregoing chapter. If our purpose were to make a sensational story, nothing would be more to the point than to tantalize expectation with a series of but half explained circumstances tending to mystify instead of clarify that occurrence, which in fact was the outcome, in a way, of old Mr. Fenwick's loyalty to Great Britain, and of course his disloyalty to the American government in the great struggle for independence.

Acting under secret orders from Sir Henry Clinton, Col. Westfield Maynard, so called, had come to Savannah for the purpose of scheming for the occupation of the city by the British troops. Maynard was not, in fact, a colonel. Indeed he held no office. His true character was that of a most unscrupulous and daring adventurer, absolutely fearless, almost a giant in stature, possessed of a most insatiable thirst, thoroughly unscrupulous and withal handsome and gifted in no ordinary degree. Making his way to Savannah, by means known only to himself, he had, on reaching the city, gone straightway to the Fenwick mansion, absolutely fearless, almost a giant in stature, possessed of a most insatiable thirst, thoroughly unscrupulous and withal handsome and gifted in no ordinary degree. Making his way to Savannah, by means known only to himself, he had, on reaching the city, gone straightway to the Fenwick mansion, absolutely fearless, almost a giant in stature, possessed of a most insatiable thirst, thoroughly unscrupulous and withal handsome and gifted in no ordinary degree.

Mr. Fenwick, then one of the wealthiest citizens, and perhaps the very most influential one in Savannah, was known to the British authorities as a staunch and uncompromising friend to the home government, a man upon whom they could safely rely for both sympathy and material aid in any scheme to advance their interests. Of course there were other Tories in the city, all of them well known to Mr. Fenwick, and the first thing Maynard did was to influence Fenwick to call a secret meeting of these at his house.

The reader will now quickly understand why Rose forced her lover from the house; for at that very time the Tory meeting was in session in a back room. The girl's good sense told her that if Lieut. Prescott should discover her father's connection with a treasonable transaction it would be the young man's duty to have him arrested forthwith, and the result might be most terrible, for just at that particular point in the progress of the revolutionary struggle the bitterest hatred of the Tories was nursed by the American soldiery.

Maynard disclosed to the little knot of Tories huddled in that closely blindfolded rear room that Lieut. Col. Archibald Campbell was then on his way from Sandy Hook with a fleet bearing an army sent by Sir Henry Clinton to take and occupy Savannah. Accidentally Rose overheard this, and became aware of what was going on.

The mansion had been darkened to prevent visitors from dropping in, and all the proceedings of the conspirators were conducted with the utmost caution. Knowing that Lieut. Prescott was absent on picket or outpost duty, Rose had not dreamed of his coming, when suddenly his rap resounded on the door. One thought—that of preventing the young man from discovering her father's connection with a plot for delivering the city over to the enemy—drove every thought else from her head.

When he was gone she stood just inside the door, her heart beating wildly and her brain reeling with the excitement of the occasion. As heart she was an earnest rebel, thoroughly in sympathy with the struggle for independence; but she loved her father, and could not bear the thought of having him arrested as a Tory and a traitor. Now that he was late for the time, the strain of the situation relaxed as suddenly as it had come on and she was too weak to stand. She tottered to a table and set the lamp on it, and then fell upon a sofa, nervous and white as a ghost. It was but a few moments, however, that the weakness prevailed; her nature was strong and elastic, and her will was of the sort with which revolutionary women of the best stamp were endowed. Ever in the moment when she was thrusting her lover from the door she resolve was forming itself, under her consciousness, so to say, that if she could prevent it, Savannah should not be betrayed and her gates opened to the British.

Maynard had left the house but a few minutes before Lieut. Prescott knocked. Indeed it had seemed to Rose that the former must have been at the gate when the latter entered. She wondered if this were so, and if the lieutenant would suspect what had been going on. One by one the conspirators left the house and went their way. What they had determined upon is not known, save that some plan was agreed to which Maynard regarded as of probable value in aid of Lieut. Col. Archibald Campbell's project for taking the city.

The Fenwick household were on the point of retiring when Maynard suddenly returned gashed and bleeding from a long, deep wound across the side of his handsome face.

"A confounded rebel officer," he said, "ran against me just out yonder. Fetch a surgeon as soon as possible or I shall bleed to death."

Servants were called. "Be careful in this matter," Maynard managed to murmur before he reeled into a chair. "Remember that there is danger if I am suspected—danger for you all. Don't get a—reb—rebel surgeon, he's gashed, 'but be—be quick!'"

The blood was flowing freely, saturating his clothes. He was as white as a dead man. The household was alarmed in two ways, for Maynard appeared about to die, and that of itself was terrible. Beyond this lay the danger of having a British spy in the house, which was the greatest of all crimes just then. There was no time for hesitation, however. A servant went posthaste in search of a surgeon, while others bore Maynard up to a secluded room and put him to bed with a bandage round his face.

The wound proved not so bad after all. "He will be himself again in less than a fortnight," said the surgeon, after dressing the gash. "Dust, I presume," he added, sotto voce, to Mr. Fenwick at the door on taking his leave. "These young men are such idiots."

"To be sure," responded the old man, glad to clutch at such an explanation. "To be sure, and I suppose they always will be. I've young ones, doctor."

Meanwhile Lieut. Prescott lay where Maynard left him, cold and senseless; his sword under him and one arm outstretched along the sand. Slowly the fog lifted and was blown away, giving place to a broad shimmer of moonlight that emphasized the dark walls and gloomy nooks of the straggling town, and projected like substantial, tangible parts of the scene.

CHAPTER III.



"How have you learned what you tell me?"

Doubtless it is impossible at this time to look back and understand with any degree of realization the peculiar situation in which Rose Fenwick found herself when she had sufficiently recovered from the evening's excitement to take a somewhat calm view of what had transpired. In the seclusion of her chamber she thought it all over, with the rapidly growing impression that it was her duty to go straightway to the headquarters of the little American garrison and make known to the commanding officer the plot being arranged to betray the city. But as often as she turned this in her mind the connection of her father with the treasonable affair started her and made any disclosure appear impossible. She slept none that night. Indeed she scarcely thought of sleep. Her nerves were wrought to high tension and her whole nature was absorbed in the consideration of a plan for balking Maynard and his allies. Strange that it should have been nearly the last hour of the night before a thought, which might (under a less strain of excitement) have been suggested at once by Maynard's remark, came upon her mind with almost stunning suddenness.

The wounded man upon entering the house had said that he had been hurt by a rebel officer. Why had he not thought of Prescott? It was so plain now that it was he who cut that gash. They must have met in the street and fought there. Instantly the dreadful question arose: Was Lieut. Prescott hurt? Then she remembered that she had heard two pistol shots ring out clear and keen through the foggy night air. Her heart stopped short for awhile, to presently leap into her throat with almost suffocating throbs. With that swift and vivid realization common to young and imaginative minds, her fancy pictured her lover lying

dead with upturned face in the moonlight. A cold chill crept over her and her limbs shook as with an ague. Loud and clear the cock in the back court crowed out the hour of dawn. She sprang up, threw on her clothes and passed out into the street. As it by some unerring intuition she went directly to the spot where Prescott and Maynard had fought. There were deep marks of the struggle in the sand, and some streaks and dashes of blood were visible in the gray chill morning glisten. She looked about, her eyes scanning as best they could the surrounding space; then came a great relief—a sense of escape from a burden of horrible dread. A drum rolled out the morning call at the little American camp. With but a moment's hesitation she went swiftly on in the direction of the sound, and was soon face to face with the sentinel in front of the officers' quarters.

"I wish to see Gen. Howe," she said abruptly.

The sentinel called the officer of the guard, a corporal, who came forward in a moment.

"Well, madam," he demanded, doffing his well worn cap, "what is thy wish?"

"I must see Gen. Howe."

"Sorry I am that he's not here, madam, but he is not. He is at the Tattall mansion."

"Then could I see the next officer in charge?"

"Col. Huger is here, madam."

"All him I have something important to say to him."

Leaving her with the sentinel the corporal turned about and walked away. In a few minutes he came back, and bidding her follow led the way to a small house surrounded by tents. Col. Huger, who had just risen and hastily dressed himself, received her in a small, plainly furnished room which was well saturated with the fumes of tobacco. He was very polite and kind in his manner, but at first did not recognize her.

"It is because I could not help it that I have come here," she hurriedly began. "There is a plot to betray the city into the enemy's hands. A fleet is already on the way here from Sandy Hook, and there is now in Savannah an emissary of the British going about among the Tories."

The colonel recognized her while she was speaking, and the slightest shade of perplexity gathered on his eyes. She was beautiful, and her earnestness heightened the effect of her face.

"You are Miss Fenwick, I believe," he said, with grave courtesy.

She nodded and the color slipped out of her cheeks.

"How have you learned what you tell me?" he inquired, fixing his eyes steadily upon hers.

She shrank and looked down, but presently her native courage asserted itself. She returned his gaze steadily with clear, innocent eyes, while the rose flush came slowly up into her face again.

"You must not insist upon that question," she answered; "for I cannot tell you. You may be sure that I have it from the direct channel of information. The British will land to-morrow or the next day."

"And the emissary, who is he and where is he?" demanded the colonel.

"I cannot tell you."

"You must!"

"I will not."

missed the matter with a few words, saying curtly that he placed no reliance in a story which on its face was simply preposterous.

"How could an emissary outstrip a fleet?" he inquired. "If the British sailed from Sandy Hook last month how could this supposed spy know it? Don't you see how utterly ridiculous the whole thing is?"

Col. Huger had come flushed a trifle with the effect produced by Rose's noble bearing and bewitching face. He went back but half convinced that the general was right in giving no heed to her warning.

One, two, three days, a week, two weeks went by without any apparition of a British fleet. The general had not unreasonably laughed at Col. Huger about his belief in the story of the old Tory's daughter, and the colonel in turn had come to look back to the singular little affair as something inexplicable.

Lieut. Prescott, after lying some days at the house of a friend who had chanced to find him and take him in, recovered from the stunning bruises received from the brutal blows of the giant Maynard, and returned to camp before the expiration of his release from duty.

Meantime Maynard's wound healed so rapidly that within ten days the gash had changed to a slender purple scar slantwise across his left cheek. So careful were the Fenwicks and so closely did they keep their secret that no suspicion of the Englishman's presence in the house ever went abroad in the town.

Rose heard of Lieut. Prescott frequently through her friends, but he came no more to see her, nor did he send her any of those tender messages that lent such brightness to her life for months past. She felt the reason for this and could not blame him, for in her memory the act of driving him from the house lingered with all the ugly features that her imagination could lend to it, and she despaired herself.

As for Prescott he felt sure that Rose still loved him, and that she had acted under some strange necessity which forbade him to make any inquiries until such time as she should choose for enlightening him voluntarily. Deep in his heart he suspected some connection between his unknown antagonist and the occurrence at the house, but his suspicion could not take any definite form.

Soon after his recovery and return to camp he was sent in command of a detachment to a point opposite White marsh island, some six miles from Savannah, which would have prevented him from calling on Rose, even if he had felt it the proper thing to do under the circumstances.

As Maynard convalesced he proved himself a man of most cultivated and insinuating manners. The master and the mistress of the Fenwick mansion became quite fascinated, spending a great deal of time in his company listening to his well told stories of adventure by land and sea in many parts of the world.

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Argonaut: Most of the objections which have been made to Senator Stanford's financial measure have arisen from an imperfect examination of the subject. It is based on the simple fact, with which all financial authorities are familiar, that the supply of the raw material of which the currency of the world consists, is now barely adequate to the world's demands for coinage, and, in a few years, will be quite inadequate, and that it is absolutely necessary for the conduct of trade that some new currency should be devised.

The mines of the world now yield about \$230,000,000 a year in gold and silver. The mints of the world consume about \$216,000,000 a year for coinage. How much gold and silver is consumed in the arts and manufactures throughout the world is not accurately known. But that consumption amounts to about \$16,000,000 in this country alone. So that but for the recoupage of old coins at the mints, the supply of the precious metals for use as money and for use in the arts would not be short of the demand. The deficiency will naturally increase as commerce, wealth, and population swell in volume.

A substitute was discovered by Mr. Chase when he invented the national bank currency. Under his plan, this country was supplied with money which was secured by federal bonds. The bonds were, in fact, mobilized, and made to serve as a circulating medium as well as an evidence of debt. But at the time the national bank system was put in full operation, the amount of bonds which could be so represented by currency was only \$2,250,000,000; now it is less than \$1,000,000,000, and it is diminishing every year. In a very short while, national bank-notes will be so scarce as to cease to be available as a substitute for metallic money. It is evident that some other substitute must be discovered.

Now comes Senator Stanford, who says that if there is not enough gold and silver produced every year to supply the mints with material for coinage, and if the supply of federal bonds is being so reduced that it can no longer fill the public need of a money material, it might be worth while trying to see how a currency based on land might answer. Land is the most solid of all forms of property. Where land has no value, nothing has a value. Land neither collapses nor flies away. It is always there, and when it is cultivated, or used as a home for mankind, it always has an increment. Would not land be as safe a representative of value as metals which fluctuate in worth, or national credit which in times of disaster may be shaken and in times of prosperity may be represented by so small a volume of securities that little would be gained by their increase?

It must always be remembered that the present monetary system is a thing which has grown up by common usage among the nations, and was not devised by financiers in accordance with the laws of political economy. By common consent, the mercantile world drifted into the way of measuring values by their equivalent in gold and silver. In order to guard against temporary fluctuations, a fixed value was given to each piece of these metals by the government stamp which it bore. But there never was anything in either metal which naturally clothed it with the quality of money. It was so clothed because it was the most convenient representation of value which could be found when the world abandoned the system of barter; and so long as its products sufficed to furnish the mints with all the bullion they needed, it answered the purpose. Now, adherence to the traditional custom is found to involve two difficulties: first, the supply of the precious metals, so called, is running short; and, second, an increased production of silver, coupled with a reduced production of gold, has upset the old parity between the two, and plunged finance into confusion. It is evident that the end will be the creation of a new form of money, which will be paper; and as this will have to rest on some security, the present question is, what better security can it rest on than land, if national bonds are not available for the purpose?

Superficial critics draw pictures of the confusion which would arise if every farmer in the country could take his title-deeds to Washington, and demand two-per-cent. treasury notes to an amount equal to one-half the assessed value of his property. This is a matter of detail which would regulate itself. If all the farms in the country were used as the basis of new treasury notes, their issue would be so large that not even the value of the land on which they were secured would prevent their depreciation. People would refuse to take them as money. They would follow the fate of the assignats which were issued on the pledge of the church property in France. In a short while they would lose their purchasing power, and the land-owner would be unable to do anything with them, though his land would be liable to sale under execution for their redemption. Nobody would then want them.

This would, of course, be foreseen before a bill based on the lines of Senator Stanford's plan could pass congress. The issue of treasury notes based on land would be restricted and hedged round with such conditions that they would retain public confidence. A certain amount

would probably be allotted to each state, and a limit would be set to the annual issue. If prudently administered, it is easy to conceive how such a law could be made to relieve the scarcity of money in the agricultural states without running much risk of depreciation or repudiation.

And again, it is not likely that every land-owner would make haste to mortgage his property for fifty per cent. of its assessed value. Farmers in the western states are rarely asked for more than half the value which they would command in a healthy real-estate market. Thus the borrower under the Stanford plan would get one-quarter of the value of his property. And this is all he could get. For the government mortgage would be a first mortgage, and a second mortgage on country property is an investment which neither gods nor men can endure. As a general rule, a farmer who mortgages his farm becomes the hired man of the mortgage creditor; in this respect the government would not differ from any other creditor.

Senator Stanford's main aim is to place the land-owner on the same footing as the bond-holder, and to have real property used by the government as security for the redemption of its currency. The capitalist who puts fifty thousand dollars into United States bonds, can send them to Washington without parting with their ownership, and demand his money back from the government, in order to go into other ventures. But the farmer who puts his money into a farm buries it. He has his farm, but his money is gone. He can not get it back till he parts with the ownership of his farm. If he could get only a quarter of it back, he might undertake improvements which would render an unproductive investment profitable.

Money is the life-blood of commerce and enterprise. That country best flourishes in which money is constantly in use; in countries where money, once used, lies dormant and loses its reproductive quality, business stagnates and production is checked. That is why a bank which lends on real-estate seldom makes money. It may not lose, but its funds are too torpid to produce generous dividends. The great bulk of the accumulated capital of this country is locked up in land, and is of no more help to the business of the country than if it were at the bottom of the sea. There surely must be some way in which this enormous volume of property can be utilized by putting it in a shape which will enable it to pass from hand to hand, and to fertilize areas of adventure which are unproductive for want of money. Senator Stanford believes that he has discovered a way, and it becomes congress to give it a full and careful consideration before dismissing it through imperfect acquaintance with the vast problem which it may solve.

Dr. Keon's lymph theory has received a staggering blow from the report recently made by Prof. Virchow, one of the foremost of modern scientists. The professor made post-mortem examinations on the bodies of numerous patients who died after having been treated with lymph, and he declares that the injections of lymph increase the bacilli in the body and cause them to migrate to portions previously unaffected, thus virtually generating new affections; that it causes intense hyperaemia in various parts of the body, endangering the life of the patient; that it has not been conclusively proven that the lymph destroys tubercles, and finally that it is dangerous to the life of weak patients. This is a serious indictment to bring against the new-found remedy, and it will chill the hopes of thousands who are suffering from the ravages of the pale spectre of consumption, which is accredited with carrying off one-seventh of the world's population.

According to the statistics compiled by E. G. Dan & Co., the state of Washington had 206 failures last year, with liabilities amounting to \$2,030,000; in 1889, 119 failures, with liabilities amounting to \$1,235,000; in 1888, 95 failures, with \$410,000 liabilities; in 1887, 54 failures, with \$223,500. In all the Pacific states and territories last year there were 1128 failures, or one out of every fifty-three business concerns; in 1889 there were 1305 failures, or one out of every sixty-one concerns in business. The liabilities last year amounted to \$7,873,000, and in 1889 to \$8,558,202.

This special committee of the house on the bill providing for an extension of the time for the payment of taxes reported by a substitute, which extends the time to March 1, 1891, and provides for the refunding of the 10 per cent. penalties that may have been paid, the report was adopted, and under a suspension of rules, after a discussion of constitutionality of the bill, the substitute passed with the emergency clause, being the first bill passed by the house this session.

An eastern Washington paper says Nick Owings was appointed chairman of the committee on public morals. Our own Ebelman received that distinguished honor, and the selection was entirely proper, but spoils a huge joke.

Advertised Letter List.

The following letters remain uncalled for at the postoffice at North Yakima for the week ending January 10, 1891. Persons calling for the same will please say "advertised":

Berthold, Albert; Cobb, J. M.; Foster, L.; Hewitt, Homer L.; Leach, James; McNeal, C. D-2; O'Connell, A.; Rosenburg, H.; Tirrell, N. T.; Binge, Mrs. N. D. F.; Faley, Frank; Gage, J. A.; Harris, Mrs. Margie; McCoy, N.; Merchast, Mrs. May; Reed, A. E.; Stephens, D. C.; Woolston, G. F.; Williams, Holman; Rosser Dunn, P. M.

Card of Thanks. We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to those who have been so kind to us during the illness and death of our infant son. Mr. and Mrs. WILL CURRY.

DEMPEY KNOCKED OUT.

Fitzsimmons Wins the Middle-Weight Championship Without Much Trouble.

The battle for the middle-weight championship between Jack Dempsey and Bob Fitzsimmons took place at the Olympia club at New Orleans January 14th, and resulted in Dempsey being knocked out in the thirteenth round. The men appeared in the ring at 9:05 o'clock. Both were in fine condition. Fitzsimmons weighed 150 1/2 pounds and Dempsey 147 pounds.

From the start everything went Fitzsimmons' way. He got the first knock down, the first and only blood, and won with ease. Long before 6 o'clock crowds began to gather, and when the doors opened they crowded into the building. Dempsey appeared a trifle overdrawn, but wore an air of confidence. His appearance caused applause. When Fitzsimmons appeared the applause was deafening. He appeared unconcerned.

Ex-Mayor Gillette of the club stepped into the ring shortly after 9 o'clock and welcomed the visitors. He then introduced Captain Brewster as referee and John Duffy as time keeper. Before the fight Dempsey offered to bet Fitzsimmons \$1000 that he would win, but he was not allowed to bet. Dempsey and Fitzsimmons indulged in a friendly handshake before time was called.

Time was called at 9:07 o'clock. First Round—Fitzsimmons began with rushing tactics at once, chasing Dempsey from corner to corner. Fitzsimmons lead, but failed, and Dempsey countered on his stomach. The round closed slightly to Fitzsimmons' advantage.

Second Round—Fitzsimmons came up cautiously but soon began rushing. Dempsey landed on his shoulder, neck and ribs. Fitzsimmons crowded him into a corner and swung for Jack's neck. Jack dodged and caught it in the ribs. Dempsey clinched at every opportunity to avoid the punishment.

In the third round Dempsey appeared tired. Fitzsimmons continued rushing and fought Dempsey to the ropes and knocked him down with a blow in the neck. Dempsey rushed, but Fitzsimmons avoided him and crowded him back to his corner and pounded his ribs, Dempsey clinching. Dempsey then got one blow on the ear and eye and was groggy when the round ended.

Dempsey was badly blown in the fifth round, but landed a good one on Fitzsimmons' throat that made him winded. The round ended with furious fighting. In the sixth Fitzsimmons threw Dempsey heavily, and the round ended in Fitzsimmons' favor.

There was terrific infighting in the seventh round, with the advantage for Fitzsimmons. Dempsey played for wind. In the eighth Dempsey came up groggy and bleeding, but fought savagely. He was driven to the ropes, and received several hard blows.

In the ninth Fitzsimmons landed often, but his blows lacked strength. He forced the fighting and inflicted severe punishment. Hard fighting was indulged in. In the tenth Fitzsimmons rushed and punished Dempsey, telling the latter to give up. Dempsey fought hard, but lacked strength. It was plain that Dempsey wouldn't yield and would have to be knocked out. It was only a question of time.

The eleventh round was a repetition of the former. Dempsey was so weak that he could scarcely stand, and he went down often. Fitzsimmons had him at his mercy.

In the twelfth Fitzsimmons forebore to knock him out. In the thirteenth Dempsey staggered to the center and went down with a jab on the neck, and failed to recover. Fitzsimmons was carried out on the shoulders of his friends.

Comments on the Farm.

A farmer's home ought to have about all the comforts that are to be had and many luxuries that nobody but the rich man affords. Nor is this a glittering generality in the way of a statement. Let us specify. What are luxuries? The first idea suggested by the word is a good table. Money can always supply table luxuries, but even the millionaire cannot supply better things than the average farmer can procure. The freshest and richest cream, milk and butter in abundance may be his, with all that can be made from them. Eggs, chickens, ducks, turkeys, geese he can always command if he chooses. Vegetables of all kinds that this climate can produce he can raise, and with a cheap and simple hotbed he can have them early and all the season through. He can command all the small fruits that can be grown in this latitude, and of the very best and freshest—strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, apples, pears and plums of every variety. An early lamb or two exchanged with the local butcher will give him a fair supply of lamb meat for the season. A calf or two in the same way will give him veal, he may raise and cure his own pork, bacon, hams, sausage, pigs' feet and lard of a quality that the market does not afford. He may kill a beef in the fall and exchange such parts as he does not care to keep. His own cornmeal, buckwheat and even wheat may be turned into bread-stuff such as he cannot buy. What more could the realist gourmand ask for this part of his table supply? Only he who has once been deprived of the resources of farm, orchard, dairy and poultry-house and been forced to buy with hard-earned money stale fruit and vegetables, and clear meat, milk, eggs and butter, appreciate what a treasury of luxuries he has lost. It will be no answer to say that all these things represent money, and need must be reckoned as so much cost. We have mentioned nothing which is not within the easy reach of the small farmer, if he will be a little enterprising, and nothing which, when the year is closed,

will not be found to have been produced without any strain on the purse. It requires a little cash to start, a considerable amount of labor from time to time, and some planning. But it all can be accomplished, and the chances are that it will breed profit rather than loss in actual surplus cash, for there will always be more than is wanted of some things and real luxuries always find some sort of market. Minutes and hours that would otherwise go to waste will be utilized in extra labor required, and the pleasure in the accomplishment will be a clear bonus besides.

A GOOD STORY.

How an Unruly Set of Railroad Men Were Subdued.

"It beats the world how much kicking trainmen and switchmen can do," remarked an old railroad man. "I saw a lot of kickers of the first water settled once, though. When the Chicago & North western built its Elkhorn Valley line through Nebraska the company had division superintendent at Norfolk named Bronson. He was a milk and water chap who had a Sunday school and run by the men, who were in an utterly demoralized condition. They were led by a switchman named Lynch, a big bully fellow, who boasted of chasing two superintendents out of the country. Finally the company transferred Bronson and sent Ed Horn, now a superintendent on the Iron Mountain, down in Arkansas, out of reorganizing things. Horn was young, athletic, and had a fighting reputation. Lynch resented Horn's arrival, and announced that he proposed to trash him inside a week. The fight came on in this way: Horn commenced operating by firing at men who were drunk on duty, and by making the boys work every day. Three days after he arrived Lynch refused to obey orders. The yardmaster went up to Horn's office and reported the case. "Send Lynch to me," said Horn. "When Lynch came Horn closed the office door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. Then he let down the tops of the windows so that the crowd of yardmen, who were gathering on the platform, could hear as well as see what was going on. "Lynch, you have been saying around town that you would lick me. Now you refuse to obey orders. I want you either to furnish the licking or go back to work, I don't care a d— which," said Horn. The switchman, twenty pounds heavier than the young superintendent, began to weaken. He did not want to go back to work and lose prestige with his fellows, but he was in doubt as to the outcome of a battle. Outside the yardmen held their breath. "Finally Lynch commenced to pull off his coat. Then Horn stepped quickly to the door, unlocked it and threw it open. Turning quickly he caught Lynch by the collar with a firm grasp and kicked him out of the office, down the platform and through the yard to his post. 'Now go to work and obey orders when you get them,' cried Horn, who walked quietly back through the crowd, remarking as he entered his office: 'I don't propose to let anybody run this division or get drunk except the superintendent.' In two weeks Norfolk was a noble yard on the west end of the Northwest system. Horn had struck the only kind of policy that would win on the frontier."

—Two dozens of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works.

—De Witt's Little Early Risers; only pill for chronic constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia. None so good. Sold by Taft.

—Boots and shoes at cost at Bartholet Bros.' old stand.

—Small in size, great in results: De Witt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for constipation, best for sick headaches, best for sour stomach. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—Wheat wanted at IXL.

—Mrs. W. M. Ross has taken possession of the lodging house across from the court house on Second street, which has been retired and newly furnished throughout to accommodate those who are seeking comfortable and quiet quarters.

—Potatoes wanted at IXL.

—Fresh li-korynza, walnuts, chestnuts, etc., at H. A. Griffin's.

—Acts at once, never fails. De Witt's Cough and Consumption Cure. A remedy for asthma, and that feverish condition which accompanies a severe cold. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—Constipation poisons the blood; De Witt's Little Early Risers cure constipation. The cause removed, the disease is gone. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—Two dozen of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works.

—Headache is the direct result of indigestion and stomach disorders. Remedy these by using De Witt's Little Early Risers and your headache disappears. The favorite little pill everywhere. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—Dr. Savage will be found always ready to attend calls day or night. Office over Ebelman Bros. store; residence on Second street, two doors south U. S. land office.

Your cough will not last all winter; You will not be kept awake at night; You will get immediate relief if You will use De Witt's Cough and Consumption Cure. Sold by C. J. Taft.

C. E. McEwen takes a pride in turning out good work. This is the reason his harness, saddles, bridles, etc., give such satisfaction and outlast all others.

—Two dozen of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works.

—C. E. McEwen is now offering saddles, bridles, harness and everything in his line at prices not to be duplicated this side of Fortland.

—Oats wanted at IXL.

—Two dozen of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works.

—The highest cash price paid for potatoes by John Reed. Parties wishing to sell will call at Buckley's warehouse west of the track.

Notice of Sale of School Lands at Public Auction.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT, IN pursuance of an order of the state school land commission of the state of Washington, made on the 15th day of November, 1888, there will be sold at public auction, upon the terms hereinafter set out, subject to confirmation by the state school land commission after thirty (30) days from the receipt by the president of the said commission of the report of the county commissioners of the sale of such lands, on Monday, the 2nd day of February, A. D. 1891, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the front door of the court house in Yakima county and state of Washington, all of the right, title and interest in and to the following described lots, pieces and parcels of school lands situated in and being in the said county of Yakima and state of Washington, to-wit:

Table with columns: PART OF SECTION, ACRES, and APPROXIMATE AMOUNT. Lists various school land parcels with their respective acreages and estimated values.

Also the following lots in section 26, township 13, north range 14, within two miles of the corporate limits of North Yakima, Washington, according to the plat of said section in the office of the county auditor of Yakima county, state of Washington, to-wit:

Table with columns: Lot, ACRES, and APPROXIMATE AMOUNT. Lists individual lots within section 26 with their acreages and estimated values.

All property shall be sold to the highest bidder upon the following terms, to-wit: One-fourth cash at the time of sale, and one-fourth annually thereafter until the whole is paid, deferred payments to draw interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum, payable annually in advance. However, that no land shall be sold for less than the appraised value.

JOSEPH STEPHENSON, Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners of Yakima county, Washington. Also: MATT BARTHOLET, Clerk. Sold at North Yakima this 7th day of January, 1891.

M. G. WILLS HAS REMOVED HIS SALOON

And Billiard Parlors To New Beck Block, Yakima Ave.

The new fittings and furnishings, comfortable quarters and courteous treatment are held out to the public as inducements to patronage, and the most popular and purest makes of fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars are always to be had at his Bar.

The second story of the building has been fitted up and partitioned off into Elegant Billiard and Club Rooms.

Where customers so disposed can retire in seclusion for a sociable time, "far from the mad-making crowd's ignoble strife." A sidewalk cafe will also be found conveniently located to appease the thirst of up-stairs guests.

Drop in and "Smile!"

YAKIMA MARKET

(TELEPHONE NO. 38).

ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALTED MEATS. GRAIN-FED PORK, LIVER WORST. Bologna and Sausages a specialty.

All accounts must be paid weekly. No deduction in this, as it is a compact of local business. Orders taken at Residences and Delivered Free of Charge.

FEAR & CARPENTER.

Notice of Special Election.

WHEREAS, THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS of the Bell Haven Irrigation District having determined Seventy-five Thousand Dollars (\$75,000) to be the amount of money necessary to be raised for building and constructing a ditch to irrigate the lands within said district;

and Whereas, said Board has ordered that a special election be called, at which shall be submitted to the electors of said district, presenting the qualifications prescribed by an act entitled "An act providing for the organization and government of irrigating districts and the sale of bonds arising therefrom and declaring an emergency," passed by the legislature of the state of Washington at the session thereof for the years 1888-89 and approved March 25th, 1889, the question of whether or not the bonds of said district shall be issued in the amount so determined. Now, therefore, all persons will take notice that an election will be held in said irrigating district on Saturday, January 25th, A. D. 1891, between the hours provided by law for the holding of general elections in this state, at the public school house within said district, to determine whether or not the said district will issue bonds in the amount aforesaid.

The ballots used in each election shall contain the words "Bonds—Yes" or "Bonds—No." By order of the Board of Directors of Bell Haven Irrigation District this 5th day of January, A. D. 1891. C. E. LUM, President. J. A. O'CONNELL, Secretary.

Sale of Funding Bonds Feb. 16, 1891

THE CITY OF NORTH YAKIMA, IN THE state of Washington, will sell at public auction on Monday, February 16th, 1891, at the City Clerk's office, funding bonds to the amount of Thirty Thousand Dollars, bearing interest at 5 per cent. payable semi-annually on June 1st and December 1st, dated December 1st, 1890, and running twenty-five years, optional after fifteen years. If satisfactory bids be not made at said sale, said sale will be continued and re-advertised until bonds are sold. F. M. SPAIN, City Clerk of North Yakima.

MATT BARTHOLET HAS AGAIN ASSUMED CHARGE OF THE BARTHOLET BROS.' STORE.

ALL GOODS WILL AT ONCE BE CLOSED OUT AT 25 PER CENT. LESS THAN WHOLESALE PRICES.

ALL OLD ACCOUNTS ARE NOW IN THE HANDS OF WHITSON & PARKER FOR IMMEDIATE COLLECTION.

Lombard & Horsley, FURNITURE!

SYNDICATE BLOCK. The Fall Stock of Boots and Shoes

HAS NOW ARRIVED AT Mrs. Trayner's Shoe Emporium, NORTH FIRST STREET,

Comprising the Finest Assortment and Best Makes of Ladies' Gentlemen's and Children's Foot Wear ever introduced in this market, and offered for sale at a Hard-Time Price.

Custom Work and Repairing M. M. TRAYNER. SAWYER & PENNINGTON

(SUCCESSORS TO A. B. WRECK.) Hardware, Stoves,



Farm Machinery, Wagons.

Superior Barbed Wire. Wheeling Steel Nails. The Largest Assortment of Builders' Material in Central Washington, and Prices Lower than the Lowest.

We Make a Specialty of Putting in Hot Air Furnaces.

SAWYER & PENNINGTON, Southeast Corner First Street and Yakima Avenue, North Yakima, Washington.

The Little Red Front!

YAKIMA AVE., IS THE PLACE TO WHICH I HAVE TRANSFERRED THE "BOARD OF TRADE"

Saloon and Billiard Parlors (Billiard Parlors in the Back Yard, Adjoining the Coal Shed).

In inviting my friends to renew their trade with me, I will state that I propose dispensing only the best brands of Case Goods in

Fine Wines, Liquors, Cigars,

Fresh Beer Constantly on Draught. RESPECTFULLY, A. CHURCHILL.

