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Tricks of the Grouse.
There is a close resemblance between the domestic hen and the grouse mother. A hen, as you know, will boldly fight anything in defense of her young, although nominally she is a great coward. A grouse hen will not attack a man or a dog, but she will resort to arts and devices to protect her little ones that are both amusing and pathetic. She is very sharp sighted bird, and in her prairie home she is sure to see you before you discover her presence. She could fly away at your approach, but she will not desert her chicks. She will first hide with them under a tuft of grass, in the hope that you may pass by without discovering her.

If she finds that you have discovered her she will fly away a few feet, fluttering and falling as if wounded, with the manifest purpose of drawing you away from her brood. If you follow her she will keep on with this queer stage effect, continually leading you away until the chicks are safe.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Take Care of the Harness.
Whether a harness is in good condition after six or eight years of hard service, or is good for nothing after two years, depends on the care taken of it. If well oiled and cleaned after every exposure to storms, the harness lasts until enough is made out of it to buy another. It is a good plan to keep two harnesses, one for fine weather and the other for use when it is wet and rough. We saw only a few days ago a harness that its owner assured us had been used for best during eighteen years, and it was still in good condition. In that time many farmers would be obliged to buy two if not three harnesses. It is possibly in fact like this that some farmers may find abundant reason for their complaint that farming does not pay.—American Cultivator.

A Surprise.
After the morning sermon I gave the "Notices," and then announced the number of the hymn to be sung. The congregation had opened their hymn books. Seeing one of the deacons coming toward the pulpit I waited with open book. He reminded me that I had forgotten to give a notice of the ladies' meeting. I then stated to the congregation that I had forgotten to give notice of the ladies' meeting, and proceeded to read it. The feeling of the congregation—not to say my own—may be imagined when I read the first line of the hymn:

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I
—Homiletic Review.

A Modern Evil.
"Here is another blow at the institution of matrimony," said a cross looking man the other day as he ran his eye over the advertisements in the daily paper.

"What is it?" asked a curious bystander.

"A furnishing store which sells all sorts of gentlemen's clothing with a guarantee that it is to be kept in order for a whole year. It was bad enough when the Advertiser put it into the head of some one to start a 'chaperon bureau.' Modern inventions are making the scene entirely independent of each other. I don't approve of it at all."—Kate Field's Washington.

A Little Mixed.
Speaking of people who mean well reminds H. Price Webber, the Maine comedian, of the man who was tricked badly when his son left him to take up his residence in Boston. The boy, seeing the old gentleman's grief, said, "Never mind, father; you must promise to come and see me at the first opportunity." The father looked at the son earnestly, and while a tear trickled down his face and his voice became husky from emotion, replied, "William, my boy, if I live till I die—and goodness knows whether I will or not—I'll see Boston before I leave Bucksport!"—Boston Post.

Feasibly Pardenable.
Prima-Dunnington is an ill bred fellow. I have known him to whistle in a drawing room. There was no excuse for that.

Secundus—Well, I don't know about that. Were you telling one of your true stories?—Epoch.

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBORS

By AUGUSTA LARNED.

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Mr. Childers was never a hard drinker, but sometimes when the company at the club was especially convivial, and the hot stuff particularly good, and when he had enjoyed a fine run of luck at cards, he would imbibe just enough of the potent toddy or punch to make him a little mellow and hilarious, and then his head was not as clear as it was wont to be, nor his perceptions quite so accurate. From the end of his street he knew, looked for the light shining through the hall window of his own house, as a beacon ray to guide his footsteps home on the darkest night. There was no gas lamp just in that part of the street, and the hall lamp was naturally his safest guide. Now the night being somewhat overcast, with a white mist rising from the river, Mr. Childers' perceptions were slightly obscured. He looked for the cheering ray from the window, and saw it plainly before him, but the familiar objects about his own house seemed not to be exactly in the right place. After imbibing considerably hot toddy, Mr. Childers knew that old landmarks are apt to shift in an extraordinary manner. He had experienced this peculiar illusion several times before. He had never, however, allowed it to obscure his clear judgment of places the result of experience. It was always safe, he knew, to be guided by the home light. Now in the misty air and houses took on the oddest shapes, and the steeple of a neighboring church seemed to have been knocked into a cocked hat.

Mr. Childers walked very erect, nor did he matter to himself. He felt no inclination to embrace a lamppost, nor to

lean against the fence with his hat pitched over his eyes, and make an address to a group of his imaginary fellow citizens. He was as sure of himself as any man need be as he fumbled about a little in the fog to find the way to his own door.

Mark heard the clock strike one and lost heart. Old Childers never remained out later than one. It was more than probable his little ruse had failed. The crafty old fellow had been too cunning to fall into the trap. At that very moment came the sound of stealthy steps on the veranda. The old man had smelled the bait after all. He had stopped to slip off his shoes not to wake his wife, and was bringing them in his hand. Mark heard him cautiously open the door, look and bolt it noiselessly, then tiptoe into his own little room and fumble about in search of a match and his bedroom candle.

At that instant Mark, who was saying to himself that all is fair in love and war, bounded down the steps and leaped upon him and pinioned his two arms in a grasp of iron. He stood, after the first struggle, gasping stupidly with his mouth open.

"You infernal scoundrel!" he muttered as Mark let go his arms and stood confronting him in the dim light, "are you trying to rob my house?"

Mark smiled a peculiar smile. "Look there, Mr. Childers, at my father's safe. Do you know where you are?"

The old man sank heavily into a chair, and putting his fat hands on his knees gazed up bewildered into Mark's face.

"You don't tell me that this is Spofford's house, and that I—that I have been caught trying to rob his house?"

Mark had softly closed the door and lighted a little lamp that stood on the chimney piece.

"Looks bad, deuced bad," said he, strolling about the room with his hands in his pockets.

"Look here, Mark Spofford," and the old man gazed up with a heavy and troubled eye in his face. "I have known you ever since you were born. I've carried you on my back many a time when you were a little shaver. You were for years as near to me as my own son. Now, you don't, you can't, think I sneaked in here to rob your father. I had been in the club and spent a jolly evening, and I suppose I must have taken too much hot toddy, which, to tell the truth, was uncommo- nly strong. It was a foggy night, and I made a mistake in the house, that is all. Now, don't you believe me, Mark Spofford?"

"But the open safe," said Mark with deep gravity. "That is a suspicious circumstance most people will find it hard to explain away."

"But I am not a pauper," cried Childers, losing his temper. "I am a rich man. What could tempt a man of my character and standing to such an insane act?"

"But you hate my father," returned Mark judicially. "You have sworn to injure him, and are known to be his bitter, unrelenting enemy. You have said and done all in your power to make his life miserable. Now you see yourself, sir, the case has a very ugly look."

Childers' mouth quivered, a blur came over his eyes, his chin sagged down on his breast, his arms hung helpless at his sides.

"This thing, if it gets out, will ruin me, Mark. It will ruin me root and branch. I shall be cashiered at the club, I shall be posted as a villain and a blackleg. Is there no way to save me? Think of my poor invalid wife. She was fond of you when you were a boy, Mark, and so was I."

Mark mused, his chin in his hand, for a long time, studying as he looked down on the carpet. "I don't think you deserve my mercy," Mr. Childers said, "for anybody by the name of Spofford, but there is one person in your family I could wish to save from sorrow and disgrace, sir, and it is your daughter Kitty."

Old Childers glanced up under his thick white eyebrows. "My daughter Kitty?"

"Yes, sir, your daughter Kitty. You know I have loved her dearly ever since we were children, and if you had not been such an incorrigible old idiot these family troubles might never have arisen."

"If your father, Mark, had not been such a stiff necked, irritable old martinet?"

"Let my father alone," said Mark sternly. "You have persistently refused to listen to my suit for Kitty's hand, and you were willing to bestow her on a jackanapes she did not love to spite us, yes, sir, I repeat it, a jackanapes. Now, sir, there is but one way to save yourself from disgrace and ignominy. You must consent at once to my marriage with your daughter."

Old Childers looked up and shot a crafty glance at Mark. "D—d if I do."

"Very well, sir, very well," and Mark drew in his breath sharply, clasped one hand in the other, and began to pace the room. "Very well, sir, then prepare to take the consequences."

"You intend to have me arrested?"

"I shall feel obliged to lay the whole matter before my father."

"Great Scott! But, Mark, you are not a fool. If I should consent to this marriage with Kitty your father could out you off with a shilling. You would not have a penny to your name."

"As soon as we were married my father's anger would cease out. He would love Kitty like his own child, and so would I."

"Well, sir," said old Childers, straightening up and looking as if he had taken a particularly nasty dose of medicine, "what do you expect me to do, now that you have me in a tight place?"

Mark studied the carpet again for a moment, and then said slowly, "I expect you to help us to sleep."

Mr. Childers gave a long, low whistle.

"You are a modest fellow; a d—d modest fellow. Excuse my bad language. Help you and Kitty to sleep? I'll think it over and let you know tomorrow."

"No, you don't," said Mark, setting his little in the fog to find the way to his own door. "Please to seat yourself there at my father's desk, Mr. Childers, and write a few lines that I shall dictate."

The old man measured Mark's inches with his eye, saw that it was useless to attempt to grapple with the young giant, sat down at the desk, making a very fair face, took pen in hand and drew a sheet of paper before him.

"I freely and fully consent to the marriage of my daughter Kitty with Mark Spofford," began the young man solemnly, "and promise to aid and abet said marriage by every means in my power, on my most sacred word and honor. B. Childers."

CHAPTER IV.



Be careful, sir, how you throw stones.

It was past two in the morning when Mark allowed Mr. Childers to depart, and the old man was obliged to steal into his own house through one of the dining room windows, left unlocked by mistake, and to creep to bed like a whipped school-boy. The next morning at breakfast he was subdued and pensive air that attracted Kitty's attention. He let his coffee cool beside his plate, fiddled with his knife and fork, and finally fell into a long muse. "Tom," said he at length, after looking dreamily at Kitty for some time, "if I were you I would sell the mastiff. He is an ugly brute, and, as I have learned from Denis, came near last week tearing a telegraph boy in pieces. We shall get into trouble if you persist in keeping him on the premises. Higgins, the butcher, will give you fifty dollars for him, I understand, and if I were you I should close with the offer at once. You will probably never get another half as good, for he is a vicious animal and his character is well known in the town."

"Sell the mastiff?" exclaimed Tom, half choked with astonishment, "when we got him on purpose to protect the premises from the attacks of the people next door?"

"But you don't seem to see, Tom," returned the old gentleman, mildly argumentative, "that they might get rid of him any day by throwing a piece of poisoned meat over the wall. Meantime if he chews up a messenger boy we shall be forced to shoot him, and the money you have put into him will prove a dead loss."

Tom looked at the old gentleman as if he thought he had gone off his head. Mr. Childers drummed abstractedly with his fingers on the table, and disregarding Tom's startled expression turned to his daughter behind the tray and said:

"What do you think, Kitty?"

Kitty gave a start and nearly dropped the teacup out of her hand for her momentary "oh perfectly quiet, respectable and orderly. It is dreadful, papa," continued Kitty, growing earnest, "and I know it worries mamma in her weak and nervous condition."

"Do you hear, sir," said the old gentleman sternly, "do you hear what your daughter says? Do you know you are annoying your mother? Don't fire pistols any more about these premises, and go and take that mastiff off the place immediately before I am called into court to answer for the life of the letter carrier or the grocer's boy. He can't be kept any longer about these grounds. Dye hear, sir?"

Tom settled back in his chair, and looked at his father stupidly for some time with his mouth open. He longed to whistle, but did not dare. There was a sternness in the old man's eye that cowed him. He got up meekly from the table, put his hat squarely on his head, went out and took the great mastiff by the chain and led him over to Higgins' shop. But he did not propose to sell him to Higgins. He merely asked Higgins to take care of him until the governor's mood changed. Meantime he determined to watch the old man closely to see if he could detect further signs of mental break up in him.

After breakfast Mr. Childers called Kitty into the library, and solemnly shut and locked the door. He made two or three turns through the room, fidgeted about, moved the books on the table, looked out of the window for a moment, and then came and sat down close to his daughter, who was all the time trying him curiously and with a shade of anxiety in her look. "Kitty, my child," he began nervously, taking her hand and then slipping his arm round her slender waist, "would you be willing to confide in your old father, to reveal to him the exact state of your heart? You know, my dear child, what my wishes have been; how I have hoped you would favor Mr. Rigby's suit. He has a fine fortune and a handsome person, presentable in any company, however select; uncommonly well dressed always. Egad, one of the finest matches going, and he had habits that I ever heard of. Young

men like Rigby are not picked every day, but I have had reason to think he is not altogether a favorite with you, eh?"

"Oh, papa, I like Mr. Rigby very well, but he is not at all the kind of a man I should choose for a husband. If I married him it would be only to please you."

"Ple, Kitty, you are not that spiritless sort of a girl as to marry simply to please your old father," said Childers pettishly. "But tell me, there are not some other, some old friend or playmate?"

"I never had but one," said Kitty, looking down with a pretty blush, "and you have forbidden me to think of him."

"Look here, Kitty," he wheeled suddenly around and probed her eyes with his own, "do you wish to save your old father from shame, from humiliation, from slanderous tongues, perhaps from something worse? Would you be willing to sacrifice yourself, child, and marry to save him from such a sad fate?"

"Oh, not Mr. Rigby," cried Kitty, clasping her hands and looking the very picture of distress.

"No, no, my child, a very different man. Would you be willing to marry Mark Spofford, the son of my enemy, I may say my intimate enemy, to save your old father from disgrace?"

Kitty threw herself into his arms, clung to his neck, and kissed him, and, after a moment, and pressed him to her breast.

"Marry Mark? Oh, father, don't you know I love him dearly, have always loved him, that we were engaged when I was five years old?"

"There, there, that will do; but there is something else you must agree to, Kitty," and the old man let his voice sink to a whisper: "you must sleep with him."

Kitty made great eyes and then burst into a peal of laughter. "Elope with Mark, and with your aid and consent! What dreadful, monstrous, dreadful thing have you done, papa, to bring you to this pass?"

"Don't speak of it, Kitty," said her father, with a groan. "It was all a mistake—a wretched, miserable blunder—but it can be made over to a damnable look. It might act on a man's life like a blight, a mildew, a creeping, insidious mold. It has taught me a lesson, Kitty. I am going to give up the club and games of chance and hot whisky toddy at late hours. My old haunts will know me no more. Henceforth I shall devote my evenings to your poor mother. I shall endeavor to regulate my conduct on the strictest rule of propriety, and I shall have my meals, Kitty, a little smile peeping out of the corner of her mouth. 'I will endeavor to save your fair fame by the sacrifice of myself, and if poor mamma is to lose me she will certainly need your devotion.'"

The same day, at dinner, Mr. Childers, with severe parental severity, admonished Tom if he had disposed of the mastiff, whereupon Tom admitted that he had placed that peerless canine with Higgins.

"Well, sir, and the pistols."

Tom sulkily asked if he could not keep the pistols and practice shooting at a mark off in the wood, a good bit away from the house.

"No, sir, you can't," returned the irate old gentleman; "next thing you will fancy you hear noises in the house at night—people moving about down stairs—and you will shoot me or one of the servants. Bring the pistols here and I will put them under lock and key, and that they may not lay awake nights and frighten herself over the possible murders you may commit."

Tom brought the pistols, and saw them locked in his father's desk with gloomy forebodings and much ill digested resentment against the head of the house.

For the next few days Mr. Childers remained at home most of the time and attended to some repairs going on about the place. Kitty's window on the Spofford side was now permanently open. Tom slept in that part of the house, and he began to complain of strange noises after midnight. He described them as a ticking, a buzzing, stealthy movements, murmurs of conversation, and series of gentle raps such as are heard by the Spiritists. When Tom spoke of these things in the morning at the breakfast table his father poked the mastiff and buried himself behind his newspaper. Kitty mildly suggested that it might be chimney swallows.

But Tom had a theory of his own. It was his notion that a band of burglars who, some time before had been operating in another quarter of the town, were now shadowing the house, having learned after midnight. He described them as a ticking, a buzzing, stealthy movements, murmurs of conversation, and series of gentle raps such as are heard by the Spiritists. When Tom spoke of these things in the morning at the breakfast table his father poked the mastiff and buried himself behind his newspaper. Kitty mildly suggested that it might be chimney swallows.

gram. He tore open the dispatch, which read as follows:

Mark and I were married last night at Amesville. Are coming home on the noon train, and hope to be forgiven.

Krrrrr.

Mr. Childers evidently was quite beside himself. He dropped his napkin on the floor, tipped over his cup of coffee on the tablecloth, and rushed round the room like a man distracted. Suddenly he stopped, with his hair in a fine frenzy and with the telegram in his hand, and after a moment's consideration stepped out on the veranda. Mr. Spofford stood on the veranda of his own house erect and precise as usual, but with some visible disturbance of his facial angles. He held in his hand a similar yellow paper. The two men looked at each other—glared would perhaps be the better word—across the intervening distance. They had not spoken for more than three years. Now Mr. Childers descended in his disheveled state and made a few steps toward the fence dividing the two places. Mr. Spofford did the same.

"So it appears your escape of a son has run off with my daughter," began Childers, tapping the yellow paper.

"Yes, sir," returned Spofford stiffly, "I have found a telephone in his room connecting with your daughter's window."

"A pretty kettle of fish," said Mr. Childers grimly. "He your only boy. How badly you must have brought him up."

"Be careful, sir, how you throw stones. You are yourself in a glass house."

"I did not begin the stone throwing, sir; it was you that began it. Your treatment of me has been odious."

"And your conduct, sir, I fall to find words to characterize it."

"Keep cool, sir, and let us reason together in view of this untoward situation. It only remains for you to cast off your son and for me to disown my daughter. Under the circumstances there is nothing else to do."

Mr. Spofford hung his head and suddenly exclaimed: "I can't do it, Childers. He is our only boy; as good a boy as ever lived. It would break his mother's heart. They were married last night, it seems. The thing is irrevocable. Is there no other way?"

Mr. Childers was contemplating a stone on the ground at his feet. "Kitty is a dear girl," he said, "the idol of us all. Of course we don't mean to give up Kitty. But we can't live side by side, Spofford, as intimate enemies and near relatives. We can't fight over our children's hearts."

Spofford also was gazing hard at his boots. "Look here, said he, suddenly poking his hand through the fence, "Benjamin Childers, I've never known a happy day since we quarreled, not one. I say protection be hanged, and the town offices be hanged, and the sewer question be hanged, and every other bone of contention, and let us bury the hatchet and begin where we left off."

"And I say free trade be hanged, Stephen, my old friend Stephen. This thing has nearly killed my wife," and he struck his hand into Spofford's, and the two men stood looking at each other with tears in their eyes.

"We have both been fools, Steve."

"Confounded fools, Ben."

"We must do something for the young couple. If you will give the land I will build them a house next to ours."

"Agreed, Ben; and now let it about time to telegraph to them to come 'right home!"

The little colony of Spofford and Childers is now perhaps the happiest group of homes in Littlefield. The wall and fence between the two places, and the old gentlemen laughing together on the veranda of one or the other house as they clap each other on the back and recall the days of their youth. Mrs. Childers has recovered her health, and again knows the joy of having her best friend for her next door neighbor. Tom, any fine day may be seen riding a bicycle, curly pated boy of three, Kitty's eldest, on his shoulder about the place.

There is a scrap of yellowed paper with some cabalistic symbols upon it that Kitty cherishes as her dearest treasure, a little bit of shorthand writing once thrown over the garden wall. Mark has connected all the horrible incidents of the case, and the primitive instrument that he and Kitty used in the old days of courtship is now a sacred fetish.

One Case of Honesty That Paid.
A score or more of cash boys employed in an up town dry goods store organized a strike. They wanted an increase of fifty cents a week in their pay and the abatement of two or three obnoxious rules relative to fines. The determination to strike was unanimous, and each boy was taken, as fast as circumstances permitted, into the remotest corner of the cellar under the store, and made to "swear upon honor" that he would not back out of the movement until the objects sought were attained. A day or two before the day fixed for the strike a morning porter caught three of them together in the cellar, and his threats to report them for attempting to steal frightened them into telling him their secret. Utterly disregarding their plea to "keep still about it" the porter went directly to the superintendent and exposed the plot.

That very night all of the cash boys were summoned before the superintendent after the store had been closed. "If there is to be any striking in this store," said the superintendent, "I propose to strike first. Now I want every boy who is pledged to this movement to step forward." Only one boy stepped forward, and he proved to be the most industrious and trustworthy boy in the store. Each of the other boys being questioned in turn, denied any complicity in the proposed strike. The superintendent was a shrewd man. He soon ascertained all the facts and found that the one plucky boy proposed to stand by his "strike talk" until "the objects sought were attained."

"Oh, very well," said the superintendent dryly, "as you are the only one on strike, I will concede to you all you ask."—New York Times.

Experiments with Steel Car Wheels.
A very practical test made in Boston of the strength and serviceable qualities of steel car wheels would seem to leave no room for doubt as to their superior value. A thirty-three inch car wheel of this description was placed on two solid iron blocks, with the rim resting on each block. Under this arrangement a weight of 585 pounds, falling from a height of seventeen feet, struck the hub twenty-five times without any effect other than battering the metal; it was then dropped ten times on the rim without a fracture; next, a weight of 1,400 pounds was tried, falling from a height of seventeen feet around the tread until it was brought to failing to break it, thus showing it to be practically indestructible under even extraordinary circumstances.

At another series of experiments, in order to determine the expansion and contraction of the metal, a wheel was buried in sand, and a charcoal fire built around the tread until it was brought to a red heat; then it was taken out and exposed to the atmosphere, which had no effect on it whatever, thus demonstrating the safety of such wheels.—New York Sun.

Old Time Maine Preachers.
In those days I used to hear of the old time Monmouth preachers. My mother's father, Rev. Samuel Hillman, was long a resident of the town. He was six feet seven inches tall, and when he preached he used to have the congregation, but when he became very earnest would rise on his tip toes.

"Camp Meeting John" was once pastor here, and it was in this town that he broke a "balky horse" by singing hymns to him. Whenever the horse stopped, "Uncle John" would take his hymn book and begin to sing loudly. "Balky horse, ye wheels of time," when the old horse, appreciating the joke, or pacified by the song, or possibly not able to endure it longer, would set off at a breakneck pace.—Rev. J. R. Day in Lewiston Journal.

No Place Like Home.
A little girl in the primary department of one of the public schools here took great interest in what her teacher said in relation to the animalcules in water one day. When she reached home in the afternoon she was very thirsty, and her mother asked her to get some water from the school to drink. "I was at the school," said the child, "and the water at the school is all full of worms and bugs, so I waited to drink until I got home."—Kingston Freeman.

AN AVALANCHE OF WORDS AND FUN.
Sells Brothers' Taming World of Entertainment.

This great show is booked for Yakima on Friday, August 7, and, regarded as a whole, it is doubtless without parallel. Wherein it differs from others is this: in its rare variety, its endless interest, its boundless capacity to please every taste. Good things with it are not doled out with a grudging hand; they are poured forth in a Niagara-like profusion, typical of the great country of greatest enterprises. Here we have a regal Roman hippodrome, a five continent menagerie, three big circuses, a wild Moorish caravan, performing droves of wild and domestic beasts, a huge tropical Arabian, aviary, royal Japanese troupe, Arabian nights entertainment, spectacular pilgrimages to Mecca, and splendid free street parade, rolled into one tremendous alliance, for but one price of admission; or, more properly speaking, roaring, rushing, racing, marching, dancing, gliding, tumbling, soaring, diving and departing under some ten acres of tents. Whew! the very thought of it fairly makes one catch his breath. And, not only is it all a very great, but it is a very good, clean, admirably managed show, under the immediate eye of its proprietors, and free from any and every annoyance or objectionable association. Had Artemus Ward lived to see such an exhibition, he would not have wondered why it always took three grown-up persons to take one child to a circus; but would have increased the number of adults to at least a score.

—Scan THE HERALD'S "want" column. It will pay you to do so.

A CHAPTER ABOUT GHOSTS.

Some Very Odd Occurrences Related but Not Explained.

Part of Them Reported in American and the Story by Virginia Lippitt, Late Chicago Editor, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025.

One of the most remarkable modern instances of supposed ghostly disturbances occurred in the home of Mrs. Dr. Phillips of Stamford, Conn. Upon returning from church one day he found that all the doors of his house, which he had carefully locked on his departure, were wide open and the contents of the rooms on the first floor in the wildest confusion. Nothing had been stolen.

In a room in the upper story, however, eight forms were found, each one with an open bible held close to its face. On examination these were found to be bundles of clothes, compactly and very skillfully arranged to represent living beings. Everything was cleared away and the room locked, but within five minutes the same scene was repeated, although the clothes had been carefully put away.

For seven months the house was disturbed by extraordinary phenomena. The most unearthly noises were heard day and night. Furniture and kitchen utensils were mysteriously moved. Glassware and window panes were broken by unseen hands before the startled inmates, and once the eleven-year-old son of the doctor was held bodily and carried some distance. The most diligent research discovered nothing, and not until he applied to some spiritist in Berlin did the disturbances cease.

One of the best authenticated instances of ghostly visitations is connected with Dr. Kerner's so-called "Seeress," of Froyent. Dr. Kerner for many years conducted an asylum for the insane at Weinberg, in southern Germany. They came to him for treatment a Mrs. Hauffe, a lady in delicate health, of great nervous irritability and with a mind which was, to say the least, not too well balanced. Whenever this afflicted woman went, and Dr. Justus Kerner in authority, she was pursued by a variety of strange noises. Chinas and glassware, tables and chairs, were mysteriously moved in the presence of witnesses. A medicine phial rose slowly into the air and had to be brought back by one of the bystanders.

On several occasions an easy chair was lifted up to the ceiling by unseen power and then returned slowly to the floor. On one occasion the great skeptic, Dr. Strauss, was one of her visitors, and during his stay Mrs. Hauffe fell asleep on her sofa when three immediately arose long, fearful groanings close by the doctor's side and in the vicinity of his amiable but remarkable hostess. The strange suffering woman was the only one who knew the cause of these phenomena. She ascribed them all to a dark spirit who appeared to her as a black column of smoke with a hideous head, whose unseen approach oppressed even the bystanders.

Dr. Kerner retains countless mysterious phenomena which occurred in this patient's bedroom. He beheld Mrs. Hauffe's shoes pulled off by invisible hands while she was lying almost inanimate in a trance on her bed. She revealed secrets which, upon writing to utterly unknown persons at a great distance, Dr. Kerner proved to be correctly stated.

These lived in Allegheny City at the breaking out of the rebellion a widow by the name of MacDowell. She had one son, John by name, who lived with his mother in a two-story frame house on Robinson street. The widow and her son were devotedly attached to each other, and when he came home one night and told her that he had enlisted among the recruiting booths on Federal street she was inconsolable.

On the afternoon of April 6, 1862, Mrs. MacDowell sat in an easy chair at the second story window of her home. It was the first day she had felt warm enough to leave her bed. It was a warm and sunny day and she was sitting alone with her hand resting against the pillows she heard a heavy step on the narrow stairway. She described the succeeding events to the first neighbor woman who reached her side as follows: "The instant I heard the step I knew it was John. As he reached the head of the stairs I turned toward the door and tried to rise and meet him, but I was too faint, and besides there was something in his face that drove all the blood from my heart. He was dressed in his uniform and was carrying a big sword in his hand. He stopped in the middle of the room and I saw under his cap, which was pushed back, a broad bandage stained with blood around his forehead. Suddenly he waved his sword and I saw an awful look, such as I had never seen before, come into my boy's eyes; he waved his sword three times and looking backward over his shoulder as he did so. I saw the sword fall from his grasp, but it made no noise on the floor; he reached both hands to me and the fierce expression died out of his eyes as he cried out, 'Oh, mother,' and then before I could say a word he was gone."

A week from that day the widow MacDowell was buried in the Hilldale cemetery. On the afternoon of April 6, the day when the apparition of her boy appeared to her in the sick room, he was killed while repelling a Confederate charge at Pittsburg Landing. He was struck by a spent ball upon the forehead early in the day, but lying a handkerchief around his forehead he remained in the fight. All the officers in his company had been killed or wounded, and he was leading his company with the sword of a dead Confederate in his hand when he was hit and instantly killed by a second bullet. His last utterance as he fell was the pathetic cry: "Oh, mother!"

The latest fashion for ladies. Have you ever seen a "bell skirt"? You will see it in force soon. In the first place, there is only one seam in a bell skirt, and that is a very conspicuous and

starting one from the hem to the belt in the back of the skirt. From the waist half way down to the knees the skirt fits as close as a calyx to its rose. Not a pleat, not a pucker, not a wrinkle down asserts itself. It would seem that the skirt was stretched into the band instead of pleated in, according to the timeworn way of making skirts. Then, from just above the knees that bell skirt begins to flare in some mysterious magic way all at once, until it hangs in full folds about the feet, and the train spreads out on the ground like an enormous fan. No decoration decorates this strange skirt, not a frill or band or tiny cord; and the lining is exactly the shape of the skirt and fitted in with it, not made in the form of a petticoat with drapery like ordinary skirts.

AN EX-EMPRESS' PEARLS.
They Are Now Lying at the Bottom of the Sea.

Sixty feet below the surface of the sea, at the foot of the rocks where Schloss Miramar is built, ropes of priceless pearls are sunk in an iron cage. They are the property of the now demented ex-Empress Charlotte, of Mexico. The unfortunate archduchess wore those pearls—her husband's first gift to her—day and night around her beautiful throat, until her return from the Mexican expedition, which cost her husband's life and her own reason.

The gems sickened and lost their lovely orient when she lay sick unto death at Vienna, after having received the news of Emperor Maximilian's tragic end. They suddenly turned a dull waxy yellow, and the jeweler who were consulted as to the best means of restoring them to their former tint, declared that the only way of doing so was to lower them to the bottom of the sea for an indefinite period of time.

Schloss Miramar, as is well known, was the creation and pride of the ill-fated archduke who, led away by his wife's insatiable ambition, left this paradise on earth to undertake a hopeless enterprise, which he regretted from the first moment that he set foot on the soil of Mexico. Perched on the edge of a rocky promontory, and built entirely of the purest white marble, the fairy-like palace, with its glorious foreground of sapphire blue sea and its background of green hills and feathery palms, is beyond description either by pen or brush. From the windows and terraces one looks down upon the deep water full eighty feet below, a water so transparent and pure that the eye can penetrate through its twenty fathoms and follow the capricious and delicately tinted submarine vegetation growing far down on the golden sand.

The gardens, rising in a gentle slope behind the castle, are a mass of blossoming flowers and of rare trees and bushes, while fountains as magnificent as those of Versailles refresh the air in every direction.

It is in this unique place that the ailing pearls have been taken, and it is reported that they are gradually recovering their beauty after their bath of over twenty-five years in the calm waters which once reflected the dark beauty of their fair weaver.

Threatened to Assassinate Banker Ladd.
Several days ago W. S. Ladd, the Portland millionaire banker, received an anonymous note from a man who wanted \$500, which sum, under pain of being assassinated, Mr. Ladd was ordered to leave at a certain place in the outskirts of the city. After consulting with the police, Mr. Ladd deposited a package in the hiding place designated and policemen were set to watch for the writer of the note. They were out all night, and were thoroughly drenched with the rain, but saw nothing of the man. Mr. Ladd is not much afraid of being killed, although the package did not contain the sum demanded.

Remarkable Rescue.
Mrs. Michael Curtin, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a helpless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking two bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this great discovery at Jansack's Pharmacy. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.

The Editor's Den?
That Romantic Story.

The Spent Ball

Which we expect to print before long, will expose to your view the inside workings of that startling journal, the Memphis Avalanche.

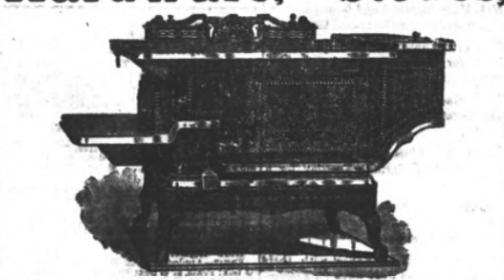
LOOK OUT FOR IT!

The Latest Fashion For Ladies.
Have you ever seen a "bell skirt"? You will see it in force soon. In the first place, there is only one seam in a bell skirt, and that is a very conspicuous and

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