

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

VOL. 2. NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1890. NO. 2.

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

Official Paper of Yakima County.

REED & CO., Proprietors.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Advertising Rates Upon Application.

E. M. REED, Editor and Business Manager.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GROVER TURNER, W. J. HILROY, L. S. HOWLITT.

TURNER, MILROY & HOWLITT,

Attorneys at Law,

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

L. S. Howlitt, ex-Receiver of Public Monies at the U. S. Land Office, will give special attention to making out papers for Settlers, and to Land Contests.

H. V. CATON, L. C. FARRISH, North Yakima.

CATON & FARRISH,

Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. Office on First Street, opposite the Court House, North Yakima, W. T.

H. J. SNIVELY,

Prosecuting Attorney for Yakima and Klithan Counties, and

Attorney at Law.

Office with County Treasurer, at the Court House, North Yakima. Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory and U. S. Land Office.

I. B. BEAVIS, A. HERR, C. S. GRAVES,

BEAVIS, MIRE & GRAVES,

Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all Courts of the Territory. Office with County Treasurer, at the Court House, North Yakima. Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory and U. S. Land Office.

EDWARD WHITSON, JOHN R. ALLEN, FRED PARKER, North Yakima.

ALLEN, WHITSON & PARKER,

Attorneys at Law.

Office in First National Bank Building.

S. O. MORFORD,

Attorney at Law,

Practices in all Courts in the Territory. Special attention to Collections. Office up stairs in Hill Block, North Yakima.

W. E. COE, M. D., E. M. REED, M. D.

COE & HEG,

Physicians and Acupuncture.

Office Hours—8 1/2 to 10 a. m., 2 1/2 to 4 p. m. and 7 to 9 p. m. on Wednesdays. Office on Second Street, near Allen & Chapman's.

DR. J. JAY CHAMBERS,

Physician, Surgeon and Surgeon,

Has had five years' practice—one year Assistant Surgeon of City Hospital, and considerable experience. Special attention given to Surgery, Obstetrics and Diseases of Women. Private dwelling First Street north of Yakima Avenue, North Yakima, Washington.

W. E. NEWTON, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon.

Specialty of Nasal Catarrh.

Office and residence, Vining Block, N. Yakima.

O. M. GRAVES,

DENTIST.

All work in my line first-class. Local anesthetic used to extract teeth without pain. No charge for examination.

Office over First National Bank.

J. T. KINGSBURY,

(City Engineer.)

Civil Engineer.

Office: Room No. 1, Kingsbury Building, North Yakima, Washington.

HALL & GARDNER

Civil Engineers.

Mining Claims Located and Grades Established.

Office in Kingsbury Building, Yakima Ave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

An Economical Fence,

I HAVE now the sole right for Yakima County for one of the best wire fences ever patented.

IT IS VERY DURABLE AND CHEAP.

Write and describe for making on hand. Those wishing to build fences should call on me.

J. M. STOUT, West Side of Track.

Notice to Consumers.

ON AND AFTER THIS DATE ORDERS FOR COAL AND FIRE WOOD must be accompanied by the cash.

JOHN REED, Proprietor.

North Yakima, Wash., Dec. 26, 1889. 628-1m

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

of North Yakima.

DIRECTORS: Theo. Wilson, Wm. Ker, Chas. Carpenter, A. W. Eagle, Edward Whitson.

Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$25,000. W. L. STEWART, Cashier.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Says and Sells Exchange at Reasonable Rates.

PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

A Substitute for Glass.

The new translucent substance intended as a substitute for glass has been adopted for some months in some of the public buildings of London, and various advantages are claimed for it, among these being such a degree of pliancy that it may be bent backwards and forwards like leather, and be subjected to very considerable tensile strain with impunity; it is almost as transparent as glass, and of a pleasant amber color, varying in shade from very light golden to a pale brown.

The basis of the material is a web of fine iron wire, with warp and weft threads about one-twelfth of an inch apart, this being enclosed like a fly in amber, in a sheet of translucent varnish, of which the base is lined oil. There is no resin or gum in this varnish, and once having become dry, it is capable of standing heat and cold without undergoing a change, neither hardening nor becoming sticky. Briefly, the manufacture is accomplished by dipping the sheets edgewise into deep tanks of varnish and then allowing the coating which they thus receive to dry in a warm atmosphere.

THE DECEASED EMPRESS.

Her Love for a Young French Noble When She Was a Princess.

Augusta's Romantic Attachment—A Story That Has Almost Been Forgotten.

A member of the suite of one of the best known among the princes tells a romantic story concerning the dead Empress Augusta, and it is believed that it has never before been given to the public. Augusta was a princess in the petty court of Weimar, where she was engaged about with all the straight-laced etiquette of the small German principalities affected. When she was seventeen she was a romantic girl, and had learned by heart all the stories of the previous half-century's gallantries at the court of Louis XIV., and so well had she read that she was prepared to fall in love with any man who might first appeal to her sense of beauty, but the rigid surveillance of her ducal father and mother made acquaintance almost impossible.

Before this romantic spirit had lived long enough to die, a young French noble scion of more or less long lineage stopped at the court of Weimar in the progress of a pleasure jaunt from Auvergne. He remained for some weeks at this place and became a favorite of the duke. He was handsome, accomplished and a dandy. At a court shortly following his arrival, the Frenchman met the princess. They were permitted to become partners, and indulged in mutual love at first sight. This love soon developed into indiscretion, which took the form of secret meetings in the palace grounds. The only people aware of these trysts were the maid and valet of the principals, who served as the medium through which the correspondence was carried on and the meetings arranged. The maid, whether through carelessness or spite, lost one of the letters entrusted to her, and it was picked up by the duchess, mother of Augusta, before the duchess could recover it.

The duke and duchess were consumed with rage at the discovery, and poured forth their indignation in unstinted volume. So high did feeling run in the court that the ducal chamberlain challenged the Frenchman to a duel, and the lover fell, mortally wounded. As he fell, the Frenchman tore open his tunic, and a handkerchief belonging to the princess. Toward it his hand feebly moved, and he died at the moment he seized the lace, and was struggling to carry it to his lips. The duchess was so affected by the incident that she silently placed the handkerchief on the breast of the young man as he lay in the coffin, and it was buried with him. His body was covered with roses, strewn upon him by the devoted Augusta, and she, from swoons and sobs, became hysterical and almost crazed. For weeks the princess sobbed about the palace, until her parents were convinced that her sorrow must have relief or she would become insane.

They suggested a marriage with Prince William of Prussia, and the princess gave her indifferent consent, careless and thoughtless what might become of her. With William it was a matter of equal unimportance, for he had first been crossed in a love affair and he was heart-broken as well.

There was no misunderstanding between them on the subject of their marriage. It was an affair exclusively of the parents, and of an obedient but disconsolate youth and maiden. During their lifetime the Emperor William and the Empress Augusta maintained toward each other the most perfect and severe politeness. They were friends, they respected each other, but that was all. They were not lovers, and they could not tear from their hearts the memories of their early love and their early disappointment.

The empress always preferred French books, ideas, dress, and sentiment. The influence of that unhappy loss remained with her until the last moment, and she doubtless carried the sweet regrets to the grave. Years have effaced remembrance of the affair, and it is safe to say that less than a dozen great personages know of it to-day.

AFRICA'S BIG SLAVE TRADE.

European Nations Winking at Its Awful Growth—A Trail of Murder.

Forty-Five Thousand Slaves Taken From Their Homes in a Single Month—A Bad Record.

Correspondence N. Y. Morning Journal.

The flags of European nations are at present successfully used by slavers all along the African coast, wherever at points, scattered hundreds of miles apart, the slave caravan tracks lead down to the sea. These slavers ply at all seasons between the little ports, or are concealed in convenient bays.

And there are thousands of them scattered up and down the East African coast from Mozambique to the Abyssinian shores.

Here in Zanzibar we are always simply informed of the movements of the chief slave traders. And they never have been bolder here in making purchases, displaying their wealth, and bragging of their future exploits, than for the last twelve months.

Each European nation interested in African matters accuses the other of favoring the Arabs and reviving the slave trade. The English consul at this port has frequently stated in his dispatches home that there is "a marked increase in the slave traffic carried on under the protection of the French flag."

In a letter to Lord Salisbury, which has already come back here in print, this same consul states that shows carrying French flags are constantly and regularly leaving for the Comoro Islands, Mayotta and Madagascar with cargoes of slaves.

We have abundant proof that the English wink at the trade, and that it is not to be the policy of the British African company at the outset to discourage the slave traffic.

The Germans on the coast are all very lenient about slave labor, and loads of slaves are being transported to plantations, and the officers on the German ships here send home letters in which they encourage the opinion that slavery is a necessary evil.

This is all very strange, but it is true. The slave trade is troubled less than ever before by the forces of Christian Europe, and we who have a chance to see how it is worked by the clever Arabs, who play one nation against another, have but small hopes of any good outcome from such a conference as that which, we hear, is in session in Brussels.

If the missionaries in Central Africa had any support from the countries they represent, they could do much to stop the traffic. But if they interfered, some warring Arab in his rage would burn their stations, and his hired assassins would cut their throats. The government at home would "hear about it with sorrow," and that would be all.

Every day the missionaries at Tanganyika see passing caravans of slaves brought from great distances as carriers of ivory, dragged along in chains or wearing huge wooden yokes about their necks, such as are placed on unruly cattle in America to prevent them from running away.

Sometimes negroes on reaching this coast have been so galled by the constant wearing of these yokes that the sores on their necks do not heal for months. Their faces are frightfully distorted and their tongues swollen for days after they are set at work in the clove plantations on the neighboring island of Pemba.

For you must remember that thousands of slaves are bought and sold right here. The present sultan of Zanzibar, who, under an amiable exterior, maintains an obstinate temper, always gently puts aside any demands by foreigners that he make a bold stroke and emancipate the slaves here and forbid any further importation.

He will never do it, and if Zanzibar and the other slave ports are one day blockaded he will give his aid to running the blockade. That is what we have to expect from him.

The Arab traders go up country very quietly and make themselves popular along the road. When they reach some interior district where the inhabitants used to trade with them or their predecessors, they enter with every demonstration of friendship; but at the first moment possible they turn their caravan into a marauding host. They assail villages in the dead of night, kill a few people to terrify the district, and seize and bind as many men, women and children as they can get.

They steal everything worth stealing, including cattle and goats, then set off in a leisurely manner for the coast, sometimes consuming months on the journey. During these months the hundreds of wretched captives in a caravan endure a torture to which death would be a thousand times preferable.

Chained together they stagger on under the burning sun, carrying heavy loads of ivory and the plunder taken from themselves by their cruel captors. Their only food is beans. They are often left days without water, and the man who sates on the day's march knows that if he lies down he will never rise again.

A knock on the head with a sword or the butt of an Arab pistol seals his fate. Caravans are often halted that five or six of these summary executions may take place. Old women are now and then kicked

to death because they cannot march any further on their tottering limbs.

Delicate girls who have been subjected to every abuse that hellish malice, lust and race prejudice can conjure up against them, are dragged along by stout fellow-slaves, who have orders not to let them fall out of the caravan under penalty of losing their own lives.

These girls court death in any form, but if they denied them. They are too valuable to kill. How they endure is a mystery.

The master of the caravan is never told of these dreadful things. He purposely travels a little distance ahead, riding on a richly caparisoned donkey, with pipe-bearers and drummers and players on pan-pipes and horns, and with armed men around him.

In his white robes, with their gold embroideries, and with his damascened daggers and his silver-sheathed sword, he looks like a beneficent prince; but he is in reality a black-hearted scoundrel.

He knows full well that behind the euphemistic language in which his guards tell him that a great many slaves have died of illness lies a long catalogue of abominable murders. Stanley, Cameron, Wisemann—all the explorers of recent years—say that they have never met one of these slaving parties without feeling an almost irresistible desire to seize the chief of it by the neck and put him in one of his own yokes.

The mortality of the slaves in these slave caravans is sometimes as high as sixty per cent. It never goes below fifty. Think of this, and then remember that as many as 45,000 slaves are torn from their homes in a single month. Twenty-two thousand five hundred of these poor creatures must inevitably perish before reaching the sea! Millions of human beings have certainly been murdered by the Arabs during the last quarter of a century. They think no more of killing a negro than of brushing away a fly.

The fact that it is a fellow creature does not seem to enter their heads as they smile a poor wretch down.

Captain Wisemann, now at Bagamoyo, has often told us that slave caravans' tracks are marked by the stench of decaying bodies of murdered slaves, so that it is almost impossible to camp in regions through which they have just passed.

The trail of murder extends from the scene of the capture straight down to the sea. Wisemann says that it is quite common to find a tract in Central Africa one year inhabited by a peaceful and industrious population, the next year desolate and overgrown with the jungle, the cabins torn down, the fields barren. The Arab slave-trader has carried everybody off.

There is no spectacle in the world more awful than that of one of those slave caravans nearing the coast. The long lines of wild looking men, spectral from hunger, fear and fatigue, and chained in rows, with heavy iron collars eating into their flesh; the women bruised from head to foot, the girls painted with swollen tongues, with bent and wasted naked limbs, and with that terrible anguish of the captured slave in their eyes; and the children that have managed to survive, make up a horrible procession.

When far from the coast it is customary for the conductors of some caravans to thin out the ranks every night when the halt for supper is made. An executioner, armed with a long wooden bar, examines the shrinking files of slaves, and if his practiced eye tells him that three, four or five of them are too weak to endure the next day's march, he kills them by giving them tremendous blows on the nap of the neck.

Then he leaves the others to enjoy their supper of uncooked or only partly cooked food, while they watch their companions in the convulsions of death. The hyenas and jackals sometimes rush in and devour the newly made dead, in spite of the shouts of the living slaves near them.

The Arabs are yearly putting more capital into this hellish business. It is at once the most profitable and diabolical that a human being can engage in. The slaves serve as beasts of burden to bring ivory and other rich goods through the countries, where no roads will be practicable for dozens of decades yet; then they are sold at large sums for the slave markets of Pemba, the Comoro Islands, Madagascar, Abyssinia and Morocco.

Down With Liquor.

There is a man living in Chicago who heitates when asked to take a drink. The man stutters—Yonkers Statesman.

In Spain, whenever any one admires a thing particularly, it is customary for the owner to give it to him. Must be delightfully easy to get a drink.—Burlington Free Press.

"As goes Maine, so goes the world" is not true. The rest of the United States does not have to go two or three blocks underground when it wants a drink of "suthin' hot."—Terre Haute Express.

The Mean Height of Land.

The mean height of land above sea level, according to Mr. John Murray, the geographer and engineer, is 2,200 feet, and the mean depth of the ocean is 12,480 feet. Only 2 per cent. of the sea is included inside a depth of 500 fathoms, while 77 per cent. lies between 500 and 3,000 fathoms. If the land were filled into the hollows the sea would roll over the earth's crust to a uniform depth of two miles.

FRESH FEMININE FOLLIES.

What the Dear Creatures are Doing and the Fads They Have Adopted.

A Naughty Woman's Confession—Cigarette Smoking—Cologne Drunkards.

She was a proud lady, and a rich one, too, as indicated by the fact that she owned a pew in one of Chicago's most fashionable churches. She wore two large diamond earrings and a costume most elaborate. In fact she carried with her an atmosphere of ultra respectability which was almost oppressive, as she entered church last Sunday, a trifle late, and observed from a distance that her pew was already occupied, and that by strangers.

Walking down the aisle, with her nose in the air as if pointing to the North star, she stopped at her pew and, turning haughtily to the usher, who had followed at a respectable distance, inquired in a tone of concentrated but suppressed contempt:

"Who are these persons occupying my pew?"

And the minister wondered what made the congregation laugh.

No secret is made of the cigarette habit among fashionable ladies. Ask for the reason and the fair fumouse will look you straight in the eyes and frankly tell you that she smokes because it quiets her nerves or smooths her headache. There is, too, much difference between female as male smokers, and the extremes to which a modest woman will go to secure a favorite brand of Egyptian, Turkish or Cuban cigarettes is something surprising.

There is one line, the name of which I have forgotten, the sale of which is controlled by the house manager of a club to which New York girls are very partial. As the entire is dented all but members, it is necessary to purchase through them. Not long ago a pretty brunette rang the bell about dusk, slipped a coin into the hand of the servant who appeared and asked if Mr. B. was about. Vanishing, he reappeared in a few moments with a mournful, "Not in, miss."

"Who is in the reading-room?"

Several gentlemen were named.

"Please ask the first one you meet to come to me."

"Yes, miss."

The gentleman came to the vestibule, opened his eyes in wonderment, removed his hat in recognizing the beauty and refinement of the strange visitor, and, after a short conversation, left her and soon returned with three packages of the treasured Turkish cigarettes, which he handed to the little woman. Without noticing the dollar bill in her extended hand, he held the heavy street door open and stood watching the graceful figure in black till it was out of sight.

"Did you notice that woman who just went out?" asked the clerk in a drug store of a Boston Globe reporter recently.

"Yes," was the reply, "and a pretty woman she was, too."

"Oh, as for that," said the clerk, "she's pretty enough, but did you notice what she bought?"

"Not particularly," was the reply of the scribe, "but I thought it was Cologne, or perfume of some kind."

"So it was," said the clerk, "but she does not buy the Cologne for perfuming purposes, although she buys much more of it than any other half-dozen persons who trade in this store."

"What, then, does she do with it if she does not use it for perfuming purposes?" ventured the reporter.

"To get drunk on," was the laconic answer.

"To get drunk on?"

"Yes, that's what I said. You never have heard of Cologne drunkards, then? Well, that woman is a Cologne drunkard, and one of the worst of them, too. She buys from one to two dozens of those long slim bottles of 4711 Cologne every week, and she takes it entirely herself."

which is made in Germany, and has a fragrant, refreshing and lasting odor.

"I have sat in the theater many a night and watched elegantly dressed ladies, ladies, whose husbands had perhaps gone out between the acts, slyly open their reticules and extract the sweet-smelling sugar. After several of these had been dissolved the lady would call a 'stiff on'—that is, she would be sort of quietly drunk, and then her husband, who had been out several times 'to see a man,' would never notice it, as his own libations had dulled his senses a bit.

"Oh, yes, it's a great scheme for the ladies, for it perfumes their breath as well as gets them full, but it would be far better for their constitutions if they were to drink whisky, brandy, gin or any other kind of liquor, as none is nearly as injurious in its effect as is Cologne."

Cincinnati has reduced the price of beer to three cents a glass. Beer out there is one of those things of which it may be said that the more it is put down the more it will be put down.—Yonkers Statesman.

THE BROAD ROAD TO RUIN.

How Thoughtless Young Men Enter Upon A Life of Idleness and Vice.

The Boston Gambler and Father Whose "Chickens Came Home to Roost"—A Bad Tale.

Butte Miner: "Do you see that young fellow standing on the other side of the table holding three or four chips in his hand?" said a fero dealer in a gambling house last evening, as he sat in a lookout chair, and watched the maneuvers of a boy apparently 19 years of age, who occupied a place near a faro layout.

"Yes," said a reporter, to whom the question was put, "what about him?"

"Observe how nervous he is. He does not know whether he is putting his chips down right or wrong, but he will soon learn. He puts only one chip at a time on a card and then watches that chip intently, never taking his eyes off it for a moment or until the dealer takes it in or else pays it. So far that is about all he knows regarding a faro layout. If that rounder and notorious chip lifter standing behind him could catch him off his guard he would steal that chip off the king and the boy would think the dealer took it. (See him now; he is going to put a copper on that chip and then watch developments. If it wins he will reach over and in his nervousness will almost knock over the two chips in trying to pick one off the top of the other. Watch his face; it is as red as an Italian sunset. He is afraid some one he knows will see him playing. He does not care whether he loses or wins because he is just learning to play and is therefore too nervous to think of either loss or gain. But he will be blooded when he does learn, as the characteristics of a blooded player stick out all over him. He has about a dozen chips there now, and is getting ready to cash in about 75 cents ahead of the game. When the dealer pays him he will go to some other house and put down on another layout two bits of that money at a time. Each succeeding time he plays he will bet a little higher, until at last no rounder in the country will be able to steal his bets without detection or no play be too intricate for his comprehension. I have been dealing faro for nearly twenty years, now and I have seen hundreds of just such commences. It is a very easy matter for an old dealer to call the turn on a new beginner. I recollect the sensation that passed over me the first time I played and I now take great delight in watching others go through the same experience."

"But isn't that fellow too young to be gambling in this place?" asked the reporter.

"Oh, that fellow is older than he looks to be," said the lookout. "He was 21 years old last Sunday."

"How do you know his age so accurately?" queried the scribe.

"How do I know his age so accurately?" echoed the lookout, in a tone bordering on surprise; "why, don't you see his son; but I can't handle him now, because he is past the handling point."

Shes Shined by Steam.

During a recent trip to New York city a sign in front of a Sixth avenue barber shop attracted my attention, and wondering what next would be introduced in the line of labor-saving machinery, I walked in. On a stool stand, such as are found in all the hotels, was a row of nickel-plated machines about two feet square. I placed my foot into an opening, my foot resting on an iron stand; the man in attendance turned on the steam, and a set of stiff revolving brushes were set in motion. In a jiffy my foot was cleaned of the accumulation of mud and dust. I took out the foot and placed it on a rest, while the operator applied the blacking in the old-fashioned way. I then stuck the foot into another machine just like the first, and in less than a minute my boot shone like ebony, and the shine lasted all day. The whole operation of cleaning and shining was done in less than three minutes. The brushes are on cylinders like those which were used in the half-brushing machines so popular fifteen or twenty years ago.—Ex.

SOME IDEAS ABOUT HEAVEN.

Aspirations and Faiths of Various People Concerning the Great Beyond.

The Early Christians, the Hebrews, Mohammedans, Buddhists, Roman Catholics and Others.

Everybody has heard of the poor old fellow, aged, bent double by labor and sickness, and with only a second-hand acquaintance with pleasure, who when asked his idea of heaven answered that it seemed to him a place where one might sit forever in an easy chair and be served with cake and wine by angels. Such a heaven seemed to his imagination—nurtured all his life on aches and pains and thoughts of the labor of the morrow—a veritable elysium; the antithesis of his somber experiences of life, and in consequence there was nothing irrelevant in his answer, but simply of disproportion of what to him was a thought full of joy and comfort to his aching bones. Simple, however, as was the old man's answer, it was representative of the universal voice of mankind, and contained within it the germ of that faith which in all its ages has blossomed into aspirations of the bliss and joy of the great "unknown," whose problem has never yet been solved.

The early Christians, torn by wild beasts in the Roman arena, driven to secret worship in underground holes, persecuted, tormented and displaced, pictured a gorgeous city with streets of gold and gates of pearl, through which they could pass with erect head and crowned with gold, bearing palms in their hands and decked in new robes, singing till their hymns should resound as the voice of many waters. This, according to a writer in the Brooklyn Standard-Union, was the Ptolemaean heaven, a scene of splendid felicity and pure beatification. What more entrancing idea could there be of such a reward for those who are faithful unto death, and what more bright and sweet to the quivering martyrs who, while watching in flames and torture, could look smilingly up to the troop of "bright ones" who come to bear them away to such delights.

The orthodox Jew glories in thoughts of the final congregation of all Israel, and finds in their fruition the bliss of the life to come.

The Hebrew apocryphal literature describes an upper or heavenly, and a lower, or earthly, paradise. Each is divided into seven dwellings, each of which is twelve times ten thousand miles in length and breadth. A column ascends from the lower to the upper heaven, by which the souls of the blessed mount to the higher after a temporary sojourn in the lower. The Talmud names as one of the glories of the upper paradise the society of Enoch, Elijah, Moses and Ezra, who walk in the light of the coming Messiah. At the last day all Israel's enemies are to be cast into Gehenna and the blessed gathered together in the higher paradise.

The Mohammedan heaven, as described in the Koran, is a place of the rarest delights, where the righteous recline on mossy couches in a fair garden, listening to entrancing strains and drinking of the rarest and pleasantest beverages.

The heaven of the Norsemen is the abode of the heroes slain in battle, who live again in the scenes of their life, but amid eternal victories, chanting sagas and battle songs, and quaffing mead from the skulls of their enemies.

Of an entirely different nature is the heaven of the Buddhist. It consists of twenty-eight grades in a gradually ascending scale of happiness, as follows: The non-fighting, the joyful, the change-enjoying, the changing others—arbitrarily, the assembled Brahmas, the limited light, the limited light,

THE YAKIMA HERALD,
Official Paper of Yakima County.

REED & COE, Proprietors.
ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.
\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.
Advertising Rates Upon Application.
E. M. REED, Editor and Business Manager.

About 200,000 persons are on the pay-rolls of the United States government, and it takes some \$165,000,000 annually for wages.

A census of paper made lately was eight feet wide and seven and three-quarters miles long, or enough to print one edition of the **Yakima Herald**.

In China out of the 380,000,000 of which the population is composed, according to the latest official statistics, about one in ten is engaged in agriculture, one in 100 is a bricklayer, one in 120 is a tailor, one in 140 a blacksmith, and one in nine a washerwoman, while about one in 100 is a carpenter.

The new U. S. marshal, Thomas R. Brown, of Tacoma, has already had forty applications for appointments as deputies. If the deputies under Brown get no more of the fees they earn than they did under Hamilton the positions will not be worth the taking. There are few of Hamilton's subordinates who are not longingly looking for the plerthoric purse which he is supposed to have hidden away.

COLONEL R. G. INGERSOLL still possesses the happy faculty of clothing plain truths in most polished and vigorous English. In his address before the State Bar association at Albany, N. Y., recently, he said: "Ignorance, filth and poverty are the missionaries of crime. As long as dishonorable success outranks honest effort, as society bows and cringes before the great thieves, there will be little ones enough to fill the jails."

According to an Ellensburg exchange Kittitas county has been overlooked by the sons of Washington in the distribution of official patronage, but that is not true as Dr. W. H. Hare, chairman of the republican central committee, a member of the state central committee, and late an active candidate for the U. S. marshalship, has been offered the appointment of census agent at the munificent salary of four dollars per diem and find himself. Dr. Hare is not inclined to accept.

ELLENSBURGH is now hoping that A. H. Garretson and other Tacomaans will build a street railway in that city. It is singular, but we have an indistinct recollection that Ellensburg was building a street railway, before November last, out to the "State Capital Park," and that the road-bed was graded and the ties distributed. And, by the way, what has become of the State Capital Park? There has been a noticeable absence of any information about that beautiful tract of late.

THE TOWN TALKER.

The terrible death by burning of the wife and daughter of Secretary of the Navy Tracy occasions national sorrow. Incidentally it reminds the Town Talker that Mrs. Leroy Brooker, wife of the contractor and builder here in Yakima, is a sort of step-sister of the secretary, though not exactly that, either. Secretary Tracy's father married Mrs. Brooker's mother. Both were past middle life at the time, so the grown-up children of each had homes of their own and were so scattered that they—not being actually relatives—have not had occasion to keep up intimate relations.

Mr. Kinsey, the principal man of the Kiona Ditch concern, was in the city yesterday on his way to Tacoma, where there will be a meeting of the ditch company. Mr. Kinsey has come from Onedia, New York, to make his home in Yakima county, and will begin at once building houses at Kiona. He will take active charge of the irrigation works as superintendent, and Mr. Dudley will be made secretary and treasurer. This will make a strong team, and will insure great activity in that part of the county during the next few years, until the entire forty thousand acres watered shall be settled and cultivated. Mr. Kinsey called upon the county commissioners on business connected with the opening of a new road in that busy locality where he is to make his home.

The fruit men are full of hope for the coming season. Sheriff Leah looks for a \$4000 crop of peaches, and smaller growers are making corresponding calculations. Many orchards are being mulched to keep the buds back by putting manure around the trees over the snow. There is a difference of opinion as to the utility of this treatment, and this season will afford a good test.

Where the town used to be, in our lovely valley, before the prosperous days of North Yakima, and "where many a garden flower grows wild," there is still a little group of old settlers who go through the motions of maintaining a city. The case in court Wednesday developed a curious state of things down there, the pith of which was that the mayor runs a saloon, and that a drunken man yelling in front of it can be heard by every man, woman and child in town.

The situation politically, so far as our delegation at Washington is concerned, is getting more and more interesting as the time goes on. Now back in the old states, where the art of staying in the senate is thoroughly understood, your Edmunds and Morrill and Beck and Sherman and the other old chair-warmers, stay ten, twenty and thirty years, and get along as securely and serenely as a farm-horse too old to sell; but in these new states it is not so. A traveler going

east on Tuesday told the Town Talker a lot of gossip about "our fellows" that is too interesting to keep away from the Town Listener. He said:

"Did you know that Carrere had dropped Squire?"
"No; but I know that when he came from Washington he pretended to be over at Olympia on this, that or the other thing—anything excepting the fixing of Squire's fences; while it was well enough known that he really was working for the pompous Seattleite."

"That's all so, but now he's down on Squire, and is putting in all his time for Wilson's return to the House, and says Squire has nothing to say about matters in the state in the way of patronage. It is a little queer to see Carrere, who was almost a flunky to Squire, now explaining that it is all Allen—Allen here and Allen there—but never a bit of Squire."

"But what can be done for Wilson?"
"I'll tell you one job, which will stand for all. He dropped off at Ellensburg and, devoted himself to currying Doc. Hare gently—always with the hair, and avoiding harshness with the mane and tail. Now Hare was and is as mad as the Old March Hare. He claims to have manipulated Wilson's nomination, and expected to be made marshal of the new state. He went about looking almost like a sure-enough marshal. Suddenly the plum dropped somewhere else, and then Wilson sent word to his friend the Doctor that he could have a job counting the population if he would be a real good boy and work obediently under the chief census-taker. It is said that the Doctor at once put sixteen votes in his pocket and said they would be saved for the next state convention and then be used for some one besides Wilson."

"So that is what Carrere is doing?"
"Yes, and he has plenty to do to save Wilson from his impulsive blunders. He might almost as well undertake to pull Squire through."

The conductor shouted "all aboard," and the Gossip swung himself on and went away to the eastward.

It will be interesting to see what will become of all the Biometric doctors and the Histogenetic doctors if the pending medical bill becomes a law. Already Dr. J. Eugene Jordan is making the Histogenetic and fly over in Seattle, through the columns of the *Post-Intelligencer*, and there is a general pricking up of ears among the smart fellows who doctor without showing an old-fashioned sheepskin.

If the bill for mileage for judges of the superior court does not pass, there will perhaps be some taking advantage of a way there is to whip the Devil around a stump. Now, under the constitution such expenses are allowed whenever judges exchange and sit for each other; so it will be seen that all a judge has to do when he must go out of his own county is to swap off with a brother judge in another district, when both will get mileage. Such swaps may be made at any time without any particular showing of disability on the part of either.

Another Pioneer Story.

Seattle Press: A couple of pioneers, of the kind who came across the plains in a caravan of prairie schooners, were yesterday talking over their experiences and adventures, when Mr. D. E. Ward spoke about William Rubie an Oregon pioneer of worth, residing for many years near Salem.

"I shall never forget the time we met William Rubie and his party," said Mr. Ward. "The first time we saw him was on the northern border of Kansas. We were riding along, not thinking there was any living soul within miles of us, when we espied not far from us near a little clump of bushes a fine, big wagon, and near by it stood a regular down-town buggy. It was a novel sight to see a buggy on the plains, so we thought there must be a progressive settlement not far away. As soon as we pitched camp that night two of our men hastened over to find out about that mysterious buggy."

"We found that the buggy belonged to William Rubie, who was bound for Oregon. He proposed to carry his wife in the fancy buggy, while he and his only helper, a hired man, went along with the big wagon. Fancy a party of three, only two of whom were men, attempting to cross the plains in 1855! We talked to Rubie for a little while when he came to the conclusion that he didn't want to go it alone, and so he asked to be allowed to join our party. We took the little party with us and many a time afterwards were we glad of it. William Rubie proved a very handy man. It took only a short time for his buggy to go to pieces over the rough roads of the plains, but he ingeniously fixed up his wagon for his wife's comfort and we all got along nicely."

"I remember how he once helped us bridge a river torrent. It seemed at first an impassible barrier, but Rubie volunteered to cross it. He lashed two small logs together, and taking the end of a ball of hemp twine he had, he jumped astraddle of his raft and peddled out into the river. Our men followed him half a mile down stream until he landed on the other side. We then had a small hemp twine across the river as a beginning for our bridge. We next sent across a stout rope and soon we had a guide rope sufficiently strong to carry over a good steed milk loaded with men and provisions. That was only one of Rubie's feats. I would like to know if the grim reaper, who seems just now so determined to carry off all of Oregon's pioneers, has gathered in our good friend who owned the buggy we met on the plains?"
"One of the most exciting times I can remember of our trip across the plains," said Mr. Ward, "is the time my brother Charles was lost in the woods."
"Brother Charles is Mr. Charles Biles, the well-known banker and business man of Montevideo."
"That very day," continued she, "an old Indian chief had tried to buy him. Charles was only 10 years old then. The old chief stood the boy up alongside one of his little daughters and said they would make a splendid match, and then he tried his best to bargain for my brother. When Charles was lost we were sure the Indian chief had kidnaped him. There was great rejoicing when he was found, I tell you. He had wandered away from the rest of us into the woods."

NEWS NOTES.

The bill to establish a soldiers' and sailors' home was defeated in the state senate Wednesday.

Jako Kilrain defeated the Frenchman, Vaccoulin, at *Box Orleans*, in a three-round fight on Sunday.

Bismarck has resigned the chancellorship of Germany, on account of a disagreement with the emperor.

The town of Burke, Idaho, was nearly destroyed by an avalanche of snow yesterday. Several lives were lost.

A sharp shock of earthquake was felt at Port Townsend last Sunday. The vibrations lasted several minutes.

The opposition to the Power medical bill is being worked up industriously in the senate and its passage now seems doubtful.

Lampson, the republican lieutenant-governor, of Ohio, unassisted by the democrats, has decided not to carry the matter to the supreme court.

The gubernatorial contest in West Virginia has been settled by the legislature seating Fleming, democrat, by a vote of 48 to 40 for Goff, republican.

The wife of Curtis Cummings, of Wallula, committed suicide by taking poison, Sunday. She was a deaf mute, as is her husband. She leaves one child.

An infernal machine, containing a quantity of very highly explosive matter was found concealed in a spittoon in the rounds of the national capital yesterday.

Death has again visited the family of Secretary of State James G. Blaine, this time claiming his oldest daughter, Mrs. Coppinger, who died on Sunday last after a brief illness.

J. L. Lewith, who occupied the store-room in the Hotel Fife in which the fire was started last Sunday, has been found over in the sum of \$8000 to answer the charge of kindling the fire.

The floods throughout the Willamette valley last week was the worst known since 1861-62. The water was nearly twenty-nine feet above low water mark and great damage was done.

The body of Louis Cox, who, together with Dr. Minor and Morris Haller, was drowned in the Sound nearly three months ago, was found under a boom of logs near Brown's Point, Whidby Island, on the 3d.

D. M. Drumheller, a wealthy banker and cattleman, of Spokane Falls, was married at Santa Cruz, Cal., on the 20th of January, to Miss Nellie G. Powell, daughter of the late Prof. Powell of the Washington University, Seattle.

The Union Pacific undertid the Northern Pacific for carrying the mail from the east to Oregon and Washington. With the burning of 40 sacks of mail and the snow blockade the service since the change has not so far proved acceptable.

The most frightful accident ever known on the O. R. & N. occurred at a bridge over Williams creek, near the Cascade locks and Bonnevill Sunday morning. Eight men were killed and a large number of whites Chinamen and injured more or less seriously.

Nelson Bennett now owns three-fifths of the Hotel Tacoma property, having recently purchased the interests of Messrs. George Browne, C. W. Riggs, C. H. T. Coltin, Henry Hewitt and Paul Schulze. A new addition will soon be made to the hotel and other improvements now under way will be completed.

It comes from Chicago that the Manitoba railroad will be marked as the "Great Northern Railway" on all railroad maps on February 1. An official of the company says "Our line now ends at Butte, but we are pushing to the Pacific coast as fast as possible. We will be at Seattle or Whatcom before twelve months."

The state senate has passed the house bill appropriating \$25,000 for the purchase of machinery to make jute grain sacks at the state prison at Walla Walla, with a proviso that the prison commissioners may exercise their discretion about so using the money, or may use it or part of it in enlarging the brickyard plant or in enlarging or introducing other industries.

The bill to locate the state fair has passed one house of the legislature. If it becomes a law the legislature will be called on to appropriate money to pay for the site, to build a pavilion and lay out a race track with a grand stand, sheds, etc., and to organize a state agricultural society, with an annual appropriation therefor. District societies, with state aid, will follow.

The residence of Secretary of the Navy Tracy, at Washington, caught fire early on Monday morning, and before the arrival of assistance Mrs. Tracy and daughter and a maid servant lost their lives, the former by suffocation and the two latter by being burned to a crisp by the flames. Secretary Tracy was taken from the building in an insensible condition, but there is no apprehension regarding his life.

A determined attempt was made Monday to burn the Hotel Fife, of Tacoma, and but for the vigilance of the police and private individuals, a frightful holocaust would have to be reported as there were about 150 guests in the hotel. Boxes filled with inflammables and saturated with coal oil had been piled up in the shoe store of J. L. Lewith, on the first floor of the hotel, and fired. Lewith's stock was insured for \$12,000 and this in connection with other suspicious circumstances, was grounds for his arrest on Tuesday charged with the crime of arson. The National Bank of Commerce has attached his stock for an indebtedness of \$4000.

Bartholet Bros. have begun their big clearance sale to precede the dissolution of the firm. From now until the stock is closed out they will make the greatest reductions in prices ever offered in Yakima. They have laid aside the books, and will sell strictly and only for cash. Persons desiring great bargains will do well to remember this, and call at Bartholet Bros' at once, with the cash.

H. KEUCHLER,
The Leading Jeweler.

Diamonds, Watches, Silverware,
Jewelry, Clocks, Opticals,
Bronzes.

The - Largest - Stock - and - the - Lowest - Prices.

Lombard & Horsley,

(SUCCESSORS TO A. H. REYNOLDS.)

Dealers in
FURNITURE!

CARPETS, WINDOW-SHADES, PORTIERS, CURTAINS, OIL CLOTHS.
The largest and best assorted stock in Central Washington, at

Prices that Can't be Duplicated.

CARPENTER BROS.

CASH TALKS!
As we have decided to do business on
A Ready-Pay System,
Commencing Jan. 1st, 1900, we will say that
Cash Buyers Will Save Money
By trading with us, as we shall endeavor to keep
FIRST-CLASS GOODS at
THE LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES!
Our Stock of Clothing
is large and varied; also,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES, ETC.
Our Grocery Department
is always complete.

CARPENTER BROS.

NEW FURNITURE FIRM.

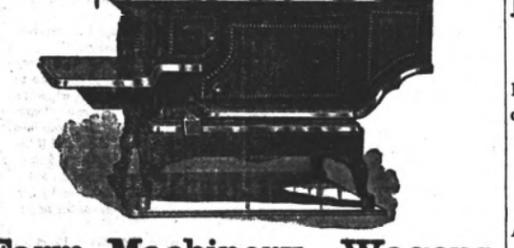
A. H. Reynolds & Co.

ARE NOW OPENING UP A FULL AND COMPLETE LINE OF
New and Ellegant Furniture
In the Building One Door East of the Postoffice, North Yakima, Wash.

On March 1st we will carry a full line of Carpets, Oil-Cloths, Etc.

SAWYER & PENNINGTON

(SUCCESSORS TO A. B. WEED.)
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.

Stoves at Cost!

—AT—
VINING BROTHERS.

We believe in taking advantage of the dull season of the year which is upon us and offer a

Complete and Entirely New Line of Heating Stoves

JUST ARRIVED! AT COST!

These Goods came in a little late, but we mean to make it profitable to you and to us too by not carrying them over.

We Offer these Goods at Cost

DON'T MISS OUR BARGAINS IN COAL HODS.
EVERYTHING MARKED DOWN TO BEDROCK.

Buy Your Hardware of Us and Save Money.
Vining Bros,
TELEPHONE 31. VINING BLOCK.

Now is the Time to Invest

Yakima Real Estate,

AND FOR THE FOLLOWING REASONS:

FIRST—The immediate building of the new Portland Railroad.

SECOND—The Three Vast Irrigating Schemes that are already perfected, which will give employment to hundreds of men in the early Spring, and which, when completed will bring under water not less than 300,000 acres of the *Best Land on the Pacific Coast*.

THIRD—The Natchez Gold and Silver finds, which are directly tributary to North Yakima, and which will have hundreds, if not thousands, of men at work in them the coming season.

The above reasons are sufficient to give our City one of the biggest booms in the history of Washington and are as certain to double values, when business opens up in the Spring, as that daylight follows darkness. We

Offer: the: Following

Among a few of the Bargains on our Books, but the prices are only good for a limited time, as

All Values are Certain to be Advanced after February 20.

50 feet, with good frame building, on First Street, 1/2 block from Yakima Avenue. Price, \$4800, and on reasonable terms.

Lots 3 and 4, block 51, Yakima Avenue, with good office building. Price, \$6000. Suitable terms.

Lots 5 and 6, block 51, \$6500. One-third cash, balance 1 and 2 years.

Lot 22, block 10, \$2500. This is the best vacant corner for sale in the City. Reasonable terms.

Two vacant corners of 50 feet each, corner 2nd and A streets. Price of each, \$3500.

Two improved lots in Eastern Addition, with good dwelling, well, 40 fruit trees, fenced and cultivated. Price \$1000. Terms to suit purchaser. The best chance to buy a home in the City.

A corner of 50 feet on Yakima Avenue, across from the Hotel Yakima. Price, \$5000.

MacLEAN, REED & CO.,

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, LOANS.
P. O. BOX No. 275. TELEPHONE No. 1-100

Also Agents for the Northern Pacific Railroad Company for their Lands and City Property.

FECHTER & LAW,

REAL ESTATE,

FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS.

From this date we will give special attention to the making of First Mortgage Loans upon improved farm property and in special cases upon improved city property. We are prepared to make

Loans at Reasonable Rates of Interest

And a low commission. When in need of money it will be to your advantage to call upon us.

Our: Insurance: Business

Is continually increasing. We say without fear of contradiction that we represent the best line of companies in the City.

\$50,000 In Round Numbers

Is the amount of our real estate sales during the months of August and September, 1899. The

Greatest Activity in Real Estate Market

Is always experienced during the winter months. We predict that the coming winter will usher in greater activity than we have ever experienced before. You must draw your own conclusions. We are prepared for it; are you?

FECHTER & LAW,

OVER YAKIMA NATIONAL BANK,
Yakima Avenue, North Yakima, Washington.

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklin's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never had a remedy that sells as well, or that has given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price. If satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Janeczek pharmacy

Strayed.

From my place in North Yakima, a two-year-old heifer, color white and red, the right ear is cropped and the left has a hole in it; branded "J. E." on left shoulder; brand badly blotted. Information leading to her recovery will be rewarded. J. T. EMBELMAN.

Arriving Daily.

Emigration to our great state of Washington is arriving daily in goodly number, and that is the way goods are arriving at Lee's Boot and Shoe Store. They have a full line of buckles, arctic and a full line of rubbers. They also have a full line of boots and shoes of all kinds. Their motto is "reasonable prices." They are located on First street, opposite Hotel Gulliland.

Bucklin's Arnica Salve

Is the best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, frost sore, letter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at Janeczek's Pharmacy.

Notice.

Upright Piano nearly new and in perfect condition for sale or exchange for a town lot. Address S. M. ASBURY, Fort Simcoe, Wash.

Wanted.

A first-class milkster. Steady employment. Apply to J. H. B. SCUDDER, Moize.

Baled hay and co's at the I. X. L. store.

Highest price paid for eggs and butter at Boyers & Co.'s.

Choice feed, oats and chopped barley for sale at the North Yakima roller mills.

All of the latest styles in gentlemen's furnishings are to be found at M. H. ELLIS'S.

Five hundred boxes of soap at Bartholot Bros. only \$1.25 per box.

Myron H. Ellis has the finest line of neckwear in the city.

The stock of harness, saddles, etc., at C. E. McEwen's is the best in the city, and his prices are the lowest.

The only exclusive dry goods and clothing house in the city is that of Henry Ditter, in the First National bank building. Mr. Ditter has exceptional facilities for buying, and he always keeps abreast of the times, having a standing order for all of the novelties appearing in the market.

Bartholot Bros. will not be undersold in anything—dry goods, clothing, furnishing goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, crockery, groceries, and in fact everything kept in a first-class store.

The stock of dress goods, ready-made clothing and furnishings at Ditters are of only first-class materials, and his prices compare favorably with those of the large cities. Always examine his stock and get prices before purchasing elsewhere.

DUNRAVEN RANCH

A Story of American Frontier Life.

By Capt. CHARLES KING, U.S.A., Author of "The Colonel's Daughter," "From the Banks," "The Deserter," Etc.

Copyrighted 1895 by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, and published by special arrangement through the American Press Association.

CHAPTER III.

HEARTYMENT. Perry was riding blithely down the winding trail, totally unconscious that his movements were of the faintest consequence to anybody but himself, and equally heedless of their being a source of speculation. His horse was one he rejoiced in, full of spirit and spring and intelligence; the morning was beautiful, just cool enough to be exhilarating; his favorite brand, Bruce, went bounding over the turf under the slopes, or ranging off through the cottonwoods along the

stream, or the shallow, sandy arroyos, where the grass and weeds grew rank and luxuriant. Every now and then with sudden rush and whirl a drove of prairie chickens would leap from their covert, and, after vigorous flapping of wings for a few rods, would go skimming restfully in long easy curve, and settle to earth again a hundred yards away, as though suddenly reminded of the fact that this was mating time and no gentleman would be mean enough to shoot at such a season.

Every little while, too, with prodigious kicking of dust and show of heels, with eyes fairly bulging out of his feathered head, and tail top ears laid flat on his back, a big jack rabbit would bound off into space, and go tearing across the prairie in mad race for his threatened life, putting a mile between him and the Mones before he began to realize that the two quadrupeds ambling along the distant trail were obedient to the will of that single rider, who had no thought to spare for game so small. Some Indian ponies, grazing across his pathway, set back their stunted ears, and, now like, refused to budge at sight and hearing of the big American horse; whereas a little vagabond of a Cheyenne, not ten years old nor four feet high, set up a shrill chattering and screech and let drive a few well directed shots of lead, and then showed his white teeth in a grin as Perry swung out a cheery "Howdy, sonny," and spurred on through the opening thoroughfare, heedless of spiteful pony looks or threatening heels.

Perry's spirits rose with every rod. Fourth, health, contentment, all were his, and his heart was warm towards his fellow men. To the "o" of his reckoning, he had not an enemy or detractor in the world. He was all gladness of nature, all friendliness, frankness and cordiality. The toughest cowboy whom they met on the long march down, the most crabbed of the frontiersmen they ever encountered, was never proof against such sunshine as seemed to irradiate his face. He would go out of his way at any time to meet and hail a fellow man upon the prairie, and rarely came back without knowing all about him—where he was from, where he was bound and what were his hopes and prospects. And as for himself, no man was readier to answer questions or to meet in friendliest and most jovial spirit the rough but well meant greetings of "the plains."

Being in this frame of mind to an extent ever greater than his normal wont, Mr. Perry's eyes glistened, and he struck up to hasten Nolan's stride, when, far ahead, and coming towards him on the trail, he saw a horseman like himself. Being in this mood of sociability, he was something more than surprised to see that all of a sudden that horseman had reined in—a mere black dot a mile away—and was presumably examining him as he advanced. Hostile Indians there had been none for many a long month, "wood agents" would have starved in a region where there practically were no roads, cowboys might, and did, get on frolics and have wild "tears" at times, but who ever heard of their being hostile, man to man? Yet Perry was plainsman enough to tell, even at the mile of distance, that the stranger had reined solely to scrutinize him, and, next, in his estimation, that something in his appearance had proved either alarming or suspicious for the horseman had turned abruptly, plunged through the timber and across the stream, and in another moment, veering that way racing into the mouth of a shallow ravine, or "break," that entered the valley from the south, and there he was lost to sight.

"What an ill-mannered galoot!" was his muttered comment as he gave Nolan brief chance to crop the juicy grass, while his perturbed rider sat gazing across the stream in the direction taken by the shy horseman. "I've half a mind to drop the ranch and put out after that fellow. That rascal can't go in so very far but what he must soon show up on the level prairie; and I'll bet Nolan could run him down." After a moment's reflection, however, Mr. Perry concluded that as he had come so far and was now nearly within rifle shot of the mysterious goal of his morning ride, he might as well let the prairie man go, and pushed ahead himself for Dunraven.

The stream bent southward just at the point where he had first caught sight of the horseman, and around that point he knew the ranch to be. Very probably that was one of the ranchmen of whom Mrs. Lawrence had spoken—churlish fellows with a civil word for nobody, grim and repellent. Why, certainly! That accounted for his evident desire to avoid the cavalryman; but he need not have been in such desperate haste—need not have kept at such unapproachable bounds, as though he shunned even being seen. That was the queer thing, thought Perry. He scolded just as though he did not want to be recognized. Perhaps he'd been up to some devilment at the ranch. This thought gave spur to his speed, and Nolan, responsive to his master's mood, leaped forward along the winding trail once more. The point was soon reached and turned, and the first object that caught Perry's eye was a long row of stakes stretching from the cottonwoods straight to the south up the gentle slope of the prairie, and thence across all question the presence there of a stout and high and impassible wire fence. There were few things the cavalryman holds in lesser estimation.

"That marks the western limit," thought Perry to himself, "and doubtless reaches miles away to the south, from what I hear. Now, where does one end?" A little farther on he came upon a trail leading from the low bluffs to his left hand. It crossed the winding bridge path on which he rode, though some of the hoof tracks seemed to join, and wheel tracks too. He had marked this between the fork and the point no sign of wheel appeared; it was a hoof trail and nothing more. Now a light and little traveled wagon track came in from the north, and while one branch seemed to cross the fence and to ascend the opposite slopes

down stream. At last, full half a mile farther on, he saw that a wire fence ran southward again across the prairie, as though marking the eastern boundary of the homestead inclosure, and conjecturing that there was probably a trail along that fence and an opening through, even if the southeastward line should be found fenced still farther, he sent Nolan through the Mones to the open bank on the northern side, centered along until the trail turned abruptly southward, and, following it, found himself once more at the fence just where the heavy corner post stood deeply imbedded in the soil. Sure enough, here ran another fence straight up the gentle slope to the south, a trail along its eastern side, and a broad cattle gap, dusty and tramped with the hoofs of a thousand steers, was left in the fence that, prolonged down stream, spanned the northern boundary. Inside the homestead lot all was virgin turf.

Following the southward trail, Perry rode briskly up the long incline. It was east of this fence he saw the cattle herd and their mounted watchers. He was far beyond the ranch buildings, but felt sure that once well up on the prairie he could have an uninterrupted view of them and doubtless meet some of the ranch people and satisfy himself what there was in the stories of their churlish and repellent demeanor. The sun was climbing higher at this time, and he, eager in pursuit of his reconnaissance, gave little heed to fleeting minutes. If fair means could accomplish it, he and Nolan were bound to have acquaintance with Dunraven Ranch.

Ten minutes' easy lope brought him well up on the prairie. There—westward now—was the mysterious clump of brown buildings, just as far away as when he stood, huddled and dispirited, by the gateway to the Mones. Here, leading away towards the distant buildings, was a bridge path. Here in the fence was a gap just such as he had entered on the stream, and that gap was barred and guarded by the counterpart of the first gate and firmly secured by a padlock that was the other's twin. Mr. Perry's comment at this point of his explorations was brief and characteristic, if not objectionable. He gave vent to the same low whistle, half surprise, half vexation, that had comforted his soul before, but supplemented the whistle with a rider's remark: "Well, I'll be damned!"

Even Nolan entered his protest against such incredible exclusiveness. Thrusting his head forward over the topmost wires, as before, he signaled long and shrill—a neigh that would have caught the ear of any horse within a mile—and then, all at once, he whistled for an answer. It came floating on the wind, a responsive call, a signal as eager and confident as his own, and Nolan and Nolan's rider whirled quickly around to see the source from whence it rose. Four hundred yards away, just appearing over a little knoll in the prairie, and moving towards them from the direction of a distant clump of grazing cattle, was a horse and rider came trotting into halting distance; and Perry, his bright blue eyes dilating, and Nolan, his dignity, sensitive ears pricked forward, turned promptly to meet and greet the new arrivals.

For fifty yards or so the stranger rode confidently and at rapid trot. Perry smilingly watched the newcomer, and the bobbing, "bent over" seat, and angular elbows that seemed so strange and out of place on the broad Texas plain. He could almost see the "crop" in his free hand, and was smiling to himself at the idea of a "crop" to open wire gates, when he became aware of the fact that the stranger's mien had changed; confidence was giving place to hesitancy, and he was evidently checking the rapid trot of his horse and throwing his weight back on the cantle, while his feet, thrust through to the very heels in the gleaming steel stirrups, were braced in front of the powerful shoulders of the bay. The horse wanted to come, the rider plainly wanted to stop. Another moment, and Perry could see that the stranger wore eyeglasses and had just succeeded in bridging them on his nose and was glaring at him with his chin high in air. They were within two hundred yards of each other by this time, and to Perry's astonishment, the next sharp his horse with a barred heel, whirled him spitefully about, and go bobbing off across the prairie at lively canter, standing up in his stirrups, and striding his steed as though his object were not so much a ride as game of leapfrog.

It was evident that he had caught sight of Perry when Nolan neighed, had ridden at once to meet him, expecting to find some one connected with the ranch, and had veered off in disgust the moment he was able to recognize the uniform and horse equipments of the United States cavalry.

CHAPTER IV.

WEST scanned a fellow as Mr. Perry considered, there was something in the stranger's conduct that called him inexpressible. From his hand some amount, his garb and his general appearance, Perry set this stranger down as one of the Englishmen riding at the ranch. It was not far from arrest and capture that sent him cowering away

across the prairie; it was deliberate intent to avoid, and this was, to Perry's thinking, tantamount to insult. One moment he gazed after the retreating form of the horseman, then clasped his forearm cap firmly down upon his head, shook free the reins and gave Nolan the longest for word. Another instant, and with set teeth and blazing, angry eyes he was thundering at headlong speed, swooping down upon the unconscious stranger in pursuit, aware that sun-browned, curly haired, bulky framed young man had the faintest idea of what was impending. Mr. Perry was reining in his snorting steed alongside and cuttingly accosting him:

"I beg your pardon, my good sir, but may I ask what you mean by trotting away when it man has been evident that I wanted to speak with you?" The stranger turned slightly and coolly eyed the flushed and indignant cavalryman. They were trotting side by side now, Nolan plunging excitedly, but the English horse maintaining his even stride; and stronger contrast of type and style, one could scarcely hope to find. In rough tweed shooting jacket and cap, brown Bedford coat, sitting snugly at the knee but flapping like shapless bags from there aloft to the waist, in heavy leather gaiters and equally heavy leather gloves, the stocky figure of the Englishman had nothing of grace or elegance, but was sturdy, strong, and full of that curly self reliance which is so characteristic of the race. Above broad, rounded shoulders were a bull neck, rided by the sun, a crop of close curling, light brown hair, a tanned and honest face lighted up by fearless gray eyes and shaded by a thick and curling beard of lighter hue than the hair of his massive head.

He rode with the careless ease and supreme confidence of the skilled horseman, but with that angularity of foot and elbow, that roundness of back and bunching of shoulders, that incessant rise and fall with every beat of his horse's powerful haunch, that the effect was that of neither security nor repose. His saddle, too, was the long, flat seated, Australian model, pig skin, with huge rounded leathern cushions circling in front and over the knees, adding to the cumbersome of his equipment and in no wise to the comfort; but his bit and curb chain were of brushed steel, gleaming as though fresh from the hands of some incomparable English groom, and the russet reins were soft and pliable, telling of excellent stable management and discipline. Perry couldn't help admiring that bit, even in his temporary fit of indignation.

As for him—tall, slender, elegantly made, clothed in the accurately fitting uniform "blouse" of the army and in riding breeches that displayed to best advantage the superb molding of his powerful thighs, sitting like centaur well down in the saddle, his feet and lower legs, cased in natty riding boots, swinging close in behind the gleaming shoulder of his steed, erect as on parade, yet swaying with every motion of his horse, graceful, gallant, and to the full as powerful as his bulky companion, the cavalryman in appearance was all on Perry's side, and was heightened by Nolan's split and action and martial trappings. Perry was an exquisite in his soldier's taste, and never, except on actual campaigns, rode his troop horse without his complete saddle, cloth and gleaming harness. All this, and more, the Englishman seemed quietly noting as, finally, without the faintest trace of irritability, with even a suspicion of humor twinkling about the corners of his mouth, he replied:

"A fellow may do as he likes when he's on his own back, I suppose."

"All the same, wherever I've been, from London to the ends of the earth, the Christians, unless they happen to be round agents or cattle thieves. What's more, I am an officer of a regiment just arrived here, and from the Missouri down, there isn't a ranch along our trail where we were not welcome and whose occupants were not 'fall fellow well met' in our camp. You are the first people to show us; and, as that first encounter built for your protection in days when it was badly needed, I want to know what there is about the Garrison that is so objectionable to Dunraven Ranch—that's what you call it, I believe?"

"That's what it is called."

"Well, here! I've no intention of intruding where you're not wanted. I simply didn't suppose that on the broad prairie of the west there was such a place as a ranch where one of my cloth was unwelcome. I am Mr. Perry, of the cavalry, and I'm bound to say I'd like to know what you people have against us. Are you the proprietor?"

"I'm not. I'm only an employe."

"Who is the owner?"

"He's not here now."

"Who is here who can explain the situation?"

"Oh, as to that, I fancy I can do it as well as anybody. It is simply because we have to do pretty much as you fellows—every order. The owner's orders are not aimed at you any more than anybody else. He simply wants to be left alone. He bought this tract and settled here because he wanted a place where he could have things his own way—see people who he sent for and nobody else. Every man in his employ is expected to stick to the ranch so long as he is on the pay, and to carry out his instructions. If he can't, he may go."

"And your instructions are to prevent people getting into the ranch?"

"Oh, hardly that, you know. We don't interfere. There's never any one to come, as a rule, and when they do, the fence seems to be sufficient."

"Simply, I should say, and yet were I to tell you that I had business with the proprietor and needed to ride up to the ranch, you would open the gate, wouldn't you?"

"I suppose."

"No! I would tell you that the owner was away, and that in his absence I represented all business for him."

"Well, thank you for the information given me at all events. May I ask the name of your ministrational boss? You might tell him I called."

"Several officers called three years ago, but he begged to be excused."

"And what is the name?"

"Mr. Mattland—is what he is called."

"All right. Possibly the time may come when Mr. Mattland will be as anxious to have the cavalry around him as he is now to keep it away. But if you ever feel like coming up to the fort, just ride in and ask for me."

"I feel like it a dozen times a week, you know; but a man mustn't quarrel with his bread and butter. I met one of your fellows once on a hunt after strayed mules, and he asked me in, but I couldn't go. Sorry, you know, and all that, but the owner won't have it."

"Well, then there's nothing to do for it but say good day to you. I'm going back. Possibly I'll see some of your people up at Rosier when they come to get a horse shod."

"A horse shod! Why, man alive, we shoe all our horses here!"

"Well, that fellow who rode out of your north gate and went towards the fort about an hour or so ago, had his horse shod at a cavalry forge, or I'm a duffer."

A quick change came over the Englishman's face; a flash of surprise and anger shot up to his forehead; he wheeled about and gazed eagerly, lowering, back towards the far away building.

"How do you know there was—? What fellow did you see?" he sharply asked.

"Oh, I don't know who he was," answered Perry, coolly. "He avoided me just as pointedly as you did—galloped across the Mones and out on the prairie to dodge me; but he came out of that gate on the stream, looked it after him, and went on up to the fort, and his horse had cavalry shoes. Good day to you, my Britannie friend. Come and see us when you get tired of prison life." And with a grin, Mr. Perry turned and rode rapidly away, leaving the other horseman in a brown study.

Once fairly across the Mones he assembled placidly along, thinking of the odd situation of affairs at this great prairie reservation, and almost regretting that he had paid the ranch the honor of a call. Reaching the point where the wagon tracks crossed the stream to the gateway in the boundary fence, he reined in Nolan and looked through a vista in the cottonwoods. There was the Englishman, dismounted, stooping over the ground and evidently examining the hoof prints at the gate. Perry chuckled at the sight, then whistling for Bruce, who had strayed off through the timber, he resumed his jaunty way to the post.

In the events of the morning there were several things to give him abundant cause for thought, if not for lively curiosity, but he had not yet reached the sum total of surprise in store for him. He was still two miles out from the fort, and riding slowly along the bottom, when he became aware of a trooper coming towards him on the trail. The sunbeams were glistening on the polished ornaments of his forenoon cap and on the bright yellow chevrons of his snugly fitting blouse. Tall and slender and erect was the coming horseman, a model of soldierly grace and carriage, and as he drew nearer and his hand went up to the cap visor in salute a gesture from his young superior brought an instant pressure on the reins, and horse and man became an animated statue. It was a wonderfully sudden yet easy check of a steed in rapid motion, and Mr. Perry, a capital rider himself, could not withhold his admiration.

"Where did you learn that sudden halt, sergeant?" he asked. "I never saw anything as quick except the Mexican training; but that strains a horse and throws him on his haunches."

"It is not uncommon abroad, sir," was the quiet answer. "I saw it first in the English cavalry; and it is easy to teach the horse."

"I must get you to show me the knack some day. I've noticed it two or three times, and would like to learn it. What I stopped you for is this: You've been stable sergeant ever since we got here, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then if anybody besides members of the troop had horses shod at our forge you would be pretty apt to know it?"

"I know that no one has, sir." And a slight was rising to the young sergeant's face and a pained look hovering about his bright blue eyes. Yet his manner was self-restrained and full of respect.

"Don't think I'm estimating anything to the contrary, Sergeant Gwynne. No soldier in the regiment more entirely holds the confidence of his captain—of all the officers—than you. I was not thinking of that. But somebody down there at that ranch below the Elverson was here—and, while I knew you would not allow it at our forge, I thought it possible that it might be done in your absence."

"It's the first time I've been out of the stables since we came to the post, sir, and the captain gave me permission to ride down the valley this morning. May I ask the lieutenant why he thinks some ranchman is getting his shoeing done here at the post?"

"I've been down there this morning, and met a man coming up. He avoided me, and rode over to the south side, and so excited my curiosity, and as they keep that whole place inclosed in a wire fence, and he had evidently come out of the north gate, I was struck by the sight of the hoof prints; they were perfectly fresh there on the trail, and plain as day. There's no mistaking the shoe, you know. By the way, he rode up to the fort, and probably entered at your side, of the garrison; did you see him?"

"No, sir, and, except for breakfast—just as he reined in—I have been at stables all the morning. I was there when the lieutenant got his horse."

"Yes, I remember. Then no one rode in from the valley?"

"No civilian—no ranchman, etc. The only horsemen I've seen were some Cheyenne scouts during the last two hours, and Dr. Quin—just before sick-

"Dr. Quin—the post surgeon! Are you sure, sergeant?"

"Certainly, sir. The doctor rode into the post just about an hour after the lieutenant left—coming up the valley too. He went right around to his own stable, over towards the hospital."

A look of amaze and stupefaction was settling on Perry's face. Now for the first time he recalled Mrs. Lawrence's intimations with regard to the doctor, and his connection with the signal light. Now for the first time it occurred to him that the secret of those cavalry hoof prints at the gate was not a ranchman, but an officer of the garrison, had been the means of leaving them there. Now for the first time it flashed upon him that the Englishman's astonishment and concern on hearing of those hoof tracks indicated that the story of a mystery at Dunraven in which the doctor was connected amounted to something more than garrison rumor. Now for the first time an explanation occurred to him of the singular conduct of the horseman who had dodged him by crossing the Mones. Never in his young life had he known the hour when he was summoned or afraid to look any man in the eye. It stung him to think that here at Rosier, wearing the uniform of an honorable profession, enjoying the trust and confidence of all his fellows, was a man who had some secret enterprise of which he dared not speak and of whose discovery he stood in dread. There could be little doubt that the elusive stranger was Dr. Quin, and that there was grave reason for the rumors of which Mrs. Lawrence had vaguely told him.

For a moment he sat, dazed and irresolute, Nolan impatiently pawing the turf the while; then, far across the prairie and down the valley there came floating, quiet and spiritless, though faint with distance, the notes of the cavalry trumpet sounding "right, front into line." He looked up, startled.

"They're out at battalion drill, sir," said the sergeant. "They marched out just as I left the stables."

"Just my infernal luck again!" gasped Perry, as he struck spur to Nolan and sent him tearing up the slope. "I might have known I'd miss it!"

(NO MORE COVERS.)

F. H. Craig

(SUCCESSOR TO JOHN BIRD.)

North Yakima Transfer Line.

Wood, Coal and Lumber Delivered.

Five Spring Trucks for moving Pianos, Organs and Furniture. Office with N. H. Ellis, N. First St.

SHRIVER BROS.,

Plumbers, Gas-Fitters, Electricians.

We are thoroughly qualified to do any work in the above line, and guarantee satisfaction. A long experience in the business in the East warrants this statement.

Orders for House and Sign Painting, Paper Hanging and Decorating given prompt attention, and the work executed in the best manner. Office over McEwen, Reed & Co's., Yakima Avenue.

CHANGE OF QUARTERS.

A. J. Krandell has removed the

YAKIMA BAKERY

From Front Street to the building recently vacated by Wm. Shauer

On Yakima Avenue.

Coffee, Tea, Chocolate and Milk, with Cakes, etc.

Fresh Bread, Cakes, Pies and Buns Every Day.

To the Public.

On and after this date I will be engaged to serve the public of North Yakima with everything in the way of

FRESH CANDIES,
FRUITS of all kinds,
CIGARS and
TORACOOS.

OYSTERS

Served in every style. Call and give me a trial.

ORLANDO BECK, Proprietor,
North First Street, North Yakima, Washington.



JOHNSON'S PATENT OPTICAL CO'S. EYE-METER

Is the only Eye Meter that will correctly measure the defects of simple or compound Refraction. If you have defective eyes you have them tested here you can have it done correctly.

A CORRECT FIT IS ALWAYS GUARANTEED.

Have your eyes measured by the new steel Spectacles with gold nose pieces. They never slip and are guaranteed not to break at nose-ends, a very weak point in all Spectacles.

New Goods and Latest Prices.

T. G. Redfield.

ABOUT KOSHER COOKING.

Food Eaten by Orthodox Jews--The Method of Preparation.

Some of the Laws in Regard to Food That Date Back to the Time of Moses.

Many persons in walking through the streets in the lower section of New York, say the district bounded by Houston and Chambers streets and Center or Crosby street and west Broadway, must have noticed a small sign representing Hebrew letters hung over the doors of certain restaurants. These letters represent the word Kosher, which in English means "proper" or "correct."

There is nothing like as much cooking done in this city according to the old Jewish laws as there was some twenty years ago. Most readers of this paper are aware that there is a liberal party among the Jews which, for the past few years, has been growing in strength, especially among the younger members of this sect or nationality; these persons, though they are ostensibly believers in the Hebrew faith, do not pretend to carry out many of the ancient precepts. There is, however, a pretty large contingent of orthodox Jews in this town, to be found in the Polish quarters on the east side of the city, and they and others who hold to their views follow pretty strictly the old customs. The Jews claim that their dietary laws were not only founded on religion, but on common sense.

The custom may vary slightly among Jews themselves, according as they come from one part of the world or another, but, generally speaking, the present orthodox Jews, before they sit down to the table, carefully wash their hands, considering this ceremony as essential and obligatory. When they sit down to the table the master of the house, or the chief person of the company, taking bread, breaks it, but does not wholly separate it. Then putting his hands on it he recites this blessing: "Blessed be Thou, O Lord our God, the King of the World, who producest the bread of the earth."

Having distributed the bread among the guests, he takes the vessel of wine in his right hand, saying, "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, our God, King of the World, who hast produced the fruit of the vine." The company then repeat the twenty-third psalm. They take care that, after meals, there shall be a piece of bread remaining on the table. The master of the house orders a glass to be washed, fills it with wine, and, elevating it, says: "Let us bless Him of whose benefits we have been partaking."

"Blessed be He who has heaped his favors on us and by His goodness has now fed us." Then he recites a prayer, wherein he thanks God for His many benefits vouchsafed to Israel, beseeches Him to pity Jerusalem and His temple, to restore the throne of David, to send Elias and the Messiah, to deliver them out of their long captivity, etc.

All present answer "Amen," and then recite Psalm xxxiv., 9-10. Then giving the glass with the little wine in it to be drunk round, he drinks what is left, and the table is cleared.

Of course the principal dietary laws observed by the orthodox Jews date back to the time of Moses, the fundamental ordinances being found in the Pentateuch. Some of these laws are to-day in their original form; some have been much elaborated by the rabbis.

The law in regard to animal food is, first, that it be clean. The law is laid down in Leviticus xli., and reiterated in Deuteronomy xiv. Quadrupeds to be fit for food must chew the cud and be cloven footed. Among the animals not clean are the hog, the ass, the squirrel and the rabbit. In the chapter referred to, twenty-four fowls are mentioned as being unclean, though, I understand that the translations of this list differ widely, but it may be stated, generally, that all birds of prey are prohibited, and that birds which feed upon grain are clean. In these chapters is stated that things which both creep and fly, with the exception of beetles, locusts and grasshoppers, and things which only creep, like the lizard and the tortoise, as well as all those which drag themselves along after the manner of serpents, are all pronounced unclean. All fish are prohibited except such as have fins and scales. Eels are prohibited, so are oysters, clams, lobsters, crabs and shrimp.

People who live in New York know that the cattle butchered for Hebrews are killed according to the Jewish method, i. e., the animal's throat is cut; but aside from any religious significance attaching to this method, it is really the best way of killing the animals, and is much superior to the old method of stunning the animal with a beetle before applying the knife.

The Jewish butcher is called the shochet, and, according to the old Mosaic law, the conditions of slaughtering are so minute that the Jewish butcher has to undergo a special training and obtain a diploma upon examination before being qualified to enter upon his work. Both cattle and poultry are to be killed by cutting the windpipe with a knife. This instrument has to be made after a certain prescribed model, and the shochet is obliged to be very careful about its edge, inasmuch as the slightest notch or flaw vitiates the killing and renders the animal unclean. The shochet constantly runs a nail on the edge of the blade, and with

much practice is able to detect an almost microscopic inequality.

After the animal is killed the blood is allowed to drain from the carcass and an examination is made to see if the lungs are sound, for any defect in that particular would render the animal unfit for food. An inspector, called the "shomer," now sees that the meat, in being cut for the retail market, does not come in contact with anything unclean, and affixes his seal to every joint as it is cut. But finally when the meat reaches the house of the orthodox Jew he soaks it in water half an hour and then places it for an hour in salt, to be sure that not one drop of blood shall remain in the veins.

In this connection it must be borne in mind that while the Pentateuch prescribes the flesh of certain animals, it is the rabbis who have established the complicated and peculiar methods of slaughtering.

The Biblical scholar will remember that Jacob sprained his hip while wrestling. On this account the hip sinev is forbidden as food to the orthodox Jew, who is thus debarred from the enjoyment of the fine porterhouse, the toothsome tenderloin, or the juicy sirloin, which all lie within the territory through which the forbidden sinev meanders.

Moses required that the laws should be written on the doorposts of the house and upon the gates. Even orthodox Jews in these modern times found that this commandment could not be literally carried out, to write them on the posts of every fresh house a man might occupy and obliterate them upon vacating it would certainly be inconvenient. A technical mode of writing up the words has prevailed; the passage of Scripture, Deut., vi., 4-9, and xi., 13-21, are written on a small piece of parchment, which is put in a case and affixed to the doorpost, the ceremony being performed with great exactness.

For the famous festival of the Passover another double set of dishes is needed. This festival occurs the latter part of March or the beginning of April and lasts seven days. The first and last days are sacred and marked by the suspension from work. At this time all leavened food and fermented drink are prohibited. Before the Passover commences, every house is thoroughly cleaned. All the dishes and cooking utensils and unconsumed groceries are moved to the garret or some unoccupied portion of the house, and replaced by similar articles that are brought out only to be used on this special occasion. The meat that is used during these days is prepared with special care.

In making soup there is a favorite receipt called Passover balls, which is used by many at this time. It is as follows: Chop an onion and half a pound of suet very finely, stew them together until the suet is melted; then pour it hot upon eight spoonfuls of biscuit flour, mix it well together; add a little salt, a little grated nutmeg, lemon peel, ginger and six eggs. Put the ball into the soup when it boils, and boil them for a quarter of an hour. The quantity of eggs and flour may appear disproportionate, but the flour employed is of a peculiar kind, used for the purpose in the Jewish families.

Hebrews are, of course, prohibited from using lard and bacon, but they use a great deal of butter and oil instead. They used garlic in their cooking only a few years ago, but their taste has changed in that respect, and they do not use so much of that seasoning. Their pastry they like cooked simply with eggs, milk and flour.

They are very fond of roasted poultry, next to that like fish, then comes roast beef. Stuffed roast goose is a great favorite with all classes of Hebrews from the richest to the poorest; the fowl must be stuffed with chestnuts and apples. They were very fond of fish, especially of the finer and more expensive kinds, like salmon, for instance, a l'Hollandaise. This sauce is simply prepared, but is a very agreeable addition to the fish and is made as follows: Put six spoonfuls of water and two of tarragon vinegar, with an ounce of butter, into a stewpan; warm and thicken it with the yolks of two eggs. Make it quite hot, but do not boil it; stir it all the time; squeeze in the piece of half a lemon and strain it through a sieve. Season with salt and cayenne. It should be quite thick.

There has been considerable relaxation in the old methods, and you will find many Jews who eat at English restaurants, though most of them prefer German. In the leading Hebrew club in this city the cooking is cosmopolitan in its character--French, German, English or Italian, as the party wants it--and according to the Jewish law. The younger generation of Hebrews do not pay much attention to the dietary system, and many women, who are most conservative in these matters, are beginning to think that too much stress has been laid on the old dietary regulations. As long ago as fifteen years the members of the B'nai B'rith, a large and exclusively Polish organization, assembled in Chicago. Three hundred Israelites at that time sat down to a banquet tendered, to be sure, by the Polish residents, but the cooking was done by Gentiles, under a Gentile's supervision, under a Gentile's roof, though there were numerous Jewish restaurants and inns in the city.

Did the low prices of hops or inactive cattle market cause you financial embarrassment? If so, don't allow your creditors to annoy you, but call on R. Strobach and raise money on your improved country property.

Do you need money? If yes, call on R. Strobach, at the Yakima Soda Springs company's building, and have him make you a loan on easy terms and long time. No delays in getting loans through.

No delays! Is what? Getting money on improved country property through R. Strobach, negotiator of mortgage loans.

All styles of job printing at the Herald Office.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold at Janek's Pharmacy.

GREAT SCOTT'S Cough and Consumption Cure will do it.

Why don't you cure that cough? De Witt's Cough and Consumption Cure will do it. This remedy is positively certain, prompt and thoroughly satisfactory. If you have tried it you know this statement to be a fact--if you have not, you are doing yourself an injustice. It is sold by C. J. Taft.

---Cary is selling gent's furnishing goods at cost.

ADVICE. "Keep your head cool--your feet warm--your liver active, and trust in God," was the advice of a celebrated physician to a patient. You can regulate the action of your Liver, Kidneys and Bowels by using De Witt's Sarsaparilla, an absolutely reliable blood purifying Remedy. For sale by Taft.

---New goods arriving daily at Henry Ditter's, direct from the east. Great preparations have been made for the holidays. Call and see the latest in the line of dry goods and clothing.

REWARD. Is certain if reasonable effort is made to cure a cough by the use of De Witt's Cough and Consumption Cure. This remedy is correct and certain in its action and costs no more than unreliable preparations. Insist upon having it. For sale 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.

"Hackmetack" is a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale at Janek's Pharmacy.

---For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold at Janek's Pharmacy.

---Shiloh's Cough and Consumption is sold at Janek's Pharmacy on a guarantee. It cures consumption.

---I buy my underwear direct from the factories, and am now offering it at prices which were never before heard of in North Yakima. Call and examine goods and prices, and see for yourself.

MYRON H. ELLIS. ---His girl didn't go back on him because he used De Witt's Little Early Risers. C. J. Taft, agent.

---Onion, potatoes and cabbage wanted at Bonyon & Co.'s.

---Cleanse your breath with De Witt's Little Early Risers. C. J. Taft, agent.

---A full line of the latest materials and shades in dress goods have been received by Henry Ditter.

---Ask C. J. Taft what De Witt's Little Early Risers are.

---Groceries you must have. Groceries we must sell. Let's trade and both be happy. Bartholet Bros.

---De Witt's Little Early Risers get there. C. J. Taft, agent.

---The finest line of neckwear ever shown in North Yakima just received at Myron H. Ellis.

---Take De Witt's Little Early Risers--C. J. Taft, agent.

---Go and see the new Japanese goods just received by M. H. Ellis, successor to I. H. Dills & Co.

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

---A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price, 50 cents. For sale at Janek's Pharmacy.

---John, when you go to town, just step in at Bartholet's and get me some of that elegant salt pork. It is delicious.

---Call on Myron H. Ellis and examine his fine line of winter underwear; one door south of opera house.

---Henry Ditter is the sole agent for Yakima of the celebrated Broadhead dress goods. They are warranted made from the best material by skilled workmen, do not cockle or shrink, and can be worn in damp weather without the least injury to the fabric.

---A full line of shirts always on hand at Myron H. Ellis.

---Below zero. What? Gents' gloves and underwear at Cary's.

---Why is Cary selling gent's furnishing goods and gloves at cost? Because he is going out of that line of goods.

---Persons desiring transportation about the city or vicinity can be accommodated by leaving orders at Allen & Chapman's for Stanton's hack line.

---A fine new line of saddles, harness, etc., just received at C. E. McEwen's shop, Yakima avenue.

---Dr. Savage will be found always ready to attend calls day or night. Office over postoffice; residence on Second street, two doors south U. S. Land Office.

---Call and examine my samples for fall and winter clothing. I guarantee a good fit and will give you prices that defy competition. Myron H. Ellis.

---Now is the time to get boots and shoes, gent's warm overalls and gloves at cost at Cary's. Must make room for another class of goods.

THE STORY OF A YEAR.



"Look on this picture and then on that." The above faces are exact reproductions of photographs taken from life of Mrs. Morton D. Harlan, who resides at No. 25 West 25th Street, New York City. The first one was taken in November, 1897, while in the last stages of consumption, abandoned by physicians and incurable by friends. The only relief was taken in December, 1898, when completely recovered, and entirely through the use of Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption. The above picture was wood cut, but they are true to life and the original photographs taken from life, can be seen at all the drug stores. Mrs. Harlan's consumption began as consumption usually does, with a cough in the morning, rising or phlegm, tired and depressed feelings, a lack of appetite, the loss of flesh and pains throughout the body. She did not realize her extreme danger until a business almost too late, but she is in perfect health to-day. Dr. Acker's English Remedy for Consumption is sold by all reputable drug stores. You can't afford to be without it.

SOLD BY ALLEN & CHAPMAN, Sole Agents, North Yakima, Wash.

NEW YORK STORE.

Special Sales!

As the winter season is so far advanced we will offer...

Commencing Now

Underwear, Overcoats, Heavy Clothing,

Both Men's and Boys at

Extremely Low Prices

To close it out. Call early and make your selections. They will not last long.

VANCE & MULFORD,

Yakima Avenue, opposite Yakima Nat'l Bank

THE CHEAPEST

10-Acre Piece

IN THE CITY!

And Some Very Cheap

BUSINESS CORNERS!

CALL AND INVESTIGATE,

Now is the Time to Buy!

Everybody is hard up; you can

GET BARGAINS NOW!

In Two Weeks Nobody Will Want to Sell!

J. B. PUGSLEY.

THE PEOPLE'S MARKET,

One Door North of Opera House.

WM. H. KERSHAW.

I KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND:

PICKLED & SMOKED MUTTON HAMS

PICKLED & SMOKED HAMS,

PICKLED & SMOKED TONGUES

BREAKFAST BACON,

DRIED & CORNED MEATS

VARIETY OF SAUSAGES

NICE HOME-MADE LARD,

LIVE & DRESSED CHICKENS,

FRESH MEATS OF ALL KINDS.

Prices Way Down

GREAT OVERLAND ROUTE.

Northern Pacific R. R.,

VIA--CASCADE--DIVISION.

The only line running Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, magnificent day coaches, and

EMIGRANT SLEEPING COACHES,

with Berths Free of Cost.

FROM OREGON AND WASHINGTON POINTS

To the East.

VIA--ST. PAUL--AND--MINNEAPOLIS.

The Only Transcontinental Line Running

PALACE--DINING--CARS

(Meal, 75 Cents.)

Fastest time ever made from the Coast, over the

NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

To St. Louis, Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchafalaya, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Burlington, Omaha, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO,

And all points throughout the East and South-east, via St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Allen & Chapman, DRUGGISTS.

Keep always on hand all that is pertaining to their trade. None but pure medicines and chemicals dispensed.

Prescriptions a Specialty!

Manipulated by a Competent Pharmacist.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical Use

A large Line of Paints, Oils, Wall Paper, Glass, Putty, Sash and Doors. Come and see us in our Commodious and Beautiful Quarters.

The Very Finest Brands of Key West and Imported Cigars

Corner Yakima Avenue and Second Street. North Yakima

G. L. Holmes & Bull,

716 & 720 Pacific Ave., Tacoma, W.T.

Furniture, Carpets, Draperies and Rugs,

WHOLESALE and RETAIL.

Largest Stock and Best Variety North of San Francisco!

When in Tacoma, call and examine, whether you wish to purchase or not.

Correspondence Solicited.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS AND GROCERIES.

J. J. ARMSTRONG,

Corner First street and Yakima Avenue.

A complete line of all of the commodities enumerated above will be found at this store, and a general request is sent forth to the public to call and examine the prices and quality of the Goods.

J. J. Armstrong.

FRANK B. SHARDLOW. JEFF D. MCDANIEL

Shardlow & McDaniel,

DEALERS IN

Fine Wines, Liquors,

Imported & Domestic Cigars.

FINE BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.

Southeast Corner Yakima Avenue & Front Street, One Door West of Steiner's Hotel.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jesse Moore Kentucky Whiskies.

Chappell & Cox,

AGENTS FOR FRANK BROS. IMP. CO.,

Yakima Ave., North Yakima.

AGENTS FOR FARM MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS,

Wagons, Farm Hacks, Buggies, Carts, &c., &c.

All goods of the best class and warranted, and priced the lowest, quality of goods considered.

It will be to Your Advantage to See Them Before Purchasing Anything in Their Line.

"BOARD OF TRADE"

SALOON AND BILLIARD HALL.

Fine Wines, Liquors, Cigars,

Constantly on Hand.

A. Churchill, Prop.

Splendid Opportunity.

Two Clydesdale Stallions!

(REGISTERED.)

Imported Direct From Scotland,

WHICH I NOW OFFER FOR SALE ON THE MOST FAVORABLE TERMS.

They are Four and Five Years Old, and are Without a Blemish!

They can be seen on Sam Wilson's Ranch, near North Yakima.

ADDRESS OR APPLY TO SAM ANDREW WILSON,

Bartholet :- House,

JOHN BARTHOLET, Proprietor.

FIRST STREET, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH

The new Bartholet House is centrally located and conducted on first-class principles. Every attention given to the comfort of guests.

Rates: \$1.00 and \$1.50 Per Day.



North Yakima LUMBER YARD! G. O. NEVIN, Proprietor. LUMBER, DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS, LATHES, SHINGLES, AC. Agent for the Celebrated Ayrall Paints, the best Paints on the Market. AND A LARGE SUPPLY ALWAYS ON HAND. Office and Yard, West Side of Railroad Track, North of Depot, North Yakima, W. T.

Patronize Home Industry. Ed. F. White & Co., FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILORS. Next Door South of the Hotel. A first-class stock of Imported and Domestic Goods always on hand. Please give us a call, and we will be glad to show you our stock. Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed. ED. F. WHITE & CO.

The Standard Furniture Co., J. F. RIESE, Manager. CORNER OF FIRST AND A STREETS, NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON. A FULL LINE OF COMPLETE FURNITURE OF THE LATEST DESIGN. Upholstery, Mattresses, Bedsteads, Washstands, and all the latest styles of Furniture. Ladies, School Houses and Public Buildings supplied on reasonable conditions. Cabinet-Making and Upholstering a Specialty. ALL WORK WARRANTED. - PRICES TO SUIT YOUR TRADE.

Yakima Cigars MANUFACTURED AT Moxee, Yakima County.

ARE PRONOUNCED BY LEADING Judges of Cigars, East and West, to be the best Cigars they can get. There is no coloring or flavoring matter used in their manufacture. They have a

Most Delicious and Peculiar Flavor OF THEIR OWN, AND, WHILE blended, like all first class Cigars, are made principally from tobacco grown and cured on the

Moxee Plantation THEY ARE THE FINEST AMERICAN Cigars in the country, and there is nothing purer or finer imported.

ALLEN & CHAPMAN, GENERAL AGENTS, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH'N.

