

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

VOL. IV.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 17, 1892.

NO. 8.

YAKIMA COUNTY BOOMS!

Not as a Speculative Proposition, but as a Solid and Legitimate Agricultural growth. And why? Because Yakima County has

◆ The Soil & Climate, Abundance of Water for Irrigation, Geographical Position, Cash Markets for Produce in All Directions. ◆

The Public is Beginning to Find Out

That Yakima County has some other Resources than Coyotes and Real Estate Agents.

That it is the Home of the Peach, Prune, Plum, Pear, Grape and Apple.

That we grow Six Tons of Alfalfa to the Acre during the Season.

That the choicest Vegetables grown in Washington are raised here.

That it is the Hop-growing section of the State, producing 2000 Pounds to the Acre.

That every Citizen of Yakima County who Rustles and Saves, is Prosperous.

That a Crop is never lost here by Pests.

That Cyclones, Tornadoes and violent Storms are unknown.

That great Irrigation Companies are spending millions of dollars reclaiming our Arid Lands.

That 40 Acres of our Volcanic Ash Soil, well handled, will net more money each year than 160 Acres in the Middle West.

That YAKIMA COUNTY IS TO-DAY THE BANNER AGRICULTURAL COUNTY OF THE STATE!

—To the Home-Seeker—

We say that you do not consult your own interests if, in examining the Northwest for a Location, you fail to inspect Fertile Yakima. You can purchase tickets direct to North Yakima of any railroad ticket office in the United States, and on arriving the undersigned will take pleasure in showing you a land of plenty, bubbling over with prosperity and success for all who will work to attain it.

Yours Truly,

FRED R. REED & CO.,

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON.

Lock-Box K.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

H. J. SNIVELY,
Attorney at Law.
Office over Yakima National Bank, North Yakima. Will practice in all the courts of the State and U. S. land office.

REAVIS & MILROY,
Attorneys at Law.
Will practice in all Courts of the Territory. Special attention given to all U. S. land office business. North Yakima, Wash.

EDWARD WHITSON, FRED PARKER,
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 given to all U. S. land office business. Office up stairs over Fichter & Ross', North Yakima.

JOHN G. BOYLE,
Attorney at Law.
Office next door to the United States Land Office.

T. M. VANCE,
ATTORNEY - AT - LAW.
Office over First National Bank. Special attention given to Land Office business.

S. C. HENTON,
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
NOTARY PUBLIC, U. S. COMMISSIONER.
Special attention given collections and Notary work. Office over Yakima National Bank.

G. J. HILL,
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Telephone No. 1.
Office over Yakima Nat'l Bank; Residence on Third street, bet. B and C.

O. M. GRAVES,
DENTIST.
All work in my line first-class. Local anesthetics used to extract teeth without pain. No charge for examination.
Office over First National Bank.

WILSON & ARNOLD,
Civil Engineers and Architects.
Surveyors and Locators of Government Lands.
All Work Guaranteed.
Office, Lewis-Engle Block, 2nd Floor.

Yakima Artesian Well Boring Co.

CONTRACTS MADE FOR SINKING
Artesian Wells.

H. B. SCUDDER, Manager.
Office, Lewis-Engle Building, North Yakima.

Castoria

For Infants and Children.

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is as well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."
H. A. ANGUS, M. D.,
111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
ALEX. ROBERTSON, M. D.,
107 1/2 Ave., New York.

"From personal knowledge and observation I can say that Castoria is an excellent medicine for children, acting as a laxative and relieving the bowels, and restoring system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. OSOON,
Lowell, Mass.

THE CHESTER COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

The Celebrated French Cure,
Warranted "APHRODITINE" or money refunded.

Is sold as a POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex arising from the excessive use of stimulants, Tobacco or Opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over fatigue, loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Bearing down Pains in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Hysteria, Nervous Prostration, Nocturnal Emissions, Lumbago, Distress, Weak Memory, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price \$1.00 a box, 6 boxes for \$5.00. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every \$1.00 order, to refund the money if a Permanent cure is not effected. Thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, permanently cured by APODITINE. Circular free.

SOLD BY W. H. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent, North Yakima, Wash.

THE LOCAL NEWS MARKET.

Interesting Items of News from Yakima and its Suburbs.

Bits of Gossip, Facts, Fancies, Personalities, and a Hedge-Podge of Paragraphs of Every Description.

J. R. Patton is on the Sound this week. Frank Snipes has gone to Seattle to reside. Harry Coonse now sports a new road cart. T. C. Stone made a brief business visit to Seattle last week. O. A. Fechter was a visitor to the City of Destiny this week. J. R. Coe and Wayne Field left yesterday on a brief trip to White Bluffs. Dr. Wm. G. Coe was called to Hot Springs Monday on professional business. Charles Hampson is over from Puyallup for the purpose of locating in Yakima. The contract for H. Kenchler's new residence has been let to Brooker & Son. R. J. and Mike Mackison left for Wenatchee Sunday to be gone a couple of weeks. City warrants under the present regime readily sell for 95 cents, an advance of 5 per cent. Mrs. M. L. Masters left for Ellensburg Monday on a visit to her sister, Mrs. Ed Lampton. Mrs. Dan Simmons spent several days in Ellensburg last week visiting her sister, Mrs. Harvey Barton. C. W. Liggett returned from Ellensburg on Saturday last and has taken position as foreman of THE HERALD job office. THE HERALD can state authoritatively that the double train service will be inaugurated by the Northern Pacific on the 3d of April. Ben McMurry and twenty-five men left on Monday for the Natchez, where they will build an irrigation ditch leading on to G. A. Bailey's land. The partnership between Ed F. and Will White has been dissolved, the latter retiring, having made arrangements to engage in merchant tailoring at Sprague.

Mr. Medill, of Tacoma, is in the city and intends setting out a nursery in the Selah valley. Alexander Gage and wife, of Puyallup, are among the latest arrivals at Yakima from that section. Lane Bros., from Puyallup, are now here and arranging for the opening of their livery stable on First street. Andrew Carnegie and party, who have been visiting California and the Sound, passed through Yakima Tuesday morning en route east. Miss Charlotte Codlip, of New Westminster, B. C., arrived in the city on Friday last to spend a couple of weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. H. Greer. E. Strobach left for Olympia Monday to get plate and the necessary instructions to guide him in the performance of his duties as state land cruiser. The social of the Blue Ribbon club on Friday evening of last week was an enjoyable affair and the club's treasury was enriched to the amount of \$40. Some of the German song birds, supposed to have been imported by citizens of Portland, have taken up quarters in the vicinity of the power house. George Glazier, late engineer of the fire department, has entered the employ of Crippen & Lawrence, and his entire time is now devoted to setting up irrigation pumps. Have you paid your subscription to THE HERALD yet? Remember this is the fourth year of publication and that it is much easier to pay every year than to allow the amount to accumulate. W. T. Courtney, while loading cattle on to cars at the stock yards Monday, was pushed off of the chute and fell in such a way as to receive a severe scalp wound. Dr. G. J. Hill dressed the injuries. Superintendent Lawrence has received notice that the semi-annual apportionment of \$520 from the state school fund is now ready for this county. This amount will furnish fuel for all the schools of Yakima. The name of Fred R. Reed has been canvassed of late by that gentleman's friends in connection with several public offices, but Mr. Reed informs THE HERALD that he is not a candidate for any office.

Peter Bellis and wife arrived here on Tuesday from Puyallup and may conclude to locate. R. Fete has returned from the Cle-Elum country and again taken up his home here. The apricot trees hereabout are in full bloom and unless a late frost nips them will yield heavily. Messrs. Lombard & Horsley show an evidence of prosperity in a handsome and well built delivery wagon. Frank Curtis, of Puyallup, has purchased 100 acres of Yakima property and will soon come here to reside. W. H. Hunter, of Gig Harbor, is in Yakima looking up a new location. He is much pleased with the city. G. W. Rodman and George Cary have sold their forty acres, situate on the bench, to Alfred Chase for \$35 per acre. Col. J. A. Taggart was elected president of the first ward republican club, Tuesday evening, and Geo. S. Courter, secretary. Mrs. J. H. Fairbrook returned to Seattle Tuesday night, accompanied by her son Lloyd, to finish her medical treatment. Water has been turned into the city irrigation ditches and it will be but a short time now before the trees throw out their foliage. Citizens are asking for the construction of a suitable crossing over the railroad track at A street. This blocking of that thoroughfare has existed long enough, and it is time that the public was receiving a little consideration in this matter. Harry Spinning intends proving up on his Moxee claim shortly, having arranged to irrigate the lands from the Fowler ditch by means of one of the Crippen & Lawrence irrigation pumps. He now has a force of men engaged in grubbing the land. M. Probach has returned from a costly trip to Oregon. It was expensive because the journeyman tailor he left in charge of his store collected in money on accounts and appropriating it to his own use went on a big drunk that landed him in the cooler. The following party visited Coal creek this week, where they have taken up homesteads: J. A. Leach and wife, John B. Leach and family, H. L. Tucker and family, Mrs. M. M. Trayner, Peter Walen and Al Churchill. J. A. Leach will at once set out 15,000 grape cuttings and 1,000 fruit trees on his claim.

Mrs. J. T. Newland, of Ellensburg, is in Yakima, the guest of Mrs. B. M. Savage. Dr. Newland has gone to New York, where, for the next four months, he will take a post graduate course of lectures. John W. Kelly of the *Oregonian*, published at Enumclaw, is again in the city. Mr. Kelly's paper recently contained a very comprehensive and excellent article on Yakima. The Puyallup *Herald* and the *Roslyn News* recently published extensive and good articles on Yakima. The merits of this section are beginning to receive proper recognition from the press and the public. A call is made for a stallion parade on Saturday, March 26th. Few sections of Washington are as well provided with imported and good blooded horses as Yakima, and the exhibition will in all probability be an attractive one. Bring out your horses and show that Yakima is doing her share towards improving the stock of the state. The telegraph reports tell of blizzards, tornadoes, snow storms and abandonment of trains in Dakota, Minnesota and the eastern states, while in Yakima for the past three weeks the school children have been gathering bouquets of wild flowers. This section has so much fine weather that we scarcely realize how favored we are in this respect. The new electric lights for the city will be placed on the top of the poles—not suspended between—and if this plan is approved by the council a general system will be made. Under the present system those who have no regard for property rights frequently cut and appropriate the ropes on which the lamps are hung, causing the company much annoyance and considerable loss. A new census of the state of Washington is to be taken this year by the county assessors of the various counties in order that the next legislature can classify the counties of the state. The work will be done under the supervision of the state auditor and be completed about the first day of June. This census will show the wonderful growth and progress of the state since the census was taken by the national government in June, 1890. How many women who fondly love the golden symbol of their wedding vow know why they wear it on the third finger of the left hand? That particular digit was chosen because it was believed by the Egyptians to be directly connected by a slender nerve with the heart itself.

And these ancient worshippers of Isis held this finger sacred to Apollo and the sun, and therefore gold was the metal chosen for the ring. Miss Daisy Bayfield, of Champaign, Ill., a cousin of Wm. Ross, died in this city Saturday, March 12th, of quick consumption. Miss Bayfield came to Yakima about six weeks ago in company of her father in hopes that this climate would prove beneficial, but the disease had obtained such a headway that nothing could stop it. Mrs. Bayless arrived here Sunday night, but too late to again see her daughter in life. On Wednesday the sorrowing parents left with the remains for the east. Sheriff Anthony Meade, of Kittitas county, was, in the city Monday on a fruitless search after a witness who had left the country. He made a visit to the Artesian wells while here and considers he was well paid for his trip. Mr. Meade says the injunction suit brought to restrain the payment of certain county warrants was the result of the county commissioners creating a current expense fund, and instead of paying off the old warrants applied the receipts of the county to the liquidation of running expenses. Holders of the old series of warrants saw the value of their property depreciated to seventy-five cents on the dollar, or even less, for there is no sale for the warrants whatever, and they naturally objected, and the restraining order was the result. Judge Van Fossen tells a good story on George Hazzard, secretary of the democratic state central committee. They were stopping at the Commercial hotel, Sprague, on the 8th Inst., and had spent the evening with Mayor Glascock, and as they parted the mayor told them that if he got any news of the Seattle election he would return and give it to them. He came, but in the meantime Hazzard had gone to bed. When Mr. Glascock told him of the triumph of the democracy he exclaimed in the joy of his heart, "now burn the hotel!" In less than an hour, amid the glare of the flames from the burning hostelry, the assembled citizens of Sprague saw the attenuated form of the state secretary clothed only in his night gown, with his clothes under his arm, climbing over the porch before the hotel. Even Hazzard thought this celebration of the Seattle election unaccountably brilliant and grumbled. Captain J. H. Thomas is preparing to build a tenement house in the eastern part of the city.

President Oakes' Party Visits Yakima and the Big Ditch and Gets Practical Points on the Amount of Water on Hand for Irrigation Purposes.

President Oakes and his party, under the pilotage of Paul Schulze, arrived in Yakima on Saturday last on a special train from Tacoma. The party consisted of President Oakes, wife and daughter, Vice President C. H. Prescott, Paul Schulze, General Manager Mellen, Geo. Browne and wife, E. V. Smalley of the Northwest Magazine, Wm Ker, Franklin K. Lane of the Tacoma News, D. K. Stevens, P. A. O'Farrell, Walter Oakes and J. H. Mitchell. At the depot they were met by a number of citizens and taken for a drive about the town. Their time was limited, however, and after spending half an hour here they again boarded the train, accompanied by Manager Granger of the Irrigation company, for the bridge at Union Gap where carriages were in waiting to take the party over the line of the ditch. The dam and head-gates were first inspected and the water turned into the canal for a brief period. The working was perfect and all were greatly pleased at the evidence of complete mastery that had been obtained over the big volume of water. From there they drove to M. B. Curtis' place and entering the channel of the ditch kept it for a distance of three miles, coming out at the Bicknell orchard. After a brief drive through the orchard they started for Toppenish station, where the train was awaiting them, and on the way they met with an accident which, while it had about it amusing features, came near proving tragic to at least one member of the party.

The crossing of the Yakima is made by ferry but previous to reaching the river, a slough or arm of the stream is encountered. This was much swollen and the ladies and a number of gentlemen concluded to cross by means of a small flat boat. Two lighted vehicles made the trip all right and seeing this Messrs. Mellen, Smalley, Walter Oakes, and O'Farrell, who were riding in a through-brace wagon behind four horses, concluded they could make the crossing without getting out. In the middle of the stream the lead horses balked and the off-wheeler got his feet over the whiplike-tree in front and began to lunge and rear. Soon one of the horses was down and Mr. Smalley becoming frightened reached over and catching one of the lines gave it such a sharp pull that it parted. By this time the team was headed toward that portion of the channel that was from ten to sixteen feet deep. O'Farrell and Walter Oakes reached a shallow footing; Manager Mellen jumped and swam to the shore, but Editor Smalley, who is a portly gentleman, staid with the wagon as long as he could and then he was carried under. To E. A. Brown, an employe of the company, belongs the honor of saving Mr. Smalley's life. He showed a clear head and much coolness and managed to get the boat within reach of the journalist as he had come up for the last time. Afterward Mr. Smalley said that he was just thinking that in a moment he would begin to experience the drowning sensation, when his hands touched something. It proved to be a horse's ear. He held on to this and was able to lift himself above water as the boat came along. He clung to the side of the boat and after floating down stream some distance was assisted to shore.

Young Oakes and O'Farrell were never in any danger as the water hardly reached their waists. One authority says O'Farrell button-holed Oakes in the middle of the stream and began to tell him a story, but J. H. Mitchell swears that he cried for help and wanted someone—anyone to come and save him from drowning.

After the ducking those who had suffered from the mishap were rapidly driven to the train where the application of inside and outside comforts soon restored them to their normal condition. President Oakes sent through Mr. Granger a substantial remembrance to Mr. Brown whose coolness and aid prevented the accident from proving a fatal one.

On Tuesday Mr. Granger received the following telegram which explains itself:

The Yakima no doubt carries sufficient water for all irrigation requirements and I can personally testify to its adequacy for bathing purposes. Mellen.

Fort Simco Personal.

Mrs. John P. Mattson spent last week at the Fort. Mrs. Jay Lynch invited the Quaker club on Friday evening to "bid each" and to meet Mrs. Mattson who bore away the honors of the evening, a hand painted white satin bookmark, the work of the assistant matron, Mrs. H. C. Green, an artist of considerable ability, who has just returned from a course of study with the leading artists of San Francisco.

G. M. Irwin, superintendent Harrison Institute, near Salem, Oregon, is a visitor at the Fort, under orders from the commissioner of Indian affairs to transfer the two most advance pupils from this school to his own. Isaac L. Robbins and Jas. Burk are the Indian boys who have been selected.

Mr. Irwin says Dr. Moncrieff has just finished his work at the institute and is prosecuting his labors among the Umatillas.

—Manager Roaf of H. H. Allen's drug store is preparing to make a move in the soda water business that is bound to prove extremely popular. The innovation that he proposes is to reduce the price of the beverage to five cents a glass, and only the pure fruit juices will be used. The handsome fountain is now being put in order and the new prices will take effect as soon as the season opens.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

—Home grown lettuce, radishes and onions have already made their appearance in the market.

—The city schools will have a vacation the last week in March. The last session of the year will commence April 4th and end June 10th.

—The yard of the Columbia school building is being cleared of stone and planted to trees and grass, which greatly improves its appearance.

—Readers will confer a favor if they note any errors in the list of new hop yards if they would send a statement to that effect to THE HERALD.

—S. J. Lowe and E. M. Reed have been subpoenaed to appear as petit jurors of the federal court, holding sessions at Walla Walla, beginning May 19th.

—Hall's Hair Remedy enjoys the confidence and patronage of people all over the civilized world who use it to restore and keep their hair a natural color.

—Company E celebrated the anniversary of their organization Thursday, the 17th of Ireland, by turning out and spending the afternoon at their target range.

—W. D. Beck has sold to Frank H. Hiscok, of New York, through the agency of Fred R. Reed & Co., the brick building occupied by M. G. Wills. Consideration \$7000.

—City Engineer Redman has condemned about \$1,000 worth of the sewer pipe on the grounds that it doesn't conform to specifications. Contractor Schmidt now has about a mile of pipe laid.

—Some person, who would be well served if he got a dose of his own medicine, has put out poison on the west side of the track, and four dead dogs were hauled off by the marshal's assistants Wednesday.

—Henry Bucey, of the state horticultural board, says that he has been informed that the board of regents of the agricultural college will locate an experimental station in Yakima county in charge of a superintendent.

—Frank Winchell denies that he was one of those that signed the pledge at the Murphy meetings. His name appears on the list, but it was evidently placed there without his consent, or by some one who bears the same name.

—Sawyer & Pennington make an important announcement in the advertising columns of THE HERALD this week. They are closing out their line of buggies, carriages and agricultural implements and offer striking inducements to cash buyers.

—Each season has its own peculiar malady; but with the blood maintained in a state of uniform vigor and purity by use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla little danger need be feared from meteorological influences. No other blood medicine is so safe and effective.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a number of years, and it has always given me satisfaction. It is an excellent dressing, prevents the hair from turning gray, insures its vigorous growth, and keeps the scalp white and clean."—Mary A. Jackson, Salem, Mass.

—Born, at Tampico, March 13th, to the wife of A. J. Shaw, a seven pound daughter. Mr. Shaw says he intends to make as much fuss about his girl as was made over Ruth Cleveland, and is going to enter her in the World's fair beauty contest.

—Contractor R. Schmidt was notified on Wednesday that the money had been paid over on the sewer bonds. He has been working a small force lately so as not to exhaust his bank account, but now he proposes to put on a big force of men and tear the dirt up in a manner most lively.

—A special meeting of the Yakima Library association will be held on Tuesday evening, March 23d, at the parlor of the Hotel Yakima to decide upon a plan for establishing a reading room in connection with the library. All members interested are requested to be present.

—The commissioner of the general land office has issued instructions to local land officers to require applicants for desert land to file a map showing the source of water to reclaim, the number of miner's inches to be conducted upon the land, the high places upon the tract and shading to show what parts can be watered.

—THE HERALD intends hereafter to devote much attention to all news of interest to hop growers, and is ready at all times to publish communications on this subject. This paper has ever endeavored to build up this industry, and it proposes to be the medium through which it is fostered, and will print all reliable news pertaining thereto that can be obtained.

—In the supreme court the case which has caused so much upheaval among the officers of this county, over the decision of Judge Sol Smith that the county should pay the fees of the stenographer in the Ahtanum water case, has been decided adversely to the judge's ruling. The supreme court decreed that in a civil suit the stenographer's pay cannot be taxed against the county.

—Over \$60,000 has already been paid into the county treasury for taxes, and Treasurer Nevin says that the amount returned delinquent will not exceed \$9,000. This will be the smallest delinquent list returned since 1885, when the total amount of taxes was only one-third of what it is at present. This is certainly a very good showing and a fair illustration of the financial stability of the county.

—S. J. Lowe, the well known hardware merchant, received this week a carload of barbed wire and a carload of nails. He buys his goods in large quantities and is given very satisfactory discounts in consequence, enabling him to sell at bed-rock prices. That his store is well stocked in all lines of hardware is evidenced by a perusal of the handsome advertisement that appears on the fourth page of THE HERALD, and will be further shown by a visit to his store.

—Manager Roaf of H. H. Allen's drug store is preparing to make a move in the soda water business that is bound to prove extremely popular. The innovation that he proposes is to reduce the price of the beverage to five cents a glass, and only the pure fruit juices will be used. The handsome fountain is now being put in order and the new prices will take effect as soon as the season opens.

WHY THERE ARE LAGGARDS AT SCHOOL.

It is Easier to Fish and Gather Flowers Now Than to Finish the Course Laid Out, and Parents Wonder Why Their Children Fall Behind.

Some of the pupils of the city schools are beginning to drop out, on account of spring work. In some cases it is necessary that they should help with the work at home; but in other cases parents permit their children to quit when they are only tired, or claim to be tired. In the latter case they should be urged by their parents to continue in their work, as most of the tired ones are those who know they are going to have to do some very hard work in order to complete the studies of their grade this year, and they feel it easier to gather flowers and fish than to attend school and will furnish all kinds of excuses to their parents that they may remain at home.

The course of study contemplates a full year's work of thirty-eight weeks in each grade, and some parents will wonder when their children return to school at the beginning of the coming year, why they are not placed in the same classes with their companions of the previous year, who had finished out the term. As the regulations of the city schools now are each pupil is required to attain a certain proficiency in all the studies of a grade before being permitted to pass on to the next grade, and it requires time to attain that proficiency, so those who stop two or three months before the end of the term, cannot expect to re-enter with their classmates, who remain all year in school, unless they make up the deficiency.

If pupils wish to be regularly promoted they should be present at the closing examinations, as it will be much easier for them to take the examination at that time, than at the beginning of the new year, and under no consideration will they be permitted to enter a grade when by so doing they will retard the general progress of the class, but will be required to take up the work in the grade below.

Parents by seeing that their children remain in school to the close of the scholastic year can aid very materially in maintaining excellent schools, but so long as they insist that their children can drop their studies whenever the notion strikes them just so long will injury result, for at the beginning of the next school year those who have been absent are not qualified for promotion to the next grade along with their classmates who stood well in the matter of attendance, and of necessity they will have to fall back and continue in the same old grade another year.

—A man in the employ of one of the irrigation companies, who had been down to Pasco loading up on tanglefoot, was run over by the west bound freight, Tuesday night, while trying to beat his way on the tracks. One car passed over the middle of his body, crushing him to death. There was no breaks in the fish, but the prints of the rail were easily distinguishable around his waist. He had been working as cook at Wolf's camp and had \$20.40 in his pocket.

—Ellensburg Localizer: The Ellensburg shootists carried off the prize in the shooting contest last Friday. The Yakites returned less gleeful than they arrived. They think they can beat the Ellensburgers on their own dungnill. Some roosters are said to fight better where they have been raised. The wind was quite an impediment, but it was no worse for one party than the other, unless our boys may be said to be more used to it.

—It is reported that a Yakima klotchman now sports P. A. O'Farrell's imported mackintosh which he lost in the recent accident while crossing the Yakima river, and it is said that she is making all other members of her sex on the reservation wild with jealousy at the airs she is putting on.

—The first section of the big irrigation canal will be formally opened and the water turned in the latter part of next week. A car load of gentlemen from Tacoma will be present on this occasion, and suitable exercises will be held to celebrate the important event.

—Are you looking for wall paper? If so you can save a lot of running around by calling at H. H. Allen's drug store, where a stock large and varied enough to please all fancies has just been received.

—If any of THE HERALD readers are desirous of getting a saddle that is both handsome and substantial they should call at C. E. McEwen's, on Yakima avenue. He has some beauties.

—The republican county convention for the election of delegates to the state convention will be held at the court house Saturday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock.

—Sawyer & Pennington have one fine jump seat buggy, very strongly built, which will be sold very low to close out the line of buggies.

—Go to C. E. McEwen for ladies' side saddles. He has a splendid stock.

—Sawyer & Pennington are closing out their buggies, carriages, wagons and farm machinery. Call and get their prices.

—Two fine Studebaker buggies at less than cost at Sawyer & Pennington's. 8-2t

—For rent cheap, 80 acres of land. Inquire of Edward Whitson. 1t

—If you have property to sell list it with A. L. Fix & Co. 1-m

—Take THE HERALD and keep posted.

—Master Gooseberries.

To arrive in ten days, 3000 English White Smith, Brown Bob and Industry gooseberries, 2 years old, bearing size. At Yakima branch, Puyallup nursery, orders sent to P. O., or nursery grounds will be booked as received.

J. M. OGLE.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

IMPORTANT LAND HEARING ORDERED.

The Restored Railroad Section in the Sunnyside Country to be Officially Investigated. Many Homestead Applications Affected.

The land office has received instructions from the commissioner to order a hearing to ascertain the status of the restored odd sections in the Sunnyside country. The question comes up through applications to effect last summer, which applications were suspended awaiting action on protest by the N. P. R. R. Co., which claims to have sold all its odd sections of land under the canal to the N. P. & Y. Irrigation company. The hearing is directed to the finding of how the canal company was organized; who are its promoters, officers and stockholders; when the contract for sale of the land was made; what was said; whether there are settlers upon the land, etc.

Special Agent McCormick is designated to take charge of the government's side of the hearing, and no date will be fixed until he has been conferred with by the local officers.

The secretary of the interior has had the case before him for several months, and directs that the hearing be ordered by his letter to the commissioner, dated Feb. 10th, 1922. There are many homestead applicants in and about Yakima who will be affected by this hearing.

PERSONAL.

R. M. Wheeler, of Iowa, is the guest of D. E. Lesh.

Miss Maed Friendly, of Seattle, is in the city visiting her aunt, Mrs. C. E. McEwen.

E. B. Marks has returned to stay from Walla Walla where he has been attending school.

Sam Creiger of Ellensburg spent Tuesday looking about the city. He said he hardly knew the place it had improved so much.

John Reed, Elmer Card, and R. Smith were among the Yakima delegation who attended the fireman's ball at Ellensburg, Thursday night.

Hon. Gardner G. Hubbard, of Washington, D. C., one of the heaviest stockholders of the Moxee Co. is expected to arrive in a few days and will be the guest of Wm Ker.

Mrs. Alice Houghton of the World's fair commission writes that she will be in Yakima with in the next two weeks and she would like to meet as many of the ladies as possible.

Mr. and Mrs. Will White expect to leave on Sunday for their future home at Sprague. THE HERALD, in expressing the sentiments of this community, wishes that all the good things of life may come to this popular young couple in their new home, and can assure the good people of Sprague that in securing Mr. and Mrs. White for residents they have gained those whom Yakima deeply regrets to lose.

—The season of moving, cleaning and renovating is again at hand, and H. H. Allen is prepared to make the hearts of all house-keepers glad, for he has just received the latest and most approved colors and patterns. No one can fail to be pleased, as larger or more complete stocks are seldom carried in cities many times this size. Remember the place—Allen's drug store.

—The entire upper story of the Howlett building has been leased, and will be furnished by an association of young bachelors, who purpose to engage a good cook, and live in a manner satisfactory to themselves.

—One of the largest and finest stocks of wall paper ever brought to the northwest is now to be seen at H. H. Allen's drug store. The latest and most approved patterns together with low prices are the attractive inducements that are offered purchasers.

—The Odd Fellows are negotiating for the purchase of the two lots adjoining the Yakima National Bank, the property of T. G. Redfield and Dr. W. F. Morrison, for the purpose of building a temple thereon.

A. K. Hiscok, of Tacoma, and Horace Greely, of Hoquiam, arrived this morning from the west.

—A fine line of saddles and harness, at bed-rock prices, at C. E. McEwen's.

—The last spike upon the sidetrack at old town was driven on Saturday last by Mrs. London, Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Tague and Miss Spencer.

—Died, of consumption, at St. Elizabeth's hospital, Saturday, March 12th, Wm A. Moulton, of Conquele, Oregon, aged 22 years.

New Goods! New Prices!

I beg to call the attention of the public to the following goods and the extremely low prices they are offered at:

Twenty yards of standard prints for \$1. Sixteen yards of extra choice zephyr styles for \$1. Fourteen yards of German indigo blue for \$1.

Eight yards of German indigo blue (long cloth) for \$1. Ten yards of best check gingham for \$1. Nine yards of best plaid or striped gingham for \$1. Seven yards of best zephyr gingham for \$1.

Ten yards of "Fruit of the Loom" bleached muslin for \$1. Ten yards of Lonsdale bleached muslin for \$1. Ten yards of "Silver Crest" bleached muslin for \$1.

Twelve yards of "Bound to Win" bleached muslin for \$1. Fifteen yards of unbleached L. S. muslin for \$1. Twelve yards of unbleached Aurora B. muslin for \$1.

White goods from eight cents to \$2.50 per yard. Delhi cloths for wrappers, latest thing out, at twenty cents per yard. Domet flannels, outing cloths, at twenty cents.

Silkoline for draperies, thirty-six inches wide, at twenty-five cents. We have the best assortment of black steens in the city.

The attention of carpet weavers is called to our perrier warp, the best made. Ladies' undervests from 12½ cents to \$1.50 each. Unlaundered shirts, extra good quality, at seventy-five cents each.

Dress patterns in eight yard lengths ranging from \$6.50 to \$16.50. No two alike. Give me a trial and you will be convinced that it pays to buy from a dry goods house that buys its goods in the eastern markets for spot cash.

Very respectfully, HENRY DITZEL.

Take Notice.

That the Valley House on Front street, near Tucker's livery stable, is now occupied and prepared to satisfy the hungry and give the weary rest on new clean beds at very moderate rates. The house will be managed by Mrs. J. W. Walters.

Announcement.

On and after March 1st, 1922, I will do a general land office and real estate business. Will also deal in relinquishments. Office in U. S. land office building, down stairs. J. H. THOMAS, 5-t Late Register U. S. Land Office.

For Accommodation of Sunnyside.

N. H. Lillie has opened a grocery and general merchandise stock at Toppenish, and also carries a line of lumber, building material and fence posts. Teams furnished for delivering goods in the Sunnyside country. 6-t

Wanted.

100,000 pounds of onions. Apply to R. Sampson, N. P. depot. 7-t

Notice.

All accounts not settled on or before April 1st, 1922, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. 7-1m J. H. CARPENTER.

Wanted.

100,000 pounds of onions. Apply to R. Sampson, N. P. depot. 7-t

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100,000 pounds of onions. Apply to R. Sampson, N. P. depot. 7-t

ECOLOGICAL MEN!

Save \$5 on your next suit by sending for 12 cloth samples, fashion plate and measurement blank free. Postage 6 cents. Ed. L. HURLEY & Co., Wholesale Tailors, 124 Madison st., Chicago. When ordering, please mention THE HERALD.

A Sure Cure For Piles.

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding, yield at once to Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. Dr. Bosanko, 229 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Janek's Pharmacy.

—Capt. J. H. Thomas, and L. R. Grimes, of Ellensburg on Thursday completed the purchase of the entire Schanno interests in Yakima City, for \$15,000.

—Thursday was St. Patrick's day and the green ribbon decorated many button-holes.

FECHTER & ROSS SPACE.

Our former Bargain List proved such a profitable mode of Advertising, that we have decided to again place it in these columns, and we respectfully request a careful perusal of the same.

- BARGAIN NO. 1. 40 ACRES in Moxee Valley, with water—\$1500. BARGAIN NO. 2. 30 ACRES—6 acres in Hops and hop house, 4 acres in Alfalfa, good dwelling; \$2000. Terms easy. BARGAIN NO. 3. 160 ACRES in the Ahtanum Valley—Hog Ranch, Buildings, Hop House, etc. Very cheap at \$2500. BARGAIN NO. 4. 10 ACRE tract on Nob Hill; \$900. BARGAIN NO. 5. A SPECULATION—Undivided ¼ interest in Summit View Addition, 19 acres; \$750. BARGAIN NO. 6. 160 ACRES in the Moxee Valley, with water. A fine body of land; \$2500. BARGAIN NO. 7. 20 ACRES in sec. 35, Twp. 14, range 19; \$50 an acre, with water. BARGAIN NO. 8. 160 ACRES in the Wenas Valley; house, barn, well, 40 acres fenced; with water; \$1000; terms, \$300 cash, balance in three years, at 6 per cent. BARGAIN NO. 9. A NEW two-story hard-finished House, with two lots, nicely improved; \$1100. Terms easy. BARGAIN NO. 10. HOUSES on the installment plan, cheap; \$25 per month. BARGAIN NO. 11. A TRADE—22 acres of Improved Property, with water, a splendid body of land—\$2000. Besides these we have other Bargains to please all classes of investors. If you think of investing, drop in and go over our large list.

AGENTS FOR Lombard Investment Co. Fire, Life and Accident Insurance. N. P. and Selah Valley Lands.

FECHTER & ROSS Opp. Yakima National Bank.

Get Your Spring Suit

Having just received a \$150,000 stock of Spring suitings and cloths in all the latest colors and designs, I am now better than ever prepared to give satisfaction as a Merchant Tailor.

M. PROBACH, FIRST STREET, ONE DOOR NORTH OF THE GULLAND HOUSE, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Crippen, Lawrence & Co., FARM AND CITY LOANS.

IRRIGATION PUMPS. SYNDICATE BUILDING, -- NORTH YAKIMA

JOB PRINTING LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, POSTERS, BOOK WORK, AND ALL KINDS OF PLAIN AND COLOR PRINTING DONE AT

The Herald Job Room.

H. A. GRIFFIN, DEALER IN THE PUREST AND FRESHEST OF IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC

GROCERIES! MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION. YAKIMA AVE., NEXT TO HOTEL YAKIMA. TELEPHONE 55.

Saved From Death by Onions.

There has no doubt been more lives of children saved from death in croup or whooping cough by the use of onions than any other known remedy. Our mothers used to make poultices of them, or a syrup, which was always effectual in breaking up a cough or cold. Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup is made by combining a few remedies with it which makes it more effective as a medicine and destroys the taste and odor of the onion. 50c. Sold by Janek's Pharmacy.

For Sale or Exchange

Nine Acres, beautifully situated near Lake Padden, Fairhaven. Will exchange for a good farm of forty to 160 acres in the vicinity of Yakima. Will assume a mortgage or pay difference in cash. Apply to GEO. M. VANDOREN, (Wesley, 207, 2nd and 209, Washington Block, Seattle, Wash. Entrance, 705 Front St.)

Notice—Citizens, Attention.

THE CITIZENS AND PROPERTY OWNERS in the City of North Yakima are hereby requested to clean and disinfect their premises and place them in proper sanitary condition in the near future. There is a City ordinance requiring this to be done, and it is to the interest of every one that it should be promptly attended to. It is to be hoped that it will not become necessary to enforce this ordinance, which will be done in every case where in the above request is not complied with. H. D. CROCK, W. G. COE, H. D. City Marshal, City Health Officer, March 10, 1922.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

THE SOWER HAS NO SECOND CHANCE. FERRY'S SEEDS have made and kept Ferry's Seed Business the largest in the world—Marie Telle. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1922 with the whole Seed story—Sent free for the asking. Don't lose Seeds till you get it. D.M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Written for THE HERALD. LOVE'S HEADLINE.

O Time! go fast, and listen not To laughter sweet nor idle tale Of other loves—oh me!

O Time! go lame, I pray and weep: Rest from a weary phase

O dear Moon! rook thyself asleep— Alas! my love, seek her face!

My love, dear love, is here! My love, dear love, is here!

Washington, D. C. W. H. BRIDGEMAN.

THE EVERGREEN STATE.

Brief Chronologies of Matters of Importance Throughout Washington.

No Section is Overlooked Where Anything Has Occurred That is of Especial Interest to the Herald's Thousands of Readers.

A Spokane man offers to bet \$1,000 that that city will have a population of 75,000 at the close of 1920.

The Seattle Press-Times brings out L. S. J. Hunt, of the Post-Intelligencer, for vice president of the republican national ticket.

Col. James Hamilton Lewis has presented George Hazard with a silk tie, one of the many he won on the Seattle election.

Billy Singleton, formerly half owner of the townsite of Ruby City, died recently in San Francisco.

The Sour Dough Aid society, of Coulee City, Douglas county, is daily expecting a carload of old maids from the east, and the bachelors of that section are filled with pleasurable excitement.

Work is progressing favorably on the Kennewick irrigation ditch. About 200 men and seventy-five teams are employed.

Work was begun about midway on the ditch and is being prosecuted in both directions. Quite a section of the big ditch is already completed.

The orchards in the vicinity of Dayton are in a very bad condition in consequence of vermin.

Some of the orchards have been condemned by State Fruit Inspector Jesse, who has found the woolly apher, wood borers and bark louse, and who thinks the San Jose scale is there and will make its appearance this season.

The city election held in Seattle last week resulted in the election of the entire democratic ticket and all of the aldermen on the democratic ticket, and all but four of the democratic delegation.

Ronald was elected mayor over Leary by 1625 majority, while the balance of the ticket secured majorities ranging from 1612 to 699.

Waterville Democrat: Over in Yakima county irrigation is literally transforming the country.

The arduous work of the irrigation people are proving very successful, and people are seizing the opportunity to engage in fruit raising.

The Northern Pacific company has a big ditch into which water will shortly be turned, and altogether the outlook in the arid districts of Yakima is very bright.

Walla Walla Union: State Fruit Inspector D. M. Jesse returned Sunday from a visit to Columbus and Goldendale.

He reports the orchards in that section are nearly all ruined, the scale bug having attacked the trees and killed many of them, others being in a bad fix.

The orchardists, however, have taken the matter in hand and are earnestly trying to kill off the pest.

Ellensburg wants a telephone line to Wenatchee. The telephone company asks for a bonus of \$5,000 to construct and maintain the line or the furnishing and setting of poles between the two points.

The company having the telephone franchise for this state is very generous. All it asks is to be given the plant and it will furnish the service provided it is well paid for it.

Throughout eastern Washington and Oregon the prospect for an immense wool clip this spring is most encouraging.

The season is so far advanced that the assertion may be made with almost unqualified positiveness that a better yield of wool was never taken in these parts than will be shown in a few months. Not only is the quality excellent, but the quantity will be large owing to the mild winter, which has occasioned no loss among the flocks.

Twenty of the thirty-four counties in the state of Washington report organizations subordinate to the Washington Farmers' Alliance.

The number of subordinates by counties is as follows: Whitman, 50; Spokane, 27; Lincoln, 22; Garfield, 17; Walla Walla, 15; Columbia, 12; Klickitat, 11; Chehalis, 9; Snohomish, 8; Stevens, 7; Douglas, 5; Kittitas and Adams, 5 each; Asotin, Clarke and Whatcom, 3 each; Kitsap, 2; Lewis, Pierce, Okanogan and Yakima, 1 each.

Gen. Wilson's Name is Bad. Cheney Sentinel: Citizens of Spokane are protesting against the nomination of Eugene Wilson for governor.

Five years since Wilson started a weekly paper, the Cheney, at Spokane, and, after three weeks, suspended, publishing in his last issue a scurrilous article in which he gave the city a "black eye," predicting all sorts of dismal things for her future.

The un-called-for attack upon Spokane's business men is well remembered by them and it is but natural that they should bitterly oppose any effort to place a man of so small caliber in the gubernatorial chair, or, indeed, to elect him to any office.

Eugene T. Wilson, old boy, "your name is bad."

PASCO HEADLIGHT FLASHES.

Editor Edwards on Tin-Pot Dukes and Bear-Eyed Aristocrats.

Pasco Wants Some One to Precede Over Its "Gospel Mill"—The Headlight Man Now Preaches the Funeral Sermons.

Notwithstanding that there are quite a few handsome and honorable bachelor editors left, American girls persist in going across the ocean and bartering their glorious womanhood and their dad's pile for a moth-eaten, over-worked title of a bun aristocracy, with which is thrown in a beary-eyed specimen of decrepit manhood.

The latest sacrifice on this altar of tuff-hunting insanity is lovely Mattie Mitchell, daughter of Senator Mitchell, of Oregon.

Mattie was married about a month ago to a duke of the tin-pot variety, with a name that would give away a patent medicine testimonial and the length of which would cause an honest man a good deal of inconvenience in signing bank checks.

We mention this matter at this time because some one at Washington—presumably Senator Mitchell—has sent us a wad of clippings from the New York and other big dailies describing the wedding, and if Senator Mitchell is proud of the achievement and wants a puff, the Headlight is not the paper to say him nay.

We may say, however, that no "stuff" accompanied the clippings, and so we throw in this flattering notice without money and without price.

This town has a large and vigorous kick coming against the "ducks who run the gospel mills." The wherefore of which is as thus: Pasco has car shops, roundhouses, railroads and rivers, stores of every kind, colleges and public schools, lawyers and doctors, hotels and saloons, courts houses and jail—but nary a minister of the gospel. We have one church, but it stands silent and unseed among a population of 500 souls and in a Christian land. There's where the kick comes in.

We have everything to promote our earthly comfort, while our spiritual welfare is laid over for future consideration. We are left like a lot of stray sheep to struggle aimlessly along without a shepherd. Not a clergyman to speak a few words of comfort or offer up a prayer for the sick or dying. Not a servant of the Lord to expound the good word and point out the straight and narrow way to erring ones. Not a minister to perform the last sad rites for a soul that has been summoned to its long home. When a burial takes place the editor is called upon to officiate in his own worldly way. He does the best he can, but it is unsatisfactory to a dying man to know that he is to have a half column of unorthodox long primer spouted over him by a man to whom he is in arrears for subscription. While the different denominations the world over are most zealous in collecting money to send missionaries to save the Chinese, the Africans, the Buddhists and the baboons, the people of Pasco are left to stumble along on the broad and dangerous road without a ray of light. This is a lamentable and unwarranted state of affairs. No divine service has been held in the city for over six months. No pearls of truth or words of hope have been spoken. We are simply left to toss about among the breakers of uncertainty or drift with the tide of don't-care-a-dammit-ness. This is our little tale of woe. Hence this kick.

Here is a sample of jerkwater poetry with which we have been recently afflicted:

Little clumps of sage brush, Little drifts of sand, Show need of irrigation For this parched hot fertile land.

The Headlight has two or three poets chained up in the cellar who can dash off rhymes like that at the rate of a mile a minute. That is the reason we keep them chained.

Wants Car Reed for President. Secretary R. K. Nichols of the republican central committee was at Walla Walla last week and he is thus quoted by the Union-Journal respecting republican presidential timber:

"We need a magnetic ticket. Let the mantle of Elijah fall on the shoulders of Elisha." Nominat Reed, the 'man from Maine.'" Reed and McKinley, he claims, would sweep the country like wildfire, and is the only true winning card.

Political Pravers. If a law was past givin' every onest politishun a marble monument 200 foot high, it wouldnt make much of a boom in the quarry business.

If quinn could be elected president they would be puttin' tidies on the back of the executive cheer inside of a week.

The salvashun of this country depends on intelligent patriotism, not the jim jama sort.

Better Than a Pledge. Benevolent Lady—Little boy, here is another temperance tract I wish you would give to your father.

Street Gamin—Me dad ain't drinking now. He's swore off.

Benevolent Lady (repeatedly)—Did he read the last tract I gave you?

Gamin—Nope. He's trainin' for a prize fight.

Three Curious Facts. There are only four places in the world where women possess all the privileges of voting which are accorded to men, viz.: Iceland, Pitcairn Island, the Isle of Man and Wyoming, U. S. A.

A watch beats 157,000,000 times in a year. In the same length of time its wheels travel 2558 1/2 miles.

In England locomotives have neither bells, headlights nor "cow catchers."

She Didn't Worry Over It.

"My husband received a note to-day in a woman's handwriting."

"Did you open it?"

"I did not. And what is more, I left him by himself to read it at his leisure."

"Don't you worry over it?"

"No, but I guess he does. It was from my dreamaker."

You Much Frivolity. Farmer's Boy—There's goin' to be a minstrel show in Pinktown next week.

Can I—

Old Hayseed—Gee whittaker! It ain't a month sence you went to th' top o' th' hill to see th' 'clipse of th' moon. D'yuh wante be always on th' go?

Some Girls Know an Awful Lot. "The idea of your always asking for a kiss before you take it!"

"Oh, you don't like such timidity, eh?"

"It is not timidity at all; it's over confidence. If you were not sure you would get it, you would not stop to ask."

Nature in a Broad Grin. Ellensburg Register: This is the spring of 1922 and all nature smiles in anticipation of the great democratic victory that is billed for this fall.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Stands at the head of all blood medicines. This position it has secured by its intrinsic merit, sustained by the opinion of leading physicians, and by the certificates of thousands who have successfully tested its remedial worth. No other medicine so effectually

CURES Scrofula, boils, pimples, rheumatism, catarrh, and all other diseases.

"There can be no question as to the superiority of Ayer's Sarsaparilla over all other blood-purifiers. If this was not the case, the demand for it, instead of increasing yearly, would have ceased long ago, like so many other blood medicines I could name."

"Two years ago I was troubled with scrofula. It was all over my body, and nothing the doctors did for me was of any avail. At last I took four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was completely cured. I can sincerely recommend it as a splendid blood-purifier."—J. B. Hart, Upper Keswick, New Brunswick.

"My sister was afflicted with a severe scrofula. She was cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—John C. Berry, Deerfield, Mo.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Sleeplessness Cured. I am glad to testify that I used Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic with the best success for sleeplessness, and believe that it is really a great relief for suffering humanity.

When I was young my mother had a bad cough and she gave me her bosom because I was crying, and two hours after I had the first attack of heart disease. Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic has done me much good and has had the desired effect.

Head Sufferings Four Years. Mrs. J. P. Show writes from Dayton, Lyon Co., Nevada: I have had no more of those terrible sufferings since I took Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic, although I had them 18 years.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address on request. This medicine free of charge.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC, Sold by Druggists at \$1 per Bottle. 6 Star St. Toronto, Ont., 25 St. 6 Bottles for \$5.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of North Yakima.

Capital, Surplus, \$100,000 \$37,000

Does a General Banking Business. Pays Interest on Time Deposits.

THE IRONCLAD WAREHOUSE Have your goods to store that you desire to keep in safety?

If so, call upon Chappell & Cox.

Their new Warehouse, which is as nearly fire-proof as it can be made, is now ready for the storage of goods, at owner's risk.

Charges Reasonable. Open all Hours, Day and Night.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we know."

"My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two tea-spoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

Indigestion, have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two tea-spoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

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THE SNOWSTORM.



At last Vladimir found that he was going in the wrong direction.

Toward the end of eighteen hundred and seven at a memorable period for Russia, lived on his own domain of Nenaradova the kind hearted Gavril R. He was celebrated in the whole district for his hospitality and his genial character.

Our lovers corresponded and met alone daily in the pine wood or by the old roadway chapel. There they vowed everlasting love, inviolable against fate and exchanged various suggestions.

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alleep. Masha wrapped herself in a shawl, put on a warm cloak and with a box in her hand passed out onto the back staircase. The maid carried two bundles after her. They descended into the garden. The snowstorm raged; a strong wind blew against them, as if trying to stop the young couple. With difficulty they reached the end of the garden. In the road a sledge awaited them.

The horses, from cold, would not stand still. Vladimir's coachman was walking to and fro in front of them, trying to quiet them. He helped the young lady and her maid to their seats and, packing away the bundles and dressing case, took up the reins and the horses flew forward into the darkness of the night.

Having trusted the young lady to the care of fate and of Tereshka, the coachman, let us return to the young lover.

Vladimir had spent the whole day in driving. In the morning he had called on the Juridino priest and with difficulty came to terms with him. Then he went to seek the witnesses from among the neighboring gentry. The first on whom he called was a former cornet of horse, Dravin by name, a man in his forties, who consented at once. The adventure, he declared, reminded him of old times and of his larks when he was in the Hussars. He persuaded Vladimir to stop to dinner with him, assuring him that there would be no difficulty in getting the other two witnesses. Indeed, immediately after dinner came the surveyor, Schmidt, with a mustache and spurs, and the son of a captain magistrate, a boy of sixteen, who had recently entered the Uhlans. They not only accepted Vladimir's proposal, but even swore that they were ready to sacrifice their lives for him. Vladimir embraced them with delight and drove off to get everything ready.

It had long been dark. Vladimir dispatched his trustworthy Tereshka to Nenaradova with his two horse sledge, and with appropriate instructions for the occasion. For himself he ordered the small sledge with one horse and started alone without a coachman for Juridino, where Maria ought to arrive in a couple of hours. He knew the road, and the drive would only occupy twenty minutes.

But Vladimir had scarcely passed from the inclosure into the open field when the wind rose, and soon there was a driving snowstorm so heavy and so severe that he could not see. In a moment the road was covered with snow. All landmarks disappeared in the murky yellow darkness, through which fell white flakes of snow. Sky and earth became merged into one. Vladimir, in the midst of the field, tried in vain to get to the road. The horse walked on at random, and every moment stepped either into deep snow or into a rut, so that the sledge was constantly upsetting.

Vladimir tried at least not to lose the right direction, but it seemed to him that more than half an hour had passed, and he had not yet reached the Juridino wood. Another ten minutes passed, and still the wood was invisible. Vladimir drove across fields intersected by deep ditches. The snowstorm did not abate, and the sky did not clear. The horse was getting tired, and the perspiration rolled from him like hail, in spite of the fact that every moment his legs were disappearing in the snow.

At last Vladimir found that he was going in the wrong direction. He stopped, began to reflect, recollect, and consider, till at last he became convinced that he ought to have turned to the right. He did so now. His horse could scarcely drag along. But he had been more than an hour on the road, and Juridino could not now be far. He drove and drove, but there was no getting out of the field. Still, snowdrifts and ditches. Every moment the sledge was upset, and every moment Vladimir had to raise it up.

II. Winter set in and put a stop to their meetings. But their correspondence by parents throws obstacles in the way of our happiness, then can we not manage without them?

Of course this happy idea originated in the mind of the young man, but it pleased immensely the romantic imagination of Maria.

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"My man," he said, "can you procure me horses to Juridino?"

"We have no horses," answered the peasant.

"Could I find a guide? I will pay him any sum he likes."

"Stop," said the old man, dropping the sledge; "I will send my son out to you; he will conduct you."

Vladimir waited. Scarcely a minute had passed when he again knocked. The sledge was lifted and a beard was seen.

"What do you want?"

"He'll come out directly; he is putting on his boots. Are you cold? Come in and warm yourself."

"Thanks. Send out your son quickly."

The gate creaked; a youth came out with a cudgel, and walked on in front, as one time pointing out the road, at another looking for it in a mass of drifted snow.

"What o'clock is it?" Vladimir asked him.

"It will soon be daylight," replied the young peasant. Vladimir spoke not another word.

The cocks were crowing and it was light when they reached Juridino. The church was closed. Vladimir paid the guide and drove into the yard of the priest's house. In the yard his two-horse sledge was not to be seen. What news awaited him!

But let us return to the kind proprietors of Nenaradova and see what is going on there.

Nothing.

The old people awoke and went into the sitting room. Gavril in a nightcap and flannel jacket, Praskovia in a wadded dressing gown. The samovar was brought in and Gavril sent the little maid to ask Maria if she was and how she had slept. The little maid returned, saying that her young lady had slept badly, but that she was better now and that she would come into the sitting room in a moment. And indeed the door opened and Maria came in and wished her papa and mamma good morning.

"How is your morning, Masha?" (familiarly Gavril inquired Gavril.)

"Better, papa," answered Masha.

"The fumes from the stove must have given you your headache," remarked Praskovia.

"Perhaps so, mamma," replied Masha. The day passed well enough, but in the night Masha was taken ill. A doctor was sent for, but in vain. He came in the evening and found the patient delirious. Soon she was in a severe fever, and in a fortnight the poor patient was on the brink of the grave.

No member of the family knew anything of the flight from home. The letters written by Masha the evening before had been burned, and the maid, feeling the wrath of the master and mistress, had not breathed a word. The priest, the ex-cornet, the big mustached surveyor and the little lanceur were equally discreet, and with a good reason. Tereshka, the coachman, never said too much, not even in his drink. Thus the secret was kept better than it might have been by half a dozen conspirators.

But Maria herself, in the course of her long fever, let out her secret. Nevertheless, her words were so disconnected that her mother, who never left her bedside, could only make out from them that her daughter was desperately ill with love and that probably love was the cause of her illness. She sent for Gavril, and some of her neighbors, and at last it was decided unanimously that the fate of Maria ought not to be interfered with; that a woman must not ride away from the man she is destined to marry; that poverty is no crime; that a woman has to live, not with money, but with a man, and so on. Moral precepts are wonderfully useful on such occasions, when we can invent little or nothing in our own justification.

Meanwhile, the young lady began to recover. Vladimir had not been seen for a long time in the house of Gavril, so frightened had he been by his previous reception. It was now resolved to send an announce to him the good consent of her parents to his marriage with Maria.

But what was the astonishment of the proprietors of Nenaradova when, in answer to their invitation, they received an insane reply. Vladimir informed them he could never set foot in their house, and begged them to forget an unhappy man whose only hope now was in death. A few days afterward they heard that Vladimir had left the place and joined the army.

A long time passed before they ventured to tell Masha, who was now recovering. She never mentioned Vladimir again. Maria herself, in the course of finding his name in the list of those who had distinguished themselves and been severely wounded at Borodino, she fainted, and it was several days before she could get up. But, heaven be thanked! the fainting fit had no bad results.

III. Maria experienced yet another sorrow. Her father died, leaving her the heiress of all his property. But the inheritance could not console her. She shared sincerely the affliction of her mother, and vowed she would never leave her.

Suitors clustered round the charming heiress, but she gave no one the slightest hope. Her mother sometimes tried to persuade her to choose a companion in life, but Maria shook her head and grew stern.

Vladimir no longer existed. He had died at Moscow on the eve of the arrival of the French. His memory was held sacred by Maria, and she treasured up everything that would remind her of him; books he had read, drawings which he had made, songs he had sung, and the pieces of poetry which he had copied out for her.

The neighbors, hearing all this, wondered at her fidelity, and awaited with curiosity the arrival of the hero who must in the end triumph over the melancholy constancy of this virgin Artemis.

Meanwhile, the war had been brought to a glorious conclusion, and our armies were stripping the returned grown men and covered with decorations. The soldiers conversed gaily among themselves, mingling German and French words every moment in their speech. A time never to be forgotten—a time of glory and delight! How quickly beat the Russian heart at the words, "Native land!" How sweet the tears of meeting! With what unanimity did we combine feelings of national pride with love for the czar! And for him, what a moment!

The women—our Russian women—were splendid then. Their vestal dress disappeared. Their delight was really intoxicating when, meeting the conquerors, they cried, "Hurrah!" And they threw up their caps in the air.



"Oh! it is not he—not he!"

Who of the officers of that period does not own that to the Russian women he was indebted for his best and most valued reward? During this brilliant period Maria was living with her mother in retirement, and neither of them saw her, in both capitals, the returning troops were welcomed. But in the districts and villages the general enthusiasm was perhaps even greater.

In these places the appearance of an officer became for him a veritable triumph. The accepted lover in plain clothes fared badly by his side.

We have already said that, in spite of her coldness, Maria was still, as before, surrounded by suitors. But all had to fall in the rear when there arrived at his castle the wounded young captain of Hussars—Bourmin by name—with the Order of St. George in his buttonhole and an interesting pallor on his face. He was about twenty-six. He had come on leave to his estates, which were close to Maria's villa. Maria paid him such attention as none of the others received. In his presence her habitual gloom disappeared. It could not be said that she flirted with him. But a post, observing her behavior, might have had, "My amor non e, che dunque?"

Bourmin was really a very agreeable young man. He possessed just the kind of sense that pleased women—a sense of what is suitable and becoming. He had no affectation, and was carefully satirical. His manner toward Maria was simple and easy. He seemed to be of a quiet and modest disposition; but rumor said that he had at one time been terribly wild. This, however, did not harm him in the opinion of Maria, who (like all other young ladies) excused with pleasure vagaries which were the result of impulsiveness and daring.

But above all—more than his love, more than his interesting pallor, more even than his banded arm—the silence of the young Hussar excited her curiosity and her imagination. She could not help confessing to herself that he pleased her very much. Probably he, too, with his cuteness and his experience, had noticed that he interested her. How was it, then, that up to this moment she had not seen him at her feet—had not received from him any declaration whatsoever? And wherefore did she not encourage him with more attention, and, according to circumstances, even with tenderness? Had she a secret of her own which would account for her behavior?

At last Bourmin fell into such deep meditation, and his black eyes rested with such fire upon Maria, that the decisive moment seemed very near. The neighbors spoke of the marriage as an accomplished fact, and kind Praskovia rejoiced that her daughter had at last found for herself a worthy mate.

The lady was sitting alone once in the drawing room, laying out grande patience, when Bourmin entered the room and at once inquired for Maria.

"She is in the garden," replied the old lady; "go to her and I will wait for you here." Bourmin went and the old lady made the sign of the cross and thought, "Perhaps the affair will be settled to-day."

Bourmin found Maria in the ivy bowers beside the pond, with a book in her hands and wearing a white dress—a veritable heroine of romance. After the first inquiries Maria purposely let the conversation drop, increasing by these means the mutual embarrassment from which it was only possible to escape by means of a sudden and positive declaration.

It happened thus: Bourmin, feeling the awkwardness of his position, inquired of Maria if she had long sought an opportunity of opening his heart to her, and that he begged for a moment's attention. Maria closed the book and lowered her eyes, as a sign that she was listening.

"I love you," said Bourmin; "I love you passionately!" Maria blushed and bent her head still lower.

"I have behaved imprudently, yielding, as I have done, to the seductive pleasure of seeing and hearing you daily," Maria recollected the first letter of St. Preux in "La Nouvelle Heloise." "It is too late now to resist my fate. The remembrance of you, your dear, incomparable image, must from today be at once the torment and the consolation of my existence. I have now a grave duty to perform, a terrible secret to disclose, which will place between us an insurmountable barrier."

"It has always existed!" interrupted Maria; "I could never have been your wife."

"I know," he replied quickly; "I know that you once loved. But death and three years of mourning may have worked some change. Dear, kind Maria, do not try to deprive me of my last consolation—the idea that you might have consented to make me happy if— Don't speak for God's sake don't speak—you torture me. Yes, I know I feel that you could have been mine, but—I am the most miserable of beings—I am already married!"

Maria looked at him in astonishment. "I am married," continued Bourmin; "I have been married more than three years, and I do not know who my wife is, or where she is, or whether I shall ever see her again."

"What are you saying?" exclaimed Maria; "how strange! Pray continue."

"In the beginning of eighteen hundred and twelve," said Bourmin, "I was hurrying on to Wilna, where my regiment was stationed. Arriving one evening late at a station, I ordered the horses to be got ready quickly, when suddenly a fearful snowstorm

drove out. Both station master and drivers advised me to wait till it was over. I listened to their advice, but an unaccountable restlessness took possession of me, just as though some one was pushing me on. Meanwhile, the snowstorm did not abate. I could bear it no longer, and again ordered the horses and started in the midst of the storm. The driver took it into his head to drive along the river, which would shorten the distance by three miles. The banks were covered with snowdrifts; the driver missed the turning which would have brought us out directly on the road, and we turned up in an unknown place. The storm never ceased. I could discern a light, and I told the driver to make for it. We entered a village, and found that the light proceeded from a wooden church. The church was open. Outside the railings stood several sledges, and people passing in and out through the porch.

"Here here!" cried several voices. I told the coachman to drive up.

"Where have you dawdled?" said some one to me. "The bride has fainted; the priest does not know what to do; we were on the point of going back. Make haste and get out!"

"I got out of the sledge in silence, and stepped into the church, which was dimly lighted with two or three tapers. A girl was sitting in a dark corner on a bench; another girl was rubbing her temples. 'Thank God,' said the latter, 'you have come at last! You have nearly been the death of the young lady!'

"The old priest approached me, saying: 'Shall I begin?'

"Begin—begin, reverend father," I replied absently.

"The young lady was raised up. I thought her rather pretty. Oh, wild, unpardonable frivolity! I placed myself by her side at the altar. The priest hurried her on.

"Three men and the maid supported the bride, and occupied themselves with her alone. We were married!

"Kiss your wife," said the priest.

"My wife turned her pale face toward me. I was going to kiss her, when she exclaimed, 'Oh! it is not he—not he!' and fell back insensible.

"The witnesses stared at me. I turned around and left the church without any attempt being made to stop me, threw myself into the sledge and cried, 'Away!'

"What?" exclaimed Maria. "And you don't know what became of your unhappy wife?"

"I do not," replied Bourmin; "neither do I know the name of the village where I was married, nor that of the station from which I started. At that time I thought so little of my wicked joke that, on driving away from the church, I fell asleep, and never awoke till early the next morning, after reaching the third station. The servant who was with me died during the campaign, so that I have now no hope of ever discovering the unhappy woman on whom I played such a cruel trick, and who is now so cruelly avenged."

"Great heavens!" cried Maria, seizing his hand. "Then it was you, and you do not recognize me!"

Bourmin turned pale—and threw himself at her feet.—From the Russian of Alexander Pushkin.

Malcolm's Apology. One cold little Malcolm's mother allowed him to say his prayers in bed. When he finished them he said: "I beg your pardon, God, for saying my prayers in bed, but it was pretty chilly on my knees."—How True.

A Stage Illusion. She—When she begins to act, the audience forgets that it is in a theater.

He—Yes, it seems to think it is in a theater, and begins laughing and talking.—New York Epoch.

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We are Real Estate Agents of Puyallup, Washington, and can present references to our reliability and standing as business men.

We are interested in Yakima County, and shall endeavor to assist materially in her prosperity.

We have unrivaled facilities for inducing Hop Growers and Men of Means to invest in Yakima Realty, and intend devoting much time to bringing parties here and showing them property.

Now, what we want is to have FARM, FRUIT and HOP LANDS listed with us, and we promise to use our best endeavors to dispose of such lands QUICKLY, and to give entire satisfaction.

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VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE, 1892. One writer says: "I stand at head person in the business of florists, and of all other catalogues." Every book, which may be deducted from first order. A packet of 40-lb. Out FREE with each order when desired.

JAMES VICKS SONS, REYNOLDS, N.Y.

YAKIMA THE HOP CENTER.

Something About the New Yards That Will Be Started This Spring.

The Puyallup "Commerce" Claims That the Hop Louse Eggs Have Been Destroyed—Miscellaneous News About Hops.

The Herald has maintained for several years past that the Yakima county was destined to be the hop center of the northwest. It has supported this belief on the grounds that the climate and soil were especially adapted to this industry, and that there was no danger here from vermin. The progress towards this end has been slow in the past, but this year it is leaping forward with broodingly rapid strides. It is impossible to get a full list of those who are planting, for, as one of our older hop growers remarked, everybody is going into the business. Mr. Charles Carpenter says it is difficult to make estimates with any degree of accuracy, but he thinks the new yards will aggregate between one and two thousand acres. It is reported that about 50 acres in the Sunnyside country will be devoted to this crop, but the probability is that the planting this spring will amount to that figure, as many of those who are going to engage in the business will not plant until this fall, in order to get the ground in better condition. Among those who are planting, or intend to this spring, are: E. Cole, 40 acres; Charles Carpenter, 20 acres; Hiram Carpenter, 20 acres; Sam Chappell, 10 acres; A. B. Wood, 20 acres; J. H. Bradford, Jr., 5 acres; Fleming & Barke, 40 acres; John A. Stone, 100 acres; John W. Goodwin, 10 acres; Dan A. McDonald, 10 acres; Andrew Kantz, 10 acres; Moxie company, 20 acres; Harry Spinning, 30 acres; J. M. Ogle, 10 acres; George Carpenter, 10 acres; Wm. Steele, 7 acres; Lombard & Horsley, 10 acres; Harry Coase, 10 acres; Fischer & Ross, 10 acres; H. Harms, 10 acres; Dr. W. F. Morrison, 10 acres; W. Churchill, 10 acres; Gilbert Stock, 10 acres; F. J. Dittmar, 20 acres; Judge Nelson, 5 acres; J. K. Patton, 40 acres; George Duffell, 40 acres; J. J. A. C. Carpenter, 6 acres; Samuel Jackson, 20 acres; O. Seward, 6 acres; Timothy Lynch, 10 acres; W. H. Carpenter, 10 acres; George Bouda, 10 acres; W. P. Sawyer, 20 acres; Capt. R. Dunn, 5 acres; Fred Thompson, 15 acres; W. W. McCarthy, 8 acres; Wallace & James Wiley, 25 acres; E. R. Welch, 10 acres; Walter Griffith, 15 acres; W. J. Hackett, 6 acres; L. Davidson, 10 acres; W. B. Williams, 10 acres; D. J. Stevens, 30 acres; S. V. Hughes, 10 acres; F. H. Spon, 9 acres; Peter Eschbach, 20 acres—a total of 828 acres.

Puyallup Commerce: "Good-bye, Mr. Hop Louse, good-bye! This is the hope that some of the growers are singing, and recent developments would seem to indicate that they are justified in so singing. In January the hop louse eggs had developed so far as to be prominently visible to the naked eye around the fruit buds of the plant tree. Now growers say that the eggs have entirely disappeared. A few shriveled shells remain, and they are rapidly blowing away, and none of them have a single sign of life.

Observing growers say that they think that the strong Chinook winds and storm in January added the eggs of the hop louse and took the life out of the whole business. The eggs at that time seemed to be actively germinating, and probably set spoiled on the same principle as a batch of hen's eggs would when the setter would have the nest for breakfast and neglect to come back for a day or two.

Plant trees are being closely examined, but no sound eggs of the hop louse can be found. And growers say they now think that climatic conditions are this year against the louse and in favor of the hop. Nevertheless, most of the growers are thoroughly spraying their plant trees to thoroughly kill out all the insect treasures lurking there. Experience is a great teacher. Last year John C. Kincaid was generally credited with doing the best spraying in the state. Now he sees where he could have done it to much better advantage. When he began spraying the lice were as usual working on the outside of the field, and had penetrated in only on the first few rows. Spraying the outside rows first naturally drove the lice further into the field. Had the spraying been begun on any about the fourth row and been continued from there out, it follows that the lice would have been driven out of the field. This is an important point, well worthy the careful consideration of the growers.

Prof. Riley, United States entomologist, says of the hop aphid, the grievous pest the hop grower has to deal with, which winters in the egg state on the twigs of plant trees, both wild and cultivated. Some three generations are produced upon the plum in spring, but there is no migration or spreading from one hop yard to another, as no winged individuals for that purpose are produced. Hence the destruction of the winter eggs on the plum tree, or of the early generations hatching from these eggs, is an available preventive of most of the injury to the hop later. The issue from a single individual easily runs up in the course of the summer to trillions. In other words, the issue from a single stem mother may, under favorable circumstances, blight hundreds of acres of hops in the course of two or three months.

Slaughter Saw: It has been a difficult matter for the hop growers of Washington to believe that the hop louse had come to stay, so singularly free had been this section from such visitants prior to the year 1880. Since that time growers have been trying to persuade themselves that after a time the insects would disappear altogether and the growing of hops would go on as before. Now, however, this idea is rapidly disappearing, and growers realize that it must be a constant warfare with

the pests from this time forward if they wish to save the crop. Already preliminary warfare has commenced and will be kept up to the end of the season.

Manger & Henley, hop factors, have sent out the following letter from London, England: "As we stated in our last circular, the demand for Pacific coast hops was very strong. It lasted till the whole of the stock here was exhausted; finishing up with stiffening figures. There is practically no stock of any kind on our market. We have a rare outlook for a good demand for all the hops that can be grown another year. In face of this we think our friends would be wise to steadily refuse to make forward contracts no matter how tempting they may appear. For we know no reason why your hops should not fetch quite as much here this year as last."

Ellensburg Localities: Quite an increase acreage in hop culture has been resolved upon in the Yakima county when spring comes. It is found that the soil is equally as well adapted for hops as the famed hop fields of Puyallup with the advantage that the vines in Yakima are free from the louse that wrought so much destruction in the Puyallup section last year.

An important discovery concerning the hop louse has just been made, according to the Press-Times. It is that the hop louse inhabits the soil at a certain period of the year. A few days since A. A. Haines, a hop farmer who resides near the Davenport river seven miles south of Seattle while cultivating his hops discovered myriads of the lice in the ground. Some of the lice, with the soil which contained them, were forwarded to the state entomologist at Tacoma, who pronounced them to be hop lice. The state entomologist said the discovery was a most important one. As he did not wish to trust entirely to his own judgment in the premises, he forwarded some of the soil to Professor Riley, the United States entomologist at Washington D. C. The latter has held the theory that the hop louse was hatched from eggs laid on plum trees. The lice are hatched out early in the spring and in the fourth generation, which only takes a short time, the insects are provided with wings and fly to the hop vines and ruin them. In the eleventh generation they again are provided with wings and fly back to the home of their ancestors on the plum trees where the eggs are laid. This takes place late in the fall and the hatching does not occur till the next spring. The hop growers have been warring against the pests on this theory, and have made but little headway against them. If it is a fact that they are hatched out in the ground in the early spring, it suggests a new and different method of warfare and this is to keep cultivating the ground till they are killed. Another remedy would be to soak the ground with coal oil or some other substance which is destructive to animal life and does no harm to vegetable life.

Scientific American: Census Bulletin 143 shows the production of hops for the year 1880 to be 29,171,270 pounds, grown upon 50,212 acres of land in seventeen states. The five leading states in the production of hops are:

Table with 3 columns: State, Acres, Pounds. Washington: 26,678 acres, 29,028,000 lbs. California: 2,374 acres, 5,072,000 lbs. Oregon: 8,138 acres, 8,615,500 lbs. Idaho: 967 acres, 429,500 lbs.

The aggregate production of these five states was 38,965,920 pounds, being 90.46 per cent of the entire crop of the United States. New York produced 51.22 per cent of the entire yield from 73.03 per cent of the entire acreage. California produced the highest average per acre, 1,648 pounds. Washington followed closely, with an average of 1,626 pounds, and Oregon stands third in rank with 1,155 pounds. New York produced an average per acre of 547 pounds, or less than one third of California, while Wisconsin, with 143 pounds, stands the lowest of the five hop-growing states. The value of the crop of the United States for 1880 was \$4,059,897. The crop of 1880 amounted to 26,672,654 pounds, which was worth \$11,105,424, or nearly three times the value of the crop of the previous year. This great advance in value is due to the fact that the average price of hops in 1880 was about 10 cents per pound, while in 1881 it was over 30 cents.

Yakima is the only district in the world where hops are grown by irrigation and as has been demonstrated it has no superior.

Timothy Lynch has contracted his hops for five years at 15 cents per pound.

Congress at Last Takes Action.

A bill has been introduced at Washington requiring all baking powders containing alum and ammonia to be so labeled. This is a step in the right direction, and has been long foreshadowed by the action of state legislatures, boards of health, food commissioners, etc., in this matter. The bill affords needed protection to the public, for the evidence as to the injurious effects of alum and ammonia is very heavy; but it will nevertheless be fought bitterly by the manufacturers whom it affects who are accustomed to sell their goods as "pure Cream of Tartar," "absolutely pure," etc.

The bill is something new. If a maker uses a drug in his powder, the name of which he does not want to have printed on his label, it is prima facie evidence that there is something wrong. We hope the subject will be vigorously prosecuted all over the country, not only as regards baking powder, but also all other food adulterations.

This bill will incidentally benefit the makers of pure articles, but if it should, this is only an additional point in its favor.

Dr. Savage will be found at his office on Yakima avenue from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Residence in Wide Hollow, at the old Shaw place.

THE HOSIER'S GHOST



"Look well at that window."

We have become epicures in the supernatural. The respectable and conventional ghost and the haunted chamber of the old manor house no longer serve our turn. A specter to command our respect must be, nowadays, of original habits, and so stand somewhat apart from the other members of its extensive class.

I was therefore not a little pleased when, a few years ago, I succeeded in lighting upon a specter of somewhat unconventional type.

My treasure trove was acquired as follows: I happened to be detained for a short time in a small and exceedingly tumble-down old town in the middle of the Black forest.

The place of which I speak is little better than a large village, though in deference to the feelings of its worthy inhabitants, who consider it no doubt as the "hub of the universe," I have dignified it with the appellation of town, and it lies quite out of the ordinary run of tourists, high and dry above the restless ebb and flow of the great excursive ocean.

Let us call the old place by the name of "Dummelsheim;" it will do as well as any other name, and will convey a delicate and not unmerited compliment to its respected inhabitants.

Dummelsheim, then, lies in one of the loveliest of the many lovely green valleys which run like tongues of verdure between the pine clad heights and crags of the Black forest. It is set down on a small patch of tableland, above which rise some wonderful shapes of crag and pine forest, and below which a little mountain stream rushes frantically to the sea, and below which a little life out among the great bowdens and between the fern clad banks, yearns to obliterate itself in the nearest river that offers a refuge.

I happened to be detained in this place on special business for a whole fortnight. A fortnight in Dummelsheim, with nothing to do, represents about five years of ordinary existence in length and breadth.

I explored the lovely valley, not without duly feeling the charm of its peace and isolation; I drank, as in duty bound, very many tumblers of the peculiarly nauseous spa water, of which the Dummelsheimers are so unreasonably proud; and then time began needling to hang heavily on my hands.

There was no gaming table, no theater, no concert hall; a few noisy Gasthauser in which German lieder made night and morning hideous, and where the larger beer was the worst that money could purchase, afforded the only amusement of which the stupid little place was capable.

To be sure there was "billiards." Every one plays billiards in Dummelsheim, otherwise its folk could not exist. Even billiards, however, with cork pool and the fearful delight of overturning your opponent's cork with its pile of silberbrochen, begins to pall upon one in time, and ere my fourteen days' sojourn drew to a close I became not only weary of poor little Dummelsheim, but began absolutely to loathe the place. I could not leave it however. A certain event had to happen, a letter to arrive, and before my time I could not stir.

At last I discovered a diversion. It came in the shape of a compatriot, a resident of the town, who, in appearance and garb, was more of an Englishman. Twenty years' residence in Dummelsheim had made him more German than the Germans, and had quite obliterated the handwork of the good old land that gave him birth. He had all but forgotten his mother speech, and when he endeavored to use it his sentences were patched together by the Tontonic words and phrases which came most readily to his tongue. He was as regardless of his personal appearance as the most inborn of the Dummelsheimers and as devoted to the consumption of tobacco as the best of them. It was supposed that he was a bachelor. At any rate, "womankind" had been, and lived along with merely the intermittent aid of a superannuated hideous frum at those times when scrubbing and cleansing became a bitter necessity.

It was in a cafe that I first met with him. I thought when I first saw him, "What a dreadful shaggy old German that is at any rate." He seemed to be a part and parcel of the green, moldy place, a sort of human lichen, an animated fungus, on two short and sturdy legs. And his smoking and spitting were an honor to his adopted country, and would have been creditable even in a citizen in San Francisco, or a dweller in "Poverty Flat." However, a compatriot is a compatriot, and if one has to scrape the dirt from his countenance in order to recognize him, the operation must be gone through for the sake of the dear land of our fathers.

used, and by this time I also had learned to translate into ordinary English his quaint and puzzling Anglo-German expressions.

So we managed to get on very well together, and I found him an interesting if a slightly dirty old man. The town, when explained by such a creature, was invested with quite a new charm of interest. It was quite enough without any extraneous help, and the houses, being for the most part ancient timbered edifices, and the gables leaning forward with eaves and hanging over the streets, one obtained every now and again a street vista of delicious picturesque quality, in which the ancient houses, nodding toward each other, seemed to be whispering forgotten and piquant scandal of the good old German days.

There were at every turn and corner abundant "bits," which an artist for an illustrated paper would have found very handy, and sketches of which he could have rapidly converted into current coin of the realm.

I am no artist, but to my great surprise I discovered that my dear and dirty new found acquaintance and countryman was. One day, having accompanied him to the quiet and humble lodging which he inhabited, I found on the walls certain indubitable proofs of his artistic bent. There were many admirable sketches in chalk and sepia of striking points in the valley, and of certain buildings and objects in the town itself.

The fountain in the market place was there with its great St. Christopher as its center figure. There were the porch of St. Christopher's church, the quaint turret at the angle of the town hall, and the crumbling ruins of an ancient fortress on the Gansberg. Among other things I noticed a sketch of a certain picturesque old house, which I had indeed seen, but the locality of which I did not remember at the time.

I mentioned this fact.

"Ach nein, I have not shown you him. He is in the Lederstrasse," he replied. "We will see him together tomorrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, we walked together to the Lederstrasse. As we entered the dirty old street my companion remarked, "I have never been in this street for twenty years or more, and I never wish to enter it again."

"Why?" I inquired.

"I got so great a fright here once, and I was so much laughed at," he answered. "Why, what is there about the street to frighten you? It is old enough, certainly, and quaint enough, and smells rather—pah!" I exclaimed, as a full flavored German stench saluted my nostrils; "but nothing terrible, after all."

"Well, mein Herr, it is not the street; it is that house, and—the ghost in it," the Anglo-German replied, with a sort of shudder, so to speak, in his voice.

"Oh, oh! then you have not lived long enough yet, and you are not quite a boy to get rid of your superstitions, eh? You are still afraid of ghosts, are you?"

"I was afraid of what I saw," he replied, with a certain amount of dignity, as if hurt by my light manner and my tones of mockery.

My curiosity was of course aroused, and I doubt not your reader would have been by this speech, and I was about to question him further when, pointing with his stick, he said briefly: "That's the house there."

I looked and recognized in the ancient timbered edifice on the farther side of the street the original of the chalk sketch in his lodgings.

It was a tumble-down pile, with overhanging stories and carved "barge board" having, moreover, a curiously twisted chimney of ancient, ruddy brick-work, and certain obscure remains of armorial bearings over the door. There was a date which, however, I could only make out in its state of dilapidation to be fifteen—and something or other.

The edifice seemed to have been long deserted, and the grass was growing in tufts among the stones at the front door as if the passers by had long been accustomed to avoid a too near acquaintance with the old tenement.

Indeed, something about the building said as plainly as the German version of Tom Hood's poem could have said: "The house is haunted."

Nay, the very street itself seemed to be haunted. It was in a great part deserted, and the tumbledown buildings on either side of the picturesque house seemed to be devoid of occupants, and the few sordid and wretched houses in the street which appeared to enjoy the presence of tenants had, to my imagination, and in the gathering dusk of evening, a scared and terrified aspect.

"Look well at that window," said my conductor, pointing to a large, battered casement just above the door, "and when we go I will tell you what I know about it. That will do," he continued, taking hold of my arm; "you have seen it, and it is not good to stay in the street; it chills the blood, I imagine."

"Indeed it does," I replied, and we moved off, not, I fancy, without a thrill of pleasure at leaving behind us the ghostly atmosphere of the Lederstrasse.

A few crows, sitting in the eaves of the deserted street, were wheeling about the roofs and chimneys of the house as we departed.

I was fired with courage, and I said, when they spoke of the ghost, that I would face it, come what might.

"A grin of incredulity passed over the countenances of my listeners, and they puffed away at their pipes in contemptuous silence. At last big boned Kranz Hubscher, the butcher, made me a bet that I would not sleep for one night in the old house in the Lederstrasse alone.

"Done!" I cried, and the money was staked; not much, a few silberbrochen, and I was pledged to an adventure.

"It struck me afterward that a great number of the ghost stories I had myself read turned upon some unused house or room and an undertaking to sleep there; but further than this, as you will see, my case had little resemblance to any other spectral adventure. Nor did this render my case less real or less terrifying.

"What sort of a ghost is it?" I asked; "tell me just that, so that I may know what kind of an appearance I am about to face." "Ach nein!" they said, "mein Herr must just see him as he is, and enjoy him as he will."

"So the night was fixed upon and the key of the ancient house procured. A mattress and some candles, and also a pistol at my request, were taken into the biggest and best room, that one just over the doorway. A good bottle of Zeltlinger and a supper for me were got ready, and a roaring fire of big logs was built up in the afternoon in the fireplace there.

"The people living in the Lederstrasse were much astonished and a good deal interested at the unwonted glare in the windows of the haunted house, and, when they were informed of the reason of the illumination, expressed a good deal of pity for the mad Englishman whose craze had tempted him to brave the ghost of the locality.

"Night came—a dark night it was in November, with windy gusts every now and again sweeping down the street and among the crazy old chimneys. There was a pale, gibbous moon that showed itself at intervals from between the drifting clouds, in a very weird and uncanny fashion. 'Just the night for a ghost story,' I said to myself, and thought, as I felt a little thrill come over me, 'Shall I pay the small bet and have done with the matter? Shall I cry off and smoke my pipe at home and turn into my bed at my usual hour in peace? No! I decided, after a bit of consideration, I will go through with my undertaking now, come what may, and show these Germans what an Englishman can do, and will do, at need.'

"So I made all my preparations for my adventure, and about ten o'clock entered the house with two or three friends, who had resolved to accompany me in order that they might see me comfortably disposed of.

"The crazy old stairs creaked a good deal as we went up them, but the room looked exceedingly cozy, for the great logs were smoldering in the chimney, and cast out an agreeable heat. In all the corners and hanging from the beams were many dingy cobwebs, the work of generations of spiders, undeterred from their work by the house's evil reputation. Save these cobwebs, my mattress, a couple of chairs and a small round table, upon which stood my supper and the good bottle of Zeltlinger, the room was unfurnished.

"As a further aid to courage I had provided myself with a flask of eau de vie, and of course had my pipe.

"My friends, having cast an approving glance around the room, sat down smoking for a few minutes, then bade me guten abend and gute nacht, and left me to my meditations.

"I listened to their heavy boots as they went stamp, stamp, stamp down the stairs, and to the street door as it shut to with a bang.

"I was alone in the house of evil repute. 'Stay a bit,' I said to myself; 'this is perhaps a joke, a trick, and it may be with the living Germans that I will have to deal. Well, the pistol will give an account of them; but I will make myself as safe as I can.'

"So I took from my pocket a screw



The form was that of a man, driver and a paper of big screws, and with a quiet smile at my own cunning—for of these screws I had said nothing to any one—proceeded forthwith to screw up the door.

"The door made fast, I walked round the room and carefully took stock of it. There was a small corner cupboard. I opened this, nothing there but spiders, their webs and the carcasses of their victims.

"On the other side of the fireplace was a very low door, about the height of my shoulder. Another cupboard, I thought, and endeavored, for a long time without success, to pry it open. When at last it yielded, I discovered, with some surprise, a step and another low door, evidently strongly nailed up, and which, from its appearance, had been for ages in the same condition.

"This discovery gave me for the moment what the ladies describe as a 'turn.' 'What a strange thing,' I said to myself, 'a passage leading to somewhere—just like these haunted chambers usually have. However, I will take good care that no one makes use of this passage to-night, at any rate.'

"And so closing the low door I proceeded to make it fast with some more of my great screws. As I did so and was driving the screws home I felt a queer sensation from my right hand to my elbow, something like a faint electric shock; 'pressed on the nerve somehow,' I said, and continued my work.

"This done, I had my supper, lit my pipe and drank the half of my wine. The chimneys of St. Christopher's tower started me sounding the hour of eleven. I was, however, in a peaceful frame of mind, without the least fear of anything human or supernatural, and I gazed placidly at the red smoldering logs and puffed my pipe in peace.

"Suddenly, however, the fact that the hour of midnight would soon approach gave me just a little shiver. I quickly quenched the feeling with a drop of my eau de vie.

A Great Liver Medicine.

Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills are a sure cure for sick headache, bilious complaints, dyspepsia, indigestion, constiveness, torpid liver, etc. These pills insure perfect digestion, correct the liver and stomach, regulate the bowels, purify and enrich the blood and make the skin clear. They also produce a good appetite and invigorate and strengthen the entire system by their tonic. They only require one pill for a dose and never gripe or sicken. Sold at 25cts. a box by Jansck's Pharmacy.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Honest workmanship is the best advertisement C. E. McEwen can have for his harness, bridles and saddles. They are cheaper than inferior articles because they have the lasting qualities and always look well.

A. L. Fix, the leading real estate and insurance man of North Yakima. 1-m

Choice oats and chop barley for sale at North Yakima Roller Mills. 14-1f

If you want to invest in real estate A. L. Fix has the choicest of bargains.

All kinds of choice seed grain for sale at North Yakima Roller Mills. 4-1f

But they sell their lands all the same.

CHEAP FARM LANDS

Improved and Unimproved.

ALSO A FULL LINE OF—

CITY AND SUBURBAN LOTS.

Choice Tracts, 1 to 10 acres

Especially Adapted to—

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FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS.

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OFFICE OVER FIRST NAT'L BANK.

M. G. WILLS

SALOON

New Beck Block, Yakima Ave.

The new fittings and furnishings, comfortable quarters and courteous treatment are held out to the public as inducements or patronage, and the most popular and surest makes of fine

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Are always to be had at his Bar.

The second story of the building has been fitted up and partitioned off into

Club Rooms

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

Drop in and "Smile!"

FULL LINE OF SAMPLES CUSTOM ORDER CLOTHING FROM G.W. SIMMONS & CO. BOSTON, MASS. CAN BE FOUND AT J. J. CARPENTER'S.

Dissolution of Co-Partnership

THE PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE EXISTING between Mart Shihoh and George Needles for the purpose of carrying on the business of horse-shoeing, is this day dissolved, and no more shoeing will be done at the shop of Schickel & Nelson. All bills will be collected by the undersigned. MART SCHICKEL, North Yakima, Feb. 9, 1882.