

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

VOL. IV.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MARCH 24, 1892.

NO. 9.

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, 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.

I. B. BEAVIS, R. S. MILROY,
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. Especial attention to Collections. Office up stairs over Fischer & 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. 5.
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 anesthetic used to extract teeth without pain. No charge for examination.
Office over First National Bank.

WILSON & ARNOLD,
Civil Engineers and Architects.

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

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
A. L. B. Roseman, M. D.,
1077 2d 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 pain up bowels and general system very much. Many mothers have told me of its excellent effect upon their children."
Dr. G. C. Osborn,
Lowell, Mass.

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

The Celebrated French Cure,

Warranted "APHRODITINE" or money refunded to cure

Is Sold on a POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure all forms of nervous disease, or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex whether arising from the AFTER

excessive use of stimulants, Tobacco or Opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over indulgence, etc., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Hearing down Pain in the Back, Seminal Weakness, Impotency, Nervous Prostration, Neurasthenia, Locomotoria, Dizziness, 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 \$5.00 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 APHRODITINE. Circular free.

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

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 saphyr 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 saphyr gingham for \$1.
Ten yards of "Fruit of the Loom" bleached muslin for \$1.
Ten yards of Louisaide 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.
Ten yards of unbleached Dwight (best made) for \$1.

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

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

The attention of carpet weavers is called to our peerless warp, the best made.
Ladies' underserts 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 DITTEL.

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.

THE LOCAL NEWS MARKET.

Interesting Items of News from Yakima and its Suburbs.

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

Fred Miller, of Ellensburg, spent Sunday in the city.
George Ker made a flying visit to Goldendale last week.

George Dorfell and family left on Sunday evening for a visit to Seattle.
P. A. Bounds has planted two acres of his ranch to fruit trees this spring.

N. G. Field, of Colorado, arrived here Sunday on a visit to his son, Wayne Field.

T. F. Maher is again able to be around after a severe attack of sickness induced by overwork.

Sam Storow is putting in twenty-five acres of new ground this spring, including four acres of orchard.

Meade Post No. 9, G. A. R., will give a "pork and bean supper and cake walk" on Tuesday evening next.

J. M. Ogle returned from the Sound Monday and with a large force of men is engaged in setting out his nursery.

Wayne Bartholomew is a recent arrival from Buckley and will remain here to assist A. E. Larson in the Buckley lumber yard.

Get your stallion posters and job work at THE HERALD office, where a full line of cuts are in stock. Better work than ever now being turned out.

Chief Engineer Rockwood estimates that the Sunnyside irrigation canals will add ten millions of dollars to the assessable valuation of Yakima county.

The Sisters will soon begin the erection of a two-story building for hospital purposes on the corner of Fourth and E streets, property recently purchased from Edward Whitson.

Representative John L. Wilson in sending to THE HERALD some seeds from the agricultural department for distribution writes that he "sincerely wishes for the Yakima valley a great and prosperous year."

A large number of fruit trees and grape cuttings were shipped to C. A. Cantonwine at Kiona this week.

Maude Granger's theatrical troupe gave Yakima the go-by as the result of unsatisfactory train schedules.

Many new subscribers have been added to THE HERALD's list this week. The paper is steadily growing in popularity.

M. G. Wills left on Tuesday to spend a few days with friends at Pendleton, where he was formerly engaged in business.

Work on artesian well No. 4 was temporarily suspended this week, owing to a break in the machinery. The drill is down about eighty feet.

Some persons who are fond of searching out such things says: "Last month (February) was the first February in 230 years that has had five Mondays in it."

Home grown asparagus is now plentiful in the market. The witted stuff brought here a week ago from California caused several attacks of sickness.

A. Rosebach, the popular young man who for some time past has been in the employ of Henry Ditter, left on Monday for Sprague, where he will open a boot and shoe store.

There was a pronounced exodus of both white and colored gentry of the hobo species Tuesday night. Marshal Cook and Deputy Ryan are giving this class no encouragement to remain.

The Murphy Blue Ribbon club held a meeting Tuesday evening and decided to lease and open as a public reading room the Switzer building on First street, opposite Mason's opera house.

L. D. Lape writes from Kiona that the prospects for big crops for the Horse Heaven section were never better. There has been an unusual amount of moisture, and the farmers are in high spirits.

An arrest was made Monday of a young man charged with the larceny of some chickens. His innocence of the charge was readily proven, and he was discharged with the congratulations of Judge Gardner.

A carload of handsome buggies was received Tuesday by Fawcett Bros., and Manager Hartung has leased one of the storerooms in the Switzer block as a repository. Mr. Hartung reports trade as excellent this season, and that the seed business is brisk. He has sold a large quantity of walnuts for planting.

City Treasurer Steinweg says that the taxes are coming in very slowly and that property holders have evidently forgotten that taxes become delinquent on Friday of next week, when the penalty attaches.

H. A. Griffin received the glad news on Saturday last of the safe arrival to this terrestrial sphere of a baby son. Mr. Griffin is receiving the congratulations of his friends, which he takes philosophically.

Fred Parker and family moved to the new house just completed by Mr. Parker on his place near the race track. Poles are now being erected and the house will soon be connected with the city by telephone.

A lot of new chairs have been placed in the council chamber to supersede the disreputable, old, broken down benches, which have long been an eyesore and a discomfort to those attending the sessions of the municipal fathers.

Times must be brisk at Pasco. The Headlight man says that four months ago, before he swung out his sign as publisher in that town, his wealth consisted of a five-dollar bill, and ever since he has been trying to recall how a Y looks.

R. Strobach, state land cruiser, returned from Olympia Wednesday, where he has been preparing his maps for field service. He has been assigned to district No. 6, comprising Yakima county and a portion of Douglas, Klickitat and Adams.

W. H. Chapman has received from the manufacturers a soda water fountain of very neat design, which now adorns his drug store. Unfortunately the glass dome which should embellish the fountain was broken en transit and will have to be replaced.

George Livesley arrived from Oring Monday to look after his interests here. He says North Yakima not only looks prosperous, but has a splendid name abroad. Mr. Livesley will remain here about ten days and superintend the planting of five acres of trees on his timber culture claim located on the Natchees.

J. W. Dooley is one of the fortunate ones who recently arrived here from the Sound. He left his family with friends in the city and started off in search of land. His success was ahead of his most sanguine expectations, for he found a vacant quarter section of desirable land within a mile of Prosser, which his friends estimate to be worth \$40 an acre. Mr. Dooley and family have gone on to the claim and have already started the work of improvement.

George Hinkle was in from Tampoico Friday, and reports that the maple trees in that section have already leaved out. There is every promise for big crops around and about Tampoico, and the farmers anticipate a very prosperous year.

Citizens of North Yakima should remember that the registration books close on the 23rd day of April. Half of the voting population have not registered, and something may arise before the city election which will cause them to severely regret their neglect.

Some one stole some blooded chickens from B. Sampson, the Northern Pacific warehouseman, on Friday evening last. As there was a blow-out among the dairy residents of the town that night, there is a coloring to the belief that the fowls have gone into the pot.

The city election this year will doubtless be a spiritless affair judging from present indications. It seems to be the prevailing opinion that there should be no material change in the personnel of the council until the sewer work is finished, many of our citizens believing in the old adage that it is dangerous to swap horses in the middle of a stream.

M. Mackison returned on Tuesday from a trip to Wenatchee, Waterville and Chelan. He says all these points are quiet, but there would be some building if it was not for the scarcity of lumber, especially at Wenatchee, but it is expected that this deficit will soon be provided for, as a new saw mill is to be erected. Very little railroad work is being done, but much activity is looked forward to in the near future.

In 1890 there were 450 voters registered in the city. In 1891, a year of unimportant elections, there were 354; but this year, with the city, county and presidential elections staring us in the face, and with a greater population than ever before, only 305 voters have been registered up to date. The city election will be held on the 9th day of May, and the registration books will be closed for ten days previous to that time.

A very enjoyable surprise party was that given by the young people on Friday evening of last week to Misses Katie and Grace Stephenson, daughters of Joseph Stephenson. Those present were the Misses Carr, Baxter, Vaughn, Adams, Rodman, Donald, Kinne, Fulkerson, Henderson, Peanster, Bailey, Patton, Carpenter, Stewart; Messrs. Teal, Steinweg, Donald, Hare, Cornett, Stratton, Golden, Lombard, Voorhees, Sperry, Dills, Coonse, Bailey and Thomas.

THE BANNER HOP DISTRICT. 'The Herald's' List of New Yards in 1891 Increasing—Thousand-Acre Mark Passed.

THE YAKIMA DITCH. This enterprise is fraught, says the Tacoma News, with greater meaning to the state of Washington than any other thus far taken. It is a simple matter to cut down trees and saw them into salable lumber. To boom towns and saw them into salable lumber...

Reports from Other Sections—California Growers Fear the Drought—Henry Bucey on the Hop Losses in the Ground. The response to THE HERALD's call for a list of the new acreage of not only hops but other products, was not as general as could be desired...

up it would immediately enter the soil again. Early plowing and digging around the hop roots will destroy the most of the lice, and lime thrown around the hills will undoubtedly destroy many more. If the hop growers will spray their vines early this year they are going to destroy the lice, and they will raise a good crop of hops...

WITH SPEECHES, MUSIC AND AVIATION. That Will be the Manner of Celebrating the Completion of the First Section of the Big Ditch on Saturday.

Yakima is preparing to have a good time Saturday, on the occasion of the formal opening of the first 25-mile section of the big canal of the Northern Pacific, Yakima & Kittitas Irrigation Co. To prepare for this event a meeting was called at the rooms of the Yakima club Wednesday afternoon...

Mr. Paul Schulz, who has contributed so much to the success of the huge undertaking, will arrive here in a special car with a large party of friends, on the 8 o'clock train. From here citizens and visitors will drive to the headgates of the canal where the ceremonies will take place. The Yakima brass band will be in attendance, and the canal will be formally opened and dedicated, promptly at 10 o'clock a. m., with the firing of anvils and the breaking of champagne...

George Courter made a business trip to Ellensburg this week, returning this morning. D. E. Lesh says there isn't much danger of the fruit being injured unless the thermometer gets down five degrees below freezing but he keeps his smudges in readiness all of the time.

P. J. Flint proposes to have the largest orchard in Yakima county. Last year on his Konesock ranch he had about 50 acres in fruit trees, and this spring he is setting out 75 additional acres.

A man hailing from Spokane claims to have been robbed of \$530 in Paetov's saloon, Wednesday night. That he had the money and was relieved of it while drunk there is no doubt, but who made way with it is the question. There seems to be altogether too much complaint regarding the character of the place kept by Paetov.

Jock Morgan, who made pre-emption proof last December, and whose proof was contested by Oliver B. Ferrell, was notified yesterday by the land office here that his proof could not be allowed. The fact that he already owned more than 320 acres, and the further fact that he moved from land of his own to pre-empt other land and defrauds his proof.

On April 11th the Indians of the Yakima reservation will hold an election for members of a council of ten before whom will soon be brought the question of the allotment of lands in severalty. It is expected that a vote favorable to the proposition will be obtained before the year closes, as many of those who were among the strongest in opposition to the council with General Parker last year, have been brought over to the other side and the great majority now seem to be in favor of an early settlement of the question.

I. W. Dudley of the Yakima Irrigation and Improvement company was in the city a couple of days this week. He reports that his company now has about 200 men and 105 teams employed on the Kennewick division of that company's system of canals. Thirteen miles of the work is opened up and it is expected to have the first 20 mile division completed by June 1st. The present work is very heavy some of the cuts being from 35 to 45 feet in depth. The Kennewick canal will cost \$125,000 when completed, and the expenses incident to prosecuting the work at the present time are \$800 per day.

Mr. Charles Lombard, THE HERALD's correspondent at Fort Simcoe, sends the following very interesting figures and data regarding the condition and character of the lands of the Yakima Indian reservation: "The original reservation, according to the treaty of 1855, contained 829,000 acres of land. Of this the Indians have under fence in the Simcoe valley about 23,000 acres; in the neighborhood of the churches, 16,000 acres; on Toppenish creek, 48,000; at Toppenish station, 61,000 acres; at Satus, 23,000 acres, and at Fort Simcoe and in canyons 32,000 acres. This gives a total of 203,000 acres, which covers nearly all of the tillable land within the reservation. If water could be obtained about as much more could be made arable, but it lies so high that artesian wells seem to be the only means of bringing life to this arid, sage brush plain. The balance, or about one-half of the reservation is mountainous and could never be made available for agriculture. Nearly 100,000 acres have been cut from the reservation by the new boundary lines run on the west side last year by the government, under pressure of the whites."

YOU SHALL MEET YOUR LOVED ONES THERE. DEDICATED TO MRS. E. H. ALLEN BY E. B.

When the peary gates are open For your soul to enter in To the mansion of the Holy— Free from toll, and pain, and sin; As you sing the songs of heaven, With the angels bright and fair, Where the sun will shine forever, You shall meet your loved ones there.

When you walk the golden pavement Of the City of the Blest, Where the Tree of Life is growing, And the good of ages rest, You shall join the heavenly chorus, And the angels' glory share, While you wear the crown immortal, With your loved ones dwelling there.

What a joyful time the meeting With your dear ones who are blest, When you reach the home in heaven, Where your weary feet may rest, There will come no hour of parting, You shall know no toll or care, In the City of the Holy, Where your happy loved ones are.

Then you shall know, and feel the rapture Of a love that never dies, Of a life that is immortal, Of a home beyond the skies, And when you've crossed the river, By and by your soul will share All the charms of endless Eden, With three waiting loved ones there.

North Yakima, March 22, 1892.

Artistic Music.

We have read about the newly imported German tenor who on an Easter morning electrified a "heavily mortgaged congregation" by singing over and over again, "He will raise us debt, He will raise us debt, in so twinkling of an eye." But the following musical incident is related by one who recently attended a fashionable church. The choir started with a reference to the lilies of the field, and after ringing the changes on the word "consider" until all idea of its connection was lost, they began to tell the congregation, through the mouth of the soprano, that "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed." Straightway the soprano was reinforced by the basso, who declared that Solomon was most decidedly and emphatically not arrayed!—and arrayed. Then the alto ventured it as her opinion that Solomon was not arrayed, when the tenor, without a moment's hesitation, sang, as if it had been officially announced, that "he was not arrayed." Then, when the feelings of the congregation had been harrowed up sufficiently, and our sympathies all aroused for poor Solomon, whose numerous wives allowed him to go about in such a fashion, the choir at length, in a most cool and composed manner, informed us that the idea they intended to convey was that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed "like one of these"—these what? So long a time had elapsed since they sang of the lilies that the thread was entirely lost, and by "these" one naturally concluded that the choir was designated. Arrayed like one of these? We should think not, indeed! Solomon in a Prince Albert or a cutaway coat? No, most decidedly. Solomon in the very zenith of his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

Despite the experience of the morning, the hope still remained that in the evening a sacred song might be sung in a manner that would not excite our risibilities or leave the impression that we had been listening to a case of blackmail. But again off went the nimble soprano with the very laudable though startling announcement, "I will wash." Straightway the alto, not to be outdone, declared that she "would wash." And the tenor, finding it to be the thing, warbled forth that he would wash. Then the deep-chested basso, as though calling up his fortitude for the plunge, belted forth the stern resolve that he also would wash. Next a short interlude on the organ, strongly suggestive of the escaping steam or the splash of the waves, after which the choir individually and collectively asserted the firm, unshaken resolve that they would wash. At last they solved the problem by stating that they proposed to "wash their hands in innocency."—Cathedral Chimes.

Lombard & Horsley have received an immense and well selected stock of wall papers. Give them a call before buying elsewhere.

Persons desiring to invest in hop lands should call on A. L. Fix and look over his list.

Mrs. Cary has just received a full line of ladies' and children's kid and silk gloves, hose, underwear and millinery.

A good buggy for less than one hundred dollars: Call and see it at Sawyer & Pennington's.

It is said that trains will stop at Yakima city on and after April 3rd.

G. A. R. Supper and Entertainment!

Mason's Opera House Tuesday Evening, March 29.

The program will consist of Music, Recitations, and an ADDRESS BY MR. W. F. JONES.

THERE WILL ALSO BE A Gipsy Camp and a Grand Cake Walk.

SUPPER TO COMMENCE AT 6:30 P. M. ALL FOR TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

Don't forget the G. A. R. Supper. Everybody is invited.

Summons by Publication.

In the Superior Court of Yakima County, State of Washington.

MARY B. VICKERY, Plaintiff, vs. ELMER G. VICKERY, Defendant.

The State of Washington to the above named Defendant: You are hereby notified that Mary B. Vickery has filed a complaint against you in the Superior Court of Yakima County, State of Washington, at North Yakima, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: SIXTY DAYS after the 25th day of March, 1892, and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 23rd day of May, 1892, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said Complaint granted. The nature and object of this action is to obtain a decree of divorce from the bonds of matrimony existing between you and the said Plaintiff, and for such other and further relief as the Court may deem equitable.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court, at North Yakima, this 22nd day of March, A. D. 1892.

DELLY BISHLEMAN, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court, H. J. BRIVELY, atty for Plaintiff.

The Best!

COON BLACK WARRANTED ABSOLUTELY FAST WILL NOT CROCK

Black Hose Made. Having the Agency for Ladies', Gents' and Children's Coon Black Hosiery in this city, they can be had only at the store of the undersigned.

Public Road Notice.

WE, THE UNDERSIGNED, TWELVE FREEholders, residing in the vicinity through which the following described proposed road will run, hereby give notice to all persons concerned, that at the next term of the Board of County Commissioners of Yakima County, we will petition said Board for a Public Road to be said county, having its points of beginning and termination, course and intermediate points as follows: Commencing at Toppenish, a station on the N. P. R., situated in the SW 1/4 section 3, township 10 North, range 20 East, thence easterly to a point 22 feet north from the quarter section corner sections 2 and 3, said township and range; thence northerly to a point 50 feet north from the quarter section corner between sections 2 and 3, said township and range; thence northerly to a point 100 feet north from the quarter section corner on the south line of section 3, township 10 North, range 20 East; thence northerly to the quarter section corner between sections 2 and 3, said township and range; thence northerly to a point 100 feet north from the quarter section corner on the south line of section 3, township 10 North, range 20 East; thence northerly to a point 100 feet north from the quarter section corner on the south line of section 3, township 10 North, range 20 East; thence northerly to a point 100 feet north from the quarter section corner on the south line of section 3, township 10 North, range 20 East.

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 for patronage, and the most popular and profect 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."

Drop in and "Smile"!

Good for 1 Glass Soda Water

H. H. ALLEN'S DRUG STORE.

By cutting out this Coupon and presenting it at Allen's Drug Store, within one week from date, the bearer will be given one glass of Soda Water free. March 24, 1892, good until March 31, 1892.

E. D. F. WHITE, FASHIONABLE TAILOR!

Do you want a Spring Suit? If so, now is your time to Order. For my Stock is replete with all the latest Novelties in colors and patterns in Suits and Pants.

Full Line Cheviots Just Received

ED. F. WHITE, Yakima Avenue, North Yakima.

We Are Closing Out Our Buggies and Carriages

And have some inducements to offer on the few we have left, that will interest anyone who wants to buy anything of the kind. Wagons and Agricultural Machinery will follow in the same way, and CASH will buy anything in these lines cheaper now than it ever did before or is likely to again. Our stock in these lines is limited and it will pay you to call early and see what we have to offer.

SAWYER & PENNINGTON, HARDWARE

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

F. AWCETT BROS., FARM MACHINERY and VEHICLES

MORRISON AND HEADLIGHT WALKING, SULKY AND GANG PLOWS, DICKS' FAMOUS FEED CUTTERS, BADGER STAMPING MILLS, VICTOR HAY PRESS (Victor can press 12 tons of hay per day), VICTOR HAY, STOCK & WAREHOUSE SCALES, FAWCETT AND WEBER WAGONS, AND THE NEW TIGER MOWER.

Rice Coil - Spring Buggies.

All parties intending to purchase Wagons, Buggies or Farming Implements are requested to call and examine our stock. Attention is called to our fine stock of BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, HALF-PLATFORM & MOUNTAIN SPRING WAGONS.

Garden & Field Seeds.

Eshelman Bros. TO CATCH THE EYE

Is the Leading Eye-dea of Every Advertisement.

And then, when once the eye is attracted, the announcement of the advertiser is sure to be read. What we want to call your attention to is the fact that we have opened up an office for the transaction of a general Real Estate, Insurance, Loan and Abstracting Business.

THE YAKIMA COUNTRY,

Is now being developed more rapidly than any other section of the Northwest, and the opportunities for making money through the rise in valuations of Real Estate were never before so promising, nor can the Agriculturist, the Hop-grower the Orchardist or Market Gardener do better or make money more rapidly than in the Yakima Valley.

We have listed with us some of the best properties on the market, not only in the way of desirable Business and Residence Lots, but Acreage Tracts; and we believe WE CAN OFFER SOME GREAT BARGAINS.

Strangers will find it to their advantage to give us a call and look over our lists and inspect the properties.

Eshelman Bros.

It is not at all unlikely, says an exchange, that in the twentieth century the Sahara desert will have disappeared as completely from the maps as the Great American Desert has done in the nineteenth.

In the year 1857 the French engineer, M. Jus, demonstrated that that portion of the Sahara desert included within the area of French Algeria contained large underground supplies of water, and the number of wells bored since that time in the departments of Algiers, Oran and Constantine amount to more than 12,000.

These wells vary from 100 to 400 feet in depth, and the pressure of the water forces it a couple of feet above the surface of the ground. It is then led to ditches, and is carried in this way to the vineyards, date trees, and wheat fields. No fewer than 12,000,000 acres of barren land have been made fruitful in this way, an enterprise representing perhaps the most remarkable example of irrigation by means of artesian wells which can anywhere be found.

Algeria owes to this method of cultivation, that it is becoming a most important wine-producing country, as may be gauged from the fact that in 1886 it sent to France 10,500,000 gallons.

The Yakima republicans evidently have no use for Ben Harrison, and while they admire Blaine have little faith in the honesty of his word when he says "I am not a candidate for the presidency and my name will not go before the republican national convention for nomination."

Anacortes America: The indications now are that the Yakima valley will become the greatest hop producing region of the Pacific northwest.

Spokane Review: It is estimated that the hop acreage of Yakima county will be increased this season by upward of 1,000 acres. Further estimates place the profits from these hop fields at \$100 per acre. It will not be many years until Yakima county leads in the production of this crop.

Henry Bucey, of Tacoma, president of the state board of horticulture, has the following communication in the Tacoma Ledger of a recent date: "In company with C. A. Tomeson, secretary of the state board, I visited the hop fields in the vicinity of Puyallup and Sumner, on March 17th, and we found the young lice hatched out in the ground around the hop roots. We did not find them around every hill that we examined, but in every hill that we examined, where we did not find the lice, we found a black bug about three-fourths of an inch long. Whether or not this bug was feeding upon the young lice and the eggs I could not determine, but it is quite probable. If so, it will destroy the young lice. The bug traveled through the soil, and when dug

up it would immediately enter the soil again. Early plowing and digging around the hop roots will destroy the most of the lice, and lime thrown around the hills will undoubtedly destroy many more. If the hop growers will spray their vines early this year they are going to destroy the lice, and they will raise a good crop of hops. Every louse that they kill next month will be equal to 50,000 killed in June, as the issue from one louse will have increased to equal that number by that time."

THE HERALD'S LIST OF NEW YARDS IN 1891 INCREASING—THOUSAND-ACRE MARK PASSED. Reports from Other Sections—California Growers Fear the Drought—Henry Bucey on the Hop Losses in the Ground.

THE YAKIMA DITCH. This enterprise is fraught, says the Tacoma News, with greater meaning to the state of Washington than any other thus far taken. It is a simple matter to cut down trees and saw them into salable lumber. To boom towns and saw them into salable lumber...

WHY DO YOU COUGH? Do you know that a little Cough is a dangerous thing? DOCTOR ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY Will Stop a Cough at any time and Cure the worst Cold in twelve hours. Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Hay Fever, and all the ailments of the Throat, Lungs and Bronchial Tubes. It is a safe and reliable remedy for all the ailments of the Throat, Lungs and Bronchial Tubes. IT TASTES GOOD.

SESSION OF THE CITY COUNCIL.

Nothing of Vast Importance Done But, Considerable Detail and Minor Work Attended To.

The regular session of the city council was held Monday night with all members present and Mayor Weed in the chair.

The matter of the difficulty in collecting sidewalk tax was called up and considerable discussion ensued in which the city attorney received several dignified non-attendance at meetings and the inability to find him when wanted.

The committee on police reported that according to the stubs of the ex-marshal's tax book he was still indebted to the city \$52.00, but as that officer had deducted his ten per cent commission in some instances and not in others it was difficult to determine the exact amount of the shortage.

The committee on police recommended that one policeman be dispensed with, and that the marshal, before employing additional assistants, should confer with the committee and get its sanction.

The following bills approved by the finance committee, were read and warrants ordered drawn for the various amounts: D. Wheeler, \$4; H. L. Tucker, \$8.00; Walen & Inland, \$7.00; Chapell & Cox, \$27.07; W. F. Byer, \$9.00; YAKIMA HERALD, \$5.00; G. W. Rodman, \$5.25; D. Eshelman, \$9.05; J. P. McCafferty, \$58.50; F. L. Rodman, \$10.00; B. Wilkinson, \$2.50; C. W. Henry, \$5.00; G. W. Gardner, \$13.35; J. W. Dooley, \$9.00; J. C. Leach, \$3.75; Chas. A. Siefert, \$2.50; Jos. Liggett, sr., \$13.00; Harry Spratt, \$1.75; A. S. Paul, \$2.80; Sunny-side restaurant, \$32.25; Stuart & Son, \$4.75; W. H. Redman, \$178.00.

The bond of Shadlow & McDaniel, was approved and \$1000 having been deposited with the city treasurer, the clerk was instructed to issue the license for the ensuing year.

The committee on streets and ditches was empowered to act on the question of procuring water for irrigation purposes for that portion of the city lying east of the Union ditch.

A. S. Paul submitted a bid of \$155.50 for the construction of the tower for drying hose and the committee on fire and fire limits was authorized to examine into the merits of the proposal and to let the contract if the conditions were satisfactory.

Chairman Miller, of the park committee was requested to investigate and bring in a report and recommendation at the next meeting regarding the yearly expenditures and improvements on the city park.

The Wenatchee end of Kittitas county inlets upon having a member of the legislature next session, and has served notice on Ellensburg, Roslyn and Cle Elum that it will turn in solid for the party that favors one of its citizens with a nomination.

SUMMARY OF LAND OFFICE NEWS.

A Contest Filed for Part of the Townsite of North Yakima—First Desert Land Proof Under the New Law.

Samuel Wilson has entered a contest, through his attorney, J. H. Thomas, against the 5/16 of the 24th of section 19, township 13, range 19 E. This is the 40 acres west of where Mr. Wilson lives and within the city limits. The land was platted by the Northern Pacific company, and much of it has been sold to various parties who have improved their holdings. The contestant claims that in 1882 or '83, when he filed on the forty acres adjoining the one in question, he made application to R. B. Kinne, then register, to file on the eighty acres which the records showed to be vacant, but Mr. Kinne put him off with the statement that the land was to be used for townsite purposes, and he was thus defrauded of his rights. The application of Mr. Wilson has been rejected by the local officers for the reason that the tract was selected by the Northern Pacific Railroad company and has passed from their jurisdiction. An appeal has been taken and the case will go before the commissioner of the general land department.

Tilton S. Phillips sent to the land office this week the first proof of the expenditure of \$1.00 per acre under the new desert land act. The claim is located near Prosser.

Margaret E. Randall, of Bicknell, has been notified by the commissioners, through the local office, that her homestead proof has been suspended for the reason that she married after filing and that by going from the land to live with her husband she failed to perfect her residence.

Reuben Pardee, who lives in Kittitas county near Thorpe, made homestead proof on the 15th inst. on an odd numbered section, which goes to the commissioner accompanied by a protest from the railroad company.

WHY DON'T YOU ADVERTISE?

He sat at the door at noonday, Lonely, glum and sad; The flies were buzzing about him, Led by a blue-winged gad. Not a customer darkened his portal; Not a sign of business was there; But the flies kept on buzzing About the old man's hair. At last, in misery, he shouted, "Great Scott! I'm covered with flies!" And the sycophants that toyed with his wits here said: "Why don't you advertise?" —The London Phonographer.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

Andrew Slavin is a happy father, his wife having presented him with a son and heir one day last week.

On Wednesday John Reed concluded the purchase of Eschbach & Hamel's teams and transfer business.

Mrs. Mary B. Vickery has brought an action for divorce against Elmer G. Vickery. It will come on for hearing May 23rd.

Mr. C. Kebo returned Tuesday from Oak Springs, where he has a band of 1,000 sheep, and reports plenty of moisture and splendid pasturage.

Rev. J. D. Bingham, of Ellensburg, will preach at the Presbyterian church next Sunday at 10:30 a. m. A meeting of the members of the church is desired at the close of the service; all are requested to be present.

On Friday night of last week Yakima experienced the heaviest rainfall known in years. The earth could not take it up as fast as it came down and great pools of water were formed all over the country and a wealth of mud it did. H. B. Scudder, who has charge of the government meteorological report of this section, states the total rainfall was 69-100 of an inch.

St. Patrick's day, the 17th of March, is always appropriately observed by A. E. Lyon, Shadlow & McDaniel's popular assistant, but hereafter he will have reason, aside from being a loyal son of Erin, for celebrating the day, for on the last anniversary of the saint's birth his wife presented him with a baby daughter and Ed is consequently overflowing with happiness.

The Yakima club rooms will be open, at 3 o'clock Monday afternoon, to all ladies who are interested in the World's fair work. It is urged that there be a general attendance, not alone from this city but from the country in order to formulate plans for the work to be done and to arrange to meet Mrs. Alice Houghton, of the World's fair commission, who will be in Yakima in a short time.

A new industry is to be established at Kiona, the growing little town in the Sunnyside district. Last year S. A. Rolph, who is a practical broom maker, experimented with the growing of broom corn, and the results were so satisfactory that he has arranged to plant 12 acres of this crop. Mr. Rolph has the required machinery for broom making and believes that he can build up a very flourishing and profitable business in this line.

The local attorneys have, by petition, requested Judge Graves to postpone the date of holding court in Yakima from the 8th to the 18th of April. This is a very considerable move, as Mrs. Graves is seriously ill and the judge is desirous of taking her to California, where her father resides, in hopes that the change of scene and climate will restore her health. Mrs. Graves has many warm friends in Yakima who will anxiously await news of her recovery.

There was a touch of frost Monday night, and everybody looked scared to death the next morning through fear of the destruction of the very promising fruit crop, but no damage whatever was done. One well posted man said that there need be very little alarm as it rarely frosts enough to do any damage this late in the season, although it will do no harm to be prepared with smudges for an emergency; but it would require a very heavy frost to destroy the fruit crop in its present advanced condition.

The members of Meade post, G. A. R. with their ladies are making extensive preparations for having a grand good time at Mason's opera house on Tuesday evening of next week. There will be a splendid supper which will commence at half past six p. m., to be followed by music, recitations and an address by W. F. Jones. Special features of the entertainment will be a gypsy camp and a free-for-all cake walk. Everybody is invited to be present and enjoy themselves, and the whole cost is only 25 cents.

On Monday night, at Coulee City, John Corley went into a restaurant and began to shoot around in a reckless manner. Not appreciating this conduct the proprietor ejected him, and then Corley turned his gun into the building and fired several shots. Early Tuesday morning the result of this fusillade was found to be the killing of Charles Fascoe, one of the pioneers of the town, who received a bullet through the breast. Another man, known as Patsy, was wounded in the arm. Corley, who is a gambler of bad reputation, has been arrested.

One of the important cases up before Judge Graves at the recent session of court at Ellensburg, was that of Ibrig vs. John Scott et al. Scott was the contractor on the big school building erected at that place last year, and he was required to furnish bonds of \$10,000 in order to secure the district against liens of mechanics and for supplies. This bond was signed by S. R. Geddis, McGuire & Williams, Ed Dixon, Fred Leonard and Martin Malony, and as the contract proved disastrous to Scott and sweeps away his property without liquidating all of the indebtedness, his bondsmen were called upon to make good the deficit. This they objected to, and stood suit. The case was decided Monday in favor of the bondsmen, on the ground that the bond was not such as required by statute, and now the district will have to pay the outstanding indebtedness.

A BOLD BREAK FOR LIBERTY.

Two Desperate Prisoners Attack Deputy-Sheriff Dilley in Jail, but the Officer Makes a Gallant Fight and Wins.

Deputy-Sheriff Lincoln Dilley now wears a bandage around his head to protect some very severe cuts and wounds, which are the result of a desperate encounter with B. E. Levering, the man of many aliases, and John W. Milburn, who on Sunday last made an attempt to escape from the county jail.

As is customary, Mr. Dilley had gone into the jail and allowed the prisoners, five in number, the freedom of the corridor while they were eating supper. Milburn and Levering hurried through with their meal and lounged around the corridor. When Milburn was within a few feet of the officer he made a jump at him, catching him around the body. The embrace of Milburn pinned Dilley's arms down, and realizing the reckless nature of the assault he struggled with all of his strength, and when the fall came he was on top, but his arms were still tied. While in this position Levering began striking him over the head with a stung-shot made of a rock ingeniously wrapped in burlap. Dilley dodged as well as he could, but six times the weapon descended on his head, with a powerful effort, to force loose from his captor. Levering now realized that the game was up, and Dilley, drawing his revolver, fired an ineffectual shot at his assailant, who fled behind the steel gate.

Mr. Dilley thinks the encounter could not have lasted more than a few seconds, although it seemed much longer to him. Milburn also recognized that their attempt had proved futile, and with the discharge of the deputy's gun he concluded the safest place for him was on the floor, and did not try to move from his prostrate position. Suffering from the blows he had received, Mr. Dilley experienced that feeling when everything around seems to be turning dark, and fearing that he might lose consciousness he made his way to the hydrant and the cold water running over his head soon revived him. He then drove the prisoners to the cell and locked them in.

During this dramatic occurrence there was no one about the building excepting Mr. Dilley and the prisoners, but after it was over the wounded officer hailed Al Whitson, who was passing, and dispatched him for a physician. Dr. Taft answered the call, and soon had the wounds dressed, although the hair had first to be shaved from the back of his head. The wounds were severe, but the only wonder is, after seeing the weapon with which they were inflicted, that the deputy was not killed. As it was, there were six cuts that reached to the skull, one of which was two inches long. The probabilities are that had not Dilley kept his head moving his life would have paid the forfeit.

After the assault Levering feigned insanity and was examined by Dr. Taft, who was unable to detect any indications of mental derangement other than a heightened temperature—the natural sequence of excitement brought about in the execution of the plot to escape. Levering is awaiting trial for obtaining \$500 from the First National bank of this city on two forged drafts. The evidence against him is of the strongest character, and the overhanging shadow of the penitentiary doubtless induced him to take this desperate step. His companion in crime has already tasted of the bitter fruits of the state asylum for criminals, having been sentenced to one year of imprisonment for "holding up" the conductor and brakeman of a freight train in this county less than two years ago. He was pardoned out before the expiration of his term through the ill-judged clemency of the governor. He is now being held on the charge of burglarizing one of the rooms in the Little house.

YAKIMA REPUBLICANS WANT BLAINE.

They Seem to Have Very Little Use for the Present Incumbent of the Presidential Chair.

The county convention of the republicans was held at the court house on Saturday last. Four precincts were unrepresented, and the committee on credentials reported twenty-seven delegates as entitled to seats. Robert Dunn was elected chairman and Geo. W. Courter, secretary. The object of the convention was to elect four delegates to the state convention at Seattle, and the following nominations were made: Dan Sinclair, John Cleman, Fred R. Reed, John Reed, J. F. Sinclair, J. M. Brown and D. W. Simmons. In placating Mr. Cleman in nomination John G. Boyle made a very true remark when he said that the Wenatchee needed a good deal of fatherly care to bring it within the fold. On motion it was decided that a majority vote would elect; but after the ballot it was found that six of the nominees had received a majority of the vote cast, whereupon it required another motion and vote to declare John Reed, J. F. Sinclair, F. R. Reed and John Cleman elected. The alternates chosen were Dan Sinclair, J. M. Brown, D. W. Simmons and Geo. S. Courter. The important feature of the convention was the introduction and passage of the following resolution:

Resolved, That the republicans of Yakima county assembled do heartily endorse for the office of president of the United States the man than whom no other is more dear to our hearts, and who is so fully our ideal of a statesman, patriot and republican, Hon. James O. Blaine.

Mrs. Cary has now a full line of spring millinery ready for inspection and announces that on Wednesday, March 30th, she will have her grand spring opening. All are cordially invited to attend.

Max Strakosch, the famous musical composer, died on March 17th, of paralysis.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

NOT PLEASED WITH OUR COUNTRY.

And Fails to Admire the "Herald" Editor—A Young Person Who Cannot Appreciate the Good Things of Life.

In the issue of THE HERALD succeeding the appearance at the opera house of Miss Rosa Stannus, the following paragraph appeared: "The entertainment given at the opera house on Saturday evening last for the benefit of the Congregational church was a success financially and as far as local talent went. Miss Rosa Stannus was a disappointment. She is no doubt a very worthy young woman and is enterprising, else she wouldn't have a lithograph of herself and be traveling around the country, but she is no elocutionist; in fact, it is in the nature of an infliction to be compelled to sit through her recitations. 'Cleopatra's Dream' was a nightmare, and the recital of the chariot race from 'Ben Hur' would have made General Lew Wallace, had he been present, sorry that he had ever conceived it."

By the west-bound mail from Spokane on Tuesday last a postal card was received at this office on which was written, in a hand that showed to a marked degree the lack of the benefits of a Spencerian education, the following:

SPOKANE, March 21. Error: The vile squid emanating from your coarse, ignorant, base nature was sent me by a friend, otherwise I should never have seen it as the vile sheet in your bare desert. You might sell yourself for a fertilizer, for it is needed there. If you were worth coviding you would get it.

That Miss Rosa Stannus utterly lacked elocutionary ability those who were present at the recent entertainment (so denominated on account of the local talent displayed) freely admit. As to the other qualities of the postal card contributor THE HERALD leaves them to a discerning public to judge.

Manager Roof, of H. H. Allen's drug store has already inaugurated his popular move of soda water at five cents a glass, and that all may sample the beverage made with pure fruit juices, a coupon is furnished in this paper which is good for one glass of soda water if presented at Allen's drug store previous to the 1st day of April.

A young man got off of the west bound train Monday and remarked: "This is the liveliest looking town we have seen since we left Spokane, but the cry of the hotel runner of 'Only first-class hotel in the city' isn't a very good advertisement for the place." And he was right.

False in One, False in All.

THE ENGLISH OF A LATIN PROVERB APPLIED TO A CONCERN WHICH IS NOW IN BUSINESS.

A Business started upon shams, must resort to shams, or retire.

The Royal Baking Powder Company garbled official documents to give it standing.

For this it was publicly branded.

The Food and Dairy Commissioner of Ohio caught the Royal Baking Powder Company in the act of misquoting his report, to make its goods appear unadulterated.

The same Company stole the livery of the Board of Health of the State of New York and went on dress parade in the garment.

The Board exposed this. When the apparel was removed, of course the deformity was left alone.

Then the Royal Baking Powder Company resorted to constructing a speaking machine.

It called this machine "A Government Chemist." When it mouthed its words to order, the Royal Company quoted the same and passed them around. These words represented the Royal Baking Powder as pure, etc.

"Government" is a stately word. Like everything good, it is abused by unscrupulous tricksters.

MAKE A NOTE. There is no such office as that of Government Chemist.

A THOUGHT. If a concern garbles official state papers, misquotes Boards of Health and Creates Official Mouth-pieces, for its own purposes, what will it do in adulterating its goods?

Dr. Price stands a foe to impure goods and tricky methods of advertising.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is the only Pure Cream Tartar Baking Powder now to be obtained, and the thinking public are finding it out.

FECHTER & ROSS' SPACE.

80 ACRES IN THE MOXEE VALLEY \$3,200, is offered for a few days.

YAKIMA -- BARGAINS

BARGAINS IN MOXEE

80 ACRES IN THE MOXEE Valley, \$2,900. It will pay buyers to investigate this.

80 ACRES IN THE NACHEEZ VALLEY, \$4,500. A bargain in this buy.

NACHEEZ BARGAINS

Bargains Miscellaneous

These ARE ALL PROPOSITIONS and will bear a close investigation.

Also IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED FARMS, in all parts of the County.

Bargains in Selah Valley

Bargains in N. P. Lands

Large AND SMALL TRACTS in all parts of Yakima County.

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 stock of Spring Suits and Cloths in all the latest colors and designs, I am now better than ever prepared to give satisfaction as a

Merchant Tailor.

My stock is complete and well selected and my prices reasonable. Give me a call and see what I have to offer.

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.

We have in Stock the Latest Designs in

BALL PROGRAMS, INVITATIONS, WEDDING AND MOURNING STATIONERY, VISITING CARDS.

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 88.

Thousands of rolls of the latest patterns and tints in wall papers just received at Lombard & Horsley's. Purchasers will find the prices exceptionally satisfactory.

SICK MEN

suffer unnecessary. Don't you know that exhaustion, gouty, falling manhood, and general weakness, brought on by early follies, dissipation and excess, can be cured. Don't get discouraged. We have cured hundreds at their homes by mail treatment. Your case will be diagnosed free. Write to-day. No cost to learn your condition.

COSMOPOLITAN DISPENSARY,

Market, Stockton and Ellis Sts. SAN FRANCISCO CAL.

Monster 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. —One fine Cascade carriage at less than cost of Sawyer & Pennington's. 8-21

L. BROOKER & SON, Contractors and Builders

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH. Lock Box 177. Residence, Nob Hill. Reference, Yakima National Bank.

Ten Dollars Reward.

STRAYED FROM THE UNDERWOOD AT Yakima City, March 1st, two week horses; one sorrel, weight 1000 pounds, white stripe in face, shod all round; branded with an egg O over a reversed R on left shoulder. One black horse shod all round; weight 900 pounds, collar and harness marks. D. W. MOREHOUSE, Yakima City, March 16th, 1922.

AN UNOCCUPIED HOMESTEAD.

The True Story of a Big Bend Claim in six Chapters, but, for all that, a Short one.

A covered wagon, drawn by two horses and guided by a solitary driver, pulled out and away from the city of Spokane...

Away back in an Illinois home a child, kneeling at its mother's knee, lisped a prayer for the dear papa far in the west...

A week after a small cabin appeared on the Big Bend prairie and a dug-out in the edge of a hill also attested the hand of labor...

There letters were received, and a long, hopeful one mailed to the Illinois home. "You may come in the spring, dear," and concluded: "Stay with mother till I send for you."

Winter held his brief sway and spring came brightly on. The little strip of "old" ground and a new field were sown, when once more the same wagon, with the same canvas cover, the same team and the same driver...

The Spokane morning papers were out. "What over an embankment? A wreck along the Clark's Fork? Here, boy, a paper, quick!"

Yes, there it was! First column, first page. How strikingly bold! "West-bound express! Twenty lives lost! A list of the dead—yes—no! Yes—mother and child!"

A wild-eyed but harmless man went from the city by the falls on the relief train, and a few days later the team and wagon were sold at auction cheaply.

Out on the prairie, not many miles from Waterville, there is an unclaimed quarter section. A homestead was once filed upon it, but it still lies unoccupied and vacant, ready to be jumped without contest.

Simple Home Remedies. Frequent applications of witch hazel are recommended for chiblainis. Powdered tannic acid used as snuff will check the nose bleed.

A dust of bicarbonate of soda (baking soda) not only will relieve a burn, but it is said will soothe a toothache. Oil of cloves will surely do this.

One of the simplest and most effective cures for that often serious affliction to a traveler, a cinder in the eye, is that of a common flaxseed. One or two of these may be placed in the eye without injury.

For a rash of blood to the head try to get some of it down to the feet. Even in sitting you can use the same device as that which prevents cold feet in a church or home car.

To Cut Glass With Shears. A sheet of glass—a window-pane for example—can be cut as easily as a sheet of cardboard. The secret consists in keeping the glass, the shears and the hands under the water during the operation.

It is not the extremes of heat and cold so much as the sudden changes in temperature that cause certain climates to be unhealthy. When, however, the system is invigorated with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, these changes are rarely attended with injurious results.

NEWS GERM OF WASHINGTON

Chronicles of Matters of Importance Throughout the Evergreen State.

All Sections Are Treated Impartially That Can Furnish Items of Interest for "The Herald's" Thousands of Readers.

J. J. Browns, of Spokane, is arranging to establish a bank at Wenatchee.

Captain James Ashton, of Tacoma, is an aspirant for the colonelcy of the First regiment, N. G. W.

Wilbur is probably the largest town in Washington without a church building. Pasco has a church, but no pastor.

The injunction suit against the directors of the Kittitas irrigation district will be heard in the supreme court March 31st.

The town of Wenatchee now has a population of about one hundred persons. There are also a large number of "floaters" there now. Vegetables are extremely scarce and potatoes are selling at 90 cents a bushel.

Hon. Thomas Carroll, of Tacoma, will accept the nomination for congress from western Washington on the democratic ticket if it is tendered him.

A solitary Chinaman visited the up country last week. The citizens of Wenatchee "resolved" and notified John to leave, and the mayor of Waterville notified him that there was no opening for a wash house there.

Hon. John Leary, of Seattle, and Miss Elizabeth P. Ferry, daughter of Governor Ferry, will be married at Olympia April 21st.

James Tilton Sheets, who, during the early days of the building of the Northern Pacific, had a corps of engineers surveying the various passes of the Cascades, died at Friday Harbor March 16th.

"Jack," the big black bear of the Tacoma hotel, who has been a landmark of that place for the last seven years, where he has been viewed by hundreds of thousands of people, slipped his collar on the morning of St. Patrick's day and ambled down street, where he was shot by a policeman.

The government force at work under Engineer Holcomb has been moved from Cabinet rapids to Rock Island, where they are engaged in blasting out the channel. It is reported that the work at the Cabinet rapids is well done and the danger to steamboat navigation there has been removed.

The Waterville Democrat is now published by Edward Johnson and John James Graves, the latter having recently purchased an interest in that newspaper. The Democrat is deserving of the hearty support of the people of Douglas county, as it is a creditable representative of the new and pushing section from which it emanates.

A short time ago \$2,500 in coin, consigned to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express at Tacoma for Everett, mysteriously disappeared while en transit to Seattle. On Monday last Agent J. R. McIntyre and Cashier W. D. Stewart, of the Tacoma office, who had been called to Portland, were arrested by M. C. Sullivan and his detectives, charged with the theft.

A special meeting of the State Historical society will be held at the chamber of commerce, Tacoma, on Wednesday, March 28th, at which papers will be read by Hon. Allen Weir, of Olympia, and Hon. Edward Higgins, of Tacoma, relating to "Ranching on Puget Sound in the Early Sixties," and "The Attack on Fort Squalquam by the Snoqualmie Indians in 1849."

Ellensburg Localizer. The crossing of the Columbia by the Great Northern is settled, and the place is Eagle Rock, which is some nine miles below the town of Wenatchee. Proof of the fact is furnished by the work that is being done on this side of the river from Eagle Rock in the way of grading. Mr. Haley says about one mile of grading is done at the place named. There is considerable grading down below Rock Island, and several hundred men are at work there now.

The seventy-third anniversary of the founding of Odd Fellowship in the United States will occur on the 26th of next month, April, and the event will be commemorated by a two days' celebration, to be held in Seattle and given by the local lodges in honor of all the sister lodges in the state of Washington and as many from British Columbia as will accept the generous invitations sent out by the Seattle lodges through their joint executive committee. This celebration is being arranged for on a gigantic scale and with a view to entertaining in a royal manner.

Executive Commissioner Blalock, of the World's fair commission, has added to the duties of his assistant, Edmond S. Meany, the responsibility of collecting soil specimens. Director E. W. Hilgard, of the California Experimental station, has charge of this branch of the exhibit for the United States. He is now arranging with Mr. Meany to have a complete exhibit from all the main soil districts of Washington. These specimens are to be of uniform size in cases made for the purpose and furnished by the United States government. As far as possible the specimens will be accompanied by scientific analyses of the soils and soil area maps. This collection, if completed on a scientific basis, will be of enduring benefit to the agricultural interests of the state. Professor Hilgard is regarded as a high authority on this subject, and he has promised his full co-operation in getting up a creditable soil exhibit from this state.

Odd Coterie.

"I see," said Snaggs, lying down the paper he was reading, "that paper quilts are being manufactured and are used extensively, giving good satisfaction."

"That's a scheme," remarked Boggs. "When a man is too poor to take a newspaper he can read his quilt. I suppose they will have library quilts after awhile, with one of Dickens' novels printed on them. Great scheme isn't it?"

"That's a sawthing," said a man with a Webfoot accent; "I mind stopping at a tavern in Oregon where the landlord gave us a tallow dip to show us to bed."

"Ye'll find yer breakfast all spread for ye fust thing in the mornin,' gentlemen," he said, as we wished him good night; "eat round the edges, but save the middle if ye can."

"We ask him to explain, and he showed us the comfort on our bed. It was a big buckwheat cake the size of the bed, and as light as a sponge. We breakfasted off it without getting up."

Sombody threw a bootjack at that moment, and the Webfoot accent ceased to accentuate, and the truth-teller went home.

Didn't Foot Up Right.

"Now, Mary, hang out the cloths so that the neighbors will see the best of them," said Mrs. S—; "we're new people here, and must put the best foot foremost."

"All right, mum," said Mary. "I'll put all the ruffled things on the outside to make a show, an' I'm thinkin' if ye want to be puttin the best foot foremost, I won't hang out a stockin' at all, seeing some are faded like, an' some are holey."

"That's a good girl," said Mrs. S— approvingly "there's nothing like making a good impression at first. It'll work like a charm."

It did. The neighbors studied the clothes-line, and discovered early a peculiarity in the genealogical tree of the new family.

"Would you believe it?" they cried, holding up their hands in holy horror, "they've had three washings out since they came there, all frills and furbelows, and not a pair of socks or stockings to their name—not one!"

It Made Her Tired.

"I am very tired," said the lady at the boarding house table Monday morning to the good natured minister who sat at the other end.

"You should not be," said the parson; "you didn't preach a sermon yesterday."

"No," said the lady almost unconsciously, "but I listened to one."

Then followed an oppressive silence, which gave the minister time to reflect that he had come out only second best.

The trouble with most cough medicines is that they spoil the appetite, weaken digestion, and create bile. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the contrary, while it gives immediate relief, assists rather than impairs the assimilative process.

On and after March 1st, 1912, 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, 5-1/2 Late Register U. S. Land Office. For Accommodation of Sunnyside.

N. H. Lillie has opened a grocery and general merchandising stock at Appenish, and also carries a line of lumber, building material and fence posts. Teams furnished for delivering goods in the Sunnyside country. 6-1/2

100,000 pounds of onions. Apply to R. Sampson, N. P. depot. 7-1/2

All accounts not settled on or before April 1st, 1912, will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. 7-1/2 J. H. CARPENTER.

100,000 pounds of onions. Apply to R. Sampson, N. P. depot. 7-1/2

100,000 pounds of onions. Apply to R. Sampson, N. P. depot. 7-1/2

YOUR COUGH

Has not yielded to the various remedies you have been taking. It troubles you day and night, breaks your rest and reduces your strength. Now try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, before the bronchial tubes become enlarged or the delicate tissues of the lungs sustain fatal injury. As an anodyne and expectorant, this preparation has no equal. It soothes the irritated membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. The worst cough

Can Be Cured

by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Dr. J. G. Gordon, Carrol Co., Va., writes: "I use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and pronounce it to be unequalled as a remedy for colds and coughs."

"After the gripe—cough. This was my experience—a hacking, dry cough, with an incessant tickling the throat, keeping me awake nights, and disturbing the household. I tried a great number of 'cough-cures,' but they gave me only temporary relief. At last I concluded to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and before I had used half a bottle, my first all-night sleep. I continued to improve, and now consider myself cured."—A. A. Sherman, Coeymans, N. Y.

By Using

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, many have been saved from fatal illness.

E. D. Estabrook, Canterbury, N. H., says: "In the winter of 1899 I was a surveyor of lumber in Sacramento, Cal. Being considerably exposed, I took a bad cold accompanied with a terrible cough. I tried several remedies, but they failed to cure me, and it was thought I was going into the tomb. On the advice of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and less than half a bottle completely cured me."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c; six bottles, \$1.50.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Perfectly Well! Pillsbury, Dubuque Co., Ia., Sept., 1898. Miss K. Fineman writes: "My mother and sister used Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for nervousness. They are both perfectly well now and never tired of praising the Tonic."

I was suffering from nervous debility, caused by dyspepsia. Didn't get more than three hours' sleep during any night. The effect of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic was magical. I slept sound and am now as well as ever after taking only one bottle. As a Nerve Tonic, considering how harmless it is, think it is the best medicine ever invented. J. P. SHILLALEY, 2, P. SHILLALEY, Brevard, Wash. Ter., June, 1898.

J. Sweney writes: "I must cheerfully say that of all the Nerve Tonics which I have used during the last year, Pastor Koenig's is the best I ever used."

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address. This medicine free of charge. Data supplied has been assumed by the Bureau of Pastors Koenig, of York, Pa., since 1888, and is now prepared under his direction.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at 25c per Bottle. 6 for \$1.50. Large Size, \$1.75. 6 Bottles for \$9.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of North Yakima.

DIRECTORS: J. R. Lewis, Theo. E. Wilcox, Chas. Carpenter, A. W. Engle, R. B. Scudder.

Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, \$27,000. A. W. ENGLE, President. CHAS. CARPENTER, Vice President. W. L. STEINWEG, Cashier.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS. Buys and Sells Exchange at Reasonable Rates. 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.

Notice of Appraisal of School Lands. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE COMMISSIONERS OF YAKIMA COUNTY, under and by virtue of an act "To provide for the sale and leasing of school lands" and declaring an emergency, approved March 28th, 1890, have appraised the following described school lands of Yakima County, Washington, to-wit:

Section 16, 12 north range 16 east. Section 16, 10 north range 21 east. Section 16, 10 north range 22 east. Section 16, 10 north range 23 east. Section 16, 9 north range 23 east. Section 16, 9 north range 25 east.

And that the report and abstract of said appraisal is on file with the County Auditor of Yakima County, Washington, and is subject to examination by any person desiring to inspect the same. Dated at North Yakima, Washington, this 15th day of March, 1912. JOSEPH STEPHENSON, Chairman of the Board of County Commissioners of Yakima County, Washington. SEAL—Attest: MARYON H. ELLIS, County Auditor.

For Sale or Exchange

Nine Acres, beautifully situated near Lake Padden, Fairhaven. Will exchange for a good farm of forty to 100 acres in the vicinity of Yakima. Will assume a mortgage or pay difference in cash. Apply to GEO. M. VANDOREN, 207, 209 and 211, Washington Block, Entrance, 705 Front St. Seattle, Wash.

WEAP MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM LANDS. When you want a loan call and see us. Watson & Parker.



S. J. LOWE, DEALER IN Hardware and Farm Implements

Garden Hose, Lawn Mowers, Sprinklers, The Latest Improved Gardening Tools.

STOVES -- AND -- TINWARE

Plumbing and Pipe Fitting, Pocket and Table Cutlery, Lamps and Chimneys, Wire Nails, Etc.

Oliver Plows, Best on Earth

Deering and McCormick Mowers, and the Hollingsworth and Tiger Rakes. These machines have no superiors.

THE - CELEBRATED - BAIN - WAGON

Buggies, Carriages, Hacks, Sulkeys, and Carts of first class make and finish. None better.

Corner Yakima Avenue and First Streets, North Yakima, Washington

Lombard & Horsley,

Furniture, Carpet, Wall Paper, Picture Frames



SYNDICATE BLOCK.

Farmers' & Traders' Co. Op. Store UNGER, MULLIGAN & CO.

BEAR THIS FACT IN MIND

The above firm holds out greater inducements in Bargains than any other house East of the Cascades.

WE - STAND - PAT!

And challenge Competition for Honesty and Square Dealing. WE CARRY EVERYTHING!

No Reasonable Price Refused for Boot and Shoe Leather.

UNGER, MULLIGAN & CO.

Farmers' & Traders' Co. Op. Store

FRANK B. SHARDLOW. JEFF. D. MCDANIEL

Shardlow and McDaniel,

DEALERS IN—

Fine Wines, Liquors.

Imported & Domestic Cigars.

FINE BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.

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

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jesse Moore Kentucky Whiskies.

CITY MARKET,

(TELEPHONE NO. 38). ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALT MEATS,

GRAIN-FED PORK, LIVERWORTS AND SAUSAGES.

Orders taken at Residences and Delivered Free of Charge.

GEO. CARPENTER.

BUCKLEY LUMBER CO.,

(SUCCESSORS TO C. W. HENRY & CO.). DEALERS IN—

ALL GRADES OF ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER.

Sash, Doors, Lath, Shingles, Etc.

Lumber Exchanged for Hay.

A. E. LARSON, Manager.

Summons by Publication.

In the Superior Court of Yakima County, State of Washington.

MAURIE E. KNAPP, Plaintiff, vs. LESTER KNAPP, Defendant.

The State of Washington to the above named Defendant.

You are hereby notified that Maurie E. Knapp, Plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the Superior Court of Yakima County, State of Washington, at North Yakima, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: Sixty days after the 25th day of February, 1912; and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 25th day of April, 1912, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said complaint granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is to obtain an absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony existing between the Plaintiff and the Defendant, and to place the custody of the children of said Plaintiff and Defendant.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court, at North Yakima, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1912.

DORILEY ESHLEMAN, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court. H. J. SNEVELY, Plaintiff's Attorney.

Summons by Publication.

In the Superior Court of Yakima County, State of Washington.

MARY E. WILEY, Plaintiff, vs. JOHN L. WILEY, Defendant.

The State of Washington to the above named Defendant.

You are hereby notified that Mary E. Wiley, Plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the Superior Court of Yakima County, State of Washington, at North Yakima, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: Sixty days after the 25th day of February, 1912; and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 25th day of April, 1912, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said complaint granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is to obtain an absolute divorce from the bonds of matrimony existing between the Plaintiff and Defendant.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court, at North Yakima, this 24th day of February, A. D. 1912.

DORILEY ESHLEMAN, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court. H. J. SNEVELY, Attorney for Plaintiff.

Summons by Publication.

In the Superior Court of Yakima County, State of Washington.

ANNA STONE, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY T. STONE, Defendant.

The State of Washington to the above named Defendant.

You are hereby notified that Anna Stone, Plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the Superior Court of Yakima County, State of Washington, at North Yakima, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: Sixty days after the 10th day of March, 1912; and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 9th day of May, 1912, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said complaint granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint is that the bonds of matrimony existing between Plaintiff and Defendant be dissolved, on the ground of abandonment; that the community property in said complaint described be awarded to Plaintiff, and that Defendant be required to pay Plaintiff a reasonable attorney's fee and costs and expenses of this action, and for such other and further relief as to said Plaintiff may seem meet and proper in the premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court, at North Yakima, this 23rd day of March, A. D. 1912.

DORILEY ESHLEMAN, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court. BRAYIS & MILROY, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

Do You Want a Good Meal?

IF SO, CALL ON

Kay & Lucy, RESTAURATEURS

(FORMERLY STEINER'S). The excellent reputation of this Restaurant is being maintained by the present proprietors. MEALS 25 AND 50 CENTS. Open all Hours, Day and Night.

SPOT Notice to Consumers.

After the 15th of December Roslyn Coal

Will be delivered for \$6.50 per ton, Free Coal!

Hereafter a ton of Coal not a cord of Wood will be unloaded unless the money is paid on delivery. There will be no deviation from this rule.

\$6.50 JOHN REED. TELEPHONE 17.

INSURED EVERY YEAR IN ADVANCE. Advertising Rates Upon Application.

Official Paper of North Yakima. FIFTH PAGE.

THE MAN WHO STAYED.

By R. O'NEILL.



'Take care of yourself, old fellow.' 'Goodby, Len.'

'Take care of yourself, old fellow.' 'Let's hear from you when you get home.'

'Don't forget us.' 'No danger of that, boys, and if any of you ever come to old Richmond, remember I live there, and my mother will be glad to see you as I shall.'

The speaker is a young man, hardly thirty, and as he sits in the buckboard taking leave of the little crowd of men who have assembled to bid him goodby, his handsome face and well knit form are such as to attract attention at once.

After an absence of years, Len Hawley is going home. To him, as well as to the men who surround him, the parting means a great deal, even though they strive—with that intensely American quality of exhibiting any emotion—to conceal their adieu under an air of everyday unconcern.

After one or two of comrades, when it comes to parting, the days long past bring up their memories to pass in review, and while no one speaks of them, all are conscious that they are present.

'Oh, you'll be back again, Len; you can't stay away,' says one of the men to whom he has been speaking, more to break the silence than for any other reason.

The young man merely shakes his head. He, as well as all the rest, knows that after years spent together, the parting will for the most of them be forever. Out of the little frontier mining town many another comrade has gone just as he is going—never to return.

Many another who day after day had dreamed of going, as he now is going, lay resting under the sod in the mountains around whose crests are just beginning to be gilded with the rays of the early summer sun.

'Well, everything is on board, Joe, and you can drive around and pick up Mr. Dunsmer and his wife, and then turn yourself loose.' It is the stage agent giving his last commands to the driver.

make this long trip in company. As for Mr. Dunsmer, he merely thinks how unfortunate he is to be forced to make it at all. In the past, when Mrs. Dunsmer was simply Maria Manning, the admitted belle of the little frontier settlement, she and Len Hawley had been lovers.

That was before the man who now sat beside her had come into her life, and, as she and the man she had discarded sat together for the first time in months, neither could refrain from thinking of the past—of the quarrel, so trivial in its beginning, that had caused them to drift so wide apart that reconciliation was impossible.

As for Len Hawley, when he had heard of her engagement to another, he had determined to forget her by gathering together the little property he had and beginning life anew elsewhere. It was hardly a year since the engagement that bound Maria together had been broken, and already, he thought bitterly, she had fallen into the arms of another.

Some said that when Mr. Dunsmer, the rich mine owner, had first exhibited an interest in her, she had sought the opportunity to discard Hawley. Much as the latter may have felt his loss, outwardly he appeared indifferent. He could not believe that she had simply cast him aside for money, and when the plainer spoken portion of the community in referring to the marriage intimated that after all it had been merely a matter of bargain and sale, he would have told them they lied had it not been for showing how deeply he would still rankle.

Of this woman he could never think aught but good. Strive as he would, he felt that he never could cease to love her. He would not blame her for what she had done. Who could tell what her motives had been? Might she not have loved Dunsmer as she had in the past loved him—perhaps even more?

He only wished that she would be happy. Dunsmer himself, he had never liked him. In fact, there were very few who did. Selfish, overbearing and unscrupulous, Dunsmer loved money as he loved nothing else on earth. To him it was a god, to be defied and worshipped above all else. It was his boast that with money anything could be obtained, and when he had first begun to visit Maria Manning, during her engagement to Hawley, his arrogant display of wealth, as well as his ill concealed contempt of those of less means, had incensed Hawley so much that the quarrel that broke the engagement ensued, and Maria had been pleased to charge it to his jealousy.

After that it was easy for her to defend Dunsmer, and the drifting apart had begun, until she stood at the altar as Dunsmer's bride. From that day Hawley had determined to leave the country. He had gone for the last time to look at the house which, during their engagement, Maria and he had planned and of which they had superintended the building. As he went from room to room he thought of the many times they had gone through them together, planning for the future and dreaming dreams that were never to be realized.

For the last time he had locked the door, and, taking the key from it, had cast it from him. Something he could not bear the thought of giving it into the possession of another. That had been months ago, and the house still stood vacant. As the buckboard passed it in the early morning he unconsciously noted how the six months had changed it, and he wondered if the woman behind him had noticed it. It was to have been their home. For nearly two years it had been the one that all others that pervaded their talk, and now—how he would not think of it, though. After all it might be for the best. He would leave it behind him as she was leaving it, and in his old home in the east he would strive to forget it.

In the company of the dear old mother, whom he had not seen for years, the memory of the woman who had entered his life only to mar it would in no time pass away. How, though, would he explain to his mother that this woman, of whom he had written so lovingly, who herself had called her "mother" in her many letters during their engagement, was now the wife of another—that, after all, she whom he had thought true and true had been false? He could hardly bear to think of it. Somehow her presence this morning—her blue eyes and brown hair, which he had so often kissed and caressed—had opened afresh wounds that he had thought healed, and try as he would, he was unable to put from him the thought of the love that had once been theirs. He strove to think of home. Would there be many changes to be seen? How glad his mother would be to see him! Thank God! after all the years of absence, he was going back with enough to make her last days ones of ease and plenty. He would never leave her.

She was the one of all the world who would understand what had befallen him, and who would know how to sympathize with him in his sorrow. How good and true had this old mother been to him—so different from the woman who had given him up for the money of the man whose name she bore. Through all his thoughts, though, ran the memory of their courtship. He could hardly bear to think of it. Somehow her presence this morning—her blue eyes and brown hair, which he had so often kissed and caressed—had opened afresh wounds that he had thought healed, and try as he would, he was unable to put from him the thought of the love that had once been theirs. He strove to think of home. Would there be many changes to be seen? How glad his mother would be to see him! Thank God! after all the years of absence, he was going back with enough to make her last days ones of ease and plenty. He would never leave her.

As the team of four half broken broncos swings into the street the young man's face smarted and burns at the embarrassment they cause him he almost forgets to respond to the farewells shouted after him. He feels almost like jumping from the buckboard and rejoining his comrades who has left. He has hardly recovered his self possession, when Joe stops his team at a house in front of which are already waiting a man of his own age and a woman some years younger. The man, with much dozing, as to last has the trunk, of which he seems so solicitous, placed in his satisfaction in the buckboard, and with the lady takes the rear of the party, and with a crack of the whip Joe turns his team into the road and the weekly mail between Prescott, Arizona, and San Diego, California, has begun its six hundred miles of travel over mountains and across deserts to meet the steamers of the Pacific.

Whether or not the mass of letters and papers piled in the bottom of the vehicle will all reach there, or whether any of it will, is a question. While it is the boast of the contractor that they run strictly on schedule time, they give no guarantee assuring the safe delivery of anything, even of the passengers they carry. All they pretend to do is to run the gantlet. If they get through, they will "bring the mail in on time" and after waiting without avail an hour for its arrival when it is due it is useless to expect it. Another week will elapse, and then a new driver, driving a new team, will come in and explain just where and when the Indians "jumped and took in" the missing mail, and in confirmation of what he says, as likely as not, he will turn over to the postmaster a mass of ruffled letters, so stained and black with blood that the readers will have to puzzle long over them before they can decipher their contents. It is a standing rule, though—one that all drivers are urged to observe strictly—that, if absolutely necessary to lighten the load in order to escape from an Indian attack, the mail bags containing papers are to be sacrificed first, and those containing letters are to be thrown off only in extreme emergencies.

Such is human nature that constant association with danger brings at last a callousness, and while all the passengers who have taken seats on this particular morning may have thought of the dangers in a general way, not one has conceived it possible that his or her fate may be the same as his met those whose graves they so often encounter close by the roadside. Each of the men has prepared for a possible attack by arming himself. Two at least of the passengers—Len Hawley and Mrs. Dunsmer—are thinking how unfortunate the coincidence that has thrown them together to

graceful, as it cries; that one cannot refrain from watching it, although the upturned eyes ache and burn with the glare of the summer sun. Heat and thirst and silence. Everything is parched and brown, and the yellow earth, where it is not covered by sand or dust, is baked and cracked in every direction, thirstily waiting for the winter rains that are yet months away. Even the rocks, round and jagged pieces of lava, are black as if burned with the all pervading heat.

The three passengers sit in silence, longing for the next station, Camp Date Creek, more than ten miles away. It will, at least, be a relief to reach it, if only to refill the canteens that "have become so warm that the water they contain has ceased to be refreshing."

Suddenly Jose rises in his seat and looks long and earnestly off to the left, where half a dozen clouds of dust are rising in the air. They are so light that he can hardly tell whether they are only the whirlwinds peculiar to the desert or men on horseback. As he looks, though, in each of the little clouds of dust occasional glimpses disclose a group of horsemen, riding at full speed. He looks again—all are looking in the same direction—and as he drops to his seat and says, simply, "Indios," all know that he is confirming their worst fears.

He stops the horses, and, handing the lines to Hawley, jumps from the wagon. Drawing his knife, he steps to the rear of the wagon, where the heavy trunk, placed there in the morning by Dunsmer, is lashed. As he starts to cut the ropes that tie it to the buckboard, Dunsmer divines his intention and turns on him fiercely.

"No, no, you mustn't throw that off! There's a bullet in it," he says, and leaning over he catches Jose's hand to prevent cutting the ropes that hold it. "Los Indios son Apaches" (the Indians are Apaches) says Jose, his face growing pale as he notes how rapidly they are approaching while the buckboard delays.

"I can't help it; but you mustn't lose my trunk," says Dunsmer. "Can't you make him understand? I can't speak Spanish," he asks, in a pleading voice, turning to Hawley. It is the first time they have spoken since before the marriage, and, eying him contemptuously, Hawley interprets into Spanish what he has said, and Jose, thinking that he, too, is asking for the preservation of each streamer out far behind. They are the wagon takes the reins once more into his hands and begins to ply the whip.

Hawley sees his rifle to fire. He looks to see if his rifle is in order, and as he does so he glances at the pale faces of the husband and wife behind him. As for himself, he is indifferent. Dunsmer has begun to throw into the road the mail bags. His wife looks at him as if to urge him to cut loose the trunk, but remains silent, as if afraid to ask it.

"He would sacrifice even her to save his gold," Hawley thinks bitterly. How the horses jump under the lash! They, too, have sensed the danger and seem to know that the race is one of life and death. The smooth, straight road stretches ahead toward where it begins to climb the narrow pass through which it crosses the mountains. It is at that point that the Indians are trying to intercept them. How they ride! The cruel rawhide whips with which they are cutting their horses seem to be always in the air, while the long black hair of each streamer out far behind. They are slowly gaining. Hawley raises his rifle and fires at an Indian in the leading group. A little puff of dust marks where the bullet strikes the ground to the left. No use to waste cartridges firing from the buckboard. One can only wait until all hope of escape by flight is gone, and then fight until death comes. In fight is their only hope.

Jose has dropped from the seat to his knees and leans far over the dashboard that he may reach the further with his whip. How it whistles through the air as it falls on the flanks of the leaders and wheelers, leaving, wherever it falls, great welts that show plainly through the dust and sweat that cover the horses' sides. He strives to make the lash fall where the skin is the tenderest. It cuts the thin, delicate nostrils of the wheelers, and raises on the bellies of the leaders ridges that are almost as large as the veins, while he shoots at them with fierce Spanish curses. No wonder the horses grow wild with pain and fear and dash madly on. Fast as they go, though, they can hardly hold the lash fall where the pursuers. It is only a question of time before they are overtaken, unless something intervenes to save them.

A broken trace, a cracked spring—and then a few shots, a rush by the Indians, and all would be over; the next passer would find their mutilated bodies lying in the road, and the ruffled trunk and mail bags. No one speaks. They are almost at the point where the narrow road begins to climb the mountain pass, some ten, less than a mile away, come the Apaches, their horses fleeted with foam. Once the buckboard begins to touch the mountains, it will be madness to drive as they have driven on the plains. To do so might throw them into the canyon hundreds of feet below or break their vehicle against one of the many bowlders that line the roadside. Already Jose is getting his horses in hand, as if to check their speed. Here the Indians have the advantage, and their sun-footed mustangs, unhampered by harness or wagon, will soon overtake the buckboard. There is a chance, though, and, facing Dunsmer and his wife, Hawley, whose face is white and stern, says:

"Dunsmer, from the top of the mountain it is hardly three miles into the next station, Camp Date Creek, and you and I, by getting out here, can stand off the Apaches until the wagon gets away. If we only hold them back for ten minutes it will be enough, for by that time the wagon can reach the top of the mountain and there will be no chance for the Indians to overtake it."

As he faced Dunsmer, for the first time in months he again looks into the eyes of the woman he and loved. How blue they appear in the white, pale face.

They look pleadingly into his, and an instant is filled with pity for this woman who sits there in silence with death so near. Her eyes never leave his face, as if longing for him to speak, if only to pardon the past. All the old love comes back to him, and he feels as if he would give his life to take her again in his arms. As he thinks it can never be, he puts the thought from his mind and in its stead comes the pain that she has brought to him.

"Can't we escape without?" asks Dunsmer, his lips aching with fear. "No," answers Hawley, with bitter contempt and a new hatred, born of the man's cowardice, in his heart; "it is the only chance for your wife, and we had better do it right ahead where the climbing begins and where we can get in among the bowlders."

"Couldn't one do it? I would be willing to pay anything if—" began Dunsmer, to quit abruptly as he caught the stern look in Hawley's eyes. "You coward! Are you going to come with me or not?" asks Hawley, as he rises in his seat rifle in hand. The horses under the close rein that Jose is drawing have slackened their speed, for they are already in the pass.

"Yes, yes, of course I will go with you," comes from the white lips of Dunsmer, as he sees Hawley preparing to spring into the road. Hawley reaches within his breast, and taking from it a purse hands it to the woman. "Mamie, this is all I have," he says simply; "see that my mother gets it. You know her address."

Mrs. Dunsmer reaches out her hand as if to prevent him from leaving the buckboard. There are tears in her eyes as they meet his, and her voice trembles as she implores him not to throw his life away for her sake. Almost before she can frame the words he leaps from the wagon into the road. In an instant he gathers himself together and looks toward the buckboard. Dunsmer is still seated in it, holding his wife as if to prevent her jumping from it. A wave of exaltation seems to pass over Hawley as he sees this man, who was to have stood by him in facing the Apaches while his wife escaped, thus leave him to his fate. For an instant the buckboard almost stops, as if in response to some command from the woman; while Dunsmer, who seems beside himself with fear, has taken from the driver's hand the whip and is striving to lash the horses into greater speed. Hawley smiles to himself bitterly. He can yet overtake the buckboard, or, easier still, he can hide among the bowlders and brush that line the canyon from the Apaches, and after they have passed easily make his escape. No; he knows he had played the game. She would escape and would know that it was to him she owed her life. He took off his hat and threw it into the air as a signal for Jose to drive on. He does not even look where it falls. He will never need it again he thinks as he crouches behind a bowlder.

He raises his rifle and fires at the foremost of the Indians who are galloping into the canyon. In an instant they slip from their horses and, after firing a few shots at him, begin to climb the mountain side. This is what he expected. They will climb the mountain side and probably shoot him in the back from above; but before they can do so and remember their horses the buckboard and its passengers will be beyond pursuit. He had feared that they would rush in on him, and his life would have been thrown away in vain. It was for this he wanted Dunsmer to come with him. Two might do what one could not.

Entraged at the escape of the buckboard through the delay he has caused them, the Indians fire volley after volley at him until the canyon slopes so with respect that he cannot tell from which direction the shots are coming. He looks up toward the summit to see if any of his enemies are above him, and as he does so he catches a glimpse of the buckboard, with a woman's white face looking toward him. An instant and his gun. "Thank God! He knows they are on the mesa now and she is safe."

So they are. A straight, level road is before them, and at its end they can see, when it returns and is creeping so near against the dark side of the mountain beyond, a cluster of adobe buildings, with a flag floating high in the air over the parade ground. The horses are again running as if mad, with the stings of the whip that seems to be forever falling. The shots in the canyon die away in the distance. A mile is passed and then another. Already the wild race has been noticed at the post, and, while they are still a couple of hundred yards away, the ringing notes of the bugle are sounding above the hard breathing of the horses and the rattle of the buckboard, for to the old soldier in command such driving means that there is superior need.

As the buckboard passes the sentinel, a few words explain all; and, while the foam covered team still stands trembling from their wild race, a troop of cavalry dashes by at a gallop to the rescue of the man who is facing such odds in the canyon.

The woman who has come in with the buckboard watched the blue coated men with staring eyes. How slowly they seem to go, though she knows that the troop has never ridden—even in its wildest charge—as it is riding today.

The husband approaches her and places his hand upon her arm, as if to lead her into one of the houses, out of the sun. She shakes his hand off without looking at him. The few women in the post gather around and urge her to compose herself, but she does not seem to heed them. She can only stand and watch the cloud of dust which marks the progress of the cavalry. They have crossed the mesa, and, as they disappear from the horizon beyond, all know that if the Indians are still there the canyon will soon be filled with the smoke and fire of the cavalry carbines.

An ambulance, in which is seated a hospital steward, approaches where she is standing, to receive orders from the commander of the post. When she hears that it with its escort is to follow the troop of cavalry to bring back the dead and wounded, despite all that can be done she takes a seat in it, and when it returns she is clasping to her breast the form of the man who had staid behind in the canyon.

As the ambulance stops a little crowd gathers around, and she looks into it curiously. The sergeant of the escort, as he salutes the colonel, says: "Captain Dillon and the troop have gone in pursuit of the Indians."

"And the man who stood them off while the buckboard got away—how is he?" asks the colonel, nodding toward the ambulance. "He was all shot to pieces and dead before we got there," is the sergeant's reply.—San Francisco Argonaut.

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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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HORACE BOIES OF IOWA.

Something About a Favorite Son of the Hawkeye State.

Whose Name May Figure on the Next Democratic Presidential Ticket. A Firm Believer in Personal Liberty.

A western name is sure to appear on the democratic presidential ticket, and no one is mentioned more often or favorably than Horace Boies of Waterloo, Iowa.

In this man were to journey east and walk down Broadway he would attract attention from students of faces. Few, however, would identify him. True, for forty years he breathed the air of the Empire state; for fifteen years he practiced law in Erie county, and met Grover Cleveland at the bar of Buffalo; and once he sat in the legislature at Albany—but notwithstanding these things he is practically unknown to New York and the east.

He is of medium height, of robust countenance. His face is always clean shaven, his hair is white, and a kindly light shines through his grey eyes. He neither drinks nor smokes. He is a courteous man, calm and deliberate in conversation.

Meet him in his private office at the Capitol at Des Moines and you get the impression that he must be somewhat of an orator. He has a powerful, rounded voice. He speaks fluently, to the point, with choice of words and a fine regard for logic. Put some question to him that requires a long answer and he grows emphatic in delivering his sentences. There is a sweep in his inflections, a sudden weight thrown upon some important word and a gesture to mark the ictus of his thought. A listener sits intent.

All is satisfying until he puts on his spectacles to read something to you. Then you wish he were near-sighted, for the gold bows do not become him. They detract from the pleasing features of his face. But still you feel that a man addressing a great audience needs not glasses, and you think once more that with all the attributes you have noticed he must be an orator.

And yet he is not. Though his voice is strong it is not resonant. His speeches have the finish of legal argument, but lack the beauty of metaphor, the salt of wit. Of imagination he has little or none.

"Affidavit Boies" is the name that the Hawkeye people have learned to call him. A republican lawyer is responsible for the creation of this title. This republican lawyer is Judge Hubbard. He is counsel in Iowa for the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. A case concerning the railroad was to be tried before a jury and Hubbard was to speak for the company. He found that Boies was to argue for the other side and to some of the railroad officers Judge Hubbard made the following remark some days before the trial:

"You don't want to feel sure," he said "that we are going to win this case, for that man Boies is on the other side, and when he gets before a jury and looks at them it is almost enough to win the case. His face is so honest that it is like an affidavit of facts that you can't dispute."

This strength of personality available him greatly in political campaigning. He drew and held and convinced large numbers than any other speaker in the most fiercely fought contest that Iowa ever had.

Boies does not use tobacco or liquor, but he says if other people do and it doesn't hurt them he hasn't any objection. He shaves himself; doesn't play cards or swear; as making a joke, but he is so adept at making one or telling stories, slips to ride horseback but isn't much of a sportsman.

He talks freely to newspaper men and says he knows his friends are taking of him for the presidency, but he won't lift his little finger to get it.

Until he was sixty-five years old Horace Boies had been a republican. For the last eight years he has been a democrat. For the last three years he has been the foremost democrat in the newly democratic state of Iowa. The story of how he became converted and how the state was converted is one and the same. It furnishes an illustration of how many men in Iowa have been moved by conscience and a faith in principles.

Iowa was republican through the war and after the war, because the Iowa people believed that the republican party was the guardian of the national federation and the exponent of sound theories.

Horace Boies was a republican for like reasons.

In the 43 years of life in the east he had never been a politician. The holding of office did not attract him.

In 1880 the republican party at its national convention adopted a protection plank which antagonized the belief of most Iowa republicans.

Among those who were dissatisfied was Horace Boies.

Argument was made by republican leaders that notwithstanding the national attitude of the party they should all maintain their allegiance to the organization.

With the independent lawyer of Waterloo such a course was out of the question. He did not openly break with his party, but his faith was shaken.

Three years later another cause of dis-

satisfaction arose and then he rose in protest and started a revolt.

The prohibition cause had struck the state. Its advocates dominated in republican councils. The decision was reached that prohibition would be a good thing for the people, and there was every indication that a law forbidding the manufacture or sale of alcoholic beverages would be forced upon the state.

So far as his personal tastes and habits were concerned the adoption of such a law would not have affected Boies. But the probability of a prohibitory law was objectionable to his sense of justice.

Therefore, because his creed of personal liberty compelled him, he entered into the anti-prohibition movement.

His friends in the republican party remonstrated. They argued that by his course he would jeopardize the safety of the party.

He answered that he cared more for his principles than for the organization. The state supreme court had decided that the prohibition amendment was unconstitutional. Mr. Boies had pointed out that fact. One of those on the supreme bench, Judge Day, was a candidate for re-nomination, and the republicans decided to punish him for daring to pronounce the prohibition amendment unconstitutional. They refused to place him upon the ticket. This impressed Boies as an act of injustice and he refused to be restrained.

Thousands supported Mr. Boies in making this protest. Like him they did not belong to the republican organization for the gain of office, but because they felt that the republican party stood for the principles in which they believed. When they saw that the party did not longer represent their principles they left it. They felt that they were consistent and that the party was not.

If it had been an ordinary election probably many thousands more would have allied themselves to Mr. Boies. But it was an extraordinary election. The legislature to be chosen would have to elect a United States senator to succeed Senator Allison. Of course all good republicans desired to have Allison succeed himself, and thus appeals were made in his behalf. It became a question of loyalty for his sake and the party's sake. The Allison interests triumphed and Boies was not only out of the party but he had failed to accomplish the objects at which he had aimed.

But Boies did not feel that there was no political hope for him.

He had opposed the prohibition law because it interfered with personal liberty. He found that the democratic party thought as he did on that subject, and therefore on that ground he could be a democrat.

He had opposed a high tariff. He found that the democratic party's attitude was like his, and therefore on that ground he could be a democrat.

He had opposed enormous and increasing appropriations by the federal government.

Baking Powder in the New York Legislature.

The following, taken from the Oil, Paint and Drug Reporter, refers to a new bill just introduced in the legislature of New York state:

"The latest development in the baking powder war, is the introduction of a bill in the legislature of this state, requiring all packages of baking powder which contain ammonia, to be branded with a statement of that fact in large type on the label.

"Now while the ammonia contention is on, why cannot the law give the public the benefit of the doubt? Wholly unprejudiced people are certainly not willing to be dosed with the substance acknowledged as a poison, simply because scientists, some of whom are not even physiologists, disagree as to its potency."

A similar bill was introduced last April, but it is shrewdly surmised that the influence of interested parties prevented its passage. The provisions of the present bill are so just that it probably will soon become a law.

This will be welcome news to the manufacturers of pure cream of tartar bakings powders, the most prominent of whom is the Price Baking Powder Co. of Chicago and St. Louis, makers of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder, who have always made a strictly pure cream of tartar powder, notwithstanding the temptations of adulteration suggested by the enormous profits realized by a large New York concern which uses ammonia, and advertises its powder as strictly pure, by means of garbled official reports and certificates signed by its own employees, dubbed professors, doctor or government chemist, as fancy may dictate.

A bill compelling alum powders to be conspicuously labeled as such, already exists in Minnesota and it is to be hoped in the interest of the consumer that similar laws will soon be enacted in other states, for ammonia as well as alum.

The following powders known to contain either ammonia or alum or both will be affected by the proposed legislation: Royal, Pearl, Calumet, Chicago Yeast, Forest City, One Spoon (Taylor's) Bon Bon, Kenton, Echo, Snow Puff, Univalled, Yarnell's One Spoon, Shepard's Economical, Crown, Clynax, Hercules, Monarch, New Era, Snow Ball.

The Hottest Kind of a Man.

Bill Nye, who knows what he says from grim experience, puts it thusly to newspaper thieves: A man may use a wart on the back of his neck for a collar button; ride on the back coach of a railroad train to save the integrity of his money until the conductor comes around; stop his watch at night to save wear and tear; leave his "if" or "it" without dot or cross to save ink; pasture his mother's grave to save corn; but a man of that sort is a scholar and a gentleman compared to the fellow who will take a newspaper two or three years, and when asked to pay for it put it back in the postoffice marked "refused."

Hall's Hair Renewer is pronounced the best preparation made for thickening the growth of the hair, and restoring that which is gray to its original color.

JIM HILL'S GREAT SUCCESS.

From a Dock Laborer to the Head of a Transcontinental Line.

The Development of a Jerkwater Railroad—An Intensely Interesting History of the Great Northern.

In this day and in this land of rapidly made fortunes and names there is none more remarkable than the rise of President J. J. Hill from poverty and obscurity to affluence and fame. Three decades ago there was an unknown laborer on the Mississippi river docks at St. Paul. But this keen-minded, energetic man was never destined long to perform such humble labors. In a few years we find him controlling a line of steamers on the Red river of the north in the days when those steamers and clumsy two-wheeled ox carts formed the only means of communication between the infant cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, and the vast regions of the middle northwest.

A step more and we find him the moving spirit in the purchase of the old St. Paul & Pacific and its conversion into the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba. The line was extended to Winnipeg, numerous branches were built until to-day this system ramifies the whole middle northwest.

Next, in 1890, after the Manitoba had been built into eastern Montana, came the amalgamation of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, the Manitoba Central, the Minnesota Eastern and the Duluth & Southwestern to form the Great Northern railway line.

Mr. Hill's long-time dream of building and controlling a transcontinental line was now at the beginning of its realization. Already as early as 1889, the old Manitoba had engineers in the field on reconnaissance and preliminaries. Mr. Ellison's party was the first to take the field, and others rapidly followed it.

In the dead of the winter of 1889-90, Mr. Haskell penetrated the Rocky mountains from the west, going up through the canyon of the Flathead river and the Bad rock, through the severest weather, and opposed by cold, hunger and all the obstacles nature put in the way of the pioneer. He persevered until he reached the summit of the Rockies, and convinced himself of the remarkably low altitude of the Marais pass. The pass was at once decided upon, and in March, 1890, the party of engineers left Assiniboine junction on the northern route. Construction and tracklaying were begun the same season, and by January, 1891, the end of the track was at Cut bank, some 120 miles from Assiniboine.

Early in the season of 1891 construction was begun down the west slope of the Rockies and into Idaho. The progress of the rails was a long time delayed by the unfinished trestle across the Two Medicine, which is something like 210 feet in height.

At length after many delays the rail crossed the summit of the mountains at an elevation of 5215 feet above the sea, and, moreover, a thing unparalleled, attained it without exceeding a 1 per cent maximum grade. Descending on the west side, however, a short stretch of 1.8 per cent grade could not be eliminated by the skill of the best engineers.

Getting down into the Flathead country the incessant rains made tracklaying almost an impossibility, and Shepherd, Siens & Co., the firm who have the whole contract, despaired of being able to reach the Flathead valley before the deep snows of winter would make tracklaying an impossibility. Then a span of the bridge at the second crossing of the Flathead collapsed and carried nine men to their death on the rocks below. But the bridge was replaced by a temporary structure, and on January 1, 1892, the first train pulled into Kalspell, the promising young metropolis of the Flathead valley.

Meantime, in December, a spur was built from the Northern Pacific at Sand Point, Idaho, to the line of the Great Northern, the two roads being very near together at that point. From here tracklaying has begun both ways, toward Kalspell on the east and Spokane on the west, while at the same time the work on the continuous line was being pushed through the Cabinet mountains from the east. In a short time two of the steel gangs will meet in Idaho at about the same time that the rails enter Spokane, working westward from Sand Point. Consequently Mr. Hill made no error when he stated that at an early date the Great Northern would give Spokane connection with the east.

All this time engineering parties have been in the field locating the line from Spokane to the coast, down Crab creek, across the Columbia, up the Wenatchee and down to the coast through the pass discovered by the brilliant Engineer Stevens. Already numerous contractors' outfits are in the field east of the Columbia and work has likewise begun on the western slope of the Cascades.

Having traced the work up to its present status, we can not leave the subject without saying something of the man who has ably seconded and executed President Hill's unique 1 per cent grade idea: Chief Engineer E. H. Beckler of the Pacific extension of the Great Northern is the man. He it is who, with superb executive ability, magnificent engineering skill, indomitable energy and untiring industry, has hurried the construction of the Great Northern, through the medium of Shepherd, Siens & Co., across mountains, rivers, chasms, canyons, prairies and forests, conquering with ease every obstacle which nature seemed to raise as a bulwark against further progress.

It is a conservative prophecy to say that, under the guidance of this skilled engineer, within a year the Sound country will have continuous rail connection with St. Paul and Minneapolis on the Great Northern railway line, which, with its light curvature, low grades and splendidly built roadbed, stands pre-eminent—the monarch of transcontinental railroads.

Such was the case of the outer old

THE HOSIER'S GHOST

"Nevertheless, I thought, there is no use in sitting up thus. I may as well go to bed, then I shall, without doubt, fall asleep, know nothing till tomorrow morning and be able to go home with flying colors.

"Accordingly I prepared for rest, and as I can never sleep well with my clothes on pulled off all my attire with the exception of my shirt, took a final drink of the eau de vie, laid ready my pistol and lay down upon my mattress, drawing a single blanket over me.

"I lay with my feet turned toward the glowing embers, which diffused grateful heat and gave sufficient light to enable me to discern the object, such as they were, in the chamber after I had extinguished my candle. The feeling of security, born of the fact that I had secured myself by the figure of a tall, lean man, as I could see through the uncurtained window, seemed to be plunging her way among great banks and masses of cloud, the room was faintly lighted here and there with a strange twilight of moon and fire.

"Somehow my eyes fixed themselves on the low door by the side of the hearth. Could it be possible? Was that door opening? No; impossible! I had screwed it up far too tight for that.

"Yet something strange was taking place. Whether the door was opening or something was coming through it I could not tell; but I felt that a change was taking place, and set up in my bed in silent terror, with that peculiar sensation in my body which persons of an imaginative disposition are pleased to call 'gooseflesh.'

"Fixing my gaze firmly upon that mysterious door, I sat and watched it. Little by little the aspect of the door changed. It became white, bleached as it were, and then, to my intense horror, a something seemed to pass through it and to stand in front of it. Yes; that something gradually assumed shape and proportion. I could see the head, the body, the arms, the form was that of a man: Then, while my hair stood upright upon my head with terror, I noticed it was a man in the flesh? No, clearly not; for I could see through it and discern that the little door at the back of it was fast screwed up as I had left it. This was no man in whom was the breath of life, a phantom, a form, a show, merely an image, and how inexpressibly ghastly and terrific! When I had fully realized this fact I became a prey to the most abject terror. It was true, then, about the ghost! It was no trick, no joke, that I was to be subjected to, but before me was a supernatural shape for the first time in my life. I became seized with a species of fascination as well as of terror; I gazed fixedly at the appearance, covered as it was by a strange, unearthly white light.

"A day or two passed by, and one night, as I was putting my portmanteau for my homeward journey the morning, I was startled by a great yellow light in the sky. Soon after I heard the hoarse and blatant voice of the alarm bell. I dressed and went out, and found the whole population of the place running in one direction. I followed the stream of folk. It was a fire, some one told me, in the Lederstrasse; the haunted house was burning down. We arrived in the ancient narrow street; the sight was magnificent; the whole dwelling was enveloped in flames. No one took the slightest trouble or endeavor to get the flames under control. All were staring and gazing in idle curiosity.

"It was a bad place," some one said, "and they were well content to see it perish."

"How or by whom the fire was kindled I never knew.—True Flag.

A DEADLY DILEMMA.

By GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

"I must have lost consciousness at once, for the next thing I remember was lying on my bed in my own lodgings, with my good landlady and the acquaintance who had dared me to the terrible trial standing around my bed.

"It was said for some time after that the poor Englishman was going mad, as all the others who had seen the ghost of the Lederstrasse had done. I cheated them however. My head was too strong, I suppose, for I got over my fright, and after my broken leg had been set, could listen to their recital of what had taken place. I learned that those who had set themselves to watch in the street had for the first time, low grinding sound—my screws no doubt—then after a long interval my frantic screams, a crash and the clatter of broken glass, and had seen me fall as a lifeless lump upon the street pavement.

"They picked me up, and one of them described that as they did so the shadowy figure of the ghost, the broken window above, shining in the moonlight, a pale, shadowy face and the glitter of two bright eyes.

"It is not strange to say my right leg was broken by the fall; but it is, I think, somewhat strange to relate that my left was blackened to the knee as if scorched; nay, it is so to this day—see!"

"My friend showed me his blackened leg.

"And that is all?" I asked.

"All, lieber Himmel! Is not that enough? Can you wonder after what I have told you that I don't like the Lederstrasse?"

"Wonder! No! I would not go near the place again after dark for a grand duke's ransom. But who do they say the specter was?"

"I do not quite know. There is a legend of some hater who once lived in that house and was rich, who fell into some disgrace, and the reigning duke of Saxo-Dummelesheim sent upon him, and with a refinement in cruelty, in order to extort from him his money, caused him to be put to a torture something in the manner of our ancient machine called 'the boot,' which crushed the leg of the victim. In this case the instrument was a hose of steel, which was at the onset icy cold and was then heated by fire to almost a red heat. The poor hater sank under the dreadful torture.

"It is said that his ghost now seeks to avenge itself upon all who approach his ancient abode, and that he tries on them his ghastly hose; if he succeeds in getting the hose on their legs they die and his spirit is released from its wanderings."

Anglo-German. I went to my inn and to bed; there I lay and pondered long upon the strange story I had heard. My sleep, when sleep came, was not of the best. Every now and again I awoke with a start and a shudder, and fancied that a ghostly hater was pulling upon my neck, and that I was being drawn into the room, did it work, and in a very little time I fell asleep.

"I cannot tell how long I slept. All I know is that I seemed to wake up from a feeling of cold, as if some one were blowing upon me with a pair of bellows. I rubbed my eyes, remembered where I was, and experienced a slight feeling of unhappiness to find that the night had not passed over and that I was still in the haunted chamber.

"The fire was all but dead, the moon, as I could see through the uncurtained window, seemed to be plunging her way among great banks and masses of cloud, the room was faintly lighted here and there with a strange twilight of moon and fire.

"Somehow my eyes fixed themselves on the low door by the side of the hearth. Could it be possible? Was that door opening? No; impossible! I had screwed it up far too tight for that.

"Yet something strange was taking place. Whether the door was opening or something was coming through it I could not tell; but I felt that a change was taking place, and set up in my bed in silent terror, with that peculiar sensation in my body which persons of an imaginative disposition are pleased to call 'gooseflesh.'

"Fixing my gaze firmly upon that mysterious door, I sat and watched it. Little by little the aspect of the door changed. It became white, bleached as it were, and then, to my intense horror, a something seemed to pass through it and to stand in front of it. Yes; that something gradually assumed shape and proportion. I could see the head, the body, the arms, the form was that of a man: Then, while my hair stood upright upon my head with terror, I noticed it was a man in the flesh? No, clearly not; for I could see through it and discern that the little door at the back of it was fast screwed up as I had left it. This was no man in whom was the breath of life, a phantom, a form, a show, merely an image, and how inexpressibly ghastly and terrific! When I had fully realized this fact I became a prey to the most abject terror. It was true, then, about the ghost! It was no trick, no joke, that I was to be subjected to, but before me was a supernatural shape for the first time in my life. I became seized with a species of fascination as well as of terror; I gazed fixedly at the appearance, covered as it was by a strange, unearthly white light.

"A day or two passed by, and one night, as I was putting my portmanteau for my homeward journey the morning, I was startled by a great yellow light in the sky. Soon after I heard the hoarse and blatant voice of the alarm bell. I dressed and went out, and found the whole population of the place running in one direction. I followed the stream of folk. It was a fire, some one told me, in the Lederstrasse; the haunted house was burning down. We arrived in the ancient narrow street; the sight was magnificent; the whole dwelling was enveloped in flames. No one took the slightest trouble or endeavor to get the flames under control. All were staring and gazing in idle curiosity.

"It was a bad place," some one said, "and they were well content to see it perish."

"How or by whom the fire was kindled I never knew.—True Flag.

A DEADLY DILEMMA.

By GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER I.

"I must have lost consciousness at once, for the next thing I remember was lying on my bed in my own lodgings, with my good landlady and the acquaintance who had dared me to the terrible trial standing around my bed.

"It was said for some time after that the poor Englishman was going mad, as all the others who had seen the ghost of the Lederstrasse had done. I cheated them however. My head was too strong, I suppose, for I got over my fright, and after my broken leg had been set, could listen to their recital of what had taken place. I learned that those who had set themselves to watch in the street had for the first time, low grinding sound—my screws no doubt—then after a long interval my frantic screams, a crash and the clatter of broken glass, and had seen me fall as a lifeless lump upon the street pavement.

"They picked me up, and one of them described that as they did so the shadowy figure of the ghost, the broken window above, shining in the moonlight, a pale, shadowy face and the glitter of two bright eyes.

"It is not strange to say my right leg was broken by the fall; but it is, I think, somewhat strange to relate that my left was blackened to the knee as if scorched; nay, it is so to this day—see!"

"My friend showed me his blackened leg.

"And that is all?" I asked.

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Such was the case of the outer old

been engaged already some months, without a single disagreement, which of course gave Netta a natural right to quarrel with Ughtred by this time, if she thought fit; and as they returned down the hanging path through the combs where the wild orchids grow, she used that right at last, out of pure, unadulterated feminine perversity. The ways of women are wonderful; no mere man can fathom them. Something that Ughtred said gave her the chance to make it half petulant answer. Ughtred very naturally defended himself from the imputation of rudeness, and Netta retorted. At the end of ten minutes the trifle had grown space into as pretty a lovers' quarrel as any lady novelist could wish to describe in five chapters.

Netta had refused to perfectly orthodox tears, burst to be comforted in the most approved fashion, declined to accept Ughtred's escort home and bidden farewell to him excitedly forever and ever.

It was all about nothing, to be sure, and if the two older or wiser heads had only stood by unseem to view the little comedy, they would sagely have remarked to each other, with a shake, that before twenty-four hours were out the pair would be rushing into each other's arms with mutual apologies and mutual forgiveness. But Netta Mayne and Ughtred Carnegie were still at the age when one takes love seriously—no does before thirty—and so they turned away along different paths at the bottom of the comb, in the firm belief that love's young dream was shattered, and that henceforth they two were nothing more than the most casual acquaintances to each other.

"Goodby, Mr. Carnegie," Netta faltered out, as in obedience to her wishes though much against his own will Ughtred turned slowly and remorsefully down the footpath to the right, in the direction of the railway.

"Goodby, Netta," Ughtred answered, half-choking. Even at that moment of parting (forever—or a day) he couldn't find it in his heart to call her "Miss Mayne" who had so long been "Netta" to him.

He waved his hand and turned along the footpath, looking back many times to see Netta still sitting inconceivable where he had left her, on the stile that led from the comb into a fine acre meadow. Both paths, to right and left, led back to Holmby over the open field, but they diverged rapidly and crossed the railway track by separate gates and five hundred yards from each other.

A turn in the path, at which Ughtred lingered long, hid Netta from his sight. He paused and hesitated. It was growing late, though an hour of summer twilight still remained. He couldn't bear to leave Netta thus alone in the field. She wouldn't allow him to see her home, to be sure, and that being so he was too much of a gentleman to force himself upon her. But he was too much of a man, too, to let her find her way back so late entirely by herself. Unseen himself, he must still watch over her. Against her will, he must still protect her. He would go on to the railway, and there sit by the side of the line, under cover of the hedge, till Netta crossed by the other path. Then he'd walk quietly along the six foot way to the gate she had passed through, and follow her, unperceived at a distance along the lane, till he saw her back to Holmby. Whether she wished it or not, he could never leave her.

He looked about for a seat. One lay most handy. By the side of the line the government engineers had been working that day, repairing the telegraph system. They had taken down half a dozen moldering old posts, and set up new ones in their place—tall, clean and shiny. One of the old posts still lay at full length on the ground by the gate, just as the men had left it at the end of their day's work. At the point where the footpath cut the line was a level crossing, and there Ughtred sat down on the fallen post by the side, half concealed from view by a tall clump of willow herb, waiting patiently for Netta's coming. How he listened for that high footfall. His heart was full, indeed, of gall and bitterness. He loved her so dearly, and she had treated him so ill. Who would ever have believed that Netta, his Netta, would have thrown him over the side that for such a ridiculous trifle? Who, indeed? And least of all Netta herself, sitting alone on the stile with her pretty face bowed deep in her hands, and her poor heart wondering how Ughtred, her Ughtred, could so easily desert her.

In such strange ways is the feminine variety of the human heart constructed. To be sure, she had of course dismissed him, declaring with all the vows propriety permits to the British maiden that she needed no escort of any sort home, and that she would ten thousand times rather go alone than have him accompany her. But of course, also, she didn't mean it. What woman does? She counted upon a prompt and unconditional surrender. Ughtred would go to the corner, as in duty bound, and then come back to her with profuse expressions of penitence for the wrong he had never done, to make it all up again in the orthodox fashion. She never intended the real tragedy that was so soon to follow. She was only playing with her victim—only trying, womanlike, her power over Ughtred.

So she sat there still, and cried and cried on, minute after minute, in an ecstasy of misery, till the sunset began to glow deeper red in the western sky, and the bell to ring the curfew in Holmby tower. Then it dawned upon her slowly, with a shock of surprise, that after all—incredible!—Ughtred had positively taken her at her word, and wasn't coming back at all tonight to her.

At that, the usual womanly terror seized upon her soul. Her heart trembled faint. This was too terrible. Great heavens, what had she done? Had she tried Ughtred too far, and had he really gone? Was he never going to return to her at all? Had he said goodby in earnest to her forever and ever?

Terrified at the thought and weak with crying, she rose and staggered down the narrow footpath toward the farther crossing. It was getting too late now, and Netta by this time was really frightened. She wished with all her heart she hadn't sent away Ughtred—if it were only for the tramps—a man is such a comfort. And then there was that dreadful dog at Milton court to pass. And Ughtred was gone, and all the world was desolate.

Thinking these things in a tumult of fear to herself, she staggered along the path, feeling tired at heart and positively ill with remorse and terror. The

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since." PETER J. BIALAS, Jr., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

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