

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

VOL. 2.

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THE YAKIMA HERALD.

Official Paper of Yakima County.

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ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

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I HAVE now the sole right for Yakima County for one of the best wire fences ever patented.
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Physicians, Surgeons and Accoucheurs.

Office Hours—8 till 10 a. m., 2 till 4 p. m. and 7 till 8 o'clock p. m.
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Has had five years' practice—one year Assistant Surgeon of City Hospital, Baltimore. Experience. Calls daily, attended to promptly. Consultation free. Private dwelling First street north of Yakima avenue. North Yakima, Washington.

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Buys and Sells Exchange at Reasonable Rates.
PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

SOCIETY MEETINGS.
FISHERMEN'S NOTICE.

REGULAR MEETING NIGHTS, FIRST AND THIRD THURSDAYS IN EACH MONTH, 7:30 P. M.

I. O. O. F.
PROGRESS LODGE NO. 411, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Tuesday evening. Wm. Steigler, R. G. J. C. Berry, V. G.; B. M. Savage, Sec. Visitation invited. Geo. Gardner, R. G.; Harry Spinning, V. G.; G. O. Nevin, Sec.

YAKIMA LODGE NO. 22, I. O. O. F. MEETS every Friday evening of each week. Visitation invited to attend. Geo. Gardner, R. G.; Harry Spinning, V. G.; G. O. Nevin, Sec.

ABELLA LODGE NO. 28, DAUGHTERS OF REBEKAH, meets 2d and 4th Monday evenings of each month. Visitation invited. Mrs. S. Lee Monroe, M. G.; Mrs. A. F. Ward, V. G.; Harry Spinning, Sec.

THE ABILITY OF THIEVES.

The Bold Game of a Would-Be Clergyman at Cincinnati.

New Billy Forrester Outwitted a Denver Watchman—The Nerve Displayed by Cracksmen.

It has not been many years since a well-known jurist chanced to ask a friend the time of day as he entered the temple of justice, remarking at the same time that he had forgotten his watch at home. At the conclusion of his day's duties he returned home, and when he asked his wife for his chronometer was not a little surprised to hear that she had given it to a young man who had come for it, representing that the jurist had sent him. The young man was a thief. He had heard the judge remark that he had forgotten his watch. Without a moment's delay the cunning rogue ran to the judge's home, and told the good lady of the house that her husband had sent for his watch. It was a clever story, plausibly told, and it won the watch.

The proprietor of a large jewelry house in Cincinnati can scarcely have forgotten his experience with an expert knave. It was along toward noon one very hot day in the summer of 1870 when a ministerial appearing fellow in a black suit, with a white tie, entered the store. He leisurely walked to the show-case and asked to see diamond studs. After some hesitation he bought a small stone, for which he paid \$35. He then wished to look at some rings—thought of making his wife a present. As he followed the clerk to the show-case containing the diamond rings he began eating an apple. Several valuable gems were looked at with dissatisfaction. One valued at \$500 pleased him, but was not just what he wanted. At length he saw one in the case he thought was just the thing. As the clerk reached to get it the parson-like customer pressed the \$500 ring deep into the apple he was eating and cleverly teased it out of the door. The clerk didn't notice the move, but the clerk must be mistaken. The search continued, but in a very austere and blunt way indicated that it might be found in the folds of the ring-buyer's garments.

"I am the Rev. Dr. G—," said the customer, in tones of excited wrath, naming a clergyman who lived in a village about thirty miles distant, "and I'll give you to understand that I did not come here to be insulted!"

Well, the proprietor became angry and called a policeman, and the alleged clergyman was removed to a back room, protesting indignantly at his treatment. A short consultation was held, and a telegram was sent to the address given by the prisoner, making inquiry as to his character and whereabouts. The reply was slow in coming, and it was decided to strip, and every fold and crease in his clothes was searched. It is needless to say the ring was not found. The telegram to the village, thirty miles away, came, saying that the Rev. Dr. G— was one of the most reliable men in the town, and that he was visiting friends in Cincinnati. Up to this time the proprietor had been of the opinion that the customer was a pious fraud, but the telegram changed his tone. He wanted to make amends right away. The parson talked of heavy damages and law, but was at length soothed to silence by four crisp \$100 bills. In some way the story of the minister's insult leaked out. His friends heard it and asked him about it. In the end he called at the jewelry store to see about it, and the proprietor was not a little amazed to find he had been duped. Detectives were at once put on the case, and in a few days arrested the bogus clergyman and his confederate trying to pawn the ring. They were the notorious "Frenchy" La Mountain and Cal Duncan.

A night watchman who was employed to protect a jewelry store in Denver from the ravages of thieves, was neatly outwitted by the notorious Billy Forrester some years before his death. The firm carried an immense stock of gems, and kept them in a large old-fashioned safe. Forrester had, by long years' experience, become so familiar with safes of that pattern that he could tell when to reverse and when to turn the knob forward, by placing his ear close to the door above the combination, and in this way could open the safe in a short time. By taking a wax impression of the key-hole he made a key for the front door. Having previously located the safe in the store, he was now ready to begin. It was a cold, stormy night, about 10 o'clock, and Forrester walked up to the store with an air of ownership and unlocked the door. He carried a small sample case in his hand. Going in, he turned up the gas in the rear of the store and shook down the stove. He leisurely worked the combination to the safe, and in less than half an hour he had before him thousands of dollars' worth of costly jewels and watches. At this interesting point the night watchman came in.

"Good evening," said the cordial burglar, as he continued to remove valuables from the safe to his sample case. "Come back to the fire and warm yourself; it is very cold out to-night."

The patrolman allowed that it was, and sauntered back to the stove. "I'm packing my samples," went on the thief, suavely. "Going out on the road in the morning and thought I would get ready to-night! There isn't that a beauty?" he asked, holding out an elegant Jurgensen for the watchman to examine.

In this way Forrester packed over \$6000 worth of gems and watches into his sample case, chatting cheerfully with the patrolman all the while. As he was about to close his sample case he stopped suddenly as if struck by a happy thought, and then picked up a very pretty ring. Turning to the watchman he asked him if he had a wife. The watchman had, and with a careless laugh, Forrester tossed him the ring, saying: "Give her that, and tell her that it is a mark of appreciation for the faithful services rendered by her husband."

The brilliant guardian of other people's property was delighted, and was unusually wide awake all the rest of the night. It was not until the next morning that he became aware of the hoax that had been practiced upon him. Forrester by that time was well out of the way, and his connection with the robbery was not discovered till a few days before his death, when he confessed it.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE COLD POKER DEALS.

Some of the Tricks of the Trade in Gambling.

Some Big Swindlers—How They Set Their Honey Trickishly and Let It Win or Lose.

New York Herald: They play a pretty stiff poker game out in Butte, Mont. If all the stories are to be believed. A winning of \$10,000 is thought to be about the proper caper when they are running your way, and if you go that amount in the hole you are expected to look pleasant when you put on your overhaos. When the big ones get at it they take down the skylight, and then it's smoking hot. One night a tenderfoot dropped in and asked if he could come in. "Oh, yes, if he wanted to." There was \$5000 on the table, and after the hand was played the newcomer put aside his fur-lined overcoat and silk tie and presented a crisp \$100 bill for chips. The bankers—they have bankers in poker games out west—looked surprised. The players looked at each other and then at the stranger. "Well, what's the matter, gentlemen?" said the easterner with a bland smile. "Ain't I in the game?" There was a silent moment. "Why, of course," said the dealer; "here, banker, come up to this gentleman; he wants a white chip." You couldn't have kept the traveler in that place with a lasso. He left that night on an east-bound freight train. Major Crump and Charley Ransom were two of the best-known all-round gamblers New York ever produced. They were associated for a quarter of a century at the Shakespeare club on West Twenty-fifth street. The major laid by a fortune of \$50,000, while Ransom was squeezed by Wall street firms who had lost through Crump. Crump loved the jack pot, pure and simple, while Ransom was a clairvoyant on horses. He never lost \$20,000 on the turf, while he won over \$250,000 at Saratoga alone. He could lose \$50,000 on the turf and win \$100,000 on the turf in one season. The Shakespeare club catered to the swell, while Morrissey, around in Twenty-fourth street, played the heavy gambler's game. In Morrissey's one night a party of California miners lost \$250,000 at baccarat, and came next night and won it all back at poker. Ben Wood won \$100,000 from Morrissey at a single sitting, which cured John of his propensity for heavy betting at poker. Morrissey died with less than \$10,000 after his debts were paid.

The two swell gamblers in New York in the old days were Pettibone and Cleveland. The latter was a Philadelphian, while Pettibone came from Tennessee. They had been partners in a game in Philadelphia in 1857, and quit as enemies. They met at No. 8 Barclay street. "I'll settle with you," said Pettibone to Cleveland, who was a tall, raw-boned, elegant specimen physically. "In a game for \$100,000 at a single sitting." "Come on!" Cleveland replied. The green baize was cleared and the tiger had no combatants in sight but the two middle-aged gamblers. At it they went. Pettibone was a heavy loser in the first five deals, and began to grow white around the gills. The next deal he was a loser to the tune of \$80,000, for there was no limit. The next deal the nifty Tennessee made a call for \$5000. He won, picking up \$35,000, and by midnight he had won every dollar of Cleveland's money. They parted as friends, and were afterward partners at Hot Springs, Ark. They soon bought the Blue Pig, a famous faro cottage at Cape May.

Among the dead gamblers who was to be played fair, or, to be exact, as fair as poker is played by those who know all the ins and outs. That, however, does not entitle the uninitiated to come in, and if they do they may pay very expensive tuition. One of the finest gamblers western New York ever turned out was Charley Perkins. He was also known to lovers of the prize ring, as he always attended man fights of importance. Perkins knew poker by heart, and, as goes without saying, knew his company. One night he was playing in a stiff game at a resort in St. Charles street, New Orleans. It was simply a question of winning or walking back to Rochester. As he sat thumbing his corners the people looking on noticed that his shirt front was fast becoming a sight to behold. He was chewing tobacco at a fierce rate, and though usually scrupulously neat in his personal appearance presented a disgusting spectacle. At last it became unbearable and one of his friends said, "For God's sake, Charley, why don't you use the cuspidor?" "Use nothing, fool," was the reply; "this yer ain't no sort of game to be lookin' round in."

Out west they play stud poker a great deal. They might as well play that as the regular game, for they have changed that until it is quite different from that known to eastern sports. They allow the one sitting at the left of the dealer to pass and then back in and raise before the draw, and have plenty of other innovations. They also use on occasion what are commonly known as sanded cards. That is, a pack is prepared with a piece of sandpaper, certain small marks at given places indicating king, queen, ace, etc. With these cards the dealer who has sanded the deck, knows exactly what is in his opponent's hands, and he also knows the top card, which he can probably "finger" to suit the occasion. On

THE NEW LAND DISTRICTS.

The Act Establishing Additional Offices in Washington.

One to Be Located at Olympia and the Other at Waterville.

The bill introduced by Senator Allen and passed by both houses of congress, establishing two additional districts in the state of Washington, is as follows: All that portion of the state of Washington bounded and described as follows: Commencing at a point on the western coast of the state of Washington, where the line between townships fourteen and fifteen north of the base line intersect said coast; thence east along said line between townships fourteen and fifteen to the summit of the Cascade range of mountains; thence north along the summit of said range to a point where the fifth standard parallel, if projected, would intersect said range; thence west along said fifth standard parallel to the Willamette principal meridian; thence north along said meridian to the northeast corner of township twenty-four north of range one west; thence west along the line between townships twenty-four and twenty-five, when extended to the Pacific ocean; thence south along the western coast of the state to the place of beginning, be, and the same is hereby constituted a new land district, to be called the Chehalis land district of the state of Washington, and the land office for said district shall be located at the city of Olympia.

All that portion of the state of Washington beginning at a point on the northern boundary of the state where the Columbia guide meridian, when projected will intersect said northern boundary of the state; thence west along said northern boundary to a point where the same intersects the Cascade range of mountains; thence south along the summit of said Cascade range to a point where the fifth standard parallel north, when projected, will intersect said range; thence east along said fifth standard parallel to the intersection thereof with the Columbia guide meridian, between ranges thirty and thirty-one east; thence north following said guide meridian to the place of beginning, be, and the same is hereby constituted a new land district, to be called the Columbia land district in the land office for said district shall be located at the town of Waterville.

The president, by and with the advice and consent of the senate, is hereby authorized to appoint a register and receiver for each of said land districts hereby created, who shall reside at the place where their respective land offices are located, and who shall have the same authority and shall perform the same and similar duties, and receive the same fees, emoluments, and compensations as registers and receivers discharging like duties in other land offices in the state of Washington, and said land districts are, under the laws, to be discharged or consolidated with any other land district or districts, and the said land offices may be changed to any other location by order of the president.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

How This Traditional Individual is Accounted For.

Leeds Mercury: The idea of "the man in the moon" seems to have arisen from the fact that the depression on the moon's face—the great valleys that are there—appear to our sight like the form of a man. The figure seems, according to the way in which our fancy regards it, to be either carrying a bundle or drawing a bow like an archer and to be attended by a dog. This is a very old notion, and it is common to nearly every country. Barbarous tribes have something to say about it as well as civilized races. It used to be said that the man in the moon was the offender mentioned in Numbers, who was brought before Moses for gathering sticks on the Sabbath day, but an ancient tradition on the subject speaks also of the figure as Cain carrying a thorn bush with a dog at his heels, the bush representing the burden of sin and the dog the evil spirit that took possession of Cain. One of our earliest poets (Chaucer) speaks of the man as having stolen the bush, and Shakespeare in one of his plays, "Midsummer Night's Dream," says, "This man, with lantern, dog and bush of thorns preenteth Moonshine." It is said in Holland that the figure is that of a man who was found stealing cabbage on a Christmas eve, and who so annoyed his neighbors by pilfering in their gardens, while they were enjoying themselves, that they wished him far enough, and as their far enough was the moon, thither, as the story runs, the culprit was taken as quickly as might be on the back of the north wind before he could say a word in his own defense. It is said in some places that he was more than a cabbage stealer, that the cabbages were meant as a tempting bait with which to entice sheep away, and that a great many sheep were lost before the thief was discovered and sent where he could find neither animal nor vegetable life. We all know that the attractive power of the moon affects the watery masses on the earth and causes the rise and fall of the tides; and this scientific fact comes out in a peculiar way in one of these moon traditions. Thus in Norway and Sweden there is a story that the man in the moon is a giant who is in the habit of slowly bending down and as slowly rising again. The ocean is said to swell up to full tide when he stoops and to ebb when he stands erect. The Russians say that there was once a man who went about looking for a land in which there was no death, that in the course of his wanderings he came to the moon, where he lived 100 years before death found him out, and that he and death had a great struggle, in which the man in the moon was conquered. The Greenlanders speak of the sun and moon as a brother and sister, who once lived upon this earth. One day, we are told, the sister took a trip into the sky to escape from her brother, who was teasing her. She flew so far that she became fixed in space, and remained there as the sun. Her brother sought to follow her, but could only go part of the distance, and took his place in the sky as the moon. And we are told, also, of the moon brother, that when he gets into his last quarter he is tired and hungry, and that he then leaves his house on a sledge, harnessed to four dogs and hunts for several days, and that on his return he feasts so greedily on what he has captured that he soon grows into his full size and strength. So far as the moon is concerned, there is a grain of science in this story also, for some of our astronomers believe that the moon was at one time, untold ages ago, thrown off from this earth, and that since then it has gradually been going further from us and nearer to the sun.

—All styles of job printing at the Herald office.

AN ENCOURAGING SIGN.

Algy (at the door)—Is Miss Giddy at home?
The New Girl—Be youse Mr. White or Mr. Black?
Algy—Mr. Black.
The New Girl—Thin Oim to tell yes that she is at home, sor. Come in!

Cut Glass Dumb Bells.

New York Truth: The newest whim of aristocratic English women who go in for gymnastics and athletics is for cut glass dumb bells. A prominent society lady just returned from Europe brought a beautiful pair of one-pound bells with her other baggage. These newest toys are made in sizes from four ounces to two pounds. Some are of polished French glass, and pure as Japanese crystals.

A man can bum around town, and wrestle, and run, without hurting himself, but he is sure to strain his back the first time he attempts to move a stove at home.

I now have for sale the finest stock of grape vines ever brought to North Yakima. My prices cannot be duplicated by any one.
C. L. GAMO.

—Wall paper, carpets, furniture, picture frames, etc., at Lombard & Horley's.
—Lombard & Horley's is the place to get furniture, carpets, wall paper, painting, oil cloth, etc., of best makes, at lowest prices.
—I will make my second delivery of grape vines and blackberry roots on Saturday April 12 at Sawyer & Pennington's corner. All should come and examine stock and prices.
C. L. GAMO.
—Highest price paid for eggs and butter at Boyers & Co.'s.
—All of the latest styles in gents' furnishings are to be found at M. H. Ellis's.
—Five hundred boxes of soap at Barthololet Bros. only \$1.25 per box.
—C. E. McKen is now offering saddles, bridles, harness and everything in his line at prices not to be duplicated this side of Portland.

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TORNADOES-CYCLONES.

The terrible tornado that has swept through Illinois, Kentucky, Indiana and other states is the topic of newspaper comment. That storm was one of the greatest that has ever occurred in this country, and therefore while the subject is fresh in the minds of all it may not be out of place to discuss the nature of these aerial visitations.

The terms tornado and cyclone are very generally wrongly used. A cyclone is a general whirling storm, not necessarily destructive. They are from 100 to 3000 miles in diameter, whirl from right to left, as we face them, and at the same time move toward the east. The writer believes that they never die, but continue to move around the earth from west to east, just as the moon does, and that they constitute an organized body, the moving force of which is electricity. It is well known that they often increase and decrease in their journey from the Behring sea across the continent, across the Atlantic, Europe and as far into Asia as there are signal stations.

Within this cyclone occurs the tornadoes. As the cyclone, which is the general storm, moves eastward, whirling as it goes, the tornado, the twister, organizes within the general storm, just as we often see little whirlwinds organize. They are very short lived, not lasting more than five to twenty minutes, consequently the destruction caused in Tennessee, the same day of the tornado at Louisville, was not from the tornado. There will often be twenty tornadoes in one general storm, just as we have observed two or more whirlwinds at one time. Some of these will be just beginning, some at full force, while others have spent their force.

The force of all storms is believed to be electricity. Many things occur in these storms that cannot be accounted for on any other theory. The great lifting force is not easily understood. Water is drawn from wells fifty to 100 feet deep. This cannot be by suction, for suction will not lift water from that depth. The theory is that the electrical force obliterates the power of gravity, and bodies of great weight fall away from the earth even more readily than do those of less density.

It has been fairly proven that sun spots are periodical, and that there is some relation between sun spots and earth storms. The tornadoes are certainly periodical, for many can remember when they were seldom heard of. As to the cause of sun spots and earth storms there is a variety of opinions, but the time will probably come when the cause will be better understood.

RAILROAD.

There has been a great amount of railroad talk, proposals and schemes for North Yakima during the past twelve months. Some of these are in a fair way to materialize; others will not. Just at the present time additional railroad communication and facilities are the great need of our city and county. We need local roads as feeders to the transcontinental line running through the center of Yakima.

If our land owners will grant the necessary rights of way, terminal and depot privileges, THE HERALD believes, and it has cogent reasons for the belief, that such local roads can be constructed and at once. Men of influence and means, in view of future prospects and business, are prepared to take hold of such a proposition. How many of our land owners in city and county are there who will grant such rights to a corporation that will undertake to construct and equip local roads?

This idea is no chimera; it is a sound business proposition, and if owners of real estate will unlock their eyes are men ready to go ahead with the work. It is better to have good times, a lively market and high prices for a portion of our holdings than to be land poor and weighed down by taxation and debt.

SOME eastern mathematician has ascertained by actual calculation that the buyer of a ticket in the Louisiana lottery has one chance in 43 to draw \$5; one in 84 to draw \$10; one in 172 to draw \$20; one in 375 to draw \$30; one in 1206 to draw \$50; one in 3447 to draw \$100; one in 11,110 to draw \$500; one in 19,799 to draw \$1000; one in 33,332 to draw \$2000; one against 49,999 to draw \$5000, and one against 99,999 to draw \$15,000.

THERE is something in the air—or, rather, there is something stirring besides wind. What is it? It is asked by the many. A few know, but won't tell. There are rare good things predicted for Yakima, and the glad tidings will be generally disseminated in a very short time. A leading citizen, who is on the inside, has a wager that Yakima will have fifteen thousand population before the passage of a twelve month.

HANDY OLDS has been sentenced to hang at Portland on the 16th of May for the killing of Emil Webber. Olds has had three trials, and the gamblers have made desperate attempts and spent lots of money in an endeavor to free him, but the legal coils have been slowly closing down, and the prospects are that they will have him in their deadly embrace before long.

THE MASCOFF COIN.

The Latest Caper of Giddy Dudes and Damsels.

The Mascoff coin is an innovation of a genuine romantic sort. I met a young man who carries one of them day and night, and he declares that all the wealth of the Vanderbilts could not buy it from him. It is only a \$5 gold piece, but it is a coin of magic value—in fact a protection from all ills, a magnet of fortune, and, above all, a signet of endless love for the one who wears it. And when it is considered what a strange journey this little gold piece has taken any man but a scoffer at sentiment would be ready to admit that its qualities must indeed be rare ones.

In the first place, to have a Mascoff coin one must have a sweetheart. The lovelier this sweetheart the more potent are the charms of this coin. Sweetheart makes a present of the coin to her lover, but before it passes irrevocably into his possession it has an exciting time of it. In the thrilling half-lights of the back drawing-room the coin is passed from the hand of the girl to that of the man. Then the latter carefully, gently and with the profoundest respect for the ceremony, drops it down the neck of the girl, taking especial care that it descends under even the last delicate film of clothing. The girl immediately becomes the active agent at this juncture, and by moving about, and perhaps hopping up and down a little, manages to sift the coin down on the floor. If, by some rare chance, the gold lodges in the top of the stocking, then it must be worked down to the heel, from whence it is cut out by the young man. This latter result clothes the coin with an added power, though the shorter trip is quite sufficient to invest it with all the magic that the average young man requires in his daily life. The story of this new invention was told at a club dinner a few days ago, and the effect was electrical. Within a month no love affair will be complete without its Mascoff coin. One intensely lovely girl, on hearing about it, said it reminded her of the "drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot" machines.

"Still," she observed, "if Charlie wants to risk losing his coin I have no objection to letting it take a trip over me."—Er.

The Old Men to be Feared.

New York Sun: An enterprising woman, who has established a very large business down town in supplying typewriter operators to business houses, said yesterday that there was a good deal of truth and a fair share of tragedy in the often repeated assertion that business men down town are apt to flirt with their typewriters if they can find an opportunity to do so.

"It is always the old men of whom I hear the most complaint," she said. "The girls pay me a fee for giving them instruction and securing a position, and they always come in here frequently after they have begun their work. Consequently, I hear a great number of stories about men who certainly ought to know better. Yet the lively and wide-awake business men, no matter how much of a reputation they may have in the up-town clubs as rounders and so on, never interfere with the typewriters in the slightest degree. Apparently all their evanescence of spirit is expended above Twenty-third street. They arrive at their offices late, work like steam engines, and rush up town again. The old deacons and church members, however, spend a great portion of the day down town away from their families, and if there is a pretty typewriter within gunshot of them, their benevolence is directed toward her at once. There is nothing, as a rule, strictly offensive about their attentions, but they are inclined to be more paternal and kindly than the occasion warrants. They are always taking an interest in the poor girl who is obliged to earn her living, and, as it is the interest of the poor girl to keep her place, she has to submit to a good deal of nonsense from men who are old enough to know better."

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, Marie Regelmeyer, our schoolmate and a member of the Alcotian society, has been removed from our midst by death; therefore be it Resolved, That by her death we have lost a dear friend, whose industry and kindness had won our esteem and admiration.

Resolved, That the sympathy of this society be conveyed to the parents and sister of the deceased, committing them in this hour of their bereavement to the kindly consolations of Him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, suitably engrossed and signed by the committee of this society, be transmitted to the parents of our late member, Marie Regelmeyer.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on the journal of this society.

LEOLA MORGAN, EFFIE CARY, BESS VAUGHN, Committee.

Felix Shaser Gets His Deserts. Ellensburg Register: Superior Judge C. B. Graves this morning sentenced Felix Shaser to two years' hard labor in the penitentiary at Walla Walla. Shaser is well known in the county as a swaggering, blustering bully, whose sole ambition seemed to be to fill up with corn-juc and then browbeat and bulldoze anyone who might be so unfortunate as to cross his majesty's path. The crime for which Shaser was sentenced was for the stabbing of William Lee last winter at a dance in Wenatchie. Shaser walked up to Lee and deliberately spat in his face, following up this flippant insult by viciously stabbing Lee with a knife. The general sentiment seems to be that Shaser received his just deserts, and that Judge Graves in giving him the full extent of time never gave a sentence more in accordance with justice.

—Old papers fifty cents per hundred at the HERALD office.

ARE SINGLE FOLKS HAPPIEST?

Mrs. Frank Leslie Attempts to Answer a Conundrum.

Is a single person more likely to be happy than a double one? Are bachelors and maids happier than married folks? It is a big question, and perhaps will find as many voices in the affirmative. The single person cannot be as unhappy as the double one, and although the bliss of married life, such as I at first described, is great, so is, also, the misery of an ill-assorted or disastrous marriage. The loneliness of a loving heart is hard to bear, and the longing for protecting and sympathetic companionship is very sorrowful and depressing, but the burden of enforced companionship with a husband who has become an object of aversion and terror is a great deal harder to bear, and the slavery of dependence upon an unwilling and grudging master is far more bitter and unendurable. It is, after all, a good deal like gambling. You stake your dollar, and you may win five, or you may lose all. Probably the wisest plan, certainly the most obvious advice is; Don't put up your dollar!—Mrs. Frank Leslie, widow.

What Washington Contains.

Area in square miles, 69,994. Area in acres, 44,796,160. Area unsurveyed, (about) 20,954,600. Area of Straits of Juan de Fuca, 313 square miles. Area of tide water inside, 1258 square miles. Total tide water in the state, 1576 square miles. Shore line inside, 1992 miles. Channel line from Victoria to Olympia, 117 miles. From Victoria to Cape Flattery, 72 miles. Shore line from Cape Flattery to Columbia river, 170 miles. Distance by sea, 156 miles. Area of Lake Washington, fresh water, 41 square miles. Area of Lake Chelan, fresh water, about 50 square miles. Area of Lake American, fresh water, about 30 square miles. Area of Medical Lake, medical water, about 25 square miles. Besides these, Washington has various other fresh water lakes in different parts of the state.

Food for Poultry.

The food given chickens in the morning should be soft food and well cooked and in cold weather it should be fed when nearly at blood heat. Cornmeal and ground oats, of each one part, and two parts of wheat bran, makes good food for breakfast. Cook or scald it and feed it dry enough to crumble between the thumb and fingers; so food should be given poultry in a clammy or sloppy state. Season this with salt and pepper as if for your own table, only making it pretty hot with with pepper in very cold weather. Have a portion of the floor covered some six inches deep with straw and at noon scatter among it some oats, rye, barley, wheat, and once a week sun-dry feed, and let them scratch for it. Hang a cabbage head up so it will be some two feet or more from the floor; they will find a way to reach it.

Situation Wanted.

A competent woman desires a permanent situation to do general housework. Apply at Hotel Bartholet.

—J. W. Young has seed potatoes for sale, one and a half mile south of town, on the school section.

—New line steen collars and cuffs just received and now on sale at Vance & Melford's.

—Largest and finest lot of flannel, silk and Cheviot shirts ever shown in North Yakima will reach us next week. Come early and make your selections. VANCE & MOLFORD.

—The most elegant line of window shades and portiers in town are to be found at Reynolds, Harbour & Co.'s; just received.

—I am now prepared to furnish eggs from pure stock of rose comb and single comb brown Leghorns at \$2.50 per setting or two settings for \$4.50. Also a few birds for sale. 10-11 S. C. HANCOCK, North Yakima.

—Onion, potatoes and cabbage wanted at Boyers & Co.'s.

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

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

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

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

—Remember, Saturday, April 12, is the date you can be supplied with the following vines and roots: Concord, Warden, Isabella, Catawba, Niagara, Pockelton, Clinton, Empire State, Eaton and Meyer grapes; Eric blackberry and Loretta dewberry. All hardy. C. L. GANO.

—Trayner is just in receipt of a large invoice of boots and shoes of the best makes for ladies and gentlemen. Call and see him in his new location on First street.

—Ask C. J. Taft what DeWitt's Little Early Risers are.

Reynolds, Harbour & Co.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN—

FURNITURE!

Everything New and First-class!

Call and Examine our Goods, whether you wish to Purchase or not.

LEWIS & ENGLE BLOCK, YAKIMA AVE.

STOVES, PUMPS,

Builders' Hardware.

A Full Stock of Tin and Graniteware, Guns and Ammunition.

PRICES THE LOWEST.

Call and examine our goods and get our prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

LIVESLEY & SON.

H. KEUCHLER,

The Leading Jeweler.

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

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

Lombard & Horsley,

FURNITURE!

First St., opposite Opera House.

THE BARTHOLET HOTEL,

JOHN BARTHOLET, Proprietor.

FIRST STREET, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

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

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

FAWCETT BROS.,

DEALERS IN—

Farm Machinery & Vehicles,

MORRISON AND HEADLIGHT WALKING, SULKY AND GANG PLOWS, DICKS' FAMOUS FEED-CUTTERS, BADGER STATE FANNING MILLS, VICTOR HAY PRESS (Victor can press 12 tons of hay per day), VICTOR HAY, STOCK AND WAREHOUSE SCALES, AND RICE COIL SPRING BUGGIES.

—Sole Agents for the Celebrated—

—All parties intending to purchase wagons, buggies or farming implements are requested to call and examine them before purchasing. Special attention is directed to our fine stock of

BUGGIES, CARRIAGES, HALF-PLATFORM & MOUNTAIN SPRING WAGONS.

The only dealers in Yakima handling goods direct from the Factory.

Garden & Field Seeds.

Cor. Front and A Streets, next door to City Hall, North Yakima, Wash.

SAWYER & PENNINGTON

(SUCCESSORS TO A. B. WEED.)

Hardware, Stoves,

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

We Make a Specialty of Putting in Hot Air Furnaces.

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

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

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

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that the trustees of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of North Yakima that bids will be received for the construction of a church for said society in accordance with the plans and specifications now in the office of R. E. Nichols at North Yakima. Terms, cash. All bids must be in by April 13, 1899; contractor to give bond for the faithful performance of contract. The trustees reserve the right to reject any and all bids. R. E. NICHOLS, D. JOSEPH, J. H. THOMAS, President, Committee.

Farm Machinery, Wagons.

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Some "Crisp" Snaps.

We have some excellent bargains adjoining and near the town, which we can recommend.

Among Them We Offer:

1ST, AN UNDIVIDED HALF INTEREST IN 160 ACRES immediately adjoining one of the best additions to this city. Price on above \$1500. There is a big thing in this purchase.

"DIRT" CHEAP!

2ND, LOT 13, PARK ADDITION, CONTAINING 10 ACRES. This property adjoins the College Addition and part of it is included in the original plat. Price \$2000, and dirt cheap, it is.

A Great Bargain!

3RD, 50 ACRES ADJOINING THE CITY TO THE SOUTH, for \$125 per acre. This property will bear plating immediately, and should sell for \$400 an acre, as soon as it is done.

Every one of the above are Bargains in every sense of the word.

And parties in search of something to make money on need look no further. We also have a

Nice List of Suburban Property.

Suitable terms on all purchases guaranteed.

Fred R. Reed & Co.,

REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE, LOANS.

P. O. BOX No. 975. TELEPHONE No. 1.

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

Bartholet Bros.

HAVE NOW BEGUN THEIR

BIG CLEARANCE SALE

To precede the dissolution of the firm.

FROM THIS TIME TILL THE STOCK IS CLOSED OUT THEY WILL MAKE

Greatest Reductions in Prices

Ever Known in Yakima!

Our Books are laid aside,

Cash and Only Cash

Will carry off the Great Bargains from our Counters!

This is a Bona Fide Sale!

And those desiring Bargains should Call, with the Cash, on

BARTHOLET - BROS.

Opera House Block.

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

A TRIO OF SWELLS.

Sir Charles Beresford, Mr. Cox and der Deek Wellington.

Eugene Field's letter in Chicago News: An amusing story is told in club circles of Lord Charles Beresford and Mr. Gerald Cox, two of the most conspicuous swells about town. They were walking in Piccadilly one afternoon when a dirty little crossing-sweep impertuned them for trespass.

"No, I'll not give you a penny," said Sir Charles, gruffly; but then, as if a bright idea occurred to him, he added: "But I'll tell you what I will do. You see that constable yonder? Well, if you run across the street and mop your broom up and down his back I'll give you half-a-crown."

"I'll do it, sir," said the boy, and away he started.

Of course the policeman very properly resented the shocking insult of having a small boy mop a muddy broom up and down his constabulary uniform. He laid hands upon that small boy and proceeded to drag him to the station. His conscience pricked him. Sir Charles stepped across the street and remonstrated with the officer, but, so far from tolerating calm, dispassionate argument, the officer took Sir Charles into custody, too, on the grounds that he sought to interfere with a constable in the performance of his duty.

About this time Mr. Gerald Cox came up and protested against the arrest of his friend. "Aha," quoth the officer, "so you want to interfere, too, do you? Well, I fancy I'll have to run you in, too."

"I don't mind," said Mr. Cox, indifferently.

So the procession moved to the police station. The inspector in charge gazed at the three culprits austerely; he was a shrewd and august man—he had dealt with crime in all its phases all his life. "So you've been interfering with the constable, eh?" said he solemnly. "A serious charge—a most serious charge. Now tell me, sir, what's your name?"

"Mr. Gerald Cox," answered the gentleman addressed.

Now, even this august and solemn inspector had a certain sense of humor, and the thought that any man charged with interfering with a constable should masquerade as the swell Mr. Cox struck the august and solemn inspector as a joke, a rare and mighty joke.

"Oh, you're Mr. Gerald Cox, are you?" said he sarcastically. "Yes, you look like Mr. Gerald Cox; very good—capital—ha! ha! And who are you, sir?"

"Sir Charles Beresford," said the gentleman.

This, to the thinking of the august and solemn inspector, simply deepened, ramified and complicated the joke.

"So you're Sir Charles Beresford, eh?" he chuckled, grimly. "Sir Charles Beresford, eh? Well, this is splendid—you look like Sir Charles, you do; splendid, splendid! And now tell me, my boy, what's your name?"

The ragged little urchin was in a serious quandary. He looked at Sir Charles and Mr. Cox.

"Look-a-here," said he, "I don't know who ye are wat's yer game, but—I'm goin' back on a pal!" Then, turning boldly to the inspector, he said, in a tone full of heroic confidence: "I'm der Deek o' Wellington."

—Custom clothing at lower prices than ever offered in North Yakima at Vance & Mulford's.

DUNRAVEN RANCH

A Story of American Frontier Life.

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

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But on the following day—the fourth of Perry's stay—the doctor came down with a face full of gloom and distress. Both nurse and patient noted it, and inquired the cause. For a time Quin avoided any direct reply; "something had ruffled him up at the post," he answered; "can't tell you about it now, I'll do it by and by. I want to think."

He examined Perry's leg, dressed and re-bandaged the wound, and then went back to Mr. Maitland's room. They could hear his voice in the hall after a while, and Perry's heart began to throb heavily; he was sure the low, sweet tones, almost insupportable, that came floating along the corridor, were those of Gladys. When Mrs. Cowan spoke to him on some ordinary topic, he impatiently bade her hush—he could not bear to be disturbed—and, far from being hurt at his petulance, Mrs. Cowan smiled softly as she turned away.

Then Quin came back, and, after sidestepping a moment, abruptly addressed his patient:

"Perry, do you remember that morning you rode down here right after reveille and met me on the trail—or at least would have met me if I hadn't dodged and gone over to the other side of the valley?"

"Certainly I do, doctor."

"I may as well explain that singular performance first. You may have heard that I didn't get along amicably with your predecessors of the Eleventh."

The colonel was as enough to totally misconstrue the purpose of my visit here, and I was as enough to make no explanation

away foreward after a brief call at the post. Fort Rossier, once so humdrum and placid and "stupid," as the ladies termed it, had been the vortex of sensations for a whole fortnight, and one excitement had trodden on the heels of another with such rapidity that people were growing weary.

Perhaps the happiest man in garrison was Capt. Stryker; he had refused to believe in the guilt of Serg. Gwynne when Capt. Wayne came to him to say that there were men in his troop who openly accused the sergeant of having that cherished seal ring secreted in his chest. So confident was he that he had gone with the captain and Mr. Farnham to the stables and there told Gwynne of the charge against him. Gwynne flushed hotly, denied the truth of the story, but hesitated when asked if he would allow his chest to be searched. This was quickly noted by Wayne and Farnham, and the search was insisted upon. Gwynne then said there were a few items in that chest which he allowed no one to see; he pledged his soldier word that they were nothing but a paper or two, some little photographs and a book. These he asked permission to remove first; then they might search. But Wayne sternly refused. The sergeant turned very white, set his lips, and hesitated still, until his own captain spoke; then he surrendered his key.

Wayne and Farnham bent over the chest while the troop first sergeant rapidly turned over the clothing, books, etc., with trembling hands. There was a little compartment at one side, in which were lying some small items—a pocket compass, a pencil case, some keys, a lock and a neck chain, and among these something wrapped in tissue paper. This was handed to Capt. Wayne, who unrolled the paper, and—there was a massive seal ring. A crest was cut in the stone, and, taking it to the light, Wayne was able to make out the motto, "Quod sursum vola videtur." It was the ring Maitland had lost.

Stryker looked wonderingly at the sergeant, who stood there as though petrified with amazement and consternation, pale as death, and unable to say a word. Asked to explain the matter, he could only shake his head, and, after awhile, hoarsely muttered, "I know nothing about it. I never placed it there."

"Do you mean to tell me you never saw it before?" asked Wayne, sternly. And Gwynne was silent.

"Is this the first time you ever saw it, I say?" repeated the captain angrily.

"No, sir; I have seen it before," was the answer.

"Then you must have known 'twas stolen, and you have connived at its concealment," said Wayne's triumphant conclusion; and on the report of his officers Col. Brainard had no alternative but to order Gwynne's close arrest. Only Stryker's appeal and guarantee saved the sergeant from confinement in the guard house.

The next sensation was the sight of Dr. Quin galloping back to the post like mad and bolting unceremoniously into the colonel's gate. Then Stryker was sent for, and the three officers held an excited conversation. Then the orderly went at a run over to the quarters, and in five minutes Serg. Gwynne, erect as ever and dressed with scrupulous care, looking anything but like a guilty man, was seen crossing the parade towards his colonel's house. The men crowded out on the porch as the tidings went from lip to lip, and some of the Irish troopers in Gwynne's company were remarked as being oddly excited. Just what took place during that interview none could tell, but in ten minutes the news was flying around the garrison that Serg. Gwynne was released from arrest, in less than half an hour, to the wonderment of everybody, he was seen riding away towards Dunraven with Dr. Quin, and for two days more did not reappear at Rossier.

But when the story flashed from house to house about the garrison that Serg. Gwynne was not Serg. Gwynne at all, but Mr. Archibald Wynne, a Scotch Lancer, the only surviving son of the invalid owner of Dunraven Ranch and other valuable properties, the amazement amounted to stupefaction. It was known that old Mr. Maitland lay desperately weak and ill the day that Quin the doctor came riding back. All manner of stories were told regarding the affecting interview in which the long lost son was restored to his overjoyed father, but, like most stories, they were purely the offspring of imagination, and at that interview only three were present: Gladys led her brother to the room and closed the door, while good Mrs. Cowan stood weeping for joy down the long corridor, and Dr. Quin, who strode around Perry's room with his hands in his pockets, exploding every now and then into sudden comment on the romantic nature of the situation and the idiosyncrasy of some people there at Rossier. "Joy does not kill," he said; "Maitland would have been a dead man by the end of the week but for this; it will give him a new lease of life."

And it did. Though the fame was feeble and flickering, it was fanned by a joy unutterable. The boy whom the stricken father believed his stubborn pride and condemnation had driven to despair and suicide was restored to him in the prime of manly strength, all temptations all forgiveness, and Maitland's whole heart went up in thanksgiving. He begged that Brainard and Stryker would come to him, that he might thank them for their faith in his son; he bade the doctor say to Perry that the moment he could be lifted from his bed he would come to clasp his hands and bless him for being a far better friend to his son than he had been a father.

The sergeant's return to the post was the signal for a general turnout on the part of the men, all of whom were curious to see how he would appear now that his identity was established. Of course, his late assailants could not join in the crowd that thronged about him, but they listened with eagerness to everything that was told. "He was just the same as ever," said all accounts. He had never been intimate with any of them

but always friendly and kind. One thing went the rounds like lightning. "You'll be getting your discharge now, sergeant," said Mrs. Reed, the voluble wife of the leader of the band, "and taking up your residence at the ranch, I suppose. Of course the British minister can get it for you in a minute."

"Not a bit of it, Mrs. Reed," was the laughing answer. "I enlisted to serve Uncle Sam five years, and he's been too good a friend to me to turn from me. I shall serve out my time with the —th."

And the sergeant was true to his word. If old Maitland could have prevailed, an application for his son's discharge would have gone to Washington; but this the soldier positively forbade. He had eight months still to serve, and he meant to carry out his contract to the letter. Stryker offered him a furlough, and Gwynne thankfully took a week, that he might be by his father's side and help nurse him to better health. "By that time, too, the garrison will have grown a little more accustomed to it, sir, and I will have less embarrassment in going on with my work."

Two days before his return to duty there came a modified sensation in the shape of the report that a trooper of Wayne's company was deserted. It was a man who had borne a bad reputation as a turbulent, mischief making fellow, and when Serg. Leary heard of his going he was in a state of wild excitement. He begged to be allowed to see his captain, and to him he confessed that one of his little party of three had secreted a drop from Mr. Maitland's finger the night of the first visit to Dunraven, had managed to pick it up and carry it away in the confusion, and had shown it to his friend in Wayne's troop when they got back. The latter persuaded him to let him take it, as the lockers of the men who were at Dunraven were sure, he said, to be searched. It was known that he had a grudge against Gwynne; he was one of the men who was to have gone to the ranch the night they purposed riding down and challenging the Englishmen to come out and fight, but had unaccountably failed at the last moment. They believed that he had chosen that night to hide the ring in the sergeant's chest: he could easily have done so, and he was sure to do so. And this explanation—the only one ever made—came at once accepted as the true one throughout the garrison.

During the week of his furlough the sergeant found time to spend many hours by the bedside of Lieut. Perry, who was rapidly recovering, and who by the end of the week had been lifted into an easy chair and wheeled in to see Mr. Maitland. When not with Mr. Perry, the young trooper's tongue was very wagging in his praise. He knew many a fine officer and gallant gentleman in the service of the old country, he said, and he admired many a captain and subaltern in that of his adopted land, but the first one to whom he "warmed"—the first one to win his affection—was the young cavalryman who had met his painful wound in their defense. Old Maitland listened to it all eagerly—he had already given orders that the finest thoroughbred at Dunraven should be Perry's the moment he was able to mount again and he was constantly revolving in mind how he could show his appreciation of the officers who had befriended his son.

Mrs. Cowan, too, never tired of hearing Perry's praises, and eagerly questioned when the narrator flagged. There was another absorbed auditor, who never questioned and who listened with downcast eyes. It was she who seldom came near Perry during his convalescence, she who started and astonished the young trooper by her presence, the day the ambulance came down to drive him back to the fort, by withdrawing the hand he had impulsively seized when at last she appeared to bid him adieu, and cutting short his eager words with "Mrs. Bellnap will console you, I dare say," and abruptly leaving the room.

Poor Ned! In dire distress and perplexity he was driven back to Rossier, and that very evening he did a most sensible and fortunate thing; he told Mrs. Sprague all about it; and, instead of condoling with him and bidding him strive to be patient and saying that all would come right in time, the little woman's kind eyes shone with delight, her cheeks flushed with genuine pleasure; she fairly sprang from her chair, and danced up and down and clapped her hands and laughed with glee, and then, when Perry ruefully asked her if that was the sympathy he had a right to expect from her, she only laughed the more, and at last broke forth with:

"Oh, you great, stupid, silly boy! You ought to be with with happiness. Can't you see she's just what you need?"

And the very next day she had a long talk with Dr. Quin, whose visits to Dunraven still continued; and one bright afternoon when Gladys Maitland rode up to the fort to return calls, she managed to have quite a chat with her, despite the fact that Mrs. Bellnap showed a strong desire to accompany that fair English girl in all three of her visits. In this effort, too, the diplomatic services of Capt. Stryker proved rather too much for the beauty of the garrison. Was it possible that Mrs. Sprague had enlisted him also in the good cause? Certain it is that the dark featured captain was Miss Maitland's escort as she left the garrison, and that it was with the consciousness of impending defeat that Mrs. Bellnap gave utterance to the opening sentence of this chapter; Mr. Perry had distinctly avoided her ever since his return.

One lovely evening late in May Mr. Perry was taking his first ride on the new horse, a splendid bay and a perfect match for Gladys Maitland's favorite mount. Already had this circumstance excited smiling comment in the garrison, but if the young man himself had noted the close resemblance it conveyed so blissful augury. Everybody remarked that he had lost much of his old buoyancy and life, and it must be confessed he was not looking either blithe or well. Parks had suggested riding with him—an invitation which Perry treated so coldly that the junior stopped to think a moment, and began to see through the situation; and so Mr. Perry was suffered

to set forth alone that evening, and no one was surprised when, after going out of the west gate as though bent on riding up the Monse, he was presently seen to have made the circuit of the post and was slowly cantering down towards the lower valley. Out on the eastern prairie another horseman could be seen, and presently the two came together. Col. Brainard took down his binocular and gazed out after them.

"I declare," said he, "those two figures are so much alike I cannot tell which of them is Perry."

"Then the other is Serg. Gwynne, colonel," said Stryker, quietly. "That him in our uniform, and it would indeed be hard to tell the two figures apart. Mr. Maitland told me last week that that was what so startled and struck him the first time he saw Perry."

"How is Mr. Maitland now, do you know?"

"He gets no better. After the first week of joy and thanksgiving over his boy's restoration to his home, he steadily seemed to ransack itself. Dunraven will have a new master by winter, I fancy."

The colonel was silent a moment. Then he suddenly asked:

"By the way, how was it that Gwynne was deserted? I never understood that."

"He never meant to be," said Stryker. "He told Perry all about it. He was ruined, he thought, in his profession and in his own country, and he knew his father's inexcusable pride; so he simply decided to put an end to Archie Maitland and start a new life for himself. He wrote his letters and arranged his property with that view, and he called the steward to enable him to verify the contents of his estate room after the steamer weighed anchor. Then in a jiffy he was over the side in the darkness; it was flood tide and he was an expert swimmer; he reached a coasting vessel lying near; he had money, bought his passage to France, after a few days at Capa Town, and then came to America and enlisted. He got a commission out of one of his irregular who was with him, Perry says, and that was one of the papers he was guarding so jealously. He had given orders to Perry that very night."

"He seemed to take to each other like brothers from the start," said the colonel, with a quiet smile.

"Just about," answered Capt. Stryker. "Mentally, Perry and Serg. Gwynne have been riding slowly down the valley. Night has come upon Dunraven by the hour they reach the northern gate—no longer closed against them—and as they near the house Perry slowly dismounts. "I'll take the horses to the stable myself; I want to," says his trooper friend, and for the second time the young officer enables upon the veranda, the doorway then holds his hand as he hears again the soft melody of the piano floating out upon the still night air. Slowly and not without pain he walks around to the east front, striving to move with noiseless steps. At last he stands by the open casement, just where he had paused in surprise that night a month ago, and slowly drawing aside the soft and noiseless rug, he sees never dreams of his presence until, close at her side, a voice she has learned to know and know well—a voice tremulous with love, sympathy and yearning—murmurs only her name. "Gladys, and starting up, she looks one instant into his longing eyes."

Serg. Gwynne's Maitland lifting the heavy portiere, the moment later steps short at the entrance, gazes one second at the picturesque scene at the piano drops the portiere, and vanishes, unnoticed.

Things seemed changed at Dunraven of late years. The —th are still at Rossier so is Lieut. Perry. It may be the climate or association with an American sister—his or—she seems to have a heavy load of body has told her of Mrs. Bellnap's prediction, but Mrs. Perry has not yet begun to grow coarse, red faced or stout. She is wonderfully popular with the ladies of the —th, and has found warm friends among them, but Mrs. Sprague of the infantry is the woman she particularly favors, and her gruff old kinsman Dr. Quin is ever a welcome guest at their fireside. It was he, she told her husband long after, who undid the mischief Mr. Bellnap had been able to sow in one brief conversation. "I've known that young woman ever since she wore pinafores Gladys. She has some good points, too, but her one idiosyncrasy is that every man she meets should bow down to and worship her. She is an Alexander in conceit, sighing for new worlds to conquer, has been a coquette from the cradle, and—what she can't forgive in Ned Perry is that he simply did not fall in love with her as she thought he had."

Down at Dunraven the gates are gone, the doors are very hospitably open. Ewen is still manager de jure, but young Mr. Maitland, the proprietor, is manager de facto, and, though there is constant going and coming between the fort and the ranch, and the officers of the —th ride in there at all hours, what makes the ranchman so popular among the rank and file is the fact that Serg. "Gwynne," as they still call him, has a warm place in his heart for one and all, and every year when the date of his enlistment in the —th comes round he gives a barbecue dinner to the men, whereas there are feasting and drinking of healths and song and speech making, and Leary and Donovan are even the recreant Kelly are apt to be notoriously prominent on such occasions, but blissfully so—for there hasn't been a shindy of any kind since their old comrade stepped into his pincushion at Dunraven Ranch.

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ADMINISTRATRIX' SALE!

Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Groceries, Tobaccos, Cigars, Boots and Shoes,

And other things going to make a fine stock of GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

ARE NOW BEING OFFERED AT Slaughtered! Prices!

To close out the Merchantile Business of J. W. Masters.

Any and all persons desiring the Best Goods! At Prices never before offered.

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Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jesse Moore Kentucky Whiskies.

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Will do a General Loan Business on Farm and City Securities

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ROOMS 1 AND 2, LEWIS & ENGLE BUILDING, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Fine Job Printing—Herald Office.

Topsy Turvy! Jules Verne's Latest and Best Story, SOON TO APPEAR IN THESE COLUMNS. Subscribe Now and Catch the Opening Chapter



CHAPTER XVII.

ES, certainly very pretty now. It's such a pity that Englishwomen grow coarse and stout and red faced so very soon after they are married." The speaker was Mrs. Bellnap, and her soft voice was tuned to a pitch of almost pathetic regret. They were talking of Miss Maitland, who had just been assisted to her saddle by the colonel, and now followed by the faithful Griggs and escorted by Capt. Stryker, was rid-

Generalized Indians.

Complaint is made that the success of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show has caused Indians to be in such demand for entertainments of that class that between three and four hundred of the wards of the nation are now employed in exhibiting to the paleface the habits and customs of the children of nature, and that the effect of this is to demoralize the Indians, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

If the average Indian can pick up any new vices from traveling around the country with a show he must be a different sort of Indian from anything on this side of the mountains, there never was a lazier human being created than the Indian in his natural state. Some of the later generations of Indians among the civilized tribes may have acquired a fondness for honest toil, but they are not the kind that is wanted by the manager of a wild west show.

There is very possibly a better reason for the secretary of the interior attempting to keep the Indians of the "dramas of the plains," as the advance agents like to call them, and that is that such performances have a tendency to demoralize the white boys of the United States in the various towns and cities where the exhibitions are given. We had begun to congratulate ourselves on the fact that the day of the dime novel was over, and that the American youth of tender years would now have no excuse for equipping himself with a job lot of knives and pistols and starting for the boundless west to become a hero or a stage robber, as occasion might serve.

It is not possible to persuade the boy that a show like the Wild West is no more a true picture of life on the plains than the posters on the dead walls are an accurate representation of what is to take place in a circus tent. He believes because he wants to believe, and because what he sees chimes with his preconceived notions. All the warnings and advice of parents and friends fall on unheeding ears.

So, between the Indian and the white boy, the secretary's sympathy should be enlisted in behalf of the children of his own race. The Indian seems particularly fortunate in being able to enlist sentimentalists and humanitarians in his favor, and that on a little foundation as could be imagined. The American Indian, in reality, a thorough fraud, there being only exceptions enough to make the rule absolute, and it is just a trifle ridiculous to see the government endeavoring to protect him against being demoralized, when demoralization is his highest ambition and his normal condition.

Wonderful Birthmark.

It is a Highly Sensitive Fish, and Suggests Food He Never Can Eat.

Baltimore Special: The publication in a recent issue of the Times of a description of the singular birthmark borne by a young man, which is said to be an exact fac simile of a blackberry, has excited not a little interest here, and stories have been told of the curious mark that is carried by a young man living in this city. An investigation resulted in the discovery of the party in question in the person of Morgan Kittredge, who is quite well known in the eastern portion of the city.

Though reluctant to have his name mentioned, Mr. Kittredge was persuaded to exhibit his curious birthmark, and finally to talk about it, giving the following description of what may truly be called a freak of nature:

"It lies on my right thigh and is the image of a fish, perfect in every respect, even to the scales," he said, "and is of a dead-white color like the meat of a brook trout. It causes me no pain or inconvenience except when I attempt to eat fish of any description, when it will begin to ache and burn until I am obliged to make use of an emetic."

"I believe that, were I to persist in eating fish, death or madness would be the result, for after every attempt I have made my curious mark remains red and irritable for days. When in a bath, however, it will throb and quiver almost as if it were alive, and so as to be perceptible to the eye. It is nearly four inches long and rises a quarter of an inch above the surrounding flesh, from which it is quite distinct, as if merely laid upon it. It lies head downward with the tail slightly elevated as if floundering, and the fins are distended."

WALRUS NEVER DIES.

The fish is perfectly distinct, only the eye is missing, being represented only by a small pit. I know of no reason for the mark, but, while there does not seem to be a particle of blood in the mass, I believe it to be closely connected with my vitality, for, whenever I am ill, it takes on a palid, livid hue, and seems to shrink."

MUST HIT MOVING OBJECTS.

English Volunteers are Going to Stop Shooting at Bull's Eye.

The shooting competitions at the new Wimbledon are to be put upon a common sense basis, says the St. James Gazette. Marksmanship still counts for much; of what use in the field is a man who cannot hit a moving object? How many of our volunteers, however many prizes they may have won at Wimbledon and elsewhere, could bring down their man in the open air?

To Poison Squirrels.

R. C. McCroskey, of Garfield, furnishes the following recipe for exterminating squirrels:

Honey 1 pint, water 1 gill, cyanide of potassium 2 ccs., strychnine 1 cc., oil of peppermint 30 drops, oil of anise 30 drops and wheat 2 1/2 gallons, with flour enough to dry the wheat after mixing. Add water to the honey, slightly warm, add the cyanide of potassium and strychnine, which should be previously well pulverized, and stir until both are thoroughly dissolved; then add the peppermint and anise, after which add wheat, previously warming the mixture slightly so as to keep the honey from being too stiff. Mix until every grain is coated with the fluid, then sprinkle in the flour, stirring meanwhile till the grains do not clump. The poison is now ready for use. If it is desired to keep any for a time it should be dried in the sun two or three hours and then stirred again, with flour sprinkled in; then put it into a tight vessel, as the cyanide of potassium is very volatile. His success with this recipe, he says, in a country where the squirrel never hibernates but breeds all the year, has been remarkable; but he found that the secured the best results when he increased the strychnine to 1 1/2 or two ounces.

DRUG STORE FREEMASONS.

A Would-be Clerk Well Up in All the Signs of the Order.

New York Mercury: Scene: Chemist's shop in a temperance town out west, where, among other good things, "soda water" is retained in pretty considerable quantities. Enter young man, who inquires if there is a vacancy for an assistant. "Have you the requisite knowledge and experience?" was the proprietor's first question as he drew the applicant aside.

WONDERFUL BIRTHMARK.

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WEALTH NEVER DIES.

Impressive List of Millionaires Lately Deceased Here.

New York letter to Troy Times: The death of John Jacob Astor calls renewed attention to the ravages of death among our rich men, and hence I add the following impressive list of those who so recently led in all the power of wealth, but are now as poor as the veriest pauper in the potter's field:

Table listing names and wealth of deceased millionaires, including Cornelius Vanderbilt, Wm. B. Astor, John J. Astor, etc.

Bargains in Houses and Lots.

I have some first class residence property with good houses on for sale cheap and on easy terms. Enquire of B. F. Young, First National Bank building, 11.

RECIPE FOR THE ACACIAS.

Chicago Tribune: With Mr. Payne, of Arizona, is J. B. Shepard. He is the champion Indian story teller of the west.

An Indian Story in Which General Crook Takes a Leading Part.

Chicago Tribune: With Mr. Payne, of Arizona, is J. B. Shepard. He is the champion Indian story teller of the west. Speaking of General Crook, he said: "I'll never forget when I fought beside General Crook in an Apache battle. We had been after the Redskins some days, and one night we sighted a band at Oray Jim's gulch. The general started us on a run, and the way we sailed after the Apaches was a caution. They stopped and set fire to the prairie grass, hoping to head us off, but we fooled them. When they saw that they couldn't get away they rounded up their ponies in a circle and stood in the center. We skirmished around a bit and then sailed in. General Crook has a heart like an ox, and he said: 'Boys, just stay a few dozen of the warriors. Don't kill all, just enough to let them know that we are the people.' 'Twas a sweltering day and there wasn't a spot on the sun. After throwing off our coats and rolling up our trousers we opened fire. In a few minutes the Apaches began to drop. Taking advantage of an open place I set a crowd right into the midst of the Indians. Suddenly my pistol was hurled from my hand and I had to work with an old sword. Being pretty handy with the big knife I more than held my own. I had just laid out my tenth man when I felt a touch on the elbow. The air was so filled with Indian hair you could not see the sun, and I asked: 'Who is there?' 'General Crook,' was the reply. 'What is it, sir?' 'I wish to restrain you,' spoke the general. 'There is nothing I admire so much as a good fighter—you know that, Jim, but when it comes to surging this little spot on the prairie into a slaughter house, I kick.' 'Appreciating the fact that I had gone too far, I withdrew, but from that day until now General Crook and I have been like two brothers.'"

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it is, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold, or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Janock's Pharmacy.

Yakima Cigars

MANUFACTURED AT Moxee, Yakima County.

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

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

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

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

North Yakima LUMBER YARD! G. O. NEVIN, Proprietor.

LUMBER, DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS, LATHS, SHINGLES, &C. Agent for the Celebrated Averill Paints, the best Paints on the Market, AND A LARGE SUPPLY ALWAYS ON HAND.

Office and Yard, West Side of Railroad Track, North of Depot, North Yakima, W. T.

Patronize Home Industry.

Ed. F. White & Co., FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILORS. Next Door South of the Hotel Yakima.

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Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

BIRD'S ADDITION

North Yakima, Wash. Lots in Bird's Addition to North Yakima ARE NOW ON THE MARKET.

This Addition is particularly easy of access, and with its many attractions, it becomes at once an admirable Residence location.

For Prices, Terms, Etc., Address M. T. BIRD, Attorney, 195 Seventh St., Portland, Ore.

E. S. ROBERTSON,

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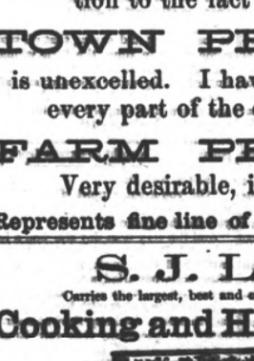
I would respectfully call your attention to the fact that my list of

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FARM PROPERTY Very desirable, in tracts to suit. Represents fine line of Insurance Companies.

S. J. LOWE

Carries the largest, best and cheapest stock of all kinds of Cooking and Heating Stoves.



Tinware, Sheet Ironware, Graniteware, Guns, Pistols and Farm Implements.

HARDWARE. Etc., which he is prepared to offer at remarkably low prices. Also a fine stock of

A. F. SWITZER, Contractor and Builder.

Will Contract for the erection of all classes of buildings, either Brick, Stone, Concrete, or Wood, and will complete the work honestly and according to agreement.

SHRIVER BROS., Plumbers, Gas-Fitters, Electricians.

Hotel Washington, Cor. Yakima Ave. and Front St. (FORMERLY STEINER HOUSE) Taggart & Bennett, Props.

This well known and justly popular hotel has been reopened to the public, under a new name, by the above management, who will use their best endeavor in reserving the reputation of the house. Public patronage is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Rates, \$2 per Day.

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Realizing the opportunities presented in Yakima for safe and remunerative investments, I have established myself in the FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

Real Estate, Loans, Insurance I have listed on my books some of the most attractive city and farm property in the county. I would be pleased to have prospective buyers permit me to show them some great bargains.

YAKIMA PROPERTY WILL NOT LONG REMAIN AT PRESENT LOW PRICES. And there is no opportunity like this for investing.

The Misses Dunning. EMBROIDERIES, LACES AND FINE RUCHINGS. HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Ladies' Muslin Underwear, Vests and Aprons, Summer Dress Goods. ALSO CHILDREN'S AND INFANT'S CLOTHING. FINE GINGHAM GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Dress-Making Done in the Latest Styles, and at Reasonable Prices. 217-FIRST STREET. NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Cheap Water for Irrigation.

For full particulars regarding the

NYE AND HUFFER PUMPS

Enquire at the Offices of the

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J. J. ARMSTRONG TALKS!

AND HIS WORDS ECHO THE Death Knell of High Prices!

I have been notified to vacate my present quarters in order to permit of the building of a big stock block on the grounds now occupied by me. I do not want to ignore my large stock of DRY GOODS, BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS AND CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS AND GROCERIES.

(INVOICED AT \$25,000.) So I have slaughtered prices in a reckless manner, in order to greatly reduce my stock at once.

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GEO. W. RODMAN,

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NORTH YAKIMA.

Generalized Indians.

Complaint is made that the success of Buffalo Bill's Wild West show has caused Indians to be in such demand for entertainments of that class that between three and four hundred of the wards of the nation are now employed in exhibiting to the paleface the habits and customs of the children of nature, and that the effect of this is to demoralize the Indians, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

If the average Indian can pick up any new vices from traveling around the country with a show he must be a different sort of Indian from anything on this side of the mountains, there never was a lazier human being created than the Indian in his natural state. Some of the later generations of Indians among the civilized tribes may have acquired a fondness for honest toil, but they are not the kind that is wanted by the manager of a wild west show.

There is very possibly a better reason for the secretary of the interior attempting to keep the Indians of the "dramas of the plains" as the advance agents like to call them, and that is that such performances have a tendency to demoralize the white boys of the United States in the various towns and cities where the exhibitions are given. We had begun to congratulate ourselves on the fact that the day of the dime novel was over, and that the American youth of tender years would now have no excuse for equipping himself with a job lot of knives and pistols and starting for the boundless west to become a hero or a stage robber, as occasion might serve. Just as the glamour created by this kind of fiction was beginning to wear off, along comes Buffalo Bill with his show, embracing real live Indians, bucking horses and all the accessories of the plains as delineated in the dime novel, and the boys catch the fever worse than ever.

It is not possible to persuade the boy that a show like the Wild West is no more a true picture of life on the plains than the posters on the dead walls are an accurate representation of what is to take place in a circus tent. He believes because he wants to believe, and because what he sees chimes with his preconceived notions. All the warnings and advice of parents and friends fall on unheeding ears. There are the Indians and the cowboys and the horses, and he hears a visit that land of magic for himself and see the Indian in his wigwam and the cowboy in his native land. Most of the trunks either find their own way back or are reclaimed before they get very far, but occasionally one gets away, and to any one familiar with life on the frontier it is not necessary to say that it is not just the best school in which to bring up a boy, especially if he be without parental restraint and home influences.

So between the Indian and the white boy, the secretary's sympathy should be enlisted in behalf of the children of his own race. The Indian seems particularly fortunate in being able to enlist sentimentalists and humanitarians in his favor, and that on a little foundation as could be imagined. The American Indian is, in reality, a thorough fraud, these being only exceptions enough to make the rule absolute, and it is just a trifle ridiculous to see the government endeavoring to protect him against being demoralized, when demoralization is his highest ambition and his normal condition.

Wonderful Birthmarks.

It is a Highly Sensitive Fish, and Suggests Food He Never Can Eat.

Baltimore Special: The publication in a recent issue of the Times of a description of the singular birthmark borne by a young man, which is said to be an exact fac simile of a blackberry, has excited not a little interest here, and stories have been told of the curious mark that is carried by a young man living in this city. An investigation resulted in the discovery of the party in question in the person of Morgan Kittredge, who is quite well known in the eastern portion of the city. Though reluctant to have his name mentioned, Mr. Kittredge was persuaded to exhibit his curious birthmark, and finally to talk about it, giving the following description of what may truly be called a freak of nature:

"It lies on my right thigh and is the image of a fish, perfect in every respect, even to the scales," he said, "and is of a dead-white color like the meat of a brook trout. It causes me no pain or inconvenience except when I attempt to eat fish of any description, when it will begin to ache and burn until I am obliged to make use of an emetic.

"I believe that, were I to persist in eating fish, death or madness would be the result, for after every attempt I have made my curious mark remains red and irritable for days. When in a bath, however, it will throbb and quiver almost as if it were alive, and so as to be perceptible to the eye. It is nearly four inches long and rises a quarter of an inch above the surrounding flesh, from which it is quite distinct, as if merely laid upon it. It lies head downward with the tail slightly elevated.

vated as if floundering, and the fins are distended.

"The fish is perfectly distinct, only the eye is missing, being represented only by a small pit. I know of no reason for the mark, but, while there does not seem to be a particle of blood in the mass, I believe it to be closely connected with my vitality, for, whenever I am ill, it takes on a pallid, livid hue, and seems to shrink."

Must Hit Moving Objects.

English Volunteers Are Going to Stop Shooting at Bull's Eye.

The shooting competitions at the new Wimbledon are to be put upon a common sense basis, says the St. James Gazette. Marksmanship still counts for much of what use in the field is a man who cannot hit a moving object? How many of our volunteers, however many prizes they may have won at Wimbledon and elsewhere, could bring down their man in the open air?

That is the pertinent question which has induced the National Rifle association to decide that the competitions at Bisley shall be made more military and more consonant with the conditions of modern warfare. There are to be a great many more competitions at moving and figure targets, and more attention is to be paid to the very important matter of volley firing. A few years of these sensible and practical competitions should enormously increase the effective shooting power of the volunteers.

To Poison Squirrels.

R. C. McCrooney, of Garfield, furnishes the following receipt for exterminating squirrels:

Honey 1 pint, water 1 gill, cyanide of potassium 2 ozs., strychnine 1 oz., oil of peppermint 30 drops, oil of anise 30 drops and wheat 2 1/2 gallons, with flour enough to dry the wheat after mixing. Add water to the honey, slightly warm, and the cyanide of potassium and strychnine, which should be previously well pulverized, and stir until both are thoroughly dissolved; then add wheat, pepper-mint and anise, after which add wheat, previously warming the mixture slightly so as to keep the honey from being too stiff. Mix until every grain is coated with the fluid, then sprinkle in the flour, stirring meanwhile till the grains do not clog. The poison is now ready for use. If it is desired to keep any of it for a time it should be dried in the sun two or three hours and then stirred again, with flour sprinkled in; then put it into a tight vessel, as the cyanide of potassium is very volatile. His success with this recipe, he says, in a country where the squirrel never hibernates but breeds all the year, has been remarkable; but he found that he secured the best results when he increased the strychnine to 1 1/2 or two ounces.

Drug Store Free-Masonry.

A Would-be Clerk Well Up in All the Signs of the Order.

New York Mercury: Scene: Chemist's shop in a temperance town out west, where, among other good things, "soda water" is retailed in pretty considerable quantities. Enter young man, who inquires if there is a vacancy for an assistant. "Have you the requisite knowledge and experience?" was the proprietor's first question as he drew the applicant aside. "I think I may safely say I have," the young man answered in an undertone. "Been long in the business?" "Three years." "Where?" "In Milwaukee."

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It is a Highly Sensitive Fish, and Suggests Food He Never Can Eat.

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Wealth Never Dies.

Impressive List of Millionaires Lately Deceased Here.

New York letter to Troy Times: The death of John Jacob Astor calls renewed attention to the ravages of death among our rich men, and hence I add the following impressive list of those who so recently led in all the power of wealth, but are now as poor as the veriest pauper in the potter's field:

- Cornelius Vanderbilt.....\$ 75,000,000
William A. Vanderbilt..... 20,000,000
Wm. B. Astor, real estate lord 75,000,000
John J. Astor, real estate lord 100,000,000
A. T. Stewart, dry goods king 35,000,000
Roberts and Peter Goetz, real estate lords..... 30,000,000
J. W. Dowd, banker..... 20,000,000
Moses Taylor, banker..... 20,000,000
Charles Morgan, shipping merchant..... 10,000,000
John Anderson, tobacconist 5,000,000
Edwin T. Morgan, capitalist 6,000,000
George Law, contractor..... 6,000,000
James Lenox, philanthropist 2,000,000
Alexander Stuart, sugar manufacturer..... 7,000,000
Robert Stuart, sugar manufacturer..... 7,000,000
David Jones, brewer..... 5,000,000
W. E. Dodge, philanthropist 4,000,000
Peter Cooper, philanthropist 5,000,000
Samuel J. Tilden, lawyer..... 5,000,000
R. L. Kennedy, bank president 5,000,000
James Brown, banker..... 7,000,000
Rufus Story, merchant..... 2,000,000
Wm. B. Travers, speculator 1,000,000
C. F. Weirichhofer, speculator 1,000,000
A. Schell, railroad treasurer 1,000,000
Harvey Kennedy, speculator 3,000,000
W. C. Hinckley, real estate 3,000,000
Peter Gilsey, cigar dealer..... 3,000,000
Joshua Jones, capitalist..... 4,000,000
J. A. Jones, bank president 2,000,000
Courtland Palmer, capitalist 1,000,000
Wesley Wagner, sleeping car 6,000,000
David Leavitt, capitalist..... 6,000,000
Col. Van Buren, real estate 1,000,000
Benj. Winthrop, capitalist..... 1,000,000
G. W. Burnham, manufacturer 2,000,000
Gardner A. Sear, merchant..... 2,000,000
William C. Kingsley, builder Brooklyn bridge..... 4,000,000
Jesse Hoyt, merchant..... 2,000,000
James Boel, banker..... 2,000,000
F. Henderson, stockman..... 1,000,000
Willard Parker, surgeon..... 1,000,000
C. J. Vanderbilt, capitalist..... 1,000,000
Francis Smith, publisher..... 1,000,000
George Lorillard, tobacco..... 3,000,000
R. M. Ho, printing pressman..... 4,000,000
William H. Macy, banker..... 2,000,000
Thomas Morrill, merchant..... 1,000,000
William B. Dinsmore, express 2,000,000
D. C. Robbins, merchant..... 1,000,000
Bemis Barnes, capitalist..... 4,000,000

Marginal in Home and Lots.

I have some first class residence property with good houses on sale cheap and on easy terms. Enquire of B. F. Young, First National Bank building, 31.

Helpful to the Apaches.

An Indian Story in Which General Crook Takes a Leading Part.

Chicago Tribune: With Mr. Payne, of Arizona, is J. B. Shepard. He is the champion Indian story teller of the west. Speaking of General Crook, he said: "I'll never forget when I fought beside General Crook in an Apache battle. We had been after the redskins some days, and one night we sighted a band at Gray Jim's gulch. The general started us on a run, and the way we sailed after the Apaches was a caution. They stopped and set fire to the prairie grass, hoping to head us off, but we fooled them. When they saw that they couldn't get away they rounded up their ponies in a circle and stood in the center. We skirmished around a bit and then sailed in. General Crook has a heart like an ox, and he said: 'Boys, just stay a few dozen of the warriors. Don't kill all, just enough to let them know that we are the people.' 'Twas a sweltering day and there wasn't a spot on the sun. After throwing off our coats and rolling up our trousers we opened fire. In a few minutes the Apaches began to drop. Taking advantage of an open place I led a crowd right into the midst of the Indians. Suddenly my pistol was hurled from my hand and I had to work with an old sword. Being pretty handy with the big knife I more than held my own. I had just laid out my tenth man when I felt a touch on the elbow. The air was so filled with Indian hair you could not see the sun, and I asked: "Who is there?" "General Crook," was the reply. "What is it, sir?" "I wish to restrain you," spoke the general. There is nothing I admire so much as a good fighter—you know that, Jim, but when it comes to turning this little spot on the prairie into a slaughter house, I kick."

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends. Because the wonderful thing about it is that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery never after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold, or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles free at Janock's Pharmacy.

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning: you are taking the first step into nervous prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alternative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the liver and kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50 cents, at Janock's Pharmacy.

Woman loves with her ear, but man with his eye.

Persuasive wailing captures a woman's heart, while an attractive appearance conquers the man. To retain man's affection and secure enduring happiness, a woman should be as charming in married life as in the days of bewitching maidenhood. Her captivating weapons are a fair and blooming complexion, soft and spotless hands, freedom from skin and scalp impurities, pimples, chapping and the possession of the delicate bloom of perfect health. Cole's Carbolic Soap, the perfect medicinal toilet, bath and nursery soap is her salvation. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

Yakima Cigars

MANUFACTURED AT Moxee, Yakima County.

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

Most Delicious and Peculiar Flavor

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

Moxee Plantation

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

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

North Yakima LUMBER YARD!

G. O. NEVIN, Proprietor.

LUMBER, DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS, LATHS, SHINGLES, &C.

Agent for the Celebrated Averill Paints, the best Paints on the Market, AND A LARGE SUPPLY ALWAYS ON HAND.

Office and Yard, West Side of Railroad Track, North of Depot, North Yakima, W. T.

Patronize Home Industry.

Ed. F. White & Co., FASHIONABLE MERCHANT TAILORS.

Next Door South of the Hotel Yakima.

A first-class stock of Imported and Domestic Goods always on hand. Please give us a call, and we guarantee to please you.

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed.

BIRD'S ADDITION

North Yakima, Wash.

Lots in Bird's Addition to North Yakima

ARE NOW ON THE MARKET.

This Addition is particularly easy of access, and with its many attractions, it becomes at once an admirable Residence location.

For Prices, Terms, Etc., Address

M. T. BIRD, Attorney.

195 Seventh St., Portland, Ore.

E. S. ROBERTSON,

REAL ESTATE,

INSURANCE & LOAN AGENT.

I would respectfully call your attention to the fact that my list of

TOWN PROPERTY

is unexcelled. I have Lots for sale in every part of the city and additions.

FARM PROPERTY

Very desirable, in tracts to suit.

Represents fine line of Insurance Companies.

S. J. LOWE

Carries the largest, best and cheapest stock of all kinds of

Cooking and Heating Stoves,

Tinware, Sheet Ironware, Graniteware, Guns,

Pistols and Farm Implements.

Etc., which he is prepared to offer at remarkably low prices. Also a fine stock of

HARDWARE.

Office: Yakima Ave., bet. 2d and 3d Sts.

North Yakima.

A. F. SWITZER, Contractor and Builder,

NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.

Will contract for the erection of all classes of buildings, either brick, stone, concrete, or wood, and will complete the work promptly and according to agreement.

REFERENCE: First Nat'l Bank of North Yakima. Office, in rear of Rodman & Eshelman's, Yakima avenue, near Hotel Yakima. Office hours, 9 to 5 p. m.

RIVER BROS., Plumbers, Gas-Fitters, Electricians.

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

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

Hotel Washington,

Cor. Yakima Ave. and Front St. (FORMERLY STEINER HOUSE)

Taggart & Bennett, Props.

This well known and justly popular hotel has been reopened to the public, under a new name, by the above management, who will use their best endeavor in preserving the reputation of the house. Fairly patronage is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Rates, \$2 per Day.

NOW READY FOR BUSINESS

Realizing the opportunities presented in Yakima for safe and remunerative investments, I have established myself in the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING

—In the office formerly occupied by Godwin & Pugsley—

Real Estate, Loans, Insurance

I have listed on my books some of the most attractive city and farm property in the county. I would be pleased to have prospective buyers permit me to show them some great bargains.

YAKIMA PROPERTY WILL NOT LONG REMAIN AT PRESENT LOW PRICES, And there is no opportunity like the present for investing.

Yours very respectfully, B. F. YOUNG. North Yakima, Washington.

The Misses Dunning.

EMBROIDERIES, LACES AND FINE RUCHINGS. HANDKERCHIEFS, GLOVES AND HOSIERY.

Ladies' Muslin Underwear, Vests and Aprons, Summer Dress Goods.

ALSO CHILDREN'S AND INFANT'S CLOTHING. FINE GINGHAM GOODS A SPECIALTY.

Dress-Making Done in the Latest Styles, and at Reasonable Prices.

CORNER FIRST STREET. NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Cheap Water for Irrigation.

For full particulars regarding the

NYE AND HUFFER PUMPS

Enquire at the Offices of the

Greeley Irrigation Pump Co.,

Rooms 1 and 2, Lewis & Engle Building, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.



J. J. ARMSTRONG TALKS!

AND HIS WORDS ECHO THE

Death Knell of High Prices!

I have been notified to vacate my present quarters in order to permit of the building of a big brick block on the grounds now occupied by me. I do not want to move my large stock of

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

(INVOICED AT \$25,000.)

So I have slaughtered prices in a reckless manner, in order to greatly reduce my stock at once.

Call and be Convinced of the Bargains Offered.

No one should fail to take advantage of this Drive Sale!

J. J. ARMSTRONG.

GEO. W. RODMAN,

(SUCCESSOR TO RODMAN & ESHELMAN.)

Real Estate Agent.

Business Lots,

Residence Lots

Ten-Acre Tracts and Farms

FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS!

AGENT FOR THE

Oregon and American Mortgage Companies.

LOANS NEGOTIATED ON SHORT NOTICE.

INSURANCE :- POLICIES

Written at Lowest Rates!

GEO. W. RODMAN,

Office: Yakima Ave., bet. 2d and 3d Sts.

North Yakima.

WHY WOMEN FADE YOUNG.

Practical Hints to Young Girls--How to Retain Their Beauty.

The Evil Begins at the Breakfast Table and at School--Women Half Starved, Etc., Etc.

The life of any ordinary woman from fifteen to thirty has no possible chance for the storing of strength, which is the essential of liveliness and attraction. It is a paying out of vitality as fast as it can be made, a taxing and taxing of ill fed nerves, stunted of air, sunshine, rest and healthy stimulus.

A school girl rises to an 8 o'clock breakfast or later. The sun has been shining three hours and the air is at its freshest, but she has no thought for a run out of doors, which would tone her for the day.

The breakfast awakens curiosity. First comes oatmeal--pasty, inferior stuff--all cooked, fit perhaps for a ploughman or shepherd who works his food off by hard labor in the open air all day, but very far from fit food for a slender, nervous girl or boy at school.

In my own experience and that of the most intelligent literary people met it is not possible to change from sound, coarse food containing all the wheat for one day, while the difference in complexion in a single month challenges admiration from all the women about. The men don't say anything, but they notice it all the same.

It is useless to say anything about the formal, conventional lives women lead, which make them prudish and pretenders in society and vixens when they are themselves; which restrain the play of wholesome, natural instincts and activities, but train them for perpetual theatrical exhibition.

It is measure of the degree in which competition enters our social life that boys and girls of sixteen cannot meet once a week to play euchre or "authors" without a trumpet five cent prize for the winner. You may smile, but this bourgeois, commercial idea of "going for what you can get," eats the life out of society and makes it little better than a minor Monte Carlo, with favors for the german and dinner favors or card prizes in view.

The moral causes admitted, mental deficiency has hardly less to answer for. Not only the commercial expression of women whose thoughts only reflect the

dining table and pastry board protest against dull, unaided brains, but the force of resistance to adverse circumstances given by active minds is lost. Women of lively, sensitive minds will go through hardships and stress unutterable without breaking down, where a common minded female is crushed and useless.

Mrs. John Adams going through the days of the revolution, her husband away, children and family falling ill of small-pox and fever, in dread of British invasion of their pleasant Weymouth Landing, scarcely less to be dreaded than an Indian surprise; the cares of the farm and hay crop on her hands, living in want of every feminine necessity, not only of dress, but such things as tea, pins, sugar and writing paper; yet she went through those wearing years of separation, and shone beautiful and witty at the court of St. James, when the home-spun wife of a modern congressman would have been ruined in health and looks by the wretchedness of those slow years.

Where one woman means that she has no time for mental culture, another equally burdened makes her chance, cuts a slip from a newspaper and pins it where she can read while ironing or washing dishes, and repeats poetry or proverbs to herself while going about the house, counting it no injury to her family if she takes ten minutes a day in this manner to keep her soul alive and growing.

Mean men of every kind are apt to imagine that people do not know of their failings because they do not mention them.

A man is never too busy to be reminded of things that will hurt him, or too much occupied to think of things that will hurt others.

Enough has been said of the want of fresh air and sunshine in women's lives to last the century out for all the heed the sex give to it. If women will live fifteen hours a day in back apartments where the sun seldom enters, and take their only outdoor recreation shopping in hot stores, the skin will become anemic, lose its functions and grow pallid, dead and thick with wrinkles, which form most in dull flesh.

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

Call on Sawyer & Pennington for all sorts of hardware. They have the largest stock and finest goods in the city.

Money to Loan. We are prepared to loan money on farm property on long time. Call upon us before placing your applications.

THE INTOXICATING WALTZ.

Origin and History of the Favorite Dance of the Civilized World.

San Francisco Chronicle: The generally accepted story is that the waltz comes from Germany, but a little investigation will show that this statement is open to discussion. As far back as the twelfth century the waltz was known in Provence, but under the name of the volta.

Then the Germans adopted it, and the Provencal volta became the German waltz. The years passed, and then in or about 1700 the waltz once more crossed the Rhine and was introduced into France.

Taking all the various accounts into consideration, it is very evident that there is a decided break in the imaginary genealogy of the waltz, the balance of evidence being in favor of the conclusion that the waltz which first made its public appearance in Vienna in 1700 is the true parent of the present dance, and that it was then a modification of a Bohemian country dance, which, in its original form, is still to be found as a part of the exercises of that country.

THE STORY OF THE FIRST CIGAR.

CHAPTER FIRST. Oh, 'tis immense! I've learned the trick. You bet your life I'm clever. The first cigar makes some boys sick. But I could smoke forever.

CHAPTER SECOND. The last half isn't quite so nice as when you first begin it. Nor quite so much like paradise. I guess I'll rest a minute.

CHAPTER THIRD. See how the building whirls and reels! Everything's begun it. Oh, gratious! How my stomach feels! I wish I hadn't done it!

CHAPTER FOURTH. It isn't right for boys to smoke. And all good boys admit it. I tried it once, just for a joke. But since then I've quit it.

CHAPTER FIFTH. Mean men of every kind are apt to imagine that people do not know of their failings because they do not mention them.

A man is never too busy to be reminded of things that will hurt him, or too much occupied to think of things that will hurt others.

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

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

Remember, Saturday, April 12, is the date you can be supplied with the following vines and roots: Concord, Warden, Isabella, Catawba, Niagara, Pockelton, Clinton, Empire State, Eaton and Moyer grapes; Erie blackberry and Loretta dewberry. All hardy.

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

Trayner is just in receipt of a large invoice of boots and shoes of the best makes for ladies and gentlemen. Call and see him in his new location on First street.

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

Call on Sawyer & Pennington for all sorts of hardware. They have the largest stock and finest goods in the city.

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

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

LOST.

ONE red and white cow branded 4 1 on left side, marked upon right side and half crop on left ear, tips of horns sawed off, together with a yearling heifer, same color. Finder will be suitably rewarded. Leave word with HERALD, at 54.

FOR SALE.

A FINE BUSINESS CORNER 20x10 FEET ON Yakima Avenue and First street. Improved. Offered for a few days only. For terms and particulars, inquire of MACCRIMMON & NEEDHAM.

For Sale.

SHARES OF WATER STOCK IN OLD UNION Ditch Company, to present stockholders only, up to April 30th, after which balance not will be placed on market for any one wishing to purchase. Inquire of J. H. NEEDHAM, Secretary of Company.

Business Change.

HAVING SOLD OUT OUR BUSINESS TO John A. Walker, we assume all outstanding accounts and will collect all bills due the firm.

Yakima City, Wash., March 15, 1900. FIX & CO. 235-236

Notice to Consumers.

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

Taken Up--Estray.

AT THE RESIDENCE OF J. P. MARKS, 12 1/2 miles west of North Yakima, one bay pony 12 or 13 hands high, heavy mane and tail, white strip in face, right hind foot white, a few white spots on body, seven or eight years old, branded N on right thigh and P on left thigh. Has been here nearly six months. Owner prefers pay charges and take him.

Draying & Cord-Wood.

Having purchased the Dray of Jim Mull, I am now prepared to do:

HAULING TO ANY PART OF THE CITY ON WHEELS. Also have a quantity of BURNING WOOD FOR SALE.

Leave orders at Carpenter Bros. Store, JASPER MIKILSEN.

A Perfect Face Powder.

FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER. THE LATEST PERFUME EXQUISITE CHAS. FREEMAN'S HIAWATHA.

THE STORY OF A YEAR.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE TAKEN ONE YEAR AGO.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE AS HE NOW APPEARS.

"Look on this picture and then on that." The above faces are exact reproductions of photographs taken from life of Mrs. Morton D. Harlan, who died at No. 25 West 23rd Street, New York City. The first one was taken in November, 1899, while in the last stages of consumption, abandoned by physicians and mourned by friends. The other was taken in December, 1900, when completely recovered, and entirely changed in appearance.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at Janek's Pharmacy.

All styles of custom shirts now furnished by VANCE & MULFORD.

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

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Cleanse your breath with DeWitt's Little Early Risers. C. J. Taft, agent.

Messrs. Fechter & Law, agents of the Solicitors Loan and Trust Co., of Philadelphia, invite those desiring loans on improved city or farm property to give them a call. Loans made on short notice.

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Baled hay and oats at the I X L store.

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

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For Sale. Crescent and Wilson strawberry plants, at eastern prices, \$4 thousand delivered in North Yakima; 60 cents per hundred. Also Snyder blackberry Turner and Hansell red raspberry. I also have 100 feet of box elder and black locust 6 to 12 feet. Cheap. Leave your order at 12 1/2 cent store. M. R. CURTIS. 6 w.

FOR SALE.

A FINE BUSINESS CORNER 20x10 FEET ON Yakima Avenue and First street. Improved. Offered for a few days only. For terms and particulars, inquire of MACCRIMMON & NEEDHAM.

For Sale.

SHARES OF WATER STOCK IN OLD UNION Ditch Company, to present stockholders only, up to April 30th, after which balance not will be placed on market for any one wishing to purchase. Inquire of J. H. NEEDHAM, Secretary of Company.

Business Change.

HAVING SOLD OUT OUR BUSINESS TO John A. Walker, we assume all outstanding accounts and will collect all bills due the firm.

Yakima City, Wash., March 15, 1900. FIX & CO. 235-236

Notice to Consumers.

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

Taken Up--Estray.

AT THE RESIDENCE OF J. P. MARKS, 12 1/2 miles west of North Yakima, one bay pony 12 or 13 hands high, heavy mane and tail, white strip in face, right hind foot white, a few white spots on body, seven or eight years old, branded N on right thigh and P on left thigh. Has been here nearly six months. Owner prefers pay charges and take him.

Draying & Cord-Wood.

Having purchased the Dray of Jim Mull, I am now prepared to do:

HAULING TO ANY PART OF THE CITY ON WHEELS. Also have a quantity of BURNING WOOD FOR SALE.

Leave orders at Carpenter Bros. Store, JASPER MIKILSEN.

A Perfect Face Powder.

FREEMAN'S FACE POWDER. THE LATEST PERFUME EXQUISITE CHAS. FREEMAN'S HIAWATHA.

THE STORY OF A YEAR.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE TAKEN ONE YEAR AGO.

PHOTOGRAPH FROM LIFE AS HE NOW APPEARS.

"Look on this picture and then on that." The above faces are exact reproductions of photographs taken from life of Mrs. Morton D. Harlan, who died at No. 25 West 23rd Street, New York City. The first one was taken in November, 1899, while in the last stages of consumption, abandoned by physicians and mourned by friends. The other was taken in December, 1900, when completely recovered, and entirely changed in appearance.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale at Janek's Pharmacy.

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FECHTER & LAW,

SOLE AGENTS OF THE

SELAH VALLEY LAND CO.

Notices--Timber Culture.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH., March 5, 1900.

COMPLAINT HAVING BEEN ENTERED AT this office by Noah J. Beckner against Stephen Christopher for failure to comply with law as to the timber culture entry No. 43, dated May 3, 1894, upon section 24, township 9, N. 2, R. 17E, in Yakima county, Washington, with view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that said Stephen Christopher has failed to comply with the requirements of the law in the following particulars: He has never plowed any of said lands, nor has he ever planted any part thereof, nor planted any trees, seeds or cuttings, nor in any way improved the same, but has completely abandoned the same; and said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 10th day of May, 1900, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.

Noticed this 26th day of March, A. D. 1900.

IRA M. KRUTZ, Register.

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