

# THE YAKIMA HERALD.

VOL. 3.

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NO. 14.

## THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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Consumers will have to Pay Cash when Ordering. No 30 Days on Foot.

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A neighbor's family received news the other day of the arrival of a new cousin to be added to the group of two little cousins in a distant town.

At night, when little Ted came to say his prayers, feeling like throwing the mantle of his blessing over all his connections, he prayed something as follows:

"Oh, God, please bless Dot and Beatie and—dot—dot—dot—dot—dot—dot."

## THE JUDGE'S SECRET.

By ALFRED BALOH.

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CHAPTER II.

Knocking by her bedside was a boy of about ten years.

In the month of May, 1841, a woman lay dying in the little cottage which used to stand on the old "main road" just outside the limits of the town of Lynn.

Knocking by her bedside was a boy of about ten years, and on his head the wasted hand of his mother rested, the fingers twining gently through his hair. She was speaking—this mother who was passing away—and the boy drank in every word. She told him in feeble and broken sentences his little sister had no one but him to look to for protection, and she asked him to promise that so long as she should live that protection would be given. Satisfied by the unspoken pledge in his eyes as he looked at her, for she knew what he was, she spoke of the comfort he had been to her since his father's death; of that father who had been taken away so suddenly, and of her own joy at the prospect of seeing her husband once more. Her sorrow, too, at leaving her children dwell in her mind at times, and then he tried to soothe her by telling her he would be brave and true. And so with a prayer for them on her lips she became silent.

He was singularly old for his age. Even as a boy he was grave, self-contained and generally silent, and he cared little for the amusements which filled the time of his fellows. He was exceedingly fond of reading, and fairly devoured all the books he could find. Studying hard, he stood well up in his class at all times, but it was not until he got into the law school that he really showed the stuff in him. To the mind of Mr. Jackson—the law assimilated as its natural food. The driest of dry treatises possessed an interest for him that nothing else had. He was anxious to establish his guardian by reading the code for pleasure. For Judge Black was one of those easy-going men who drift forward in life's race rather than push, doing their work respectably and living in a thoroughly respectable way.

However, the judge knew a man when he saw one, and he was only too glad to offer his ward a partnership as soon as he had passed the bar. It was not long before the new firm of Black & Jackson began to attract attention in the courts. The senior partner was without a particle of jealousy, and was only too glad to give the credit for the manner in which their cases were presented to his earnest, laborious and painstaking junior. After a year or two men said, with a shake of the head, Lynn could not keep the "young judge," as they called him; that in the natural course of events he would go to Boston and seek a wider field for his abilities.

All this while May Jackson was growing up into the most winsome little creature imaginable. She was utterly unlike her brother. She was opulent, exceedingly pretty, as full of coquetry as she could live; whimsical, but just as charming as a sweet, bright, lovable American girl should be, and she loved her grave, stern brother as she loved no human being. From a time beyond which she could remember nothing she had been father and mother and brother all in one. He was never too busy to listen to her wants and wishes, never unwilling to do things for her. He comforted her in her troubles, rejoiced when she was glad. To him she brought all things that interested her, sure of interest and help from him. And this feeling for her was an odd compound of paternal and fraternal love. He had never for one moment forgotten his pledge to his dying mother, nor had it in truth been difficult to keep for his love for his sister was a part of Will Jackson's very being. She amused him intensely as she grew up. Her capriciousness was a source of wonder, and she had the charm

for him of a constant series of surprises. The two attracted every one that met them, and the love they felt for each other was a very beautiful thing.

In 1858 Will Jackson was 27, and May was a young lady just going into society. The brother had been a partner in the firm for six years, and had built up for himself a business which paid him a handsome income. It was at this time that Miss Carrie Farnham, a connection of Judge Black, came to Lynn, and Will Jackson met his fate. He fell in love with her as strong men fall in love; he fairly worshipped the ground she walked on. She, too, had not known him very long before she thought she had never seen such a man before. When she went home to Springfield she left the memory of a look from her dark blue eyes for Will Jackson to ponder over, and when, in the following August, he followed her to her home, and as they walked along a lane one evening, asked her a question the answer was "Yes."

To his dying day Will Jackson never forgot that lane and the smell of the twilight time. Friends and relatives approved, and the day was set for the wedding. It is probable that May would have alternated between jealousy and gladness, not that she was pretty little sister was filled with thoughts of her own just then. The time came for the wedding, and Carrie Farnham went to Boston to do some shopping. I must hurry over this part of the story. There were big headlines in the paper one morning over the story of the railroad wreck, and Will Jackson followed the body of the girl he loved as the agony of the dead march walked and sobbed from the great organ!

He went back to his desk and plunged into work to find distraction from his sorrow. He never spoke of the girl to any one, repulsing for the first time in his life his sister May. Except that he was graver than before there was little change in the man. The following year May was married to Charlie Farnham, a younger brother of the girl who was gone, and Will Jackson rejoiced over his sister's happiness. He behaved very generously, he transferred all the property they had together inherited in trust for her and her children. As Mr. Farnham was employed in a bank in Boston, May went there to live with her husband, but every week letters from Will and herself crossed each other.

When the gun which was fired on Fort Sumter in 1861 "echoed round the world" Will Jackson was one of the first men in Lynn to volunteer. To such a man the call issued by President Lincoln came as an order from heaven, and when the Second Massachusetts Infantry was recruited he at once signed the roll. His choice of a regiment was natural, for one of his officers, Capt. John M. Adams, was a friend of his father, who died at Gettysburg on July 8, 1863, and to whose memory the beautiful church of St. Stephens was afterward built in Lynn.

He had a greater personal friend, through the long weary months of fighting and marching Will Jackson went steadily on, doing his duty as he did most things in his life—with all his might.

CHAPTER III.

He had never seen the child before.

When Gen. Lee invaded Pennsylvania, and the armies of the north gathered hastily together under Gen. Meade to repel the onward march of "the flag with a single star," the Second Massachusetts was in its place prepared to take part in what was to be one of the most momentous and most bloody battles of the civil war. And with his regiment was Will Jackson, a private still, for promotion had been offered to him in vain. The last time when his lieutenant colonel had urged him to accept, for these two were fast friends as ever, he had said with a laugh, "Old man, after this war is over there will be mighty few private, and I'm after all the distinction I can get." So the subject was dropped—forever, as it turned out.

It was two days before the line of fire which was to end the lives of so many brave men on each side began, as Reynolds' corps struck Gettysburg, that Will Jackson, coming in from sentry duty, found the mail had arrived and discovered the handwriting of his sister. As he read the letter his face grew very stern, and he more than once clenched his fist unconsciously. It was a long letter, full of repetitions and contradictions, but he made out that May had discovered her husband was in the power of a lot of men who were urging him to do something, she knew not exactly what, but which would utterly ruin him. In one sentence she declared that Charlie was innocent of wrong doing, and in the next she implored her brother by all the love he had always shown for her, by his love for his mother, by his love for the girl who was gone, by his love for the baby's father, she came to him, she said, when she could go to no one else—she alone could do anything.

As Will Jackson sat there far into the night heedless of matters calls a fearful struggle went on within him. He knew as every man in the fast gathering hotel knew that a great battle was pending. His sense of duty to his country, his pride in his own good name, his soldier's instincts alike made the idea of desertion intolerable to him. And yet—it was May's husband and Carrie's brother!

As he thought he took out the picture of his dead love and kissed it passionately. If he waited for the battle he might be killed, and then—May was right, there was no one else who could do this thing. But the shame of it! The bitter, intolerable shame! Men would say, and say with apparent reason, that he had deserted coward fashion! He, Will Jackson, through whose veins a drop of Edward's blood ever ran! He would be false to his country when it needed him, false to that flag he loved and idolized as he loved and idolized the memory of his mother! He would be false to the oath he swore before God and man to fight for the Union until the end; he, who had never consciously broken his lightest word, would do this thing. It was too much to ask, too much to demand of him, and burying his head in his hands he prayed the cup might pass from him.

"Carrie's brother, May's husband! May's husband, Carrie's brother!"

It rang through his brain like a dull refrain of torture. Could he refuse to sacrifice himself? It was true he was asked to lay himself on the altar, and with his own hands he was asked to tear with his pride, his loyalty, his honor! But could he refuse? Could he refuse? It was May's husband and Carrie's brother who would go who would drown before his eyes in the foul waters of crime and shame unless he jumped in to save! Could he refuse? Could he refuse?

To give his life for the man who had brought this misery on him, would he thought, have been so easy. But to give himself, his honor, his word, his loyalty; to give very, very hard! It was characteristic of the man that he spoke of, though no word of curse against his brother-in-law. To him the supreme decision he was called on to make was all in all. On the one side were his pledges to his mother (and in the still night he seemed to hear her words again), his love for the sister and his love for his mother on the other were his honor, his loyalty, his pride, his plighted faith! No wonder when he rose from his seat and walked down the long line of the bivouac he should have staggered as one who has taken strong drink. For when the morning roll call rang out Private Will Jackson was absent—his hurried search and a far more hurried court-martial followed, but Gettysburg was but one day off and men had too much to think of to spend time in wonder over the absence of one. His friends mourned for a brief space, but many of them died in the angle or along the thin lines which were changed and repelled alternately, and the desertion was forgotten save and except for a brief paragraph in the note book of the adjutant of the regiment.

That May should weep and laugh as she felt the strong arms of her brother around her once more, and with the childlike faith she always had in him should know it was all right now, but natural. It was natural, too, that she should send for her baby, and with the air of a queen bestowing the most cherished of all decorations hold the little one out for Will to take. He had never seen the child before, and he was conscious as she looked up at him with her dark blue eyes—this little Carrie with her brother's eyes—and laughed at the grave, sorrow worn face that bent over her, of a great wave of love swelling in his heart. God was good to Will Jackson. Already he felt his sacrifice had been accepted. The deed which had sealed and darkened with his conscience with her firmest touch attracted May's attention, but she never exclaimed, "Why, Will, how old you look!" and supposing it came from "this awful war," she thought little of it. Her brother, as he answered her gently, smiled somewhat bitterly.

He had recognized her about 10 o'clock in the morning, and Charlie Farnham did not come back until dinner, at 6. When he saw his brother-in-law he flushed up rather uneasily, for while he had known nothing of May's letter he instinctively felt something was coming. After dinner he proposed that he would go to the club and the latter went gladly enough. In hotel corridor afterward Will noticed that Charlie was hailed by two or three men who looked decidedly fast. One of them in particular, a Mr. Cochran, Mr. Jackson felt a sudden dislike for. The man was tall, well dressed, with a blonde mustache and a sufficiently pleasant manner, but he had shifty eyes. About half past 9 the two went home, where they saw May for a few moments, and she then bid them good night. As she kissed her brother she whispered, "You promised," and he satisfied her with a look. For all day long May had pleaded with the childlike faith she always had in him that she should know it was all right now, but natural. It was natural, too, that she should send for her baby, and with the air of a queen bestowing the most cherished of all decorations hold the little one out for Will to take. He had never seen the child before, and he was conscious as she looked up at him with her dark blue eyes—and laughed at the grave, sorrow worn face that bent over her, of a great wave of love swelling in his heart. God was good to Will Jackson. Already he felt his sacrifice had been accepted. The deed which had sealed and darkened with his conscience with her firmest touch attracted May's attention, but she never exclaimed, "Why, Will, how old you look!" and supposing it came from "this awful war," she thought little of it. Her brother, as he answered her gently, smiled somewhat bitterly.

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CHAPTER IV.

Charlie Farnham broke down. He

stung himself on his knees beside Will and with the latter's arm around him brokenly told his story. He had one evening at the club, when he was with Cochran, written the signature of Mr. Floyd, the president of the bank in Lynn, to a teller, on a piece of paper. The paper was blank at the time, and he had done this thing more to show he could than anything else. He had no thought of harm, and had forgotten the whole business until a week afterward, when Cochran had shown it to him with a note written above it of sixty days' time, payable to his own order and indorsed on the back to Cochran.

The signature on the back was as much a forgery as was that of Mr. Floyd, but the forgery was very good, and one of Cochran's friends was ready to swear he saw Farnham write the indorsement. Since then they had been making his life a misery to him, demanding that he give them the combination of the safe. He had been so afraid he might yield that he had gone to the cashier and asked him to change the combination, so that now he did not know it. When he told Cochran of the change that individual had become very angry and had ordered him to find out the new series at once or take the consequences.

"Why did you not go to Mr. Floyd and tell him the whole story?" asked Will.

"Because they threatened to have the note discounted in New York, and the bank which cashed it would have held me."

Will Jackson was silent, marveling in his own soul that men could be so weak.

"Where is this note?" he asked at last.

"I think Cochran has it in his room."

"Can you get me out of this scrape?"

"I swear I will never get into another as long as I live. For May's sake and little Carrie's you will do it, won't you, Will?"

"Yes, for Carrie's sake," whispered Will, pressing his arm against the side where the picture rested.

"Where does this man live?" he asked.

"He has rooms at 17 Milk street, and you can always find him before 11."

Long and earnestly the two men talked, the one protesting again and again his repentance and his resolve to lead a better life, and the other counseling in kindly words, and at last they separated, and Charlie, after seeing his brother-in-law to his room, went to his own with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day. May was awake, and before he slept he had told his wife the story, but they were both happy, for was not Will there?

In the mean time Will Jackson threw himself on his bed and lay there thinking. It seemed to him that the case for the awful trial he had gone through, and Charlie, after seeing his brother-in-law to his room, went to his own with a lighter heart than he had known for many a day. May was awake, and before he slept he had told his wife the story, but they were both happy, for was not Will there?

After breakfast Will Jackson walked down town, and reaching Milk street, rang the bell at No. 17. From a man who opened the door he found out where Mr. Cochran's rooms were, and saying he had business with that person walked upstairs, and knocked at the door. A sleepy voice called out, "Come in" and passing through the door Will Jackson looked it behind him. The man in the bed sat up at this, and stared. Will walked over to him, and drawing a revolver covered him with it.

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CHAPTER V.

One day when Charlie was with him a chance paragraph in the newspaper telling of the arrest of Cochran in Chicago caught Will's eye. He seemed dazed for a moment and then, like a flash, he remembered it all. And with the memory an expression came over his face that made Charlie cry out. Will rose, paced hurriedly up and down the walk, his features working violently, and when Dr. Armstrong hurried up to him and took his arm he shook him off with a gesture of intense anger. The physician watched him carefully and Charlie sat there almost sick with apprehension.

At last Will passed, and thinking deeply, stood for a moment. Then coming up to his brother-in-law he held out his hand.

"God save fit to humble me, Charlie," he said solemnly, "and who art thou that I should question his wisdom or his love?"

"The physician gave a sign of relief as Charlie bent his head, the tears falling on the hand he held.

Three months after this Will left the seaman and settled in Springfield, where he began the practice of the law once more. As his mental power returned more fully he slowly built up for himself a business which gave him more money than he cared to spend. Charlie and May and little Carrie and other little ones that came to them lived happily, and there was no other lapse on the husband and father's part. The work which Will Jackson had been called on to do had been done so well and thoroughly, and as he looked back at it all he was able to say in time he was glad.

And this is the story which Mr. Abner K. Gardiner, the chairman of the Democratic county committee who presided himself on the occasion of William Broadside Jackson's funeral heard told.

—N. Y. World.

—Order for from the 12½ cent store.



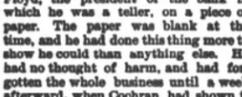
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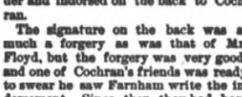
Mr. Cochran, who wrote the signature on the back of the note, was a teller on a piece of paper.



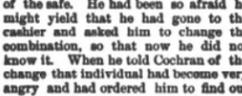
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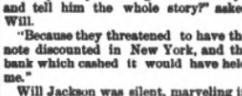
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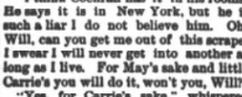
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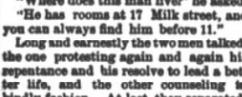
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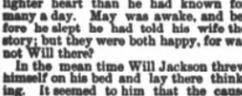
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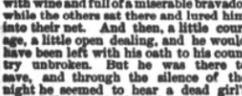
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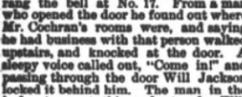
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The commission which has had the location of the agricultural college under consideration for the past month has made a decision. The commission itself does not even pretend that this decision was made upon the merits of the town contending for the prize.

Pullman is located within three miles of the Idaho line and within eight miles of the agricultural college of Idaho, in a section of country where only the crudest farming can be carried on, and is the last place in the state entitled to the college upon its merits.

Letters have been received by our citizens from prominent men all over the state insisting upon the people of Yakima contesting the location in every possible manner, and offering assistance. This probably will be done not for revenge nor from motives of selfishness, but to save the benefits of this grand institution to the youth of our state.

IT WAS A CAT.

There are cats and cats. Mr. Leonard Briggs, of Hartford, Conn., has a cat he wouldn't take a mint of money for. It is a Thomson cat with a coat that ordinary people would probably call brindled.

It came to pass that Mr. Briggs moved there by the protests of his neighbors and the recollection of sundry wretched nights of his own, resolved on the cat's death. As he had an affection for the animal, he determined to bring this about mercifully.

OUR COLONIAL DAMES.

The eastern press brings the information that an association has been formed under the name of "The Colonial Dames," the membership of which is to be confined to those women who can trace their lineage back to those who settled in America during or previous to the time of George the Third.

room, the workshop or on the farm than in mansions of brown stone and marble. As a rule it is the posterity of the keen and often unscrupulous new blood that is now living the life of fruitless leisure, and to look for members for the Society of Colonial Dames search should be made from Maine to the Rio Grande and from Hatteras to the shores of the Pacific.

BLAINE IN 1892.

The nomination of Secretary Blaine for president is among the strong probabilities of the next republican national convention. Mr. Blaine will not be an active candidate for the nomination, but his friends believe that he will not refuse it if it comes to him.

Probably nothing will be heard of a more definite character from the secretary of state unless he is led to believe that his silence is injurious to him. It may be difficult to judge whether he has any chance of the nomination until the last moment.

There was a deal of sarcastic comment among them when they read the speech of the president at Galveston, intimating that he not only approved the reciprocity clause with pleasure, but did some powerful lobby work for it before it was put in the McKinley bill.

Mr. Blaine had done what he could in private for reciprocity long before the dramatic scene when he smashed his silk hat in the fervor of his denunciation of the McKinley policy. On that day, the president transmitted to congress the reciprocity report of Mr. Blaine, making strong arguments for free carpet wool as well as for free sugar.

The main fight at the Puyallup encampment was for department commander of the G. A. R. which was won by D. G. Lovel, of Custer post, Tacoma, after a stiff fight. The other officers elected were J. I. Brown, of Ellensburg, senior vice commander; E. B. Gallup, of Port Angeles, junior vice commander, and Dr. White, of Walla Walla, medical doctor.

For the women's Relief Corps officers elected were: Department president Mrs. Sarah M. Tomlinson, of Custer Corps No. 2, Tacoma; senior vice, Mrs. Jennie Draper, Reno, Corps, No. 14, Spokane; junior vice, Mrs. Jennie Crow, of Walla Walla; treasurer, Fanny A. McKay, of Custer Corps, No. 2, Tacoma; chaplain, Mrs. Kate Moore, L. C. Ladd Corps, Puyallup; delegate-at-large, Mrs. Jennie Holmes, of Stevens Corps, Seattle; regular delegate, Mrs. Louis Johnson, of Sedgwick Corps, No. 4, Spokane. Presidential appointments: secretary, Mrs. Addie Barlow, Tacoma; inspector, Mrs. Lizzie Carnes, of Walla Walla; counselor, Mrs. Ella Boggs, Tacoma; initiating and installing officer, Mrs. Lizzie Herrick, Seattle.

The next of Veterans decided to hold their next annual encampment on the third or fourth Monday in May 1892. The officers elected were: E. W. Young, of Seattle, colonel; John Reed, of North Yakima, lieutenant colonel; Koozia, of Spokane, major, and Helling, of Tacoma, and Davis, of Ellensburg, captains, delegate-at-large, E. Bedell, of Walla Walla; alternate-at-large, E. C. Olsen, of Seattle; alternate for delegate, C. W. Hoagland, of Hoquiam.

This Kettle Falls Pioneer, published in the home county of Metcalf of legislative boodle fame, calls upon that worthy to serve his constituents by resigning. The Pioneer has shown good sense. Metcalf is either corrupt or a horse's tail, and his influence for good or evil has vanished like indications of rain before a Yakima sunshine.

In the year of the Columbian fair, 1893, it is proposed to hold a grand naval review in New York waters. It is expected that no less than thirty-six ships of our navy will then be complete and in fighting trim. The experience gained through the tactical maneuvering of such a fleet will be of immense advantage to officers and men alike.

SEATTLE Telegraph: Some Boston spiritulists have succeeded in evolving a materialized spook whose garments smelled of sulphur. If this does not convince the most skeptical of the reality of ghosts and bromine there is no use in trying to prove anything. It appears to the sense of sight, the sense of smell and the sense of orthodoxy. Clearly, a well-connected, respectable spook would have some better occupation than parading for the benefit of sight-seers even in Boston.

ODDS AND ENDS FROM ALL OVER.

The Latest News From State and Country Stripped of Verbiage and Exposed Prepared for Herald Readers.

General Von Moltke, the great German commander, died at Berlin April 24 while attending a session of the Reichstag.

Tom Cavanaugh has sent in his resignation as state agent, but expects to be vindicated by reappointment at the hands of Governor Ferry.

R. P. Hutchinson, the famous Chicago speculator, is said to have gone through with his twenty millions of dollars and to have wandered away a mental wreck.

The late King Kalakaua held a \$5,000 membership in an American life insurance fraternal order, and many a lodge member throughout Ohio and other states, therefore, received official notice of the monarch's demise. The notice gave his occupation as "king" and his residence as Honolulu.

THE GRAND ARMY ENCAMPMENT.

Result of the Election of Officers of the G. A. R. Sons of Veterans and Woman's Relief Corps

As administratrix of the estate of the late Alvah Churchill, I desire to make sale of the bar fixtures, furniture and stock situated in the saloon building on Yakima avenue across from the Lowe block.

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

Registered Holstein-Friesian bulls and Poland China hogs. H. B. SCUDDER, MOXEE. Four-foot dry slab wood at \$4 per cord. Apply to John Reed.

JAY GOULD INTERVIEWED.

He is a Plain Business Man and Has no Frits Whatever About Him.

Extract from Associated Press dispatch: "About politics? Well, I don't know that I can say much. I am not a politician, only a plain business man. I think the present administration is doing as well as could be expected. If the people are making money, there will be a natural reluctance to change the politics of the administration next election."

A Large Fee.

Roscoe Conkling came into Charles O'Connor's office one day in quite a nervous state. "You seem to be very much excited, Mr. Conkling," said Mr. O'Connor, as Roscoe walked up and down the room.

A CANNON FOR EVERY BOY.

The Principle of Artillery Easily Demonstrated in the Home.

Take a thick glass bottle; fill it three-quarters full of water, dissolve in the water about a dessert spoonful of bicarbonate of soda, says the Churchman. Make a cylinder of a large card; stop up one end of it with a piece of crumpled tissue paper, and put into this cylinder a dessert spoonful of tartaric acid. Fasten this cartridge thus manufactured by a pin and thread to the cork of the bottle, which is placed upright on the table.

ROSA POLK'S EGG YARDS.

Light Brahmas \$2.50 per 13 Single Comb Brown Leghorns 2.50 per 13 Plymouth Rocks 1.00 per 13 My Light Brahmas are simply perfect. My Leghorns are direct from importers' stock in the east. Each bird is carefully selected. My Plymouth Rocks are the largest of the kind. Dark barred pullets to light barred cockerels. File orders for eggs now. Orders not booked unless accompanied by price. Address all orders to G. A. WEAVER, Box 67, North Yakima.

Advertisement Letter List.

Letters uncalled for at the Postoffice at North Yakima for the week ending May 2, 1891: Coleb, Adison; Clees, Anton; Duncrest, O T; Hock, Annes; Kaley, Miss J; Parmenter, Nell; Pate, Riley; Vasey, Archie; Wymoo, Mrs M; Wright, H; Woolston, Geo F.

For Sale--Bar-Room Fixtures and Stock.

As administratrix of the estate of the late Alvah Churchill, I desire to make sale of the bar fixtures, furniture and stock situated in the saloon building on Yakima avenue across from the Lowe block.

For Sale.

Registered Holstein-Friesian bulls and Poland China hogs. H. B. SCUDDER, MOXEE.

For Sale or Trade.

I have a dozen fresh milk cows which I will sell or trade for mares. Enquire of me personally or address box 276. GEORGE DORSELL.

—30 and 40 acre tracts at low figures and no money down. J. B. PUGSLEY.

—You can supply yourself with Weinhart's celebrated Lager beer in two dozen cases. It is just the thing for this hot weather. Call at the North Yakima Bottling Works. FRED MEXLER, Prop.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—Remember that W. H. Chapman keeps the purest of drugs for prescription purposes. No old drugs to work off.

—The Elite ice-cream parlors are now open. Call around and bring your girl. All flavors furnished.

—Messrs. Lombard & Horsley are in receipt of their spring stock of wall papers. The designs are very captivating, and the prices cannot help but be satisfactory.

—Fresh stock of imported and Key West cigars at the Elite.

—Have you seen the spring invoice of carpets and wall papers just received by Lombard & Horsley? They are calculated to make the lovers of the beautiful unloosen their purse-strings.

—The finest of smokers' goods, choice cigars and tobaccos, and fine pipes, at W. H. Chapman's new drug store.

—Leave orders for ice at the 12 1/2 cent store.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—The ladies of the M. E. church will open an exchange on First street, three doors north of Mrs. May's store, March 7, 1891. Lunch and supper served on Friday and Saturday. Leave your orders for brown bread, home-made pies and cakes, baked beans and boiled ham. 6-4

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

—Two dozen of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works.

—The thoroughbred stallion, "J. M. R." the property of R. W. Donacis, will make the season of 1891 at North Yakima and Ellensburg. All persons wishing to breed to him will contract with H. L. Tucker, as I have appointed him my agent here to attend to my business. For pedigree see posters. 10-14

—You will be well repaid in trading with W. H. Chapman. Call and see his neat and choice line of goods.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—Don't forget that the 12 1/2 cent store furnishes and delivers ice anywhere in the city. 10-14

—20 and 40 acre tracts at low figures and no money down. J. B. PUGSLEY.

—When you want anything in groceries, or boots and shoes, call on J. H. Carpenter. He don't sell anything only for cash, and that means small profits.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—Mrs. W. M. Ross has taken possession of the lodging house across from the court house on Second street, which has been refitted and newly furnished throughout to accommodate those who are seeking comfortable and quiet quarters.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—C. E. McEwen takes a pride in turning out good work. This is the reason his harness, saddles, bridles, etc., give such satisfaction and outlast all others.

—J. H. Carpenter's is the only cash store in the city.

—Two dozen of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

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

TALMAN | GEORGE | FLEETFOOT

Will Stand for Service for the Season of 1891 at the Following Places in Yakima County, Wash.

TALMAN 9270 (12158) FLEETFOOT 3723

The standard-bred horse Fleetfoot will stand for service for the season of 1891 at North Yakima. Is a dark chestnut, 15 1/2 hands, weight 1060. Sired by Kishber, by Hambletonian 10; dam Lizzie, by Vermont 322.

TALMAN Is a redish dapple-gray; 16 1/2 hands high; weighs 1854 lbs; foaled May 9, 1885; imported by M. W. Dunham, Wayne, Ill.

Will be in North Yakima Fridays, Saturdays and Mondays; at Walter Griffiths, on the Altanum, Tuesdays and Wednesdays; and at my farm, in Moxee, Sundays and Thursdays.

Single Service, due at time of Service, \$10.00 Season, due at end of Season, 16.00 Insurance, due when Mare is known to be with Foal, 20.00

Single Service, due at time of Service, \$8.00 Season, due at end of Season, 16.00 Insurance, due when Mare is known to be with Foal, 20.00

I have secured for the Season a good Meadow Pasture near town, and Mares to be bred to my Horses only, will be pastured at \$2 per month.

For further information address W. F. JONES, North Yakima, Wash.

FAWCETT BROS.

DEALERS IN—

Farm Machinery and Vehicles.

MORRISON AND HEADLIGHT WALKING, SULKY AND GANG PLOWS, DICKS' FAMOUS FEED CUTTERS, BADGER STATE FANING MILLS, VICTOR HAY PRESS (Victor can press 25 tons of hay per day), VICTOR HAY, STOCK AND WAREHOUSE SCALES, AND RICE COIL SPRING BUGGIES.

Moline and Weber Wagons.

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.

Garden & Field Seeds.

College Point and A streets, next door to City Hall, North Yakima, Wash.

WAR ON HIGH PRICES!

—In View of the Dull Times, and in order to—

Make Room for Spring Stock

I will for the Next 30 Days give a Reduction of 10 Per Cent. on All Market Prices in

Crockery, Glassware, Cutlery, &c.

I MEAN BUSINESS! As an Examination of Goods and Prices will Verify.

12 1/2 c. Store. Strictly Cash!

F. E. CRAIG, Proprietor.

Matt Bartholet---the Cash Grocer.

JOB PRINTING

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

The Herald Job Room.

We have in Stock the Latest Designs in BALL PROGRAMS, INVITATIONS, WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY STATIONERY, VISITING CARDS,

Office of Mass Meeting.

A mass meeting of the citizens of North Yakima will be held at the city hall on Saturday evening, May 2, at 8 p. m., for the purpose of making nominations for city councilmen. Everybody invited.

FULLMAN IS IN IDAHO.

An error of ten miles in Government Survey Alleged—Spokane Will Bring An Injunction.

**SPokane, April 25.**—Upon a careful examination of the government survey, as between Idaho and Washington, it has been discovered that there is an error of nearly ten miles. According to this estimation Fullman would belong to Idaho by nearly two miles. A prominent Spokane politician, who is in the city to-night, states that Spokane has not as yet given up the fight of the agricultural college, and that money will be raised in that city backing an injunction against the location of the college at Pullman on the grounds that the commission was the result of class legislation, and for a further reason that the commissioners were not confirmed by the state senate in accordance with the law.

**DEATH OF CHARLES LIVESLEY.**—Charles Livesley, son of George Livesley, of this city, died at Northford, Ventura county, California, Monday, April 27, of consumption, and was buried Wednesday. The deceased had gone to California some months ago in hopes that the change of climate would prove beneficial, but these hopes were fated to be overthrown. A few weeks ago his physician notified Mr. Livesley that Charles could not live much longer, and in consequence, his entire family hastily made preparations and hurried to his bedside, arriving there in time to comfort the poor boy during his last days. He was in his 24th year.

**SHEEP MEN ARE HAPPY.**—Sheep Commissioner Cameron has returned from inspecting twenty-six bands of sheep, aggregating 50,000 head without the lambs. There is the biggest crop of lambs this spring realized for several seasons, the average being over one hundred per cent. Of all the bands inspected but two showed signs of scab and these only in a slight degree. The wool is of better quality this year than ever known before, being long, bright and clear with no break in the fibre, and the estimated shear is 300,000 pounds. Our sheep men feel jubilant over the prospects for good prices for wool, and mutton sheep with the wool on are in good demand at \$5.25.

**STATEMAN WILSON TO FAVOR YAKIMA.**—Sam Vinson telegraphs THE HERALD from Tacoma that Congressman Wilson, of West Virginia, will speak at North Yakima on Monday, the 11th of May. Mr. Wilson is one of the foremost statesmen and orators of the democratic party, and a treat is in store for all those who have the good fortune to listen to his address.

**SUCCESSFUL NORMAL SCHOOL CANDIDATES.**—At the competitive examination for admission of pupils to the state normal school at Ellensburg, Robert Lee Purdin and Edridge Smith Cromo were the fortunate ones. Both wrote very creditable papers and both are industrious and bright boys and give promise of making men that our county may be proud of.

**ANOTHER MUNICIPAL TICKET BORN.**—Thursday night the Knights of Labor met in their quarters and nominated the following municipal ticket: For mayor, Dr. J. Jay Chambers; councilmen, Wm. Lee, J. A. Leach, B. F. Vaughn, J. H. Needham, Matt Bartholet, W. A. Hall Jason Carpenter.

—You'd scarce expect one of my age in merchandise to engage and hope to get a paying trade without the papers ad. And yet I did that very thing. I opened up a store last spring; this month the sheriff took my stock and sold it from the auction block. Don't view me with a scornful eye, but simply say I pass by, "there goes a fool who seems to think, he has no use for printers ink." There is a truth as broad as earth, and business should know its worth, 'tis simply this: The public buys its goods from those who advertise.

**A BANKRUPT.**—Captain J. C. MacCrimmon, Lieutenant Dudley Eshelman and Lieutenant Matt Bartholet went to Walla Walla Sunday to take part in the election of a lieutenant colonel of the Second regiment. Captain MacCrimmon was a candidate for the honor and received five votes out of the twelve cast. Captain McCarthy, of Walla Walla, was the successful aspirant.

—Sam Vinson left for Tacoma Wednesday night to attend the celebration of the 102nd anniversary of the adoption of the constitution of the United States, which will take place in that city to-night under the auspices of the central democratic club. Hon. William L. Wilson, a distinguished statesman from West Virginia, will deliver the address.

—The front of the 24th inst. did not do near the amount of damage reported, and while some orchards were badly nipped, others immediately adjoining were scarcely injured. D. E. Lamb's orchard will yield a good crop, although the buds on the low and young trees were blighted.

—The Iowa Flat and Wenat Ditch company are going to work at once to build five miles of ditch with a carrying capacity of 1000 cubic inches of water. It is estimated that this additional supply of water will be sufficient to irrigate the major portion of the Wenat county.

—Mr. Jay Lynch, the new agent of the Yakima Indians, entered upon his duties Thursday.

LOCAL BRIEFS.

—Born, at Ellensburg, April 16, to the wife of J. B. Peter, a son.

—City water is being placed in the seven Mason dwelling houses.

—Born, Wenat, Yakima county, April 22, to the wife of C. C. Goodwin, a son.

—J. T. Foster has been awarded a good sized sub-contract on the big ditch.

—A carload of Studebaker wagons was received by Sawyer & Pennington to-day.

—Mr. and Mrs. Ed Whitson entertained their friends Thursday evening at bid each.

—Fawcett Bros. received another carload of farm implements and machinery last week.

—Born, at North Yakima, Saturday, April 25, to the wife of Prof. J. G. Lawrence, a son.

—Charlie Little killed a brown bear weighing 250 pounds on his ranch in the Tietan last week.

—The burning out of a fire of a west side dwelling house called the fire department out Tuesday night.

—The board of school directors for North Yakima will consider the applications of teachers Saturday, May 2.

—Pimps, an Indian, was arrested by Sheriff Simmons Wednesday for operating a fish trap in the Abnatan.

—Complaint is made that the sawmills up the Abnatan are dumping sawdust in the stream and ruining the fishing.

—The members of the Washington Biomedical College will hold meetings at North Yakima May 25, 26 and 27.

—Miss Mabel Parker, daughter of Frank Parker, died in California Tuesday, April 23, of consumption. She was 18 years of age.

—Heavy rains fell in the Horse Heaven and Sunnyside sections last week and the prospects for good crops were never better.

—Mrs. Ann McArthur, a former resident of Yakima, died at her home at Meeker Junction, Washington, on Monday last.

—The G. A. E. selected Fairhaven as the site for next year's encampment, while the Sons of Veterans decided on Hoquiam.

—The Yakima brass band, L. C. Read leader, will give a concert and ball in the Mason opera house on Friday evening, May 22nd.

—The mite social given by the juvenile Templars Tuesday evening at the I. O. G. T. hall was a grand success financially as well as socially.

—Remember the mass meeting Saturday evening for the nominating of a mayor and seven councilmen. Everybody invited to this meeting.

—Louis Harris, who is at present in San Francisco, will return shortly, accompanied by his bride. Mr. H. Harris is authority for this statement.

—Wheat is worth 80 cents per bushel at the mill. This is the highest price paid here for several years. This raises the price of flour to \$2.50 per hundred.

—Wayne Field will open a meat market next Monday in the building now occupied by Bennett & Shearer. The latter will move to the old stand next door to Steiner's.

—At Tacoma, on Tuesday, Eva Riggle was granted a divorce from Frank Riggle, of North Yakima, on the ground of desertion. The plaintiff was allowed to take her maiden name of Eva Stone.

—Fred R. Reed has bought the fifteen acres adjoining Col. Howlett's place and will at once begin the work of grading and otherwise improving it as a preliminary to building a fine residence thereon.

—S. J. Love received on Wednesday a carload of spring wagons and buggies and another carload of Bain farm wagons. This is the largest consignment received by any dealer in Yakima for some time past.

—Postmaster Andy Chambers, of Abnatan, has received a dispatch from the postoffice department notifying him that the mail service for Abnatan and Tampico postoffices has been increased to two trips per week.

—By a decision of the U. S. land officers at Waterville, A. W. LaChapelle, formerly of this place, gains a very valuable property at the mouth of the Chelan river, which was claimed by Indians. The contest has been a long and expensive one.

—The Northern Pacific will sell round trip tickets on May 5, only, to Tacoma for \$10.50 and Seattle for \$11.70. The tickets are good for return up to and including May 8. The occasion is the reception to be tendered President Harrison by those cities on May 6.

—The prisoners confined in the county jail made an attempt Tuesday night to obtain their freedom by smashing the big lock on the outer door. Other fastenings prevented their getting away, and as soon as the sheriff discovered their work he ordered them locked up in the cage.

—Druggist Hooper, who caused the death of a young man in Seattle by giving him morphine when sulphonal was wanted, fled as soon as he learned that reports were being taken to prosecute him, but he was captured at Pendleton and now languishes in the King county jail.

—A horse belonging to C. M. Lampeon and driving a buggy, in which was seated Nina Merwin, ran away Tuesday evening and threw the little girl to the street with such force that it was feared for some time that her arm was broken, but forunately the injuries proved only bruises.

—The funeral of Mrs. W. J. Roof was held on Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the Odd Fellows, of which organization Mr. Roof is a member. The line of carriages to the cemetery was probably the largest ever required in a similar sad mission in this city.

THE THREE LINKS.

The I. O. O. F. Celebrate the Seventy-Second Anniversary of That Order in a Most Agreeable Manner.

Monday was a great day for the members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows. It was observed generally throughout the country, but nowhere did it pass off more satisfactorily than in North Yakima. Early in the afternoon two lodges, the Encampment and the Daughters of Rebekah, paraded the streets to the inspiring music of the North Yakima brass band. This organization, under the leadership of Prof. L. C. Read, is improving very rapidly and if the present rate of progress is maintained Yakima will soon have reason to boast of one of the best bands in the northwest. The line of march included the principal business streets, beginning at the lodge rooms and terminating at the opera house, where the feature of the exercises was the address of Hon. Leo F. A. Shaw, of Walla Walla, the grand secretary of the order for the state. Mr. Shaw is a pleasing talker and he handled his subject with much skill. The address is well worthy of reproduction in its entirety, but the crowded condition of THE HERALD columns this week forbids more than a brief summary.

In the evening the opera house was the scene of much enjoyment, the large hall being filled with ladies and gentlemen intent upon pleasure, and everyone seemed to realize his or her desire. There must have been a hundred couples present, and, with the exception of the hour taken for refreshments at the Hotel Yakima, there was no cessation in the dancing until about 4 o'clock in the morning and then many were loth to quit.

**SYNOPSIS OF MR. SHAW'S ADDRESS.**—Mr. Chairman, Brothers and Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen.—Invited to address you on this, the anniversary of our natal day, I am frank to confess that never in any task that I have ever undertaken, have I felt so fully and entirely, my own shortcoming, my inability to successfully cope with the subject. The field is so large and the subject so sublime that I feel like sitting at the feet of one more learned than myself—a humble listener to the truth—rather than to assume the character of a teacher of our system, which is so simple and yet so necessary that the prudent genius of the age cannot fully comprehend it.

Mr. Shaw then proved that the order was not a "conglomeration of idle musings, of senseless sounds and meaningless symbols, invented to amuse the ignorant or amuse the base," nor that it had for its objects simply the "congregation of idle men for amusement, mummery and show." But, he said, "If the great object which it has in view is not to make men better and wiser and nobler and holier—if its philosophy is a higher sense of duty than any other, and if it magnify the soul—then its ends, no matter by whom advanced, no matter by what authority sustained, but as 'sound, ing brass and tinkling cymbal.'"

Mr. Shaw then pointed out in detail the reasons why the order is necessary, and how it has succeeded, the widows and orphans to whom it had given charity, the plague-stricken and sick of diverse times and places whom it had nursed, watched, and given health and strength again, and called attention to the fact that this had been done in accordance with the good, old-fashioned way of doing such things, after the manner of Him who said, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth."

Mr. Shaw was a strong advocate of the good to be accomplished by the Rebekah lodge, which he said, "If the proportion of the order, and he presented the following poem as a conclusion to his address to the ladies, which was certainly all that they could have wished for:

"Man is the glory of the Lord,  
And woman is his heavenly word,  
And I'd give a heavenly story,  
To her, with honors bright, shall go  
The welcome of our order.

While woman found a bolted door  
O'er temple gates unbarred before,  
The daughters of heaven,  
Their prayers bring sweet blessings down,  
Their feet they tread the golden crown,  
Their hands our works of mercy crown.

Oh, God! bless woman with thy love,  
With faithfulness her heart above,  
And clothe with beauty her attire,  
The daughters of heaven.

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PERSONAL.

Mrs. Wm. Shearer is home from Portland.

Mrs. A. G. Bachrodt returned from San Francisco Monday.

E. N. Cooke, of Ellensburg, is in the city, a guest of the Hotel Yakima.

Mrs. J. T. Foster left to-day for Portland on a visit to friends and relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred R. Reed returned from Portland and the Sound Tuesday.

Sam Haines is over from Seattle, and is contemplating again making his home here.

Col. L. S. Howlett and Fred R. Reed leave Friday for Walla Walla on a business trip.

The family of Rev. Charles Davis arrived Friday from Denver and will make their home here.

Mrs. H. H. Allen, Miss Dora Allen and Mr. and Mrs. James Smith returned from Goldendale Tuesday.

Senator Canfield, of Whatcom, who is largely interested in land in the neighborhood of Prosser, spent Sunday and Monday in this city.

J. A. Bilger, formerly of North Yakima, but now doing business in Roslyn, was in the city this week looking after his property interests here.

H. Presey and wife, of Seattle, are guests of the Hotel Yakima. Mr. Presey is looking for a business opening and is very well impressed with this country.

E. G. Hansen and G. J. Hansen, leading maisters and hop dealers of Milwaukee, are in the city. They are greatly pleased with the town and country and may make some investments in Yakima property.

Hon. T. J. Kirk, of Umatilla county, Oregon, an ex-member of the state legislature, and one of the wealthiest men in that section of the country, stopped over in Yakima Monday, on his return from the Sound, to pay his respects to his old friend, M. G. Wills.

**Antiquity of La Grippe.**—"It is curious to read an account of the grip dating back 381 years," said Dr. Nagle. "It has not changed its symptoms greatly, although the treatment has been radically altered. The disease called cucullucene, or cuculluco (because the sick wore a cap covering close over all their heads), came from the Island Melite, in Africa, into Sicily; so into Spain and Italy, from that over the Alps into Portugal, Hungary and a great part of Germany, even to the Baltic sea. Every month shifting its position from east to west, so into France, and Britain. It attacked at once and raged all over Europe, scarcely missing a person. A grievous pain of the head, heaviness, difficulty of breathing, hoarseness, loss of strength and appetite and restlessness were the attendants. Presently succeeded a chilliness and a violent cough, so that many were in danger of suffocation. Bleeding and purging did harm. Where blood was let the disease proved malignant and pestilential, being attended with a violent, cruel and unheard of malignity, and made bad work."—N. Y. Telegram.

**An Editor's Feelings.**—We sit in our den at midnight when the clock is ticking away, and we think of the cash subscriber, who has wandered in to-day. We count 'er all the good that two and a half will buy, and the joy that the thought brings to us gushes from our pale blue eye. How often, oh! how often, in the days that are to come, do we wish for the cash subscriber to hustle themselves around. How often, oh! how often, we would long, if longing could help it, this cash down business would last. But alas, our heart is weary, likewise our pale blue eyes, for few and for between meals come to us such a glad surprise. Yet set sit in our den at midnight and scratch with a stubborn pen, and long for the cash subscriber to wander in again. And we think, mayhap, some delinquent may want to witness our smile, and may happen in to-morrow and swell our little pile.—Chelalis Nugget.

**The Sacrifice No Longer Needed.**—"Waiter," he said in a low tone, and looking cautiously about him, "I haven't had time to read the paper this morning. Is this munn with the Eretallan Government still goin' on?"

"I think it's about settled," replied the waiter.

"Not going to be any fight?"

"No; there isn't the slightest prospect of any fighting."

"Everything going to be settled peacefully?"

"No doubt of it at all."

"Then," he said, raising his voice still everybody in the restaurant looked at him in amazement, "I have stifled my appetite as long as my patriotism as an American demands the sacrifice. Bring me some macaroni soup."

**Notice of Dissolution.**—THE FIRST LIBERAL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY of Washington holds its regular meetings at the good Templars Hall, in North Yakima, every Sunday at 12 o'clock. For the purpose of a children's Sunday school I propose that a free discussion of all subjects pertaining to religion and spiritualism. All are invited.

**Notice of Dissolution.**—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE co-partnership heretofore existing under the firm name of Golden & Stratton has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. John Golden will continue the business and collect all accounts due the said firm and pay all liabilities thereof.

Dated at North Yakima, Wash., this 20th day of April, 1912.

J. O. STRATTON.  
O. T. STRATTON.

**We Rank as Follows**

1. Good Goods.
2. Low Prices.
3. Square Dealing.

COME IN AND GET ACQUAINTED.

Farmers & Traders' Co-Op. Store,  
M. J. UNGER, Prop.

**ONION SEED**

Postage Paid \$1.00 per Pound.

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**SEEDS, TREES and PLANTS**

419 & 421 Sansome St., San Francisco, Cal.

**The Celebrated French Cure,**

Warranted "APPRODITINE" of most powerful and permanent cure.

IS SOLD ON A POSITIVE GUARANTEE TO CURE ANY FORM OF NERVOUS DISORDER, OR ANY FORM OF GOUT, GRAVEL, MIGRAINE, OR ANY OTHER AFFECTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

Beware of cheap imitations. The genuine French Cure is sold only in the following cities: New York, London, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Seattle, Portland, Tacoma, Vancouver, and all the principal cities of the world.

Price \$1.00 a box, 5 boxes for \$5.00 sent by mail on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every \$5.00 order, to refund the money if a Permanent Cure is not obtained. Possession of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, permanently cured by APPRODITINE. Circulars free. Address: **SOLD BY W. H. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent, North Yakima, Wash.**

—Ho! Ye disciples of Isaac Walton! Have you seen the complete and splendid assortment of fishing tackle at H. H. Allen's? If not, you had better inspect it at once, for you will find all the most approved makes of lines, leaders, flies and everything that a fisherman requires. It

—Ladies and gentlemen, I would respectfully call your attention to my new stock of spring and summer dry goods and shoes just arrived from the east. They were bought for spot cash (and cash counts), so am able to give you the most goods for the least money. Give me a fair trial, and you will be convinced that my prices are the lowest. Thanking the public for past favors, I remain very respectfully,

HENRY DITTER.

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

—Wall paper at H. H. Allen's. Recommendations to purchasers: Largest stock, latest designs, lowest prices, and trimmed free of charge by the only patent wall paper trimmer in the city. 1f

—Dr. George W. Carey, of Spokane, will visit North Yakima May 24 and remain a few days. Those who wish to consult him will find him at the Hotel Yakima. 14-4f

—Those who save money make money. That's a strong argument for trading at Ditter's. 14-1f

—Stone & Greene have a large line of elegant chamber crockery which they are offering at cost. There are beautiful sets, in all styles, and they are to be sold at a great sacrifice. Call and see them. 1f

—H. H. Allen has the largest stock of blank books and stationery ever brought to this city. Bookkeepers can get everything they require at Allen's as well as though they went to eastern houses. 1f

—The best and purest ice in town at John Golden's for one cent a pound! 1f

—Just arrived from the east, via "Whitewings," an attractive line of carpets of the latest designs and weavings at Lombard & Horeley's. Housewives should call early before the assortment is broken. 1f

—Haste makes waste. Don't hurry to buy till you have seen Ditter's stock of spring and summer goods, in prices that can't be beat. 14-1f

—Eggs are eggs and a butter price paid for spuds and all kinds of farm produce at Stone & Greene's than anywhere else. 1f

—The best ice in town at the 12 1/2 cent store. 10-1f

"The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. S. Foster." 1f

—Two dozen of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works. 1f

—Stone & Greene pay the highest market price for all kinds of farm produce. 1f

—Prices down, profits small, and no jawbone taken at J. H. Carpenter's. 1f

—John Golden has the best ice in town. 1f

—Why pay rent when you can apply on purchase price of a house of your own from Fichter & Ross? 12-1f

**Society Meeting.**

THE FIRST LIBERAL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY of Washington holds its regular meetings at the good Templars Hall, in North Yakima, every Sunday at 12 o'clock. For the purpose of a children's Sunday school I propose that a free discussion of all subjects pertaining to religion and spiritualism. All are invited.

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M. G. WILLS

HAS REMOVED HIS

SALOON

And Billiard Parlors

To New Beck Block, Yakima Ave.

The new fittings and furnishings, comfortable quarters and courteous treatment are held out to the public as inducements for patronage, and the most popular and purest make of fine

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Are always to be had at his Bar.

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

Elegant Billiard and Club Rooms.

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

Drop in and "Smile!"

FROM TERMINAL OR INTERIOR POINTS THE

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Rest that can be constructed and in which accommodations are both FREE and reasonable for holders of First or Second-class tickets.

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To and from all points in America, England and Europe can be purchased at any Ticket Office of this Company.

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East Bound. West Bound. Pacific Mail, 2:30 p. m. Exp., 4:30 p. m.

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**REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE.**

The Finest List of City and Country Property on Terms to Suit.

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**Coming Lad!**

Will make the Season of 1911 on the

**Natchez & Ahtanum.**

TERMS OF SERVICE—Single Leap. No. Season. \$11. Insurance, \$15 for living coat.

**ROBT. WILSON,**

**Proprietor.**

**PEOPLE'S MEAT MARKET.**

One Door North of Opera House.

**Fresh & Pickled Meats,**

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been afflicted with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations round the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'r, Woodbury, N.J.

Simpson Bros.

Are now prepared to furnish to the Public superior varieties

# WHY I AM AN AGNOSTIC.

By Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll.

The same rules or laws of probability must govern in religious questions as in others. There is no subject—and can be none—concerning which any human being is under any obligation to believe without evidence. Neither is there any intelligent being who can, by any possibility, be satisfied by the exercise of ignorant credulity. The man who, without prejudice, reads and understands the Old and New Testaments will cease to be an orthodox Christian. The intelligent man who investigates the religion of any country without fear and without prejudice will not and cannot be a believer.

Most people, after arriving at the conclusion that Jehovah is not God, that the Bible is not an inspired book, and that the Christian religion, like other religions, is the creation of man, usually say: "There must be a Supreme Being, but Jehovah is not his name, and the Bible is not his word. There must be somewhere an overruling Providence or power."

This position is just as untenable as the other. He who cannot harmonize the contents of the Bible with the goodness of Jehovah cannot harmonize the cruelties of Nature with the goodness and wisdom of a supposed Deity. He will find it impossible to account for pestilence and famine, for earthquake and storm, for slavery, for the triumph of the strong over the weak, for the countless victories of injustice. He will find it impossible to account for martyrs—for the burning of the good, the noble, the loving, by the ignorant, the malicious and the infamous.

How can the deity satisfactorily account for the sufferings of women and children? In what way will he justify religious persecution—the flames and sword of religious hatred? Why did his god sit idly on his throne and allow his enemies to wet their swords in the blood of his friends? Why did he not answer the prayers of the imprisoned, of the helpless? And when he heard the lash upon the naked back of the slave, why did he not also hear the prayers of the slave? And when children were sold from the breasts of mothers, why was he deaf to the mothers' cry?

It seems to me that the man who knows the limitations of the mind, who gives the proper value to human testimony, is necessarily an agnostic. He gives up the hope of ascertaining first or final causes, of comprehending the supernatural, or of conceiving an infinite personality.

The mind of man pursues the path of least resistance, and the conclusions arrived at by the individual depend upon the nature and structure of his mind, on his experience, on hereditary drifts and tendencies, and on the countless things that constitute the difference in minds. One man, finding himself in the midst of mysterious phenomena, comes to the conclusion that all is the result of design; that back of all things is an infinite personality—that is to say, an infinite man; and he accounts for all that is by simply saying that the universe was created and set in motion by his infinite personality, and that it is miraculously and supernaturally governed and preserved.

This man sees with perfect clarity that matter could not create itself, and therefore he imagines a creation of matter. He is perfectly satisfied that there is a design in the world, and that consequently there must have been a designer. It does not occur to him that it is necessary to account for the existence of an infinite personality. He is perfectly certain that there can be no design without a designer, and he is equally certain that there can be a designer who was not designed. The absurdity becomes so great that it takes the place of a demonstration. He takes it for granted that matter was created, and that its creator was not.

It is possible for the human mind to conceive of an infinite personality? Can it imagine a beginningless being, infinitely powerful and intelligent? If such a being existed, then there must have been an eternity during which nothing did exist except this being; because, if the universe was created, there must have been a time when it was not, and back of that there must have been an eternity during which nothing but an infinite personality existed. Is it possible to imagine an infinite intelligence dwelling for an eternity in infinite nothing? How could such a being be intelligent? What was there to be intelligent about? How could such a being be powerful? There was nothing to exercise force upon.

The next great difficulty is the act of creation. My mind is so that I cannot conceive of something being created out of nothing. Neither can I conceive of anything being created without a cause. Let me go one step further. It is just as difficult to imagine something being created with as without a cause. To postulate a cause does not in the least lessen the difficulty. In spite of all this lever remains without a fulcrum. I cannot conceive of the destruction of substance. The stone can be crushed to a powder so fine that the atoms can only be distinguished by the most powerful microscope, and we can then imagine these atoms being divided and subdivided again and again and again; but it is impossible for us to conceive of the annihilation of the least possible imaginable fragment of the least atom of which we can think. Consequently the mind can imagine neither creation nor destruction. From this point it is very easy to reach the generalization that the indestructible could not have been created.

Probably a very large majority of mankind believe in the existence of supernatural beings, and a majority of what are known as the civilized nations in an infinite personality. In the realm of thought miracles do not determine. Each brain is a Kingdom, each mind is a sovereign. The universality of a belief does not even seem to prove its truth. A large majority

of mankind have believed in what is known as God, and an equally large majority have as implicitly believed in what is known as the devil. These beings have been inferred from phenomena. They were produced for the most part by ignorance, by fear and by selfishness. Man in all ages has endeavored to account for the mysteries of life and death, of substance, of fear, for the ebb and flow of tides, for earth and star. The savage, dwelling in his cave, subsisting on roots and reptiles, or on beasts that could be slain with club and stone, surrounded by countless objects of terror, standing by rivers, so far as he knew, without source or end, by seas with but one shore, the prey of beasts mightier than himself, of disease strange and fierce, trembling at the voice of thunder, blinded by the lightning, feeling the earth shake beneath him, seeing the sky lurid with the volcano's glare, fell prostrate and begged for the protection of the unknown.

The Christian of to-day wonders at the savage who bowed before his idol, and yet it must be confessed that the god of stone answered prayer and protected his worshippers precisely as the Christian's God answers prayer and protects his worshippers to-day.

My mind is so that it is forced to the conclusion that substance is eternal; that the universe was without beginning and will be without end; that it is the one eternal existence; that relations are transient and evanescent; that organisms are produced and vanish; that forms change—but that the substance of things is permanent to eternity. It may be that planets are born and die, that constellations will fade from infinite spaces, that countless suns will be quenched—but the substance will remain.

The question of origin and destiny seems to be beyond the powers of the human mind. Heredity is on the side of superstition. All our ignorance pleads for the old. In most men there is a feeling that their ancestors were exceedingly good and brave and wise, and that is all things pertaining to religion their conclusions should be followed. With a feeling of reverence they say that the religion of their mother is good enough and pure enough and reasonable enough for them. In this way the love of parents and the reverence for ancestors have unconsciously bearded the reason and put out, or rendered exceedingly dim, the eyes of the mind.

Yet it will hardly do to say that the religion of my mother is good enough for me, any more than to say the geology, or the astronomy, or the philosophy of my mother is good enough for me. Every human being is entitled to the best he can obtain; and if there has been the slightest improvement on the religion of the mother the son is entitled to that improvement, and he should not deprive himself of that advantage by the mistaken idea that he owes it to his mother to perpetuate, in a reverential way, her ignorant mistakes.

If we are to follow the religion of our fathers and mothers, our fathers and mothers should have followed the religion of theirs. Had this been done there could have been no improvement in the world of thought. Progress would have been impossible, and on the graves of ancestors would have been sacrificed the intelligence of mankind.

We know, too, that there has been the religion of the tribe, of the community and of the nation, and that there has been a feeling that it was the duty of every member of the tribe or community, and of every citizen of the nation to insist upon it that the religion of that tribe, of that community, of that nation, was better than that of any other.

Each citizen was patriotic enough to denounce the religions of other nations and to stand firmly by his own. And there is this peculiarity about man: He can see the absurdity of other religions while blinded to those of his own. The Christian can see clearly enough that Mohammed was an impostor. He is sure of it because the people of Mecca, who were acquainted with him, declared that he was no prophet, and this declaration is received by Christians as a demonstration that Mohammed was not inspired. Yet these same Christians admit that the people of Jerusalem, who were acquainted with Christ, rejected him; and this rejection they take as proof positive that Christ was the Son of God.

The average man adopts the religion of his country, or, rather, the religion of his country adopts him. He is dominated by the egotism of race, the arrogance of nation, and the prejudice called patriotism. He does not reason—he feels. He does not investigate—he believes. To him the religions of other nations are absurd and infamous, and his religion is the religion of ignorance and cruelty.

Has a man the right to examine, to investigate the religion of his own country—the religion of his father and mother? Christians admit that the citizens of all countries not Christian have not only the right, but that it is their solemn duty. Thousands of missionaries are sent to heathen countries to persuade the heathen in other religions not only to examine their superstitions, but to renounce them, and to adopt those of the missionaries. It is the duty of a heathen to disregard the religion of his country and to hold in contempt the creed of his father and of his mother. If the citizens of heathen nations have the right to examine the foundations of their religion, it would seem

that the citizens of Christian nations have the same right. Christians, however, go further than this; they say to the heathen: You must examine religion, and not only so, but you must reject it; and unless you do reject it, and in addition to such rejection, adopt ours, you will be eternally damned. Then these same Christians say to the inhabitants of a Christian country: You must not examine; you must not investigate; but whether you examine or not, you must believe, or you will be eternally damned.

If there be one true religion, how is it possible to ascertain which of all the religions the true one is? There is but one way. We must impartially examine the claims of all. The right to examine involves the necessity to accept or reject. Understand me, not the right to accept or reject, but the necessity. From this conclusion there is no possible escape. If, then, we have the right to examine, we have the right to tell the conclusion reached. Christians have examined other religions somewhat, and they have expressed their opinion with the utmost freedom—that is to say, they have denounced them all as false and fraudulent, have called their gods idols and myths and their priests impostors.

To the best of my ability I have examined the religions of many countries and the creeds of many sects. They are much alike, and the testimony by which they are substantiated is of such a character that to those who believe is promised an eternal reward. In all the sacred books there are some truths, some rays of light, some words of love and hope. The face of savagery is sometimes softened by a smile—the human triumphs, and the heart breaks into song. But in these books are also found the words of fear and hate, and from their pages crawl serpents that coil and hiss in all the paths of men.

For my part, I prefer the books that inspiration has not claimed. I believe in the religion of reason—the gospel of this world; in the development of the mind, in the accumulation of intellectual wealth, to the end that man may free himself from superstitious fear, to the end that he may take advantage of the forces of nature to feed and clothe the world.

The Christian religion rests on miracles. There are no miracles in the realm of science. The real philosopher does not seek to excite wonder, but to make that plain which was wonderful. He does not endeavor to astonish, but to enlighten. He is perfectly confident that there are no miracles in nature. He knows that the mathematical expression of the same relations, contents, areas, numbers and proportions must forever remain the same. He knows that there are no miracles in chemistry; that the attractions and repulsions, the loves and hatreds, of atoms are constant. Under like conditions, he is certain that like will always happen; that the product ever has been and forever will be the same; that the atoms or particles unite in definite, unvarying proportions—so many of one kind mix, mingle and harmonize with just so many of another, and the surplus will be forever cast out. There are no exceptions. Substances are always true to their natures. They have no caprices, no prejudices, that can vary or control their action. They are "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

In this faceless, this constancy, this eternal integrity, the intelligent man has absolute confidence. It is useless to tell him that there was a time when fire would not consume the combustible, when water would not flow in obedience to the attraction of gravitation, or that there ever was a fragment of a moment during which substance had no weight.

When men knew nothing of mechanics, nothing of the correlations of force and of its destructibility, they were believers in perpetual motion. So when chemistry was a kind of sleight of hand or necromancy, something accomplished by the aid of the supernatural, people talked about the transmutation of metals, the universal solvent and the philosopher's stone. Perpetual motion would be a mechanical miracle; and the transmutation of metals would be a miracle in chemistry; and if we could make the result of multiplying two by two five that would be a miracle in mathematics. No one expects to find a circle the diameter of which is just one-fourth of the circumference. If one could find such a circle then there would be a miracle in geometry.

In other words, there are no miracles in any science. The moment we understand a question or subject, the miraculous necessarily disappears. It is admitted, at least by the Protestant world, that the age of miracles has passed away, and, consequently, miracles cannot at present be established by miracles; they must be substantiated by the testimony of witnesses who are said by certain writers—or, rather, by uncertain writers—to have lived centuries ago; and this testimony is given to us, not by the witnesses themselves, not by persons who say that they talked with those witnesses, but by unknown persons who did not give the sources of their information.

The question is: Can miracles be established except by miracles? We know that the writers may have been mistaken. It is possible that they may have manufactured these accounts themselves. The witnesses may have told what they knew to be untrue, or they may have been honestly deceived, or the stories may have been true, as at first told. Imagination may have added greatly to them, so that after several centuries of accretion a very simple truth was changed to a miracle.

In an age when reading and writing were substantially unknown, and when legends were passed down from father to son, it is not surprising that the sagacious heathen handed down from dogma to infancy, nothing was rescued from oblivion except the wonderful, the miraculous. The more marvelous the story the greater the interest excited. Narrators and hearers were alike ignorant and alike honest. At that time nothing was known, nothing suspected, of the orderly course of nature—the unbroken and unbreakable chain of cause and effect. The world was governed by caprice. Everything was at the mercy of a being or beings, who were

themselves controlled by the same passions that dominated man. Fragments of facts were taken for the whole, and the deductions drawn were honest and monstrous.

All religions, so far as I know, claim to have been miraculously founded, miraculously preserved and miraculously propagated. The priests of all claimed to have messages from God, and claimed to have certain authority, and the miraculous has always been appealed to for the purpose of substantiating the message and the authority. All the so-called false religions were substantiated by miracles, by signs and wonders, by prophets an-martyrs, precisely as our own. Our witnesses are no better than theirs, and our success is no greater. If their miracles were false, ours cannot be true. Nature was the same in India and in Palestine.

One of the corner stones of Christianity is the miracle of inspiration, and this same miracle lies at the foundation of all religions. How can the fact of inspiration be established? How could even the inspired man know that he was inspired? If he was influenced to write, and did write, and did express thoughts and facts that to him were absolutely new, on subjects about which he had previously known nothing, how could he know that he had been influenced by an infinitesimal being? And if he could know, how could he convince others?

What is meant by inspiration? Did the one inspired set down only the thoughts of a supernatural being? Was he simply an instrument, or did his personality color the message received and given? Did he mix his ignorance with the divine information, his prejudices and hatreds with the love and justice of the Deity? If he did not set the flesh of any beast that dieth of itself, did the same infants being also tell him to sell their meat to the stranger within his gates?

There is certainly nothing in the Old or the New Testament that could not have been written by uninspired human beings. To me there is nothing of any particular value in the Pentateuch. I do not know of a solitary scientific truth contained in the five books commonly attributed to Moses. There is not, so far as I know, a line in the book of Genesis calculated to make a human being better. The laws contained in Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers and Deuteronomy are for the most part petty and cruel. Surely there is nothing in any of these books that could not have been produced by uninspired men.

Is it possible that the writer or writers of First and Second Kings were inspired, and that Gibbon wrote "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" without supernatural assistance? Is it possible that the author of Judges was simply the instrument of an infinite God, while John W. Draper wrote "The Intellectual Development of Europe" without one ray of light from the other world? Can we believe that the author of Genesis had to be inspired, while Darwin experimented, ascertained and reached conclusions for himself?

I do not see how it is possible for an intelligent human being to conclude that the Song of Solomon is the work of God, and that the tragedy of "Lear" was the work of an uninspired man. We are all liable to be mistaken, but the "Iliad" seems to me a greater work than the book of Esther, and I prefer it to the writings of Haggai and Hisea. Aeschylus is superior to Jeremiah, and Shakespeare rises immeasurably above all the sacred books of the world.

It does not seem possible that any human being ever tried to establish a truth—anything that really happened—by what is called a miracle. It is easy to understand how that which was common became wonderful by accretion, by things added and things forgotten—and it is easy to conceive how that which was wonderful became by accretion what was called supernatural. But it does not seem possible that any intelligent, honest man ever endeavored to prove anything by a miracle.

The testimony of man is insufficient to establish the supernatural. Neither the evidence of one man nor of twelve can stand when contradicted by the experience of the intelligent world. If a book sought to be proved by miracles it is true, then it makes no difference whether it was inspired or not; and if it is not true, inspiration cannot add to its value.

To-day the intelligence of the world denies the supernatural. Ignorance is the soil of the supernatural. The foundation of Christianity has crumbled and disappeared and the entire fabric must fall. The natural is true. The miraculous is false.

### John About Little Folks.

"What was the idea of dressing the little page at the Revere wedding like a western desperado?" "Oh, he was to hold up the train, you know."—Puck.

Willa's composition on soap is worth printing. He writes: Soap is a kind of stuff made into nice looking cakes that smell good and taste awful. Soap juice always tastes the worst when you get it in your eye. My father says Equinox does not never use soap. I wish I was an Equinox.—Chicago Tribune.

Florence is a little girl who is just beginning to go to church. The first Sunday when she came home her mother asked her what she thought of the sermon. "Ugh!" was the answer. "I aitted an' aitted an' aitted an' got dreffful tired, an' the preacher said an' said an' said an' kept on sayin'."—Washington Star.

### Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Camel, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia, Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepard, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg for eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Caswell, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by Janck's Pharmacy.

## LIFE IN THE STARS.

Allen of Texas Convincedly Proves They Are Inhabited.

"You may talk about your discoveries," said a bustling little old gentleman with a bald head and bushy gray whiskers in the Auditorium hotel this morning, "but one which I made down on my ranch in Texas, two weeks ago, lays them all out and will rank as the most important made in centuries.

"Allen is my name, John Allen, of San Antonio, Texas. I have lived there for the past 10 years and am proud of it. In my leisure hours I study astronomy. Great study, astronomy. Many a night have I spent lying on my back looking at the stars and wondering if they, like our earth, were peopled by human beings such as we. Since the first recorded time the question has been asked and in all books I have read upon the subject nothing nearer the truth than speculation is to be found. Many claim that the stars are peopled and seek to support their claims by cogent reasonings. Others, however, by arguments equally as powerful, take the negative side of the theory.

"I am proud to say, sir, that I have always believed the stars to be inhabited, and more than proud to say that I am able to prove it. Don't smile till you hear the story of my discovery, which, let me say, has never yet been told.

"You know that last month was a noble one, astronomically speaking, because of the unusual number of meteors that pierced the sky. Had it been November or August it would have excited no comment, for in those months the earth usually passes through a meteoric belt. Meteors fell in many places, my ranch being one of them.

"The one that fell on my place was about two feet in diameter. The outside was crusted by the fire, but microscopic examination of the interior showed it to be composed of lava and coral. Upon learning this I was about to lay the relic aside when curiosity prompted me to break it again. I did so, and lo! in it I found a petrified fish of the perch tribe, which proves that the planet where the meteor came from was habitable."

"But not necessarily that it was inhabited," broke in a bystander.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Allen, "one moment. When I recovered from my astonishment I looked at the fish closely and found sticking in its mouth a fish hook."

With which observation Mr. Allen looked at the gentleman who had interrupted him, and adding that when he next returned to Chicago he should bring his discovery with him to be exhibited at the world's fair, doffed his slouch hat and withdrew.—Chicago Post.

### Same Old Here.

Walla Walla Journal: We don't believe in an extra session. It's risky business, with the material on hand. It's too much like doubling the stakes and running a lost race over with the same old horse. Extra sessions cost money, and who has to pay the fiddler? Not those who dance at the great state ball amid the pullets and fair daughters of Olympia, with that old rooster Laughton leading the grand march—but the people.

### A CAPILLARY PRESERVATION.

How to Make a Compact Raft out of Seven Ordinary Corks.

Can you stand seven corks upright in water? Not unless you know how. This is the way to do it: Stand one of the corks upright on the table, and arrange the other six close about it, also in the upright position; grasp the combination in one hand and plunge it into the water in the tub so as to completely saturate the corks, then raise them partly out of the water and let go your hold, says the Boston Globe. The water which has penetrated between the corks by capillarity will hold them close together and though separately each cork has an unstable equilibrium, the combination obtained in this way will keep them steady, the width of our improved raft being more than the height of one cork.

### The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shroot, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mounds, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and anound and well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Finny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery of Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when every thing else fails. The greatest kindness I can do many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at Janck's Pharmacy. Regular sizes 50c. and \$1.00.

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

S. J. Lowe is now contracting to do all plumbing and piping, hot and cold, in the city.

—20 and 40 acre tracts at low figures and no money down.

J. B. FUGLEY.

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