

# THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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## THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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## THE DRUMMER'S PLEA.

Warmly greet his jangled bladder. Ask him how he fares to-day; Speak to him in accents cheerful, List to all he has to say; Greet the envoy from the centers, From the north of every land— Lo, behold the drummer enters With his simple case in hand!

For you will not see him ever, Some day he'll be laid away, With his little yam together, Hidden far from light of day. Then remove your peace with easter, If you ever did give him pain, And you'll raise his merry chatter When the robins nest again.

Harken, then, oh merchant (crouch, To his merry little tale; Think of home joys that he misses In his life upon the rail. Think of what you would do without him, And his grip and simple case— And a charm there is about him, From his toes to smiling face.

He it is that ever brings in All the latest and the best, Makes you buy the very things in Which you know you'd never invest; Calls you "Dandy" or "Dick" or "Jimmy," Tells you all the latest news; If you're not in first-rate trim, he Quickly drives away the blues.

Greet him, then, with welcome cheer, And when he has his race has run, When at last of his he's weary, And his last yam he has spun, Plant him 'neath the weeping willow— Sign of all that's sad and woe, With a grip-sack for a pillow And a rock upon his cheek.

## The Dimensions of Heaven.

Captain J. B. Sharkey, measurer of Vessels in the surveyor's office, Boston custom house, has made the following calculation as to the dimensions of Heaven:

"And he measured the city with the reed, 12,000 furlongs. The length and the breadth and the height are equal."—Rev. xxxi, 6. Twelve thousand furlongs—7,920,000 feet, cubed—497,033,088,000,000,000 feet.

Divide this by 4.90 cubic feet in a room 10 feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 900,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts 33 1/2 years, and that the world will last 1,000,000 years, or 10,000 centuries—29,700,000,000,000 inhabitants. Now, suppose there were 1000 worlds like this, equal in number of inhabitants and duration of years, a total of 2,970,000,000,000,000 persons, there would be 10,000,000,000,000,000 square feet for each and every person.

## Money Plenty and Cheap.

Cheap money is now abundant in this country and in Europe. The city of New York recently accomplished a notable financial achievement in the placing of the bulk of the \$9,000,000 of new bonds issued to pay for new park lands at the low rate of 2 1/2 per cent. The bonds are to run forty years, but are redeemable in twenty years, at the option of the Sinking Fund Commissioners. They are exempt from city and county taxation, and are available for the investment of funds in the hands of trustees. The price at which they were sold varied from par to 10 1/2 per cent. In London, the open market rate for money is only 1 1/2 per cent., although the Bank of England rate is still 3 per cent.

## Giving Her the Razzle-Dazzle.

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping? Have you had news from your husband?" "Oh! worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Karlsruhe that he would die with ardent longing for me, were it not that he could gaze affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day." "That is very nice of him; and pray is it that you are crying for?" "I would give anything to have such a poetic and tenderly loving husband as you have!" "Ah! yes, my Arthur is very poetic; but let me tell you that just to try him, I slipped my mother's photo into his traveling bag instead of my own before he started!"

## An Unfinished Opinion of Yakima.

Cashier Samuel Collyer, of the Merchants' National Bank of Tacoma, on his return from a trip through Eastern Washington, said: "Money is easy in Spokane Falls. It is the only city in Eastern Washington of which this can be said. At other points there is a big demand. The fast development of the country is the cause. The rate of interest is 1 per cent per month. On my way back I stopped at North Yakima and Ellensburg. Both cities are growing and each is confident of being the future state capital. Yakima presents the best appearance of any city I saw on my trip. They have good streets and good buildings there."

## Another Wonderful Invention.

A unique invention called the writing telegraph is being put into practical use. It is on the same principle as the telephone except that a message is written instead of spoken. The sender of the message takes a pen, and as he writes a pen at the other end of the line, possibly miles away, duplicates it, producing a copy of his written characters. The instruments are automatic and started and stopped from a central office. Should the subscriber be absent he finds on his return a message written out on paper on his instrument.

## BEWARE OF THESE TRICKS!

The Little Games the Bunco Men Try to Work on You.

Sergeant Schmidberger Describes a Few of the Swindles the Innocent Confidence Men Practice.

N. Y. World: "The town is safer than it ever was," said Sergeant Schmidberger. "The panel game isn't worked any more. There couldn't be a panel-house in this town without the connivance of the police. The first man who was blind and squealed would break the place all up. So with the badger game. There isn't one and there can't be one, except for a day or two, inside the jurisdiction of the authorities. No Centennial visitor has anything to fear, in my judgment, from either of these old dodges. Of course, a man can blow in what he pleases under the inspiration of lovely woman's society, but that can't count in law, you know, unless some overt act is committed. And yet one might give pointers to the visitors we expect in town. One might say, for instance:

"Beware the oval glove on the sidewalk. When a gentleman from the rural regions is clapped upon the shoulder by a slick looking chap in a silk hat and a red necktie and is asked if he has lost a glove—a plain, every-day brown or tan kid glove—the chances are he'll say he has not lost one. Oh, course! But when the smooth chap holds out a gold ring and tells him he found it in one of the fingers of the glove and insists, moreover, that the glove dropped out of the stranger's pocket the chances are ten to one that the Jay will say that if the glove doesn't belong to him at least he ought to go whack on the find. To this the finder agrees. But, says he, while I'm willing you should go to the pawn shop and price the ring I want your coat left here as security, because I don't know you. Well, that seems fair enough; and the stranger leaves his coat until he can get the value of the ring. When he comes back he still has the ring—the other fellow has the coat and keeps it.

"Beware the soap-box! Is another label which ought to be pasted in every visitor's hat. The artist usually has a handcart on two wheels and stocked with packages of soap for a dime. He squirts the carbolic acid of excitement into the business of purification by showing a one or a five dollar bill which he pretends to twist into some one of a dozen soap-boxes just under the cakes. But he doesn't. Not much. By an easy sleight-of-hand trick he changes the real bill he showed for a new stamp, which is big and likewise green. After he has put the beer stamp in a box he shows the crowd the bill of green paper, and they at once assume it is the treasury bill he showed before. So when he throws that particular box into the pile every body makes a grab for it—\$1 a grab. While the grabbers go off to one side to examine their find the coffer, who is always on hand, shouts 'Police!' and the fakir runs his wagon off before the one man who has found the beer stamp has detected the fraud.

"Beware the man whose hands pass gently down your leg on your way past from the ferry, and who holds up a pocket-book as you look around. If you're honest you'll say it isn't your pocket book, though the man who picks it up shows it to be full of bank-notes. But, after all, findings is keepings, he says, and when he says you can have it all for a small percentage of what is in it, say \$50 on \$500, you will probably, if a stranger, flash the amount out of your clothes, especially the amount of your principal, you will preserve a remembrance of me?"

M. Coquelin (voice of little children)—We will keep your memory sacred. Prince—That is well. Leave me now. I would be alone. [Exit M. Coquelin in mournful silence, half at the right and half at the left.]

Astolfo—Never have I seen so many noble souls assembled together.

## A Good Man in Any Place.

Judge Nash is Col. Nash now, and Col. Calkins is Judge Calkins. The change took place at Spokane, Monday, May 6, where Judge Nash rendered his final decision and Judge Calkins began to hear cases. Many of Col. Nash's friends would have liked to have him go to the constitutional convention, but he would not allow his name to be used. He is a candidate, however, for chief justice of the state when Washington joins the galaxy of states that are represented in the blue field of the national flag. If the office is elective he will undoubtedly be the democratic nominee, if Eastern Washington has any voice or influence in the state councils. If it is appointive he will hardly ask Governor Ferry to overlook his political disqualifications, however, I presume.—Seattle Budget.

## Louder Than Words.

"Well, Ned, I proposed to Miss Jenkins last night, and she has accepted me." "Did you though? Why, I never for a moment thought you had the slightest idea of marrying."

"I didn't, but Miss Jenkins won me so completely by her beautiful tact and delicate forethought."

"In what respect?"

"Why, when I called, she walked up to the mantelpiece and stopped the clock."

## THE BIG BEND COUNTRY.

Careful and Conservative Picture of That Section.

The Extent and Productiveness Accurately Described—Formation of the Earth—Climate, Etc.

The Big Bend country is often spoken of as including the whole of Douglas, Lincoln and the western part of Spokane counties. But the Big Bend proper only includes the whole of Douglas and the northwest corner of Lincoln counties and has an average length of 100 miles and an average width of sixty miles.

It is divided into three parts by two coulees, the Grand and Moses. The Grand is forty miles and the Moses is fifty miles long. They are from one to six miles wide and have vertical walls from 100 to 1000 feet high, and are twenty miles apart. The cause for the origin of these coulees is unknown. A few think the Columbia river made them and once flowed through and had its bed there, but after close examination we could trace no riverbed nor see a water-worn rock. Others think that the lava from a volcano flowed through the Big Bend and made them, but such cannot be, for the rocks on the walls of those coulees are in regular formation and ranchers digging wells have to pass through the same kind of rocks in the bottom of those coulees that the ranchers above have to do, which proves conclusively that the soil in the bottom of these coulees has never been disturbed. The most plausible theory is that they were caused by earthquakes—not an upheaval, but a sinking down of the earth between two seams or crevices of the rock.

The physical features of the surface in some parts resemble that of the Palouse country, or mountain waves, while other parts are perfectly level. But taking it as a whole it looks like the prairies of Dakota and Montana, and is mostly covered with bunch grass, except on the hills, where there is a good deal of wool grass, and on the low flats you can find spots of alkali or salt grass. The southern portion of the Big Bend is quite scabby, but makes a fine range for stock.

The soil is a light sandy color, and many on first sight doubt its fertility, but, Professor Hilgard, of the Agricultural college of California and professor of chemistry, has traveled all over the Big Bend, and when Charles Litchfield, of Waterville, handed him a box of soil he felt it and knew at once that it was from the Big Bend. Mr. Litchfield said the volcanic stated that it was decomposed volcanic rock, a fertilizer of itself, and believed it to be the best grain and vegetable soil in the world. The soil around Waterville is darker than the rest of the Big Bend, and parties digging wells have found traces at a depth of forty feet below the surface, which goes to prove that there has been an alluvial deposit, but underneath this deposit is the basaltic rock.

There are but few springs and streams of water, and most of the ranchers are compelled to dig wells or haul water a long distance. We made careful inquiries as to the depth of wells and the purity of the water. The average depth is thirty feet and the water is pure and cold. We found no part of the Big Bend country where water could not be obtained by digging deep enough, but a few ranches, after digging ninety or 100 feet, rather than have deep wells commenced anew, and found water, only a few feet distant, at a depth of twenty feet.

There is no wood except in the coulees, along streams and on the mountains, and some of the ranchers have to haul wood long distances. But as soon as the two railroads are completed wood can be had for the cost of cutting and freight for hauling. There is also an abundance of coal along the Wenatchee and Columbia rivers, which are only a few miles from the Big Bend.

The summers are long and quite cool, except during the dry season, when it gets quite warm during the middle of the day, the thermometer going up sometimes to 100 degrees, but the nights are always cool. There is always a gentle breeze, sometimes a good strong wind, but cyclones and hurricanes are unknown.

It generally rains in the early spring and May and June, and in the fall there is generally sufficient rain to insure good crops without irrigation. During the summer months the roads are full of dust and the ground appears to be perfectly dry, except in the morning, when it is always damp. This is caused by the porous and shelly rocks underlying the soil, which hold the moisture, and the warm sun during the middle of the day brings it to the surface in the form of vapor, and the cool nights condense this vapor and make the ground damp every morning.

The staple products are wheat, oats and potatoes, but several ranchers have shown me very good samples of Dent corn, and say they have produced more than forty bushels per acre; but we doubt, and could not advise ranchers to depend too much upon corn raising. We made careful inquiries and can give almost the exact yield per acre of the staple products: Wheat 22, oats 40, potatoes 200, barley 30, and corn 20. The ranchers generally depend on grain-hay for feed, but some depend entirely upon the range, and often lose

## ARE TIMES DEGENERATE?

Bishop Potter Says Yes—No Tells on Centennial Day How We Have Fallen.

A Sermon and a Surprise—Harrison and Cleveland Listen to Some Wholesome Truths.

Where George Washington bowed his head 100 years ago last April 30, there President Harrison and ex-President Cleveland knelt. With them in St. Paul's church, New York, were many other distinguished personages, who listened to Bishop Potter while he preached on a text which touches on the dangers of our time. Among other wholesome things he said the HERALD quotes the following:

"Another great difference between this day and that of which it is the anniversary is seen in the enormous difference in the nature and influence of the forces that determine our national and political destiny. Then, ideas ruled the hour. To-day, there are indeed ideas that rule our hour, but they must be merchantable ideas. The growth of wealth, the prevalence of luxury, the massing of large material forces, which by their very existence are a standing menace to the freedom and integrity of the individual, the infinite swag of our American speech and manners, mistaking bigness for greatness, and sadly confounding gain and godliness—all this is a contrast to the austere simplicity, the unpurchaseable integrity of the first days and first men of the republic, which makes it impossible to reproduce to-day either the temper or the conduct of our fathers. As we turn the pages backward, and come upon the story of that 30th of April, in the year of our Lord 1789, there is a certain staidness in the air, a certain ceremoniousness in the manners, which we have banished long ago. We have exchanged the Washingtonian dignity for the Jeffersonian simplicity, which was, in truth, only another name for the Jacksonian vulgarity. And what have we got in exchange for it? In the elder states and dynasties they had the trappings of royalty and the pomp and splendor of the king's person to fill the men's hearts with loyalty. Well, we have dispensed with the old titular dignities, let us take care that we do not part with that tremendous force for which they stood! If there be no titular royalty, all the more need is there for personal royalty. If there is to be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of accent—a character is them that bear rule, so fine and high and pure, that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one pre-eminent distinction, the royalty of virtue!"

The Betrayed Maiden.

Mrs. Robertson Brown-Jones (when the last wedding-guest had departed)—Well, it's all over, and it is such a relief to have Jeanne so fortunately married.

Mr. Robertson Brown-Jones—I'm glad the fuss is through at last, and I'm agreeably disappointed that Jane, with all the nonsense you have put in her head, has married so fine a fellow, even if he is an Englishman.

Mrs. R.—An Englishman, forsooth! You seem to forget your daughter has married the son of a duke!

Mr. R.—I ought not to, indeed, for I have had that served with every meal for the last three months.

Jeanne (the bride, bursting into her parent's home)—Oh, ma, and pa, 160; take me home again! I'm ruined! I'm ruined!

Mr. and Mrs. R. (in great alarm)—What?

Jeanne (stiffing her sobs)—Oh, if it were merely bigamy, it would be nothing. I could go on the stage, you know, but it is so much worse than that! (Falls to weeping again.)

Mr. R.—Oh, what is it, Jeanne?

Mr. R.—Tell us the truth, girl, how has he deceived you?

Jeanne (gasping)—He is not [sob] a duke's son [sob]; he is not [sob] even [sob] an Englishman [sob]. He is nothing but a rich American [sob] bound to win me. [Sobs ad infinitum.]

Mrs. R. (opening her arms)—My stricken dove, come to me. You are indeed ruined and so are we. (Drest of stormy grief.)

Mr. R. (after a moment's contemplative pause)—And this is my wife and daughter!—Epoch.

—Ladies, do not ruin your complexion by the use of poisonous cosmetics and face powders. If your face is red or sunburned; if you are so unfortunate as to have pimples or blotches on the neck and face, Dutard's Specific will not cover them like a coat of paint, but will most effectively remove all blemishes from the skin and restore it to its natural youthful bloom. Sold by Allen & Chapman.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or, in case of failure, a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at C. B. Bushnell's drug store.

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







# THE YAKIMA HERALD.

## SUPPLEMENT.

COLONEL QUARTZHEIM—continued.  
such company, or that Harold Quaritch, who was practically inclined for a man of his age, at any rate, where a lady in question was concerned, should in his own home have considered her to a queen. Even Belle Quest, lovely as she undoubtedly was in her own way, pale and looked upon in fact as her gentle dignity, a fact of which she was evidently aware, for although the two women were friendly, nothing would induce the latter to stand long near Ida in public. She would tell Edward Cossey that it made her look like a doll by a live child.

It was while Mr. Quest was still watching Ida with complete attention—for she appeared to the artistic eye of his nature—that Col. Quaritch arrived upon the scene, looking with his solid form, his long thin nose, light whiskers and square and massive chin. Also he looked particularly imposing in contrast to the youths and maidens and domesticated clerical men. There was a gravity, almost a solemnity, about his bronzed countenance and deliberate, ordered conversation which did not, however, favorably impress the forward youths and maidens, if a judgment might be formed from such samples of conversational criticism as Mr. Quest heard going on on the further side of his arbutus.

### CHAPTER XI.

#### IDA'S BARGAIN.

When Ida saw the colonel coming she put on her sweetest smile and took his hand. "How do you do, Col. Quaritch?" she said. "It is very good of you to come, especially as you don't play tennis much." By the way, I hope you have been studying that epigram for I am sure that it is a cipher.

"I studied it for half an hour before I went to bed last night," said the colonel, and the life of me I could not make anything out of it, and, what's more, I don't think that there is anything to make out.

"Ah," she answered, with a sigh, "I wish there was."

"Well," he answered, "I have another go at it. What will you give me if I find it out?" he said with a smile which lighted up his rugged face most pleasantly.

"Anything you like," Mrs. Quest said, and she answered, with a tone of earnestness which struck him as peculiar, for, of course, he did not know the tale that she had just heard from Mr. Quest.

Then, for the first time for many years, Harold Quaritch delivered himself of a speech that might have been capable of a tender and hidden meaning.

"I am afraid," he said, bowing, "that if I came to claim the prize about which you were more even than you would be inclined to give."

Ida blushed a little. "We can consider that when you do come, Col. Quaritch," she said, and she looked at Mr. Quest and Mr. Cossey, and I must go and say how do you do."

Presently Ida turned and introduced Col. Quaritch first to Mrs. Quest and then to Mr. Cossey. Harold, who had been standing off to one side, stepped forward to meet the squires, whom he noted advancing with his usual air of a man who is not going to play tennis, and then drew Cossey aside.

"Well, Quest," said the latter, "have you told the old man?"

"Oh, yes, I told him."

"How did he take it?"

"Oh, talked it off, and said that of course other arrangements must be made. I spoke to Miss de la Molla, too."

"And how did she take it?"

"Well," answered the latter, putting on an air of deep concern, as a matter of fact he really did feel sorry for her, "I think it was the most painful professional experience that I ever had. The poor woman was utterly crushed. She said that it would kill her father."

"I can't imagine, Miss de la Molla," he said, "what I can have done to offend your father, he almost cut me just now."

"Are you sure that he saw you, Mr. Cossey? He is very absent minded sometimes."

"Oh, yes, he saw me, but when I offered to shake hands with him he only bowed in rather a crushing way and passed on. I daresay he is a little Tart from his stem, and nervously began to pick the bloom to please."

"The fact is, Mr. Cossey—the fact is, my father, and indeed, I am in great trouble just now about money matters, you know, and my father is very apt to be prejudiced; in short, I rather believe that he thinks you may have something to do with his difficulties—but perhaps you know all about it."

"I know something, Miss de la Molla," said he gravely, "and I hope and trust that you do not believe that I have anything to do with the matter which Cossey & Son have thought fit to take."

"No, no," she said hastily. "I never thought anything of the sort; but I know that you have influence—and, well, to be plain, Mr. Cossey, I implore of you to see it. Perhaps you see he is a banker, and has been handling money all his life, till it has become a sort of god to him. Really, I believe that he would rather beggar every friend he has than lose \$50,000."

"It is quite impossible," he answered. "My father has ordered the step himself, and he is a hard man. It is impossible to turn him if he thinks he will lose money by turning. You see he is a banker, and has been handling money all his life, till it has become a sort of god to him. Really, I believe that he would rather beggar every friend he has than lose \$50,000."

"Then there is no more to be said. The place must go, that's all," replied Ida, turning away her head and affecting to busy herself in removing some dried leaves from a basket on the table. Edward, watching her, however, saw her shoulders shake and a big tear fall like a rain drop with a splash on the pavement and the sight, strongly attracted as he was and had for some time been attracted by her, was altogether lost in the whole course and tenor of Miss de la Molla's life.

"Miss de la Molla," he said rapidly, "there may be a way found out of it."

She looked up inquiringly, and there were the words of the mortgage on her lips. "Somebody might take up the mortgage and pay off Cossey & Son."

"Can you find any one who will?" she asked, eagerly.

"I could find an investment, I understand that \$20,000 are required, and I tell you frankly that as times are I do not for one moment believe the place to be worth that amount. It is all very well for your father to talk about land recovering itself, but in the present, at any rate, nobody can see the faintest chance of anything of the sort. The probabilities are, on the contrary, that as the American competition increases land will gradually sink to something like a prairie value."

"Then how can the money be got if nobody will advance it?"

"I did not say that nobody would advance it; I said that nobody would advance it as an investment. A friend might advance it."

"And where is such a friend to be found? He would be a very disinterested friend who would advance \$20,000."

"Nobody in this world is quite disinterested, Miss de la Molla, or, at any rate, very few are. What would you give to such a friend?"

"I would give anything and everything, over which I have control in the world, save my father from seeing Honham sold over his head," she answered simply.

Edward Cossey laughed a little. "That is a large order," he said, "Miss de la Molla, I am disposed to try and find the money to take up these mortgages. I have not got it, and I shall have to borrow it, and, what is more, I shall have to keep the fact that I have borrowed it a secret from my father."

"It is very good of you," said Ida, faintly. "I don't know what to say."

about him and Mrs. Quest, but not being of a scandalous living disposition it had not interested her, and she had almost forgotten it. Now, however, she saw that there was something in it.

"So that is the difficult position of which he talks," she said to herself, "the want to marry me as soon as he can get Mrs. Quest out of his hands. And I have consented to this, always provided that Mrs. Quest can get the deed of it, in consideration of the receipt of a sum of \$20,000. And I do not like the man. It was not nice of him to make that bargain; though I brought it on myself. I wonder if my father will ever know what have done for him, and if he will appreciate it if he does. Well, it is not a bad price—\$20,000—is a good figure for any woman in the present state of the market." And with a hard and bitter laugh, and a presence of sorrow to come lying at the heart, she threw down the remains of the scarlet Turk and turned away.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### GEORGE PROPHETS.

Ida, for obvious reasons, said nothing to her father of her interview with Edward Cossey, and thus when at least the evening following the lawn tennis party, there was a very serious consultation between the faithful George and his master. It appeared to him, as he was lying awake in bed, to continue some of the usual long breaks, and it certainly continued, with short intervals for refreshment, till 11 o'clock in the forenoon. First the squires explained the whole question to George as best they could, and with a most extraordinary multiplicity of detail, for he began with his first loan from the house of Cossey & Son, which he had constructed a great many years before he came into the world, and then he went on to explain the details of the argument, which was not possible, for his master had long ago lost himself, and was mixing up the loan of 1883 with the loan of 1878, and the money raised on the average of the entire with both in a way which would have driven any body except George, who was used to this sort of thing, perfectly mad. However, he was not to be deterred, and at last, when the matter was finished, remarked that things "variously did look queer."

Thereupon the squires called him a stupid old man, and he was obliged to go to bed. George discovered that he knew very little of the details which had just been explained to him at such portentous length, he, in spite of the protest of the wretched George, who urged that they "didn't seem to be getting no farther somehow," began and went through every word of it again.

This brought them to breakfast time, and after breakfast George's accounts were thoroughly laid out with a view to the fact that he was soon to be confined, for either George could not keep accounts or the squires could not follow them. Ida, sitting in the drawing room, could continually hear her father's ejaculatory outbursts after this kind:

"Why, you stupid donkey, you've added it up all wrong; it's 900, not 500," followed by "No, no, you're up to a looking on the wrong side of the ledger; you've put it on all the parties were fairly played out, and the only thing that remained clear was that the balance was considerably on the wrong side."

That was the state of affairs, when the door bell rang and Edward Cossey, looking particularly handsome and rather overpowered, was shown into the room.

"Dear me," said the squires, with him this time, though slightly enough, and George touched his forehead and said: "Harvard, sir, in the approved fashion. Thereon his master told him that he might retire, though he had a great deal to say about bearing, so he should wait him again presently."

"Very well, sir," answered George, "I'll just step up to the poplars. I told a man to be round there today, as I want to see if I can't catch some of the seedlings of my own about this year's fall in the big wood."

"There," said the squires with an expression of infinite disgust, "there, that's just like you, your honor, calling your own seedlings 'my own' about this year's fall in the big wood."

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second time his interest—for he was too busy a man to reason overmuch—came into play and warned him that in making the offer Edward Cossey had other motives than those which he had brought forward. He paused to consider what they might be. He was anxious to get the estate for himself? Was he put forward by somebody else? Or perhaps, was it something to do with Ida? The first alternative seemed the most probable to him. But whatever was the lender's object, the result to him was the same—if gave him a reprieve. For Mr. de la Molla would not consent to the sale of the estate unless he had no more chance of raising the money from any ordinary source of investment that he had of altering the condition of agriculture.

"Hum," he said, "this is an important matter, the most important matter I presume, Mr. Cossey, that before making this definite offer you have consulted a legal adviser?"

"Oh, yes, I have done all that, and am quite satisfied with the security—an advance of thirty thousand charged on all the Honham estate at 4 per cent. The question now is if you are prepared to consent to the terms proposed in the deed, which charges the property will be let off, and Mr. Quest, who will act for me in the matter, will prepare a simple deed charging the property for the round total."

"I don't like being hurried. I can't bear to be hurried," said the squires, pettishly. "The important matter is, I think, the charge on the property will be let off, and Mr. Quest, who will act for me in the matter, will prepare a simple deed charging the property for the round total."

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worn road to the affections of a lady. Had he been content to advance the money, and then by and by—though even that would not have been gentleman like—have gently let it frangible what he had done at great personal expense and inconvenience, her imagination might have been touched, and her gratitude would certainly have been excited. But the idea of bargaining, the idea of purchase, when after what had passed, would have been put aside, would of necessity be fatal to any hope of tender feeling. Shylock might get his bond, but of his own act he had departed himself from the possibility of ever getting more.

Now Edward Cossey was not lacking in that after glow of refinement which is left behind by a course of public school and university education. No education can make a gentleman of a man who is not a gentleman at heart; for whether his station in life be that of a plowboy or an earl, the gentleman, like the poet, is born and not made. But he can and does, if he be of an observant nature, give him a certain insight into the habits of thought and probable course of action of the members of that class to which he outwardly, and by repute, belongs. Such an insight Edward Cossey had, and he was not a gentleman at heart; for whether his station in life be that of a plowboy or an earl, the gentleman, like the poet, is born and not made. But he can and does, if he be of an observant nature, give him a certain insight into the habits of thought and probable course of action of the members of that class to which he outwardly, and by repute, belongs. 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**HUMORS OF TELEGRAPHY.**

**The Blunders and Quarrels of Operators.**

A Fight That Began Between Men Miles Apart—Erratic Combinations of the Morse Characters.

"You must hear many amusing things in your business," was the remark of a Cincinnati Gazette reporter to several well known operators who were congregated in the vestibule of the American Union Telegraph office.

"Not so many as you would imagine," said Frank Buckley, one of the group. "The business of telegraphy has grown to such immense proportions that, while naturally we handle many messages of a ridiculous or funny nature, by far the greater portion are confined to the dry details of business." "Yes," interrupted Hugh Farmer; "and most of that is in cipher, which makes it the more uninteresting and tedious. The most amusing features of telegraphy are the mistakes or 'bulls,' as we call them, which usually result from incompetency or carelessness. For instance, a message from the east passed through the city a few days ago, addressed to the Colorado Cooon Company, Denver. It should have been Colorado Iron Company, but several experienced operators gravely handled it in the course of transmission before the mistake was noted. The Morse characters which represent the letters of the alphabet," he continued in explanation, "have among them a number of spaces—that is to say, a combination of dots, with almost imperceptible spaces, which, when added to other characters of a like nature, give a new interpretation to the word as telegraphed. Do you understand?"

The reporter asked if he couldn't better illustrate his meaning.

"Certainly. In the bull I speak of the characters which represent the first two letters of iron and coon are made thus . . . . (i) and . . . . (c) o. Now, you see how easy it is for a careless sender, without making the proper space between the characters, to give it the sound of . . . . instead of . . . .? Of course that doesn't excite the receiver, for we expect a man to be something more than a mere automaton; at the same time it shows the imperfection of our system, and the necessity of most careful attention."

"What Farmer says about our imperfect system is very true," said Duke Hutchinson, who had meanwhile joined the crowd; "but, with all its faults, it is far superior to the slow and cumbersome system in England and on the continent. In telegraphy the Yankees lead the whole world in quickness of dispatch and thoroughness of execution. A case in point was the recent telegraphing from New York of a speech. It contained 16,000 words and was transmitted without an error in five hours. Cipher that you don't see what the mean average per minute is."

"Fifty words per minute," said the mathematical scribe.

"Right you are. That's nearly a word for every tick of the clock. It proves that Shakespeare looked far into the future when he made Puck say, 'I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes'; only I think some of our experts could discount the fairy and then have a few minutes to spare. Speaking of 'bulls,' though, reminds me of the nervous old maid who was spending the season at Saratoga. Having no faith in the local Esculapians, she telegraphed, on the first symptom of illness, to her regular physician for instructions. The answer she received was, 'take a dose of pills.' She did so and lost six pounds in the next forty-eight hours. The message should have read, 'take a dose of pills,' but the receiver confounded the s. e. . . . of dose with the character . . . . (s) in dose, with the above result."

"Do operators wrangle and quarrel over the wire as much as reported?" asked the Gazette man.

"Only on 'way' wires where there are a number of offices, some of whom are constantly wanting the circuit. Such quarrels are only regarded as angry 'spats' between friends, and sometimes they engender bad blood, as in the case of two operators recently on the Illinois Central railroad. They were employed respectively at Centralia and Du Quoin as night operators. One night they had a long contention for the circuit, during the progress of which Centralia, in the heat of anger, cast some reflections on the maternal ancestry of Du Quoin, which caused the blood of the latter to boil with rage. Accordingly the next day he boarded a passenger train and proceeded northward to wreak vengeance on the unsuspecting 'owl' at Centralia. Fortunately for the latter, he was advised by telegraph of the other's movements; and being a little fellow, was naturally nervous at the thought of the anticipated thrashing. Plunged into the depths of despair, his melancholy visage caused the day operator, a big, busy Canadian, to inquire into the cause of his grief, whereupon the 'owl' told him the whole story."

"That's all right," said the day man; "I owe that fellow a grudge, and when he arrives I'll personate you myself."

"Sure enough, with the arrival of the next train came the Du Quoin operator, his mind on mischief bent, and nursing his wrath to keep it warm. Entering the telegraph office, and approaching the Canadian, he said: 'Is your name—?'"

"It is," was the answer.

"Are you the man who called me a blanked blank last night?" An affirmative nod answered the question. A moment later the two clinched, but victory from the first perched on the banner of the Canadian. He hit his opponent several stinging blows and literally wiped up the floor with him. The little night operator fairly howled with joy, and several dogs leapt a canine chorus to the excitement of the scene. Finally Du Quoin, who was considerable of a philosopher,

**AN AGE OF WONDERS.**

**After Centuries of Bigoted Darkness, Light!**

Every Assault Upon the Impregnable Citadel of True Science Adds Numerous Recruits to Its Cause.

The ammunition of calumny has been exploded. The deadly projectiles hurled have missed their destination. The shafts and arrows lie broken at the feet of victory. And when Aurora's rays shall have pierced the smoke of the battlefield, the name of the histogenetic system of medicine will glitter a bright and imperishable star in the diadem of science, when those who tried to wind their slimy coils around the snowy throat have mouldered in oblivion and their epitaphs have vanished from the face of the earth.

Seattle, Washington. My little boy, when four years old, was taken sick with scarlet fever. We had competent medical aid but he never fully recovered. For three years he was sick, could retain nothing on his stomach, sometimes would vomit ceaselessly for a week, not retaining even water. He dwindled away to but a shadow of his former self. At last his mind gave way. For two weeks he clung to me begging me not to bury him in the ground. He recognized nobody, not even me. We all concluded that death would be a relief to him. There was no use trying the old school doctors, of that we had had enough experience. Their medicines failed to kill me when every one of them gave me up with consumption, saying that I could not live a week. That was three years ago. They would have had their say, too, if I had not called in Dr. J. Eugene Jordan. I had then been bedfast for over a year, could not turn over, suffered with excruciating pain and spat bloody pus. As by the aid of the god-sent Histogenetic Medicines I recovered from the verge of the grave and was able to do considerable of my housework in ninety days. Well, we are convinced, as is everyone who has used the unappreciated Histogenetic Medicines, that it accomplishes the apparently impossible, and that to compare them to all the other medicines is like comparing bright sunlight to Egyptian darkness.

Margie McDaniels.

Edmund, Washington. I have been sick for the last 15 years with a complication of diseases. Rheumatism and kidney troubles were very bad, but heart disease was the worst of all. Many times I thought I would not survive it. The sharp, agonizing pain in my heart would take my breath and make me dizzy. I had to catch at things to keep from falling. In fact, I was an utter wreck. I tried doctors in Terra Haute, Indiana, Bloomington, Ottumwa, Charlton and Burlington—allopathic, homeopathic, and every other kind of doctors. They used batteries, baths, and all manner and kinds of nasty tasting drugs, but I received no benefit at all. I gave it up in disgust. Every doctor told me another tale as to what he thought was the matter with me, but that did not cure me. Going to Seattle, I heard of nothing but the new Histogenetic System and of Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, its author. Having tried all the old, I concluded to try the new, and after a few weeks' use of the above medicine I completely recovered. This was last October, and I have been able to attend to my duties ever since. I make this statement from gratitude to Dr. Jordan and the Histogenetic system, and also from a spirit of sympathy for kindred humanity.

Joseph Pennington.

Slaughter, Washington. My boy, ten years old, was broken down with rheumatism. His limbs were all distorted out of shape from the baneful effect; he suffered great agony, and could not turn in bed. The worst of all his heart was greatly effected from it and it almost stopped his breath. We gave him up, also did our neighbors. As a last resort I went to Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, whose medicine performed apparently impossible cures in our neighbors. After giving my boy those medicines for three weeks he not only recovered, his limbs all straightened out again, and he is perfectly well in every way. That was ten months ago. As for myself I had an injury to my finger which turned into caries of the bone. Several doctors were employed, but the result was that the bone kept on eating away. At last they concluded that in order to save the hand the finger had to be amputated. I betought myself to Dr. Jordan, obtained his medicine, and in two weeks' time it cured the bone disease and I retained my finger. How much suffering and expense we might have saved had we known of the Histogenetic Medicine and Dr. J. Eugene Jordan.

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J. E. Smith.

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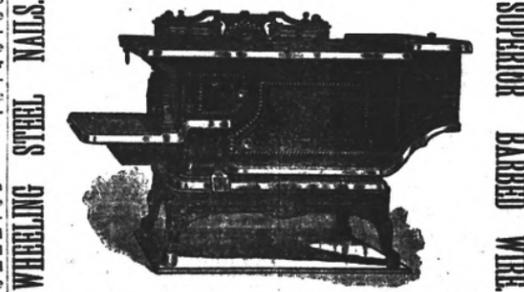
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