

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

VOL. IV.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1892.

NO. 17.

NORTH YAKIMA, Wash, Sept. 23, 1891.

I have resided in the Yakima Valley for 12 years, engaged in general farming, fruit and hop culture. I raise all my products by irrigation, and have never failed a single year in obtaining bountiful crops.

I farmed formerly in the State of Kansas. I find all kinds of husbandry here much more profitable than in Kansas. And as to climate, such things as blizzards and cyclones are not known. Our winters are very short, and the spring and fall are perfectly delightful. All our farmers who are industrious are prosperous and happy.

JOSEPH STEPHENSON,
President Board of County Commissioners, Yakima County.

FRED R. REED & CO.
Invite Strangers to call on them.
Write them if you want to see the Great Yakima Country. We will show it to you. We invite strict investigation of any statement made over our signature. We are here to stay, and are responsible for our acts and statements.

NORTH YAKIMA, Wash., April 18, 1891.

D. E. Lesh, proprietor of the celebrated fruit farm called "Fruit Vale," swears that on one Alexander peach-tree grew, during the year 1890, five hundred and twenty pounds of peaches, which he sold for \$52; that off four apple-trees twenty oz. pippins, he sold 100 boxes, 4,600 pounds, at \$125. My whole orchard, between six and seven acres of peaches, apples, plums, pears and apricots, brought me, during the season of 1890, about three thousand dollars.

D. E. LESH.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of April, 1891.
J. B. PUGSLEY, Notary Public.
Residence, North Yakima.

FRED. R. REED & Co.,

REAL ESTATE.

Lock Box K.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

NORTH YAKIMA, Washington.

D. J. Stevens, being first duly sworn, states that he resides in the Ahtanum Valley, about seven miles from North Yakima; that during the season of 1890 he raised on 80 acres of land as follows:

Three and one-fourth acres of Hops, 6,400 pounds \$2,100
Ninety tons of Hay 950
Thirty tons of Carrots 300
Fifteen tons of Onions 675
Four hundred bushels of Corn 300
Twenty-four hundred bushels of Potatoes 1,440
Total \$5,675

Besides supplying twenty-five head of hogs and nine head of horses during the said year.

D. J. STEVENS.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of April, 1891.
J. B. PUGSLEY, Notary Public.
Residence, North Yakima.

FOR CASH.—We have several inducements to offer for cash, both in city lots and acreage. We are not at liberty to give location or names, but direct inquiry will satisfy all we mean business.

CITY PROPERTY.—We desire particularly to call attention to this, as we have absolute bargains on good inside business property.

The Board of Immigration of North Yakima, Yakima County, State of Washington, authorizes the following statement as to crops and prices generally prevailing in the Yakima Valley:

Wheat,	50 to 60 bushels per acre, at 70 cts
Oats,	50 to 100 " " " " 50 "
Barley,	40 to 50 " " " " 50 "
Potatoes,	300 to 600 " " " " 60 "
Onions,	300 to 500 " " " " 60 "
Hops,	1,500 to 2,500 lbs., from 12 to 30 cts. per lb.
Tobacco,	from 800 to 1,000 pounds at \$1.00 "
Alfalfa,	6 to 9 tons per acre, at from \$8 to \$15
Clover,	2 to 9 " " " " 8 to 15
Timothy,	2 to 4 " " " " 10 to 18

Peaches, Apples, Plums, Apricots, Prunes, Nectarines, Grapes, Pears, Sweet Potatoes, Peanuts and all kinds of small fruits grow in great perfection. Eggs sell the year round at an average of 25 cts. per doz.; Chickens at from \$3 to \$5 per doz.; Butter at from 30 to 40 cts. per pound; Hogs from 4 to 6 cts. per pound on foot. Watermelons yield from \$150 to \$200 per acre.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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

REAVIS & MILROY,
Attorneys at Law.
Office in First National Bank Building.

WHITSON & PARKER,
Attorneys at Law.
Office in First National Bank Building.

S. O. MORFORD,
Attorney at Law.
Practice in all Courts in the Territory. Special attention given to all U. S. land office business. North Yakima, Wash.

JOHN G. BOYLE,
Attorney at Law.
Office Room No. 2, Lowe Block, Second Floor.

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

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

G. J. HILL,
Physician and Surgeon
Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Telephone No. 2.
Office over Yakima Nat'l Bank. Residence on Third street, bet. 3 and 4.

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

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

Yakima Artesian Well Boring Co.

CONTRACTS MADE FOR SINKING
Artesian Wells.

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

Casteria

For Infants and Children.

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

"Casteria is as well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any preparation known to me."
—Dr. A. ASCHE, M. D.,
111 South Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Casteria in my practice, and find it especially adapted to affections of children."
—ALEX. ROSSIGNOL, M. D.,
227 1/2 Ave. New York.

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

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

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE UNDERSIGNED administrators of the estate of Hans Gwendoline Chapman, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within one year after the first publication of this notice to the said administrator at his drug store on the southeast corner of Yakima avenue and Second street, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of said estate in the city of North Yakima, state of Washington.

W. E. CHAPMAN,
Administrator of the estate of Hans Gwendoline Chapman, deceased.
Dated North Yakima, April 26, 1892. 14-15

A Sure Cure For Psoriasis.

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding, yield at once to Dr. Rossignol's Filix Remedy, which acts on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. Sole. Druggists or mail. Circulars free. Dr. Rossignol, 329 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Janss's Pharmacy.

For Sale.

Ten tons best fertilizer to be had, and cheap, by 100 pounds and up.
J. M. OGLE,
16-21 Puyallup-Yakima Nurseries.
Announcement.

On and after March 1st, 1892, I will do a general land office and real estate business. Will also deal in relinquishments. Office in U. S. land office building, down stairs.
J. H. THOMAS,
5-11 Late Register U. S. Land Office.

Lombard & Horsley are making a specialty of \$18 and \$20 bedroom suits, of three pieces. They are of hard wood, with a 20x24 inch German bevel-plate mirror. No such bargains have ever before been offered in this city. Call and make a personal inspection, for if anyone wants a fine bedroom set without expending much money he is sure to be captured by Lombard & Horsley's offer. 11-1f

Just received at H. H. Allen's drug store—an immense invoice of painters' materials, including brushes and the Sherrin-Williams family, house and floor, ready mixed paints. Those who are posted on paints prefer this make to all others. They are said to have no equals in the market. 11-1f

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

Shardlow and McDaniel now keep Pabst's Milwaukee beer on draught. "It has no superior" it is the verdict of all who have tried it. 11-1f

Dr. Savage will be found at his office on Yakima avenue from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Residence in Wide Hollow, at the old Shaw place. 15-1f

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

Order your window screens and door screens of W. D. Scott. All sizes furnished on short notice. 13-1f

Keep out the flies by ordering your window and door screens of W. D. Scott. —Choice oats and chop barley for sale at North Yakima Roller Mills. 14-4f

—Go to C. E. McEvens for ladies' side saddles. He has a splendid stock. 13-1f

Leave orders with W. D. Scott for window and door screens. 13-1f

YAKIMA AND THE STATE.

Interesting Items of News from Yakima and Its Suburbs.

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

Superintendent Lawrence visited the lower Yakima schools this week.

H. B. Scudder and Fred Reed put in a couple days' time at Tacoma this week.

Henry Pratt, a brother of Jnd and George Pratt, is here from The Dalles on a visit.

Mrs. Dudley Eshelman left last week for a visit with friends and relatives at Goldendale.

T. M. Vance delivered an address before the Ellensburg Democratic club, on Wednesday.

Oregonian: Fred R. Reed, of North Yakima, is mentioned as a strong candidate for lieutenant governor.

Will Crook was among the number who attended the convalescence of the Knights of Pythias at Tacoma this week.

From all quarters come the reports of the splendid condition of range cattle. The abundance of grass is making the stockmen happy.

Goldendale made a failure of illuminating Mt. Adams on last Fourth of July, owing to a fearful storm in that locality, but another trial is to be made this year.

The city assessment roll of Ellensburg looks up \$1,585,141. On this there is a levy of three mills for general municipal purposes, and five mills for interest on bonds.

Spokane Chronicle: It costs the price of a drink of whisky, or three and a half glasses of beer, to convey a bushel of wheat from Spokane to Tacoma. It is comparisons like this that make freights seem high.

The Wenatchee townsite has at last been definitely located about a mile and a half southeast of the old site, on sections 3 and 10. The Wenatchee Development company gives property-owners lot for lot, and bears the expense of moving business buildings or residences to the new site. It is reported that \$100,000 worth of property was sold the first week after the location was announced.

A cave in the sewer trench in front of the Hotel Yakima, Tuesday, buried a workman to his waist. A heavy piece of timber pressing against his limbs gave him a painful squeeze, but he was dug out without any bones being broken.

Wm. Ker, who is one of the directors of the N. P., Y. & K. I. Co., says that Paul Schulze assured him that all the financial arrangements had been made to carry the irrigation work to completion and that there would be no stoppage.

The Spokane Review says that members of the State Medical society returned from North Yakima "full of kindly feelings towards the people of that city. 'We were most hospitably entertained,' said one, 'and all left very pleasant acquaintances behind us.'"

F. W. Leadbetter, of Portland; W. T. Clark, E. L. Blaine, Thomas Johnson and Joseph H. Hawley, of Seattle; C. L. Dawson, O. P. Pierce and Alvah B. Howe, of Tacoma, and Fred S. Merrill, of Spokane, were guests of the Hotel Yakima on Tuesday.

A new townsite has been located on the Columbia river, in Douglas county, near the Navarre ferry crossing. It has been named Fruitvale, and is a government townsite, and anybody can have a lot by complying with the legal requirements of residence and improvements.

The sewer pipe passes through the two big cisterns which the city had built on First and Second streets, but by putting the pipe in boxes and cementing the openings, Street Commissioner Lech has made the cisterns just as strong and water tight as they were before.

The Great Northern is steadily pushing forward its line to the Sound. Since January 1st more than 176 miles of track have been laid, making about 443 miles completed westward from the junction with the Helena line near Asainiboina, Mont., and bringing the present terminus to the Pend d'Oreille river, 1,442 miles west of St. Paul, and about 450 miles from Portland. There still remain several hundred miles to be traversed over this state, including the crossing of the Cascade range, but it seems to be the intention to complete the line during the present year. The track layers working from Kallispel, Mont., west, and from Sand Point, Idaho, east, met April 28th. This completes 437 miles of the Pacific coast extension, of which 261 miles were built in 1890 and 1891. A gap of about forty-five miles remains to be completed between Sand Point and Spokane.

Judge I. A. Navarre and State Senator J. M. Snow, former residents of Yakima, proved up on their claims in the Lake Chelan neighborhood last week.

Ellensburg Localizer: The people of Yakima are talking earnestly about a railroad (narrow gauge), through the Natchees pass to the Sound. North Yakima is willing to give \$100,000 toward it. That is exceedingly liberal, and evinces the proper spirit and the one that ought to insure success.

The following is a list of those who secured second grade certificates at the teachers' examination, Saturday: Miss Bessie J. McPhee, Miss Mary F. McBride of Ellensburg, George Stephenson and George B. Griffin. Superintendent Lawrence says that each applicant wrote five sets of very creditable papers.

Engineer George C. Mills returned from Bumping river Tuesday, having completed the location of the narrow gauge road. He found an excellent route with the exception of a short distance, where a 300-foot tunnel will be required. The incorporators held a meeting that afternoon and made the necessary arrangements for starting out the right-of-way and soliciting committees, who are now at work.

Ellensburg Localizer: William Morton and J. R. Miller returned from Bumping river last Saturday. They were gone from here twelve days. The snow did not bother them to any extent this trip. They traveled with their horses to within eight miles of the mines. They left their horses and took it afoot from there into the mines. They brought back with them specimens of two parallel ledges; two of them are the best specimens we have seen from any of the recent discoveries. We believe that the Bumping river mines are going to prove to be one of the best camps in the Cascade range. They left three men in camp, who were going to prospect on the extension of these ledges north from their discoveries. One of these ledges is at least fifty feet wide in sight. There is a cut on one of the others thirty-three feet wide, and the one side of the gulch seems, Miller says, one solid bed of mineral quartz. They will return to the mines with quite a number of others about the 1st of June. Tests have been made on two of these ledges that went from \$22 to \$47, and one other ledge tested shows \$100 in gold. Mr. Morton says that he has mined all through Montana, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, California and Mexico, and he has not in all his experience seen such an extensive body of mineral quartz.

Mrs. W. H. Liptap left on Saturday last for Glenn county, Cal., on a visit to relatives. Mr. Liptap has taken up a homestead at White Bluffs, and is busy in planting 20 acres to wine grapes.

There was no contest at the democratic primaries held at the courthouse on Saturday last. Captain J. T. Kingsbury presided, and good speeches were made by J. B. Reavis, I. M. Krutz and G. W. McKinney. The following are the delegates chosen from the North Yakima precinct to the county convention, which will be held on Saturday next: J. T. Kingsbury, O. A. Fechter, M. G. Willis, J. B. Reavis, H. J. Snively, J. B. Coe, W. H. James, I. M. Krutz, H. H. Allen, T. G. Redfield, O. T. Stratton, G. M. McKinney, G. J. Hill, S. J. Lowe, John Bartholomew, Phil Ditter and W. D. Walker.

Dr. Armstrong, of Olympia, previous to leaving for his home on Friday last, told the following good story to Tus HAZARD reporter: "You know the Washington State Medical Association, of which I am a member, started to hold its sessions in the opera-house. When the delegates to the Farmers' Alliance convention arrived, we resigned the opera-house and accepted the invitation of the Yakima Club to use its parlors. In moving our effects to the new quarters we left our constitution behind, and I am informed that when the alliance met the gray haired chairman picked up the book, and being in need of a constitution and seeing nothing in ours that was complimentary to either the democratic or republican parties, he so informed the delegates, and it was adopted in its entirety."

We Understood.

"Here," exclaimed a man as he limped into the shoe store; "when I bought these shoes ten years ago yesterday you said that if they weren't easy you'd refund the money. I'll take the money, please; the blamed things have lamed me so I can hardly walk."

Shoemaker—"But have the shoes made any complaint?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"I take it they haven't. They appear to be easy enough. I didn't say anything about you being easy or not being easy. Call again when you want anything in our line."

Improper and deficient care of the scalp will cause grayness of the hair and baldness. Escape both by the use of that reliable specific, Hall's Hair Renewer.

HERALDINGS.

Born, at North Yakima, May 16th, to the wife of John Crawford, a son.

Frank Rodman has been appointed a constable for North Yakima by the county commissioners.

Democrats should not fail to attend the club meeting Saturday at the courthouse, immediately after the convention.

Dr. W. G. Coe left Wednesday for Old Point Comfort, Va., to attend the National Convention of Railroad Surgeons.

Mrs. Belden, of Puyallup, the Alliance poetess and singer, was the guest of Mrs. William Lee during her stay in the city last week.

Master Victor Hill, son of Dr. (I. J.) Hill, who resides with his grandmother at Astoria, Or., is visiting his father and taking in the sights of the town.

Rev. Rufus Chase returned from a trip to the Cour d'Alenes Tuesday. He says there were only four clear days during his absence; the balance of the time it rained.

Miss Jennie Wright will leave for Seattle in a few days, and when she returns she will be accompanied by Miss Florence Barker, who will spend the school vacation at home.

E. M. Reed has gone to Walla Walla on U. S. jury duty. Mr. Lowe's health was such that he was unable to go, and his physician sent a certificate to the court to that effect.

Peter Herke anticipates the arrival of the 31st of May with a great deal of pleasure, for then the days of his captivity will be over. The bans will be cried in church next Sunday.

The relief fund raised in this city for the families of the unfortunate Roslyn miners amounted to \$231, besides \$60 or \$70 contributed by Contractor Schmidt and his employes engaged on the sewer work.

A flag will be raised over the public school building at Yakima City on Saturday, May 23. The flag has been presented to the district by the school. The exercises will commence at 10 a. m., after which all are invited to join in a basket picnic and dinner at the grove.

Frank H. Hiscock, whose extended stay in Yakima resulted in the recovery of his health, left for his home in Syracuse, N. Y., on Sunday last via the Canadian Pacific. We will probably have Mr. Hiscock with us again, as he made a number of really investments while here.

Safe crackers blew open the safe of C. E. McEwen on Monday evening, but did not secure much booty. A hole was drilled in the safe door and filled it with powder, a bottle of which was left by the burglars in the building. The safe was a complete wreck. Four arrests were made, but no evidence could be obtained against them and they were discharged.

The citizens' committee having in hand the subscription to the Yakima, Natchez & Eastern Railway are at work. The people of North Yakima should subscribe liberally to this home enterprise. The benefit will be direct. North Yakima should be a railroad center; all central Washington is tributary to this point, and the opportunity is now offered to take a firm step onward and upward in the rank of prosperous cities.

Mr. A. C. White and nephew Master Elbra White, of Spokane, were the guests of Mrs. U. F. Diteman and Mrs. J. T. Drake, near this city for several days recently. The little nephew will remain a few weeks visiting his cousins Miss Gladys and Marla Diteman. Mr. White left Monday for Tacoma to attend the grand lodge, K of P. Before leaving home Mr. White was the recipient of a handsome diamond watch charm of which he is very proud, a gift from the lodge of which he is chancellor commander. Saturday evening a few friends were invited to meet Mr. White and a pleasant evening was spent at what and crokinole. Among those present were Misses Baxter Morrison, Cary and Feaster and Messrs. Dills, Voorhes and Morrison.

The Roslyn correspondent of the Tacoma News has caused to appear in that paper a number of items censuring Rev. Charles Davis, of this city, for language used at the funeral of the victims of the mine disaster. The Roslyn News, after scoring the correspondent for general untruthfulness, concludes: "His heartless criticism of the beautiful and touching remarks of the Rev. Charles Davis over the remains of the dead has aroused the indignation of every citizen in our midst. This fearless man of God was among the first to reach our side and move among the desolate heartstones, like an angel of mercy, administering to the needs of the suffering as best he could. He, of all men, should have been the last to have received the poisoned shaft of calumny.

The board of regents, at their present meeting, made locations of the two experimental stations provided for by the law establishing the agricultural college and school of sciences. The law provides that one station shall be located on the west side of the mountains, and the other was supposed to be located at the same place the college was. On account of the unfavorable location of the college a successful and useful experiment station could not there be maintained, so that the board, in their latter day wisdom, located the second station in Yakima county, in the Sunnyside section, under the N. P., Y. & K. I. Co.'s canal near the new town of Zilla that that company has just located. The board of regents has at last come to the wise conclusion that from an agricultural point of view Yakima county is "beyond the range of vision."

FROM NORTH YAKIMA TO PROSSER.

A Railroad Through the Sunnyside Country to Be Built at Once—The Capital Secured.

There can be no reason for doubting that North Yakima and the Yakima country are fairly and squarely in it. With our great irrigation canals built and under construction; with our artesian wells furnishing the earth-warmed water that will reclaim thousands of acres of arid lands and admit of their transformation into gardens; with orchards of greater extent than are known in other portions of the Northwest; with the area of hop yards more than treble what it has ever been before, and with development work progressing on all sides, this section of the state of Washington has much to be thankful for and every reason to be encouraged to still greater exertions. These things alone are sufficient to assure us prosperity and plenty, but they are not all. We are promised a railroad to the coal fields, the timber and rich mines of the Natchez, with the mills, factories and other industries that such a line would bring; also a road across to the Columbia; and it is hinted that these rail projects mean nothing more or less than a connection with the Great Northern and a through line down to Portland. It is no wonder that there is a buoyant feeling in Yakima; but all has not been enumerated, for the incorporation papers have been drawn, and we are to have a railroad from North Yakima down through the Sunnyside country to Prosser—and that at once.

The incorporators are Paul Schulze, William Ham. Hall, Walter N. Granger, George P. Eaton and E. N. Costello. The capitalization is \$1,000,000 and the money has been secured to prosecute the work as soon as the surveys have been completed and the right-of-way secured. The exact course of the road has not as yet been determined upon, and it may be by way of the Moxee and over the divide into the Sunnyside country, or it may be via Yakima City and Union Gap, thence along the line of the big canal to the river. Engineers are now in the field running lines, and the surveys will be completed and submitted for approval at an early date as possible. All the company asks of the Yakima people is the gift of the right-of-way to that point where the N. P., Y. & K. I. Co.'s lands begin. The money to prosecute this work, it is understood, was secured in California, as was also funds to continue and complete the system of canals, as originally projected, and to improve the company's townsite holdings in the railroad section, and the school section which was purchased this spring from the state. Dirt is to be thrown at early date, and the road to be completed this year.

Decorations Day.

All ex-soldiers, sailors and their families, together with the W. B. C., Sons of veterans, military companies, civic societies, churches, Sabbath schools and children of the public schools are earnestly invited to join with Meade Post, G. A. R., in holding memorial services and strewing flowers on the graves of our dead. The procession will form at G. A. R. hall, corner of Second street and Yakima avenue, at 1 o'clock sharp, under direction of the officer of the day. Services will be held at Mason's opera-house at 2 o'clock p. m., when Col. T. V. Eddy, of Seattle, will deliver an address. Contributions of flowers will be received from 9 a. m. until 2 p. m. at the opera-house. By order of committee.

Ellensburg Localities: Fred R. Reed is strongly talked of for lieutenant governor. Reed would make an excellent run. He is popular, energetic and just the type of man to succeed in capturing the office. He would run well in central Washington. He is identified with the upbuilding of Central Washington, and has helped to make it what it is, and "is a good man, too."

Col. Will Vinscher entertained small audiences at the opera-house on Saturday and Monday nights. Vinscher is a pleasant and agreeable talker, but it is a hard work to say funny things to empty benches, although the speaker succeeded very well. The receipts were hardly commensurate with the worth of the entertainment.

George F. Prescott, the barber, who will be remembered as skipping from this place while under a cloud of debt, and taking Johnny Hogan claimed to have purchased, has just disappeared from Portland, where he was out on \$500 to answer to the charge of having too many wives.

The Great Northern railroad has had fifteen new engines of the mastodon type built at the Brooks locomotive works at Dunkirk, N. Y. They are of great power, and are guaranteed to haul twelve loaded passenger coaches on a level grade at the rate of fifty miles an hour. They have eight driving wheels and a four-wheel leading truck.

Yakima was fittingly remembered by the grand lodge, K. of P., recently in session at Tacoma. Hon. J. T. Eshelman was unanimously elected prelate, and North Yakima selected as the place for next year's convention. Sam Vinson, Wm. Crook, M. H. Ellis and S. C. Henton composed the Yakima delegation at the Tacoma session.

Mr. A. J. Krandelt has disposed of his interests in the Yakima bakery to Mr. J. Metzger, a newcomer to the city. Mr. Metzger is a baker of much experience, and will no doubt give satisfaction to his patrons.

M. V. B. Stacy will arrive in Yakima in a few days on a visit. He recently returned from the east, where he has been figuring on some big scheme.

Ex-City Attorney F. H. Rodkin has commenced suit against the city for \$99.99 claimed to be due for extra services.

ANOTHER FLOWING ARTESIAN WELL.

The Little Notary Is a Success—Water is Struck at a Depth of Eight Hundred Feet.

Mr. W. T. Clark arrived in town, on Tuesday, from the Moxee, with the very welcome news that flowing water had just been struck in the rotary well at a depth of 830 feet. The artesian well-borers had not been very cheerful of late, and long faces had taken the places of those of hopeful expectancy. The wells of the Yakima Land company had been favorably located, and fears were freely expressed that spouting wells would not be realized on the higher lands, notwithstanding the statements of the government geologists that the artesian basin in that neighborhood was perfect.

The rotary, or "whirligig," as it has been facetiously dubbed, is a horse-power machine that was started to work on Moxee lands of higher altitude than had been previously tried. The machine was the invention of one of the company operating it, and has been looked upon as a very good, light-draft machine that was especially valuable for prospecting, as the cost of operating it is not very great; but the general belief has been that it was not heavy enough to go down north over 500 feet. It has shown its worth, however, and at a depth of 803 feet the eyes of the operators were gladdened by the sight of a bubbling stream of 10,000 gallons per day capacity, which is constantly increased as a greater depth is attained.

The diameter of the well is small, but from the force of the water, the drill still being in the rock, it is expected that a very powerful and strong volume will be re-holed once this rock is pierced. The water is of a much higher temperature than that of the other wells, being almost too warm to drink when it first comes from Mother Earth. It is with great satisfaction that THE HERALD is enabled to chronicle the success of this well, as it takes the irrigation of the arid lands out of the speculative province, and is strong presumptive evidence that the artesian basin extends generally throughout the Yakima country. Mr. Clark informs THE HERALD that notwithstanding the reports to the contrary no casing has been used in the well. This seems hardly credible to those who know the nature of this soil, but if wells can be put down without casing a large factor of the cost, on which all have figured is saved.

DISBARMENT OF EX-LAND OFFICERS.

They Cannot Practice Before Land Courts Until They are Out of Office for Two Years.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR, GENERAL LAND OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C., APRIL 9, 1922.

Registers and receivers of the United States land offices. Gentlemen.—Section 190 of the Revised Statutes of the United States reads as follows, viz:

"Sec. 190. It shall not be lawful for any person appointed after the first day of June, one thousand eight hundred and seventy-two, as an officer, clerk or employee in any of the departments, to act as a surveyor, attorney, or agent for procuring any such claim within two years next after he shall have ceased to be such officer, clerk or employee."

In connection therewith, I wish to call your attention to the decision of the honorable secretary of the interior of July 10, 1890, in the case of Sharit vs. Wood, 11 L. D. 25, holding that said section applies to your office. You will carefully consider the same, and apply its principles in your practice. Very respectfully, THOS. H. CARTER, Commissioner.

Approved: JOHN W. NOBLE, Secretary.

Sam Hill and Lee Price, colored, and Mrs. Jackson, white, were up before Justice Gardner, Wednesday, for disorderly conduct and keeping a disorderly house. They were each fined \$10 and costs, but owing to the woman having three small children to support, her fine was suspended under good conduct.

An application for a second leave of absence from honested W. Rock. Several homesteaders were attending the action of the commissioner in this case.

Memorial services will be held at Mason's opera-house on Sunday, May 29th, at 2 p. m. Rev. Charles Davis will officiate.

G. M. McKinney, Harry Coonse and Henry H. Lombard have filed desert claims on the Columbia, and a load of homesteaders are out in that region.

Tom Griffith, one of the proprietors of the Gold City townsite, and an old-time Yakimite, is spending a few days in the city.

The contest of the N. P. R. E. vs. Wm. T. Montgomery, of Kittitas county, is on at the land office.

The Armstrong contest against the Livesley timber culture was heard Monday and Tuesday.

Advertised Letter List.

Letters uncalled for at the postoffice at North Yakima for the week ending May 21, 1922:

- Beam, James A. Barley, James H. Carlson, J. E. Dickerson, W. D. Guilliams, Louis Gildes, Arthur Harker, Henry Hanson, John Jordan, F. E. McNeil, E. Moore, Thomas Morten, L. A. Meller, Robert Mc-Gongon, Dr. Chas Farmer, Milton Rutt, A. B. Dornmeyer, Dr. O. F. Stone, Charles A. Sney F. D. Wilson, Earl Williams, Miss Belle

Persons calling for any of the above letters please give the date on which advertised. ROBERT DEXA, P. M.

"Sour Grapes."

The envy shown by other baking powder manufacturers of the great prestige of the Royal Baking Powder is not at all surprising.

For thirty years the Royal has been the standard for purity and strength in baking powders. It has been placed at the head by every board of official examiners—whether State or National. The Royal Baking Powder Company controls its own cream of tartar factory and the processes of making the only absolutely pure cream of tartar. It sends its product to millions of homes all over the world, supplies the Army and Navy, the great transatlantic steamers, the finest hotels and restaurants, and is recommended by the best chefs and authorities on cuisine in every land. Its output is larger than that of all other cream of tartar baking powders combined; it has more friends among housekeepers than any other similar article.

These facts are bitterness to the makers of inferior baking powders; hence their advertisements, filled with malice, envy and falsehood, against the Royal.

Consumers recognize a case of "sour grapes."

There was a fair attendance at the meeting of the Hop Growers' association on Saturday last. Messrs. Benton, White and J. P. Carpenter were appointed a committee to investigate the size of the boxes and see that they were uniform; and Messrs. Wood, Ker and Charles Carpenter to draw up an amendment to the constitution. The meeting was then adjourned until next Saturday afternoon, May 21st, when it is hoped that all growers will be present at Mason's opera-house.

TO HOP GROWERS. The improved Mc-Cab hop press is the best press on the market. It is strong and durable, and always gives satisfaction. Place your orders early. S. J. Lowe, Agent for Yakima county.

Billiardists, give attention! the billiard table at Shallow & McDaniel's has been completely overhauled and is now as good as when it came from the factory, for it not only has been newly covered but a splendid set of genuine ivory balls have been purchased. A game of billiards and a glass of Pabst Milwaukee beer is a pleasant way to spend an evening and these are inducements which Messrs Shallow & McDaniel have to offer.

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

H. L. Walen, the shoemaker, has bought out the Trayner stock of boots, shoes and tools, and is prepared to give the public the best of satisfaction.

Every sack of Victor flour is now warranted; ask your grocer for it. The Victor flour is 50 per cent better than last winter, and the price is lower than any other brand.

H. J. Sively and Sheriff Simmons are in attendance upon U. S. court at Walla Walla.

If you order Victor flour, see that you get it. Every sack is stamped VICTOR, and warranted to be the best in the market.

J. C. Crome, representing Palmer & Rey, Portland, was in town Wednesday.

New line of Broadhead dress goods just received at Ditter's.

W. A. Bull, W. H. McEwen and Amasa Randall were in the city Thursday.

A nice line of gentlemen's overshirts, underwear and hosiery at Ditters. Albert Saylor left Thursday for Montebello.

The nicest line of ladies' underwear at Ditter's.

Table linens and napkins, latest patterns, at Ditter's.

Suspenders at cost at Ditter's.

Theological Item.

Texas Siftings: A negro preacher described hell as ice cold, where the wicked freeze to all eternity. Asked why, he said: "Cause I don't dare tell de people nuffin else. Why, if I say hell is warm some of dem old rheumatic niggers will be wantin' to start down dar de very fast frost."

FECHTER & ROSS

SPACE.

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

BARGAINS IN MOXEE 80 ACRES IN THE MOXEE VALLEY, \$2,000. It will pay buyers to investigate this.

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

Bargains Miscellaneous These ARE AT PROPOSITIONS and will bear a close investigation.

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

Bargains in N. P. Lands Large AND SMALL Tracts in all parts of Yakima County.

AGENTS FOR

Lombard Investment Co.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

N. P. and Selah Valley Lands.

FECHTER & ROSS

Opp. Yakima National Bank.

J. J. Carpenter's

Double Store

Yakima Ave

If Christopher Columbus was alive to-day and called at J. J. Carpenter's he might make a discovery quite as important in its way as was his memorable find of 1492—four hundred years ago. He would discover one of the largest and best stocks of MEN'S, LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S Footwear ever brought to the Northwest. He would also discover that the Celebrated

Rock Bottom Shoe!

One of the best shoes made for Workmen's wear, is here sold for \$2.50 while everywhere else the price is \$3.00. Remember, if you want a good article and at a low price call at

CARPENTER'S

BIG DOUBLE STORE, YAKIMA AVENUE, NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Men and Boys' Clothing.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR

SNELLING & MAHER,

Hardware Dealers,

SUCCESSORS TO LIVESLEY & SON.

Eshelman Bros.,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

Abstracters and Loan Agents.

NORTH - YAKIMA - WASH.

INSIST ON HAVING

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder,

TAKE NO OTHER.

It Contains Neither Alum, Ammonia, or Any Other Adulterant.

Richardson's "Disease of Modern Life"—The action of ammonia on the body is that of an irritant and it tends to hold the blood in a state of fluidity. It also interferes with the process of oxidation of organic matter so that it becomes an antiseptic, and it rapidly decomposes that altoprope condition of oxygen which is called ozone. Thus ammonia present in the atmosphere, daily respired by living beings, is injurious and we see its effects in the pallor and feebleness of many who dwell in houses in the air of which ammonia is always present—houses over stables, for example, or in close proximity to decomposing organic refuse.

Liebig the celebrated chemist, says of alum, that it is very apt to disorder the stomach and to occasion acidity and dyspepsia.

Accidents in Marriage Proposals—Suitsers Who Sometimes Make Captures Without Intending to.

It is only fellows in books and plays who propose. So a man of society assured me. "In real life," he said, a fellow seldom out and out proposes. He says something or does something, and she puts her arms around his neck and says "yes," and that settles it. Girls always think you propose, I know, but you don't. Sometimes you don't even mean to. The first girl I got myself tied up to that way was just "coming out." I had petted and teased her a good deal in her school days, and one night I called to see her dressed out for her big ball. I went into the parlor and waited, talking with the old gentleman. I didn't have any too much time though, and the old gentleman went to hurry her up. In a few minutes there was a rattle and a tinkle, and in she slid. She was a vision; all the more so because I had always seen her and thought of her in everyday schoolgirl rig. She stood almost trembling, while I stared. Then she said in a shaky, disappointed way, "Don't you like me?"

"Don't I like you? Don't I love you?" said I, taking both her hands and pulling her forward to see the trolley better. Then she put her arms about my neck and said "Oh, John!" and there I was. Of course it didn't turn out so badly. I was noble and wouldn't blind her to an engagement and all that, and of course before the season was half over she jilted me entirely.

"There was another little woman, a little married woman. I had taken her to balls and things all season. Nice, comely little thing she was. Her husband had been the usual "brute," and she didn't live with him, but wasn't divorced, and I had that kind of safe, comfortable feeling with her that a man can have when not expected to propose. This had been going on for a year or more, when one night at a ball I took her into the garden. She was looking stunning, and of course when we got to talking love and poetry, and all that, and I called her "little one" or something. She turned awful quiet for a moment, and then looked at me in that quick, wide-eyed way women have when they are going to spring something. "John," said she, "I have something to tell you—a surprise. Now I hate surprises, especially women's surprises. I made up my mind that the old man was coming back and that all our good times were over, but I managed to say 'What is it?'"

"She twined her fingers together and went on: "I—I applied for a divorce a few months ago, and I—I got it yesterday—and—"

"This was worse than the other, and I said dismally enough, "And you're going to marry some fellow, I suppose." "Then she said: "Oh, John!" and put her arms around my neck, and there I was again.

"I almost thought I would stay there, she was such a nice little person. At any rate I let things alone. She herself didn't want an engagement so soon, and it wasn't long after that she came to me and cried, and said she knew she had been cruel, but—"

"Somebody else, of course. I knew too much not to rave and tare and say I'd shoot him, and it ended in her stamping her little feet and calling me a brute, and marrying the fellow the next day. Some things are done on the stage so much that you'd think a fellow would never do it himself, but one does.

"Every man is caught at least once through asking one woman's advice about another. First woman thinks herself the object of your solicitude, and it is "Oh, John!" again. In spite of the many times a man will get himself caught when he does not mean it and does not want it, he usually finds it mighty hard to convey his ideas of things to the one girl that puts him into that state of mind. The first girl of that kind I met I was at for nearly eight months. At last a wedding did it—another fellow's wedding. I said, "Ethel, when shall we be married?" and she said "Hust, John, in church!" and I said, "Right you are, in church; but when?" "We weren't married though. Oh, no; a fellow does not marry every girl he wants to by any means. My own wife? Oh, that was different. Come, now, one does not talk of the real thing, you know."

The Secret of Popularity.

A man who was a candidate for a certain political office was beaten at the polls by one whom we will designate as Brown. The next day the defeated candidate strolled into a saloon where he owed a considerable bill, and with an air of deep dejection called for a toddy. After drinking it he remarked to the bar-keeper:

"Don't you feel sorry that I was defeated yesterday?"

"Not a blamed bit," replied the vivacious saloon-keeper.

"But don't you see, if I had been elected I could have paid my bill; but now you will have to wait a spell."

"Yes, that's all right enough," said the saloon-keeper; "but if you had been elected, Brown, who ran against you, would have been defeated, and Brown owes me twice as big a bill as yours."

"Great heavens! can this be true? Alas, too late I have discovered the secret of Brown's popularity! He probably owes all the saloons and everybody in town, and they are all anxious for their pay. Give me another toddy. I'll try and make up for lost time, and when the next election comes I will be neck and neck with him, if not a little ahead."

—Take This Herald and keep posted.

D. P. BALLARD AN APOSTLE OF IRRIGATION.

He Tramps Through New Mexico and Arizona, and is Now on His Way East.

Irrigation Age: He was one of the pioneers of Yakima, in the state of Washington, and so he announced himself when he walked into the office of the Irrigation Age, in this city, last week. He wore a "faded coat of blue" and a pair of "steel riveted" overalls, and by way of explanation stated that he had been wandering through the sand-swept lands of New Mexico and Arizona. Irrigation was his hobby, and irrigation was a topic about which he knew a thing or two.

The man was D. P. Ballard, attorney by profession and all-around talker by reputation. He has been examining the irrigation enterprises of California, and took a run through New Mexico and Arizona to post himself on the situation in those territories.

The Dance of the Day.

The girl of the period has grown recklessly independent. Now the independent young damsel has all at once taken it into her head to take a very big step again in the direction of what she is pleased to call equality. What until quite recently was a ball or a dance without dancing men? A failure, and a thing of which a hostess stood in greater dread than of failure of the piece de resistance at the dinner or supper table. The dancing man knew his value, and tried to augment it by giving himself the air of a martyr when entering a ball room; the girl suffered him for awhile in this character, and then—since she has grown so very energetic and independent—determined to do without him.

Now she gives a skirt dance or a minuet with a beautiful impartiality that deserves admiration, and the men may admire or stay away as they please; it is immaterial to the girls. Girls dance after a dinner party as formerly they gave a song. You see, the style of dress with a train does beautifully for a minuet, and the umbrella shaped skirt of this season is just the right thing for skirt dancing.

It must be twelve yards wide, so that it can be gracefully taken up by the dancer, but as fashions go that is no extraordinary width.

It is not only the daring few who have broken by some convulsion of nature and the waters of the vast lake began to find their way to the sea, the Columbia was born. In the ages which have passed since then this stream and the Snake river have cut their way from the surface of the earth to a depth, in some instances, of 200 feet or more, and the highlands thus left have become the arid regions of the northwest. The richness of this soil is in a great degree due to the sediment which was deposited in the ancient lake.

Queer Things from the Orient.

The rajah of India, who likes showy things, has had made a furniture set all of glass. Glass bedsteads and chairs, huge glass sideboards and other articles of domestic use.

The emperor of China does not stir out much in wet weather. This is due in part to the fact that it takes ten men to carry his umbrella, and it is difficult to get them away from the fan tan table all at once.

Japanese auctions are silent. Each bidder writes his name and bid on a slip of paper, which he places in a box. The box is opened by the auctioneer and the goods declared the property of the highest bidder.

A Japanese soldier has invented a gun which enables the possessor to send "a cloud of blinding dust" into the eyes of a foe at a distance of twelve feet. It is said that the poor "fog" is thereby absolutely deprived of sight, and therefore, of course, at the mercy of his assailant.

9100 Reward \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease requires a constitutional remedy. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer one hundred dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CUREY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c. 15-1mo

THE GEOLOGY OF YAKIMA.

The Great Lake Beds of Prehistoric Days Now Being Investigated.

The History of the Glacial Period, the Volcanic Disturbances and Succeeding Ages Will Be Translated.

The investigations now being made in the Yakima valley by Professor Israel C. Russell, of the United States geological survey, promise to be productive of interesting knowledge concerning the ancient history and formation of that region.

While the fact was long ago established that the entire section lying north of the Blue mountains and between the Cascades and the Rocky mountains formed, in prehistoric days, the bed of one of the great lakes, which at that time almost entirely covered the western portion of the American continent, no authorized exploration of the ancient lake bed or careful classification of its fossils has ever before been attempted, and it is small wonder that Professor Russell now finds it a most interesting field, and the knowledge he gains from the closed leaves of nature's book is the most valuable to scientists.

The time of this lake dates back to the younger days of the world, when the great basin, including Utah and Nevada, was covered with a vast body of fresh water; when the valley of Oregon and California formed the beds of immense sweet water lakes; when the mighty Colorado river had not yet carved out its awe-inspiring canyons, but flowed majestically along over a fertile plateau; when the Snake and Columbia rivers had not been formed, and when the shores of all of these lakes were covered with a rank growth of semi-tropical vegetation, and inhabited by monstrous animals unknown to mankind except through their fossil remains.

Afterward, through the long centuries of the glacial period, which crept down from the north, destroying vegetation and driving animal life farther to the southward, these waters were transformed into vast icefields, but the records left by former ages were not destroyed. After the lapse of further centuries, when the lakes had been released from their icy bondage, alternate seasons of volcanic disturbance and ages of peace left their records in the layers of ashes and lava and fertile sediment found in the now dry beds of the ancient lakes. The history of the succeeding ages is here plainly written, needing only the help of scientists to translate its meaning to the world at large.

The field which Professor Russell is now exploring is rich in the records left of ancient ages. The vegetation was extremely luxuriant and the animals were numerous, although there were not so many as visited farther south.

When the great mountain barrier was broken by some convulsion of nature and the waters of the vast lake began to find their way to the sea, the Columbia was born. In the ages which have passed since then this stream and the Snake river have cut their way from the surface of the earth to a depth, in some instances, of 200 feet or more, and the highlands thus left have become the arid regions of the northwest. The richness of this soil is in a great degree due to the sediment which was deposited in the ancient lake.

Hints for the Housewife.

Peroxide of hydrogen diluted with ammonia will bleach the hair.

Scorched spots may be removed from cotton or linen by rubbing well with chlorine water.

Arise, wine, or fruits may be extracted by first being moistened with ammonia, then washed in chlorine water.

To remove brown spots from black fabrics, pour spirits of ammonia on the spot, drop by drop, and rub gently round and round with the finger.

For sore throat, beat the white of an egg stiff, with all the sugar it will hold, and the juice of one lemon.

For chafing, try fuller's earth pulverized; moisten the surface first when applying it. Oxide of zinc ointment is also excellent.

A good dentifrice is made of two ounces of pulverized borax, four ounces of precipitated chalk, and two ounces of pulverized castile soap.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flaxseed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy, and the juice of three lemons. Mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

A remedy for a cold in the head which is highly indorsed is: Trinitrate of bismuth, six drachms; pulverized gum arabic, two drachms, and hydrochlorate of morphia, two grains. This is used as a snuff, creates no pain, and causes the entire disappearance of the symptoms in a few hours.

For burns, make a paste of lard and flour and bind on the burn with soft linen, or stir lime water and sweet oil to a cream and apply.

Take Notice.

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

Wanted.

100,000 pounds of onions. Apply to R. Sampson, N. P. depot. 7-4f

SOME RULING FASHIONS AND FANCIES.

The Corset Bodice—Dresses for the Women Who Go Fishing—The Summer Girl's Friend.

The corset bodice that is seen among so many of the new gowns for the house is also seen among trim tailor-made costumes for the seaside and the country. Many of the corsets fasten on the left side and are worn above gimpes, full at the top when becoming or laid flat and prettily trimmed. It fits the figure much as a corse does, and is shapely pointed or bluntly rounded. At the top it arches to a point, front and back, and curves deeply below the arms. The back part has generally the same number of seams as a waist proper, but the fronts are drawn smoothly over the lining and shaped by a single seam down the middle. Bodices of this style are made of almost every sort of summer fabric, and they are equally effective in pink silk or pink chambray, in satin brocade or zephyr gingham, in velvet, velveting or faille.

A large number of women will be interested in the light surah sunshades in silver gray and fawn, and which match the silk dust-coats for country driving or walking. Fishing dresses begin to be exhibited, but it seldom happens that the woman who knows enough about fishing to catch anything wears one of them. Nevertheless a pale brown house-pony would be on a river-bank, even if its wearer read a novel instead of baiting her hook, very effective. Faint lines of pale blue and white check the materials, and the dress is made with a plain short skirt, box-plated behind, with buttons low the middle of the waistcoat, and with a smart jacket turned back with rivets.

In addition to the many bright colored zows there is a tendency towards the always stylish and becoming black toilettes relieved by a little dash of color here and there. Green and blue have usurped the place of the servicable black lace costumes and these come in dotted serpentine stripes and broadened ribbon effects. They must be made up over colored silk of changeable tints. Jet, gold galloon and jeweled passementerie and lace form the decorations which are confined exclusively to the bodices. The most popular mode in these dresses is the round bodice gathered over a tight lining, high puffed sleeves and having flounces of lace about the straight, long skirt. A vest of white gingham, laid over gold colored silk and dotted with jet cabochons or a waistcoat of gold brocade makes a striking finish for some of the more ambitious confections in the procession. With these dainty costumes may be carried a black crepe de chine handkerchief, finished with a frill of French lace and having French lace butterflies applied in each corner.

There's a good deal of color in the new shirt blouses, and black and yellow stripes seem to be a favorite combination. Both blonde and brunette fancy they look well in such a mingling of darkness and brightness, though if an impartial verdict were rendered scarlet and cream, dark blue and cream, pale blue and ecru and black and cream are more generally becoming. White lawn blouses, delicately embroidered, are worn either inside or outside the skirt, and are varied by pink, cardinal, gray and sky-blue cambric blouses, which would gratify both the aesthetic sense and the sense of comfort more complete if they weren't afflicted with collars of such elevation. Roll collars, however, with searching, may be found. For garden parties and for summer fetes of all descriptions the lace frocks that do so abound are covered with ribbons. One of the most striking of those furnished this week is hung with fine black Chantilly over black silk, the skirt laid off in great sharp-pointed diamonds by a lattice work of narrow black velvet ribbons edged with stripes of white satin. A deep lace flounce finishes the bodice, which is cut with a low pointed corseage with interlacing ribbons. Long ribbon knot in a rosette bow between the shoulders at the back and hang in streamers.

The summer girl's best friend is her veil. To be sure, there is something charmingly rough and ready about the toss of curly hair, a couple of red cheeks, and a jaunty sailor hat; and a veil seems hardly to match these; but, oh! let the summer girl be wise. There are few wows of curly hair does not owe its link to the tongs, and the first few breezes turn the curly crop into nothing but toss, and that chiefly scraggle. Few "roses" can stand a day's outing without spreading towards the nose and growing a little spotty. A veil of rather rough net, with dots besprinkled generously, will keep the hair and hat in place, protect the peachy skin, or at least conceal the effects of wind and shine. By all means, then, the veil. It may come off for luncheon, of course, and a hasty and perhaps surreptitious dab of powder, smoothed over by a subsequent rub of palm or handkerchief makes one seem fresh, blooming, and quite in trim to admire a veinless friend, who is all bedraggled and shiny, and to say how we wish we could do it. A fan and a hatrim may serve, like a veil, to protect the complexion as our first girl is doing.

"The flowers that bloom in the spring" are not more vigorous than those persons who purify their blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The famed Elixir Vitæ could scarcely impart greater vivacity to the countenance than this wonderful medicine.

For Accommodation of Sunbathers.

N. H. Little has opened a grocery and general merchandising stock at Toppsish, and also carries a line of lumber, building material and fence posts. Teams furnished for delivering goods in the Sunnyside country. 6-4f

Since it is now a well established fact that catarrh is a blood disease, medical men are quite generally prescribing Ayer's Sarsaparilla for that most intractable complaint, and the result, in almost every instance, proves the wisdom of their advice.



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

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

STOVES -- AND -- TINWARE

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

Oliver Plows, Best on Earth

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

THE - CELEBRATED - BAIN - WAGON

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

Corner Yakima Avenue and First Streets, North Yakima, Washington

Lombard & Horsley, M. G. WILLS'

SALOON,

New Beck Block, Yakima Ave.



Furniture, Carpet, Wall Paper, Picture Frames

SYNDICATE BLOCK.

FRANK B. SHARDLOW. JEFF D. MCDANIEL

Shardlow and McDaniel,

Fine Wines, Liquors.

Imported & Domestic Cigars.

FINE BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.

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

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jesse Moore Kentucky Whiskies



CITY MARKET,

(TELEPHONE NO. 38).

ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALT MEATS, GRAIN-FED PORK, LIVERWORT AND SAUSAGES.

Orders taken at Residences and Delivered Free of Charge. GEO. CARPENTER.

BUCKLEY LUMBER CO.,

(SUCCESSORS TO C. W. HENRY & CO.).

DEALERS IN

ALL GRADES OF ROUGH AND DRESSED LUMBER, Sash, Doors, Lath, Shingles, Etc.

Lumber Exchanged for Hay.

A. E. LARSON, Manager.

A Full Supply of Lime, Cement, Hair and Building Paper.

ED. F. WHITE,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR!

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

Full Line Cheviots Just Received

PRICES REASONABLE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ED. F. WHITE, Yakima Avenue North Yakima.

Crippen, Lawrence & Co.,

FARM AND CITY LOANS.

IRRIGATION PUMPS.

SYNDICATE BUILDING, -- NORTH YAKIMA

Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Are always to be had at his Bar.

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

Club Rooms

Where customers so disposed can retire in seclusion for a sociable time, "far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife."

Drop in and "Smile!"

REMEMBER

If you want the sweetest sweets the market affords, go to

The Yakima Candy Factory

Come every day and give us a call and be convinced that we carry the choicest stock of confections in the city.

Fresh Candy Made Daily

We also carry a full line of Domestic and Tropical Fruits, and what tops the climax is our Specialty—

Ice Cream and Cream Soda!

Pronounced by all to be truly delicious.

Private Parlors for Ladies and Escorts

HERKE & GADMON.

Do You Want a Good Meal?

IF SO, CALL ON

Kay & Lucy, RESTAURATEURS

(FORMERLY STEINER'S).

The excellent reputation of this Restaurant is being maintained by the present proprietors.

MEALS 25 AND 50 CENTS.

Open all Hours, Day and Night.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

E. E. JAMES,

THE PHOTOGRAPHER,

WHO WILL OPEN A GALLERY

IN YAKIMA

IN A WEEK OR TWO.



J. J. CARPENTER'S.

THE GOLD PIECE.

Along the shining shore close to where the waves dashed and broke into long undulating lines of foam a little boy was gleefully rolling a yellow gold piece upon the pale yellow of the sand.

A look of chagrin darkened his jubilant face. He wondered what had become of his money. Perhaps it had slipped into a crevice of the jutting rock that sprang from the bluff overhead.

The sunlight grew dim, and a tall man, whose figure resembled a silhouette drawn on the pale forget-me-not sky, approached from the other end of the beach.

"Well, my little man, what is the matter?" he asked.

"I've lost my gold piece," he answered.

"How was that?" inquired the man, interested.

"Why, it was rolling it along the sand, and all at once it was gone. I shall be punished for losing it," and he sobbed afresh.

"The man came a step nearer. 'Was it your own? Did it belong to you?'"

"Yes, today is my birthday and my grandmother gave it to me."

"Poor little chap," said the lame man kindly. "Let me help you look for it."

He began without delay to search in the wet sand and among the pebbles, the boy, his small body bent almost double, following him with eyes riveted upon the ground.

"There's no use looking," he said. "It is lost; you will never find it."

"The boy's mouth quivered, his breath came in gasps. 'Perhaps if I came tomorrow with my goggles we might find it,' he replied; but there was hopelessness in his tone."

"Are you staying at the hotel?" asked the fisherman, looking dreamily at the sea.

"Yes, and I must go home now," with a sigh: "I promised not to stay after sunset, and the sun is nearly gone."

"Do you think the gold piece could have been washed away by a wave?"

"Possibly."

"I only took my eyes off of it for a moment. It was spinning along like a little golden wheel and then—well, I will come back tomorrow early in the morning and see if I can find it."

Still the man made no answer. All the light had shifted from his figure and the silver scales of the fish had turned to gray.

"Goodby," said the boy. Then, as an afterthought, "What is your name?"

"Caspar—they call me Lame Caspar because of this," and he pointed solemnly to his right leg.

"Well, I thank you for helping me to look for my gold piece, Lame Caspar," said the boy; and he turned away with a little choking sob and began to ascend the steps that led in winding curves up the cliffs.

He glanced back when he reached the top and saw Lame Caspar walking slowly on, his string of fish over his shoulder, his head bent forward. He did not walk far, however. By and by he stopped, and wheeling about on his lame leg, retraced his steps in the direction he had come. He crept to the everhanging rocks that now cast great purple shadows on the sand.

The short lived afternoon was dying and the sky was aflame in the west. Slowly and cautiously the man approached the projecting corner where he had seen the minute yellow speck, and crouching on hands and knees he drew forth the gold piece. Then he stood up and moved away into a deeper shadow farther on.

A thrill of excitement swept over him as he examined what he had found—a gold eagle, polished, heavy and beautiful. He had never seen one before and to his untutored mind it represented untold wealth. A quick ecstasy shot through him as he felt the cold surface of the metal on his rough palm, and he began to think of what it would buy—a whole winter's store of tobacco and bacon, or else a new pea-jacket and fresh fishing tackle. He was in luck for once! Fortune had smiled on him.

"Hallo!" cried a voice, rudely interrupting his reverie. "What's that you've got?"

Caspar started in affright and a horrible sense of guilt overcame him. He shook like an aspen leaf until his dazed senses discovered what had spotted them. His fear left him and he grew angry and defiant. A fellow fisherman with a string of fish and a net stood beside him, having approached unperceived from behind the crags.

"What's that you've got?" repeated the newcomer.

Caspar's hand closed over the gold piece like a vise. "Nothing," he retorted.

"But I saw it. It was gold. Does gold grow in the sand or on the rocks?" and he laughed coarsely.

Caspar hesitated. He knew it would be useless to attempt any denial, so he replied indifferently: "I sold some fish to a lady and she paid me for them. Now are you satisfied?" and he frowned darkly.

"What luck?" exclaimed the other. "I wish she'd bought me!" Then he added, with a tinge of suspicion, "Did she carry them herself?"

"No, she had a servant," answered Caspar angrily. He did not wish to prolong the conversation, so he turned away, remarking, "Good night," in a surly accent.

"But you'll treat first?" called the other after him. "I'm chilled to the bone."

"No, let me alone; I've something to do at home," and he strode on.

"You'll give all the lads a drop at The Bull tonight, anyway?" cried the man.

"When one has such luck as that he doesn't forget his friends. I'll tell the lads to expect you."

Lame Caspar's anger arose. He muttered on oath as he limped on in the darkening twilight. Treat! Not! He meant to keep the gold piece for himself. It was hard, indeed, if a man couldn't keep what belonged to him.

"But it doesn't belong to you," a voice seemed to cry within him. "It belongs to the golden haired boy." Caspar turned to see if any one was following him. He saw nobody, yet a peculiar dread possessed him. When he reached his hut, on the outskirts of the settlement, he carefully bolted the door before he lighted the candle that he stuck into the neck of a bottle.

He sat down by the rickety old table and examined the gold piece leisurely. It scintillated in the dim, red candle light like a living thing. He was afraid to sit there holding it in his hand for any length of time. It had already been discovered in his possession and soon the whole village would know of it. Possibly the news might spread to the little boy's ears, and then—

As this thought occurred to him his fingers trembled so violently that the gold piece fell clattering on the table. He began to regret that he had not given it to the boy, but it was too late now, and besides he wanted it. He loved to look at it. It was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen; but he must hide it away somewhere—hide it until he made up his mind to spend it. He therefore placed it in a cup and locked the cup in a closet. After this he cooked his supper and went to bed.

Through his fevered dreams all night long brilliant showers of gold danced and twisted themselves into fantastic shapes. Sometimes they seemed to fall from an immense height and threaten to crush him beneath their weight, and he cried out in desperate terror. His rest was broken and frightful visions assailed him. Once or twice the face of a golden haired boy rose before him alternately wreathed in smiles and bathed in tears.

With the advent of the dawn Lame Caspar awoke, troubled and unrefreshed. As he walked to his boat, that was moored some distance away, a woman's fresh voice called to him from a window: "Good morning, Caspar. I hear that you have a gold piece that a lady gave you for a few fish. What luck?"

He stopped short and scowled back at her. "Well, what of it?" he snapped. "I've a right to my own, I suppose."

"Nobody said you hadn't, but the lads seemed to think you might treat for once. They waited for you at The Bull last night and were vexed because you didn't come. Are you going to treat tonight?"

"No!" he answered and passed on out of sight into the dull tinted morning.

All day, sitting among his nets and tackle, he reflected upon what he had done and the possible result. It would be silly in the extreme to keep the gold piece forever in the cupboard when he stood in need of so many things. Still he did not feel like spending it immediately. A superstitious dread overcame him whenever he contemplated parting with it.

Generally speaking, he was a successful fisherman, but today he got scarcely anything, and he carried home in the evening tired and out of temper. Upon one point his mind was made up. He would not go near the tavern. He resented being pressed to spend the money in drink. But the other fishermen, when they found he did not come, sent a delegation to his house. About six men rapped loudly on the door, more in spirit of mischief than downright vexation, but it was sufficient to rouse Lame Caspar to furious opposition.

"What do you want?" he shouted, flinging the door wide open and confronting them with fierce hostility depicted on every line of his countenance.

"We want you to treat. Aren't you coming to The Bull?"

"No; I'm sick. Go away and let me alone." And he tried to shut the door. But the men resisted the action. Sick, nonsense!" cried one. "What's come over you, man? Have you turned miser?"

"Let's see your gold piece anyway," said another. "We never get such things. Let's see what it looks like," and he tried to force his way into the cabin.

"Yes, let's see the gold piece!" shouted the others in a chorus. But Caspar's features grew livid with passion. He strode forward with clinched fist.

"Out of here every mother's son of ye!" he shouted. "I'll not spend a penny to make ye more drunken than ye are. Out of here, I say!"

The men drew back surprised at this strange outburst. For a moment no one spoke. Then one said, with slow deliberation: "Come away, lads, come away! From the way he talks it looks as if he'd stolen the money instead of coming honestly by it. One would think he was a thief afraid of being found out."

With a stifled exclamation Caspar raised his hand to strike the speaker a blow. But his uplifted arm dropped as though stricken with palsy. His face whitened. He turned away with a groan and sat down.

"Come, mates," cried another voice, and the men vanished in the darkness.

How long he remained sitting, Lame Caspar did not know. But long after, when he looked up into the obscurity and silence, the word "Thief!" rang through his brain like the clashing of discordant bells. He a thief? Yes, he had stolen the gold piece. He was a thief!

He did not go fishing on the following day. A sudden resolve had come to him. He would clear his conscience by finding the little boy and returning the money. He did not mean to confess his guilt. He could not bring himself to such a humiliating avowal. He would say he had found the gold piece accidentally.

Toward noon he clambered up the steep pathway leading to the hotel on the cliff. He trembled with nervousness as he neared the great white building, with its stiring flags making spots of vivid color against the pine groves beyond. He glanced eagerly about among the groups of people who were seated on the veranda, but he could not distinguish any one resembling the little boy. Then he went inside and, hardly able to control his voice, put a few timid questions to the clerk, who eyed him suspiciously.

"A little boy, with eyes colored like the sea, and bright hair that floated on his shoulders—where was he?" "His name?" the clerk inquired in a businesslike way.

"I don't know his name, but I want to find him. It is—is it something important?"

The clerk reflected a moment, then shook his head. Yes, there had been a little boy answering to that description in the hotel, but he had gone away with his parents the day before. Where? Ah, that he did not know.

Tears sprang into Lame Caspar's eyes. Horribly disappointed, he moved away and mechanically descended the sunlit cliffs to the shore. What should he do now? The gold piece carried with it a curse—a curse from which he would never free himself. His conscience tortured him. His luck had changed. He caught hardly any fish nowadays, and his companions were estranged from him. They looked upon him with distrust and suspicion, and all the while that hideous word, "Thief!" rang in his ears and seemed branded upon his soul.

Weeks passed. He never went near the cupboard where the gold piece lay shining at the bottom of the cup. He was afraid to look at it. Nobody spoke to him and he spoke to no one. He shut himself up in his cabin, and his one thought night and day was how to get rid of the curse that overshadowed him. His superstitious nature grew morbidly sensitive. Often he fancied he was going mad.

The winter came—the severe winter of the north. Lame Caspar was lashed by itself into glittering snow. The great bluff was carpeted with snow and the sky was gray. Lame Caspar became a hermit. When he did go out it was early, so that no one could see him, and he returned only when night had fallen. The gold piece haunted him as might some frightful specter. It was as though the cupboard convulsed and gripped him that he dared not face. In the village the people tapped their foreheads significantly.

"He is crazy," they said. "Better not go near him or he may do harm." So they let him alone.

Gradually the situation became so intolerable that Lame Caspar concluded he must end it or else put an end to himself. He began to devise ways and means. By and by he thought of a plan and resolved to carry it out.

One bleak December night, with a terrible sinking of the heart, he unlocked the cupboard, took the gold piece in his hand, and feeling quietly from the house walked to the edge of the cliffs. The moon had burst from behind a cloud and spangled the sea and the snow covered bluff. Caspar had a knife in his pocket; but he had not quite decided to use it.

He wasn't sure whether it would be better to dig a hole and bury the gold piece, or to fling it into the sea and himself after it. Life had no longer any charm or interest for him. He had become a coward and an outcast. He would rather die than live. However, he could do nothing while the moon shone so brightly. He must wait awhile until it hid itself behind another cloud. He paced impatiently to and fro in the frost; night. Then all at once came a loud jingle of sleigh bells and the sound of merry laughter. Lame Caspar started and stood still as a large sleigh drew up almost in front of him and a man jumping out ran to the horses to arrange a suspicious punnet. Voices floated toward the solitary figure on the cliff, and among them was one that caused Caspar's heart almost to stand still, while a great sob rose in his throat.

"It was just here," said a child, childish treble, "that I lost my gold piece—just now here on the shore. Snow—snow—and fisherman came and helped me to look for it—and!" The boy stopped speaking. Then continued in an altered tone: "Why, see that man yonder! What can he be doing there? Something is the matter with him."

In another moment the boy had sprang from the sleigh and had advanced toward Lame Caspar, who stood with outstretched arms in the pale moonlight like one transfixed. Tears were rolling down his weather beaten cheeks and splashed heavily upon the ragged pea-jacket he wore.

"Oh!" cried the child joyfully to his companions. "This is the very man—the nice, kind man who helped me search for my lost gold piece! But," he added, "you are in trouble, Lame Caspar, you are crying! What is the matter? Why are you acting so strangely out here on the cliffs?"

The child's companions, attracted by the intensity of the tones, approached and stood looking from one to the other. Then the tongue in Lame Caspar's breast gave way as though something had snapped. With his utterance still choked by sobs he held the gold piece forth in the argent moonlight and proffered it to the boy, who gave an exultant shout.

"My gold piece! And you found it for me, you found it!" he exclaimed joyously.

For the first time Lame Caspar discovered his voice. "Yes, I—found it, and I went to find you, but you were gone. I kept it, but you were gone. I have had it by me ever since. I have hoped and waited—hoped and waited!"

A man's voice called to the child. "Come, Ralph, the plums is fixed. We must go on."

The child was sober and evidently overcome by a vague emotion. He turned the gold piece over in his hand and cast a lingering look on the semi-crouching form of Lame Caspar, who almost knelt at his feet. Then he said softly:

"Goodby, Lame Caspar, and thank you. I've always prayed for you because you helped me. Good night and goodby."

"God bless you!" cried Caspar in a loud voice. "You have saved me!"

"Saved you from what?" asked the child perplexed.

"Saved me from myself," said the fisherman and bowed his head.

The boy turned away reluctantly. Something in that drooping, sorrowful figure seemed to chain his attention.

"Good night," he whispered once more. "How odd that I should have seen you and got back my gold piece."

"Give it to him again for his honesty," said a gentleman of the party brusquely. "I'll give you another, Ralph. Let the man keep it."

"To be sure!" exclaimed the child, and he offered the nicely found treasure to Caspar, who drew himself up sternly.

"No!" he said, brushing away his tears with a firm hand. "Not for worlds—not for worlds!"

"Come, dear!" said the gentleman to the child dryly.

As they re-entered the sleigh and he cracked the whip the speaker added: "How proud these people are! For myself, I have no patience with their ridiculous independence!"

"Ridiculous, indeed!" replied a lady, and the sleigh glided away, leaving Lame Caspar standing still in the moonlight with a prayer of thankfulness on his lips.—Marquise Clara Lanza in Philadelphia Press.

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