





HERALDINGS.

Born, Sunday, June 19th, to the wife of Ed Lovell, a son.

Mrs. Will White, of Sprague, is in the city visiting her friends and relatives.

Rev. Rufus Chase returned Tuesday from a trip to the Coeur d'Alene country.

Mrs. John A. Stone and daughter are over from the Sound to spend the summer.

George Cary sold this week to Fry & Bruhn 11 1/2 acres west of the city for \$450.

Dell Hiscok has returned from a visit of several weeks with relatives at Tacoma.

Messrs. Katz & Smith have moved to North Yakima and taken offices in the Lowe block.

The celebrated horse race of Dooley vs. Ross resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff after two trials.

W. Walton has returned from Leadville accompanied by his family and will hereafter make Yakima his home.

Services at the Episcopal church Sunday morning at 11 and evening at 8. The rector will preach at both services.

You can save 20 per cent on boots and shoes and get leather and not paper goods, at Schott the Shoe Man's. 21st.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Redman were married on Friday evening last by the Yakima band, in honor of their marriage.

A. P. Sharpstein, ex-mayor of Anacortes, spent a couple of days in the city this week looking after some business at the land office.

Phil Stanton returned from Salem, Tuesday. He arrived there too late to see his father in life, dissolution being very sudden.

Have just received the largest and most complete stock of shoes ever received in this city at prices lower than ever. Schott the Shoe Man. 21st.

Ladies fine shoes in B, C, D, E, EE widths in hand-turned, and handwelt, in common sense and opera lasts. Come and see them at Schott the Shoe Man's.

Matt Bartholet, representing the Yakima Mining & Milling company, will leave this week for the Okanogan district accompanied by Emil Schanno, Janes Baxter, W. Z. York and several others.

The election of non-commissioned officers of Company E was held Monday evening. George Rodman was elected first sergeant, and the corporals were Curtis Greene, John Curry, O. V. Gammon and Harry Robinson.

Allan Satwell, the Indian convicted of manslaughter and held in the county jail awaiting the hearing of a motion for a new trial before the supreme court, is dying of consumption. Deputy Dilley says he can not last long under confinement.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Hubbard returned on Monday from a three months' trip through California, Missouri and Illinois. They were accompanied home by their niece, Miss Carrie Vickroy, of Missouri, who will remain here during the summer.

Mr. E. James, the photographer, has completed his new building on Front street and is now prepared to attend to all work in the photographic line and guarantee to give complete satisfaction. His advertising announcement will be found in this issue of THE HERALD.

The population of the Yakima City precinct has reached such a figure that voters will hereafter be required to register. Mr. Walter Gervais is the city clerk, and the books are now open at his office and will be kept open until ten days before the general election, November 7th.

Born, Sunday, June 19th, to the wife of John G. Boyle, a son. After the happy event Mr. Boyle was heard to mutter, in a moment of abstraction, "For whoever hath, to him shall be given and he shall have more abundance; but whoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath."

Miss Ida Glead, daughter of James Glead of the Natchez, and O. D. Fisher were married Thursday afternoon, June 16th, at the residence of the bride's parents, in the presence of relatives and friends, by Rev. S. H. Cheadle. After the ceremony all present participated in a tempting and bountiful repast.

On Wednesday evening the city council passed an ordinance against gambling which will go into effect on Tuesday of next week. It provides a penalty of from five to three hundred dollars for anyone found guilty of dealing or conducting any gambling game or shall lease any building or room for this purpose. Members of the council say that the ordinance must be strictly enforced or the police department will be held responsible.

At a meeting called at the residence of Captain Klichitst Peter, on the Yakima Indian agency, last Saturday, it was decided to celebrate the Fourth of July with appropriate ceremonies. A committee of arrangements was selected, consisting of White Swan or Joe Swine, Thomas Cox, Judge Hale, Captain Peter, Pe Yell, Show-Kun, Louis Ambrose and Homer James. The celebration will be held at the fort, and the exercises, consisting of speeches, songs and the reading of the Declaration of Independence, will commence the time from 9 a. m. until noon, after which there will be a parade under the direction of the marshal of the day, Captain Peter. Following the parade there will be a barbecue, and then miscellaneous sports, such as foot racing and horse racing, under the management of Calvin Hale. In the evening a display of fireworks has been arranged. A general invitation is extended to the public to be present at the celebration and to camp over night.

YAKIMA WILL CELEBRATE JULY FOURTH.

A Large Fund Has Been Raised and Efficient Committees are Arranging the Program.

Over \$500 has been subscribed for the expenses of a Fourth of July celebration in this city and the various committees appointed are bustling around arranging details and seeing that nothing is left undone that would add to the pleasure of the occasion. The program so far as perfected provides that the day be ushered in by the booming of cannon, at 4 p. m.—a salute of forty-one guns.

10 a. m.—Procession headed by bands, and followed by civic and military societies, firemen, business men's carnival, etc.

11 a. m.—Exercises at Switzer's opera-house, including an oration by Hon. Thad Huston, of Tacoma, and declamations, music, etc.

12 m.—Basket lunch at Switzer's hall, to which everybody is invited, and all should bring baskets.

2 p. m.—Sports, consisting of foot, sack, wheelbarrow, Indian and pony races, Ladies' saddle horse races, and games of all kinds; to take place on the corner of Yakima avenue and First street.

4 p. m.—Horse race on Yakima avenue.

5 p. m.—Day fireworks, balloon ascension, etc.

8 p. m.—Grand illumination of the city by electricity, or otherwise.

9 p. m.—Grand ball at Mason's opera-house, to which everybody is cordially invited.

Executive Committee.—John Reed, O. A. Fechter, W. H. Chapman, James Greer, G. S. Vance, Hyman Harris, J. D. McDaniel.

Soliciting Committee.—G. S. Vance, L. E. Sperry, James Greer, E. F. Benson, John Reed.

Printing Committee.—E. M. Reed, L. E. Sperry, J. D. McDaniel.

Fire Department Committee.—J. D. Cornett, Ed. White, Ed. Farmer.

Reception Committee.—K. K. Nichols, Edward Whitson, F. R. Reed, W. L. Steinweg, O. A. Fechter.

Procession Committee.—Fred Parker, Hyman Harris, W. H. Chapman.

Invitation Committee.—O. A. Fechter, J. A. Taggard, L. E. Sperry, George S. Courter.

Decorating Committee.—W. H. Chapman, J. D. Cornett, E. E. Card, F. M. Spain, W. D. Beck.

Sports and Games Committee.—G. J. Hill, W. S. Davidson, Sam. Davidson, J. D. McDaniel.

Horse Racing Committee.—Frank B. Shardlow, John Bartholet, Dr. Taft, S. J. Lowe, W. F. Jones, Dr. Hill.

Music Committee.—G. S. Vance, W. J. Roof, Frank Nagler.

Ceremonies.—T. M. Vance, P. Ditter, R. K. Nichols, B. B. Milroy, J. M. Baxter, H. C. Humphrey, J. B. Reavis.

Ball Committee.—T. C. Stone, J. H. Greer, G. S. Vance.

Committee on Council.—W. H. Chapman, W. A. Cox, J. H. Needham, Alex Miller.

Basket Committee.—Messdames Ed. Whitson, H. C. Humphrey, W. H. Chapman, A. B. Ross, J. B. Pusley, Frank Sharkey, P. J. Flint, Frank Shardlow, A. B. Weed, L. J. May, J. M. Baxter, J. H. Greer, W. F. Frosser, Alex Miller, John Donald, J. D. Cornett, O. A. Fechter, T. R. Gunn, W. G. Cox, Dudley Eshelman, J. H. Thomas, W. N. Granger, O. W. Goodwin, Sam. Vinson, M. G. Willis, J. A. Stone, M. H. Ellis, Dan Simmons, D. E. Leah, W. P. Sawyer, J. P. Mattoon, W. L. Steinweg, George Donald, George Courter, Sam. Chappell, W. A. Cox, A. W. Ryan, E. F. Benson, F. C. Hall, T. M. Vance, Matt Bartholet, George Ker, William Ker, Frank Nagler, Phil Stanton, Frank Horsley, C. J. Taft, James Greene, T. Stone, J. R. Patton, W. W. Atherton, O. M. Oraves, Peter Belles, H. L. Tucker, Fred Reed, E. E. Herz, Sam Cameron, R. B. Milroy, Ferren, Richard Smith, Hugh Sinclair, E. S. Yeates, Tom Davidson, E. Dooley, M. Masters, Anson White, Jack Lewis.

Committee on Excursions.—E. F. Benson, H. C. Humphrey, F. R. Reed, A. B. Ross, A. B. Weed.

Committee on Streets.—Peter Leonard, W. H. Chapman, W. A. Cox, John Reed, J. H. Needham.

Committee on Liberty Car.—Messdames P. J. Flint, J. T. Eshelman, D. Rosser, G. M. McKinley, P. Lee, James Greene, F. C. Hall, J. K. Ward, L. C. W. Swendsen, Henry Ditter, M. Schorn, Misses Harriet Sawyer, Annie Mattoon.

Committee on Business Men's Carnival.—Peter Belles, J. K. Ward, Moses Ward, H. A. Griffin, Snelling & Maher, H. Kuehler, Ed. White, O. H. Fechter, W. H. Chapman, A. B. Ross, Chappell & Cox, Mrs. G. W. Cary, W. L. Steinweg, Mrs. L. J. May, Phil Ditter, C. E. McEwen, Hyman Harris, J. L. Rosenfeld, I. H. Dills, Schott Bros., J. D. Cornett, Sam. Arenst, George Donald, H. H. Allen, W. P. Sawyer, S. J. Lowe.

Committee on Procession.—E. J. Hamacher, G. A. Bailey, Charles Gordon, D. W. Simmon, D. A. N. Taggard, W. H. Chapman, T. L. Martin, G. J. Hill, H. Voorhes, J. T. Kinnsbury, R. Schmidt, S. C. Henton, M. H. Ellis.

On Saturday last a squad of police, under direction of the council, ordered Contractor Schmidt and his men off the sewer work. Schmidt could do nothing but stack his tools and quit, which he did, and now he claims that the city owes him about \$24,000 and that he will bring the case into court. The financial committee of the council has ordered pipe to complete the work, which will be prosecuted under the direction of Engineer Redman, who thinks that the sewerage system can be finished for less money than there is on hand for the purpose.

In the U. S. land office this week there was not much business. A few homesteads were filed, and the case of Wm. T. Montgomery vs. the N. P. R. R. was decided in favor of the railroad. The land involved is 120 acres near Ellensburg.

Contractor Schmidt to the City Council.

NORTH YAKIMA, June 14, 1922. To the Mayor and City Council of the City of North Yakima, Wash. GENTLEMEN—In pursuance of the existing contract between the city of North Yakima and myself, dated the 19th day of December, 1901, I have now completed a large part of the work of construction of the sewerage system of said city, provided for by said contract, and have nearly finished digging the trenches for the rest of said system; and I have now upon the ground good and proper sewer pipe and all other necessary materials, conforming with the requirements of said contract and of the plans and specifications referred to therein, sufficient in quantity for the full completion of the said sewerage system; and I am ready and desirous to lay said pipe and fully complete said sewerage system, and complete full performance of all the obligations of said contract on my part, without delay. Nevertheless the city engineer of said city, and the inspectors under his control, acting for said city, have assumed to disapprove and reject the greater part of said sewer pipe, and refuse to allow me to lay the pipe so disapproved as a part of said sewerage system, and said city engineer threatens that if I shall so lay the same he will not accept the portions of the work in which the same shall be so laid, nor issue me the certificate thereon contemplated by said contract, although said pipe is of good quality, suitable for said work, and equal to the requirements of said specifications. I do not recognize any right or power in the city, or its engineer, to pass judgment on the materials used by me in constructing said sewerage system and reject or refuse to allow me to lay sewer pipe which does, in fact, conform to the requirements of said contract, plans and specifications. I am liable, under the guarantee clause in said contract, to make good any defects in the sewer pipe that may develop within six years after the completion of the work; and so long as I put in pipe that complies with the contract, plans and specifications, (which I claim is the case with the pipe that the city engineer has assumed to reject,) the city or its engineer has no right to interfere with my putting it in. I hereby give notice to you and to said city of North Yakima that I intend forthwith to complete the performance of my said contract for the construction of said sewerage system, and in so doing to lay such of the pipe in question as, in the judgment of competent persons, conform to the requirements of said contract, plans and specifications; and that if I shall be prevented by the city or its engineer from so doing, or delayed in the work, or if, when said construction is so completed, said city engineer shall refuse on the ground of his disapproval of said pipe, to accept said work and issue me the proper certificate under the contract, I shall hold said city liable for all resulting damage to me. Yours truly, R. SCHMIDT.

C. E. Burlingame, of Port Angeles, Byron Barlow and D. Matheson, of Tacoma, have filed articles of incorporation of the Tacoma & Yakima Land company, the object being to construct an irrigation ditch 35 miles long, having its head at the Natchez river, 15 miles above North Yakima, and extending over the Wide Hollow country. Engineers have been at work on the line of the ditch for the past two weeks. Mr. Barlow is now here, conferring with the property owners who would be benefited, and entering into contracts to place water upon the lands for an interest in the same. He is meeting with much encouragement, a number of contracts having been made on the basis of the cession of half of the property.

The morning train from the west and the morning train from the east have been temporarily abandoned, owing to a great washout in the valley of the Helge-river, Montana. Temporary repairs had been nearly completed when a second destructive flood took out tracks, embankments and bridges for several miles. Agent Humphrey says that the repairs are again completed, and that the trains are now running on schedule time.

W. H. McEwen, a well known newspaper man from the lower Sound country spent several days in the city during the past week. Mr. McEwen is an ardent republican, but is strongly of the opinion that Harrison cannot carry this state and that James Hamilton Lewis will be the next governor.

Messrs. Unger, Mulligan & Co., of the Co-Operative store have a new advertisement in this issue of THE HERALD to which special attention is called. Their efforts to please and benefit the public have resulted in the upbuilding of a business of very gratifying proportions.

James Bounds, a brother of T. L. Bounds of North Yakima, and well known throughout this county, was found dead about 300 yards from his cabin, near Lookingglass, Or., on the 21st inst. Death was the result of heart disease.

L. A. Davis, one of the first locators of the Cowlitz coal fields was found dead on the 16th inst. near his home in the E'g Bottom, Cowlitz county. His death was the result of heart trouble.

A bet was made in this city after the nomination of Cleveland that he would carry New York state by 150,000. The enthusiastic democrat still maintains that he has a great bet.

A Methodist campmeeting is being held at Sturville, on the reservation, and quite a number of Yakima citizens are arranging to spend the Sunday there.

Dr. W. G. Cox returned from the east on Tuesday accompanied by his brother-in-law, William Feamster, of Virginia, who intends making his home here.

The democrats are arranging to hold a ratification meeting Saturday evening. A big turnout is expected.

The Tacoma News celebrated the nomination of Cleveland by dressing its issue in red and blue ink.

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



COMPANY E TAKES THE FIELD.

Off for the Summer Encampment at American Lake—Four Transportation Facilities.

Company E was under arms nearly all day Tuesday awaiting the train which was to carry them to the little town of Murray, on the line of the Northern Pacific where grounds for the summer encampment have been selected. The boys spent considerable of the day in drilling, and showed much proficiency. Their marked improvement in this respect elicited favorable comment as they marched about the city. No satisfactory news could be heard about the train, but Captain Eshelman prepared to take the special, which was to arrive in the evening with the balance of the Second regiment, excepting company A of Ellensburg. About 9:30 the train pulled in, and then the boys found, to their disgust, that no accommodations had been provided for them. The train consisted of box cars, emigrant and day coaches and cabooses, and all were loaded down to the guards. Members of the company crowded aboard, although standing room appeared to be at a premium, and when Captain Eshelman decided to await the regular train the company was mainly stowed away, and it was impossible to find them in the noise and confusion, so some got off on the special and some on the regular. The railroad company was censured by the soldiers for not providing better accommodations and for not posting them as to the transportation provisions made.

Company A, of Ellensburg, was assigned the duty of arranging camp, and had gone ahead to set up the tents. The camping grounds are in the same neighborhood as those of last year, on American Lake, and there the First and Second regiments will remain until the 1st of July. After that the soldiers have invitations to visit Seattle and Tacoma, and spend the Fourth of July as the guests of these cities. Company E will probably so to Seattle, as the invitation from that place was the first received.

The following is a list of those members of company E who are now in camp, where THE HERALD'S war correspondent will report their doings: Captain, Dudley Eshelman; first lieutenant, B. B. Coombs; second lieutenant, J. C. Liggett; first sergeant, G. E. Rodman; second sergeant, O. Beck; fourth sergeant, I. H. Dills; quartermaster sergeant, H. Coombs; third corporal, W. H. Robinson; fourth corporal, J. M. Curry; lance corporals, C. S. Greene, O. V. Gammon; sifer, H. Leach; bugler, J. E. Merwin; drum, R. J. Curry; privates, J. T. Alderson, C. K. Brown, J. E. Baxter, A. Brandenburg, A. L. Churchill, E. S. Croeno, Frank Fitterer, Fred Haines, Ben Hughes, F. A. Hayes, Fred Juncal, L. L. Lampion, Tim Lynch, J. P. McDermid, E. B. Marks, E. A. Morrison, J. H. Morrison, Wm. Morgan, Lee Osborn, H. J. Pratt, M. R. Stuart, Frank Stevens, J. M. Scott, W. H. Taylor, A. C. Sawyer, B. D. Vandevier, G. H. Watt, C. Hathaway and W. L. Lemmon.

SUNDAY DINNER BILL OF FARE.

What the Hotel Yakima Will Have to Offer Its Guests on Sunday, June 26th.

The following is the attractive bill of fare for Sunday dinner, June 26th, from 6 to 8 p. m., at the Hotel Yakima. Price 50 cents:

SOUP. Consomme with Chicken. Vegetable.

FISH. Lian Cod, Maitre de Hotel. Dutches Potatoes. Russian Caviar. Queen Olives.

BOILED. Chicken, with Oyster Sauce. Queen City Ham, with New Cabbage. Ox Tongue, with Tartar Sauce. Pickled Beets. Radishes.

ENTREES. Chicken Fricassee, Au Crotonas. Breaded Lamb Cutlets, Au Petit Pois. Chicken Liver Brochetts Au Champignons. Young Suckling Pig, Cranberry Sauce. Pineapple Fritters, Claret Wine Sauce. Oyster Patties.

ROASTS. Prime Ribs of Beef, Au Jus. Spring Lamb, with Currant Jelly. Leg of Veal, Irish Gravy.

Loin of Pork, with Apple Sauce. Roast Spring Chicken, with Dressing. New Onions. Lettuce.

VEGETABLES. New Potatoes, Mashed and Boiled. Asparagus on Toast. Sunnyside Valley Peas. Yakima Cabbage. Stewed Tomatoes. Sweet Corn. Navy Beans.

SALADS. Chicken and Lobster, Au Mayonnaise.

COLD MEATS. Beef, Veal, Pork, Mutton, Corned Beef, Pickled Pigs Feet, Pickled Tripe, Pickled Lamb Tongue, Spiced Salmon, Chipped Dried Beef, Sardines.

DESSERT. Coconut Pie, Lemon Meringue Pie.

FEEDINGS. Floating Island. Strawberry Shortcake. Red Raspberries and Cream. Florentine Purdine, with Brandy Sauce. Cream Puffs. Lady Fingers.

FRUIT. Oranges, Cherries, Strawberries, Assorted Nuts, Swiss Cheese, Domestic Cheese, Soda Crackers, Coffee, Tea, Ice Tea, Chocolate, Milk, Iced Butterroll.

Butter from Sinclair's dairy received daily.

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.

A Great Liver Medicine.

Dr. Gunn's Improved Liver Pills are a sure cure for sick headache, bilious complaints, dyspepsia, indigestion, costiveness, torpid liver, etc. These pills invigorate perfect digestion, correct the liver and stomach, regulate the bowels, purify and enrich the blood and make the skin clear. They also produce a good appetite and invigorate and strengthen the entire system by their tonic. They only require one pill for a dose and never gripe or sicken. Sold at 25c. a box by Janek's Pharmacy.

Billiardists, give attention; the billiard table at Shardlow & 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 has 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 Shardlow & McDaniel have to offer. 11-11

Take THE HERALD and keep posted.

Advertised Letter List.

Letters uncalled for at the postoffice at North Yakima for the week ending June 25, 1922:

Branchmann, J. Belknap, N. C. Howard, Chas N. Hagan, James W. Harle, Edward Kaufman, Phil McKee, Mrs J Sanders, Chas H Smith, Jernah Staff, Vira Snavely, John H Wreslie, Wm D Young, Mrs Martha Wilson, Harry J

Bushnell, Miss N Fenresy, D F Hopkins, Wilber Hall, Marion Johnson, Mrs L Morrison, John Parik, Joseph Smith, Richard Staff, Vira Taylor, W S Williams, Holman Wilson, Harry J

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

South Bend and North Yakima.

Study your map carefully and you will see a bona fide reason why this railroad is being built. The first division of this road, from Chehalis to South Bend, will be finished by October 15, 1922, and South Bend, on Willapa harbor, will celebrate the arrival of the first passenger train over the Northern Pacific's new system. On that day South Bend's commercial growth begins, and the finest harbor on the north coast obtains immediate recognition. Why? Because the railroad has given a connection with the great interior which has something to distribute. It also settles up the splendid country tributary to South Bend, that heretofore has been valueless from lack of transportation. The railroad is completed from South Bend to Chehalis. The next thing is to build it from Chehalis to North Yakima. Through a country of wonderful mineral richness, splendid timber, grand scenery and beautiful natural parks; through the anthracite coal fields into the Yakima valley—the garden of America; through the Moose valley, across the Columbia to the great wheat fields of eastern Washington. South Bend then has an air line through the finest part of it. North Yakima becomes a railroad distributing point, and the great and wonderful resources of Washington are developed because of the transportation facilities offered. We see this as plainly as though the entire system was to-day completed. F. R. R.

Cleveland and Harrison hats have made their appearance on the streets. The Harrison hats are of a rough texture and darker than the Cleveland hats.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder.

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

FECHTER & ROSS,

Real Estate, Insurance and Loans

80 ACRES IN THE MOXEE VALLEY \$2,600. It will pay buyers to investigate this.

80 ACRES IN THE MOXEE VALLEY \$3,300, is offered for a few days.

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

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

Large AND SMALL Tracts in all parts of Yakima County.

These ARE AT PROPOSITIONS and will bear a close investigation.

Agents for Lombard Investment Company, Fire, Life and Accident Insurance, Northern Pacific Lands, Selah Valley Lands.

FECHTER & ROSS, Opposite Yakima National Bank.

GREEN FRONT GROCERY,

JAMES CURRAN, Prop.

The Newest and Freshest Stock

I have the freshest neatest and best assorted stock of Family Groceries in the city, and the people are fast learning that fact, and they are also learning that I am making the lowest prices on everything I handle. Customers find by examining my stock that I am prepared to give

BARGAINS

On everything in my line. I carry a heavy stock of Flour, Salt, Meats, Sugars, Coffee, Tea, Spices, Dried and Canned Fruits. I invite an inspection of my stock and prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

The Green Front Grocery,

James Curran, Prop., One Door East of Carpenter's, Yakima Avenue.

Eshelman Bros.,

Real Estate and Insurance Agents.

NORTH - YAKIMA - WASH.

SNELLING & MAHER,

Hardware Dealers, SUCCESSORS TO LIVESLEY & SON.

The Lowest Prices.

Come and See Us.

SAMPLES!

We will send samples of dress goods to you if you will specify about the quality and style of goods you desire. Our Dress Goods stock this season is the finest ever shown in the northwest. If you cannot find what you want in North Yakima, why not try us once? One of our new Spring Catalogues will be mailed you if you send us your address.

A barn, centrally located, to rent cheap. Apply at this office. 21st.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

The Best Remedy!!! In this world, says J. Sullivan, of Spokane, W. T., is Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic, because my son, who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attended by six, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of the remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

Our daughter contracted Epileptic Fits soon right three years ago; we tried every thing we heard of, but to no avail. An excellent friend told us she also took Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic and has not had the slightest attack within four months.

1311 Everett Ave. MRS. C. SCHULTZ.

Thos. McCurdy, of 313 31st Ave. Denver, Colo., says: Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic is of great benefit to me; it has had the desired effect by stopping the fits.

FREE A Valuable Book on Epilepsy and other Nervous Disorders, on the claim and use of Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic. This remedy has been prepared by the famous Pastor Koening, of Fort Worth, Tex., since 1880 and has proved to be the most effective and safe remedy for the cure of Epilepsy.

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill. Sold by Druggists at 25c per Bottle. 6c per Doz. Large Size, \$2.75. 6c bottles for 50c.

And Traveling Salesmen, Book, Bookstore, Stationery, Window and Display Cases, etc. All work done neatly and promptly. Shop, 2nd First and 4th.

McDougal & Southwick Company, 117-119-121-123 FRONT ST., Seattle - Wash.

McDERMID BROS., Cabinet Makers

NORTH YAKIMA PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

Names and Standings of the Pupils Promoted—Summary and Comparison With Other Years.

The following pupils of the North Yakima public schools, having satisfactorily completed their respective grades, have been promoted.

From the second to the last year of the high school—Jennie Henderson.

From the eighth grade to enter the high school, 15—Edith Adams, Engle Stalweg, Herbert J. Pratt, Hugh Osborne, Roscoe Thomas, Kate Stephenson, Allen Davis, Walter Morrison, Grace Stephenson, Albertine Rodman, Bessie Hall, Eban Morrison, Ralph VanBuskirk, Marie Schaffer, Robert Nooner.

From grade seven to grade eight, Columbia 11—Nellie Willis, Edith Lawrence, Cora Rogers, Frank Herke, May Masters, Edgar Sinclair, Frank Leason, Arthur Hathaway, Kate Lanigan, Grace Hathaway, William Lanigan, Central, 3—Helen Cochran, Marie F. Olson, Eva Lamson, Ethel Henderson, Ruben Root.

From grade six to grade seven, Columbia 6—Grace Russell, Harry Adams, Nellie Jungst, Bertie Larson, Masey Walters, John Kingsbury, Central, 11—Maud Boyla, Edgar Gunn, Kate McKinney, Maud Moll, Lizzie White, James Thomas, Angus Davis, Frank Schmidt, Willi Thede, Ella Clark, Guy Ross.

From grade five to grade six, Columbia 8—Lulu Bennett, Minnie Larson, Bessie Fiston, Alta Rogers, Guy Simpson, M. Schaffer, Theodore Mobley, Willie Seyler, Central, 9—Willie Prosser, Edith Read, Dick Hauser, Eva Urs, Nellie Butler, Clyde Morgan, James Linder, Chester Rosenfeldt, Chas. Waverneck.

From grade four to grade five, Columbia 14—Cora Walters, Ella Wilson, Ruby Whitson, Millie Hardy, Isabel Bevans, Mary Lee, Archie Norton, Ella Sayler, Willie Norton, Bertie Willis, Agnes Wilcox, Jos. Stephenson, Walter Mitchell, Amiel Simons, Central, 10—Dor. Oberhill, Mary Beisfeld, Minnie Jewell, Ella VanBuskirk, Anna Jackson, Carrie Foynt, Ella Bryson, Bruce Lamson, Janie Snively, George VanBuskirk.

From grade three to grade four, Columbia 18—Bernard Wilkinson, Chlita Brewer, Ray Masters, James Perkins, Myra Howlett, Lizzie Ward, Alonzo Watkins, Bertha Harby, Blanche White, Arthur Woodwell, Myrtle Phillips, Chlo. Mitchell, Stella Erickson, Elsie Hathaway, Gertrude Lyons, Claude Bannard, Mary Bennett, James Mobley, Central, 19—Fred Reed, D. Jay Boyle, Lala Leach, Lloyd Hauser, Lena Stanton, Dora Clark, Frank Leach, Emma Fulton, Gertrude Grant, Nellie McGlothlin, Allie Dennis, Jessie McGlothlin, Laura Clark, Le. Lamson, Darwin Redfield, George Calhoun, Willie Girard, Olie Lane, Harry Henderson.

From grade two to grade three, Columbia 11—Rosa Parker, Mattie Parker, Guy White, Pearl Whitson, Florence Mobley, Maggie Hardy, Frank Hardy, Albert Hathaway, Ida Gillespie, David Jungst, Clarence Farmer, Central, 16—Florence Lince, Ione Fleming, Nettie Jewell, Fre. Thede, Mollie Wharton, Lee VanBuskirk, Frank Sharkey, Sam McKinney, Claude Wharton, Cody Cox, Gerlie Bryson, Guy White, Bertha Unger, Ben Gunn, Guy Thomas, Fred Sharkey.

From grade one to grade two, Columbia 14—Gretchen Crawford, Alela Norton, Analea Norton, Helen Jansen, Carrie Jansen, Annie O'Brien, Anna Snow, Clara Mitchell, Vera Simons, Leo Bevans, Cecil Gage, Harry Mabry, Andrew Schaffer, Arthur Cahers, Central, 15—Mathew Nooner, Bessie Lee, Norman Lewis, Leslie Rosser, Lulu Baumhofer, Lewis Allenbaugh, Florence Redfield, Bessie Chappell, Clara Tucker, Anna Arendt, Ethel Wharton, May Zook, Rufus Eichelman, Florence Dennis.

Pupils neither absent nor tardy during the year, 3—Blanche Fourbach, Eva Lamson and Rosa Parker.

1911-12—Length of term, weeks, 30; No. days taught, 18; 1912-13—Length of term, weeks, 30; No. days taught, 18.

1912-13—No. pupils enrolled, 251; 1911-12—No. pupils enrolled, 240; 1912-13—No. days attendance, 45,662; 1911-12—No. days attendance, 45,000.

1912-13—No. belonging, 138; 1911-12—No. belonging, 130; 1912-13—Average daily attendance, 1.7; 1911-12—Average daily attendance, 1.7.

1912-13—No. in First Reader course, 107; No. in Second Reader course, 121; No. in Third Reader course, 110; No. in Fourth Reader course, 45; No. in advanced course, 10.

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BITS OF YAKIMA DRIFTWOOD

A Jumble of News, Views and Expressions of Local Interest.

An Informal Chat With "The Herald's" Many Readers—Pithy Points of Political Practice.

The pendulum of political event, gossip and armistice seems to be the main factor of interest at present and this will continue until after the November elections.

The daily papers with their telegraphic reports are more carefully read than have been since '88, and every man who has positive opinions or who is supposed to have better facilities for obtaining knowledge of national political moves can always manage to collect a crowd on the streets.

The opinions on Harrison and Reid's nomination as printed in last week's HERALD were eagerly read. Every expression as published was uttered and while some republicans preferred not to be quoted they could not deny the accuracy of the report.

Sperry, of the Republic found out that THE HERALD was getting up such a list and he rushed frantically around to get expressions from republicans to show how enthusiastic and overjoyed they were over the result of the convention, but the outcome was not especially gratifying and the feeling of disappointment cropped out everywhere.

The fact is that the republicans with a very few exceptions would prefer almost anybody else and most of them would like to follow the example of Mr. Pusey who says he can spend election day much more pleasantly in the mountains than he can in town.

The republicans at least a wing of the party, is looking around for some one who can knock out Myron Ellis on the nomination for auditor. Several names have been mentioned, but the man who can down Ellis in the convention and then stand a fighting show with Dudley Eichelman at the polls is not picked up very day.

It is generally conceded that Mr. Eichelman is to have the nomination or auditor and that he will make a strong run with every probability of winning.

R. J. Mackintosh, while on his last trip down from Wenatchee, said that he was the general feeling in the upper country that the best town of that section was yet to be located and that in all probability it would be at Rock Island. Now comes the news that the Rock Island Townsite company has been incorporated and that the incorporators are L. C. Dillman, A. A. Newberry and W. B. Cowdill, of Spokane. The capital stock of the company is \$50,000.

Dr. S. B. Conover, the agricultural college commissioner, has filed on \$20 acres of land in section 34, township 13, range 40, on the Moxee, under the desert land act. The doctor was in the city last week and notwithstanding that he had lost his beard he was recognized by a few who wondered why he did not use his prerogative of taking up government land in the neighborhood of Pullman, the Whitman county town that so greatly tickled his fancy.

While Yakima hops are looking their best and giving promise of an immense crop, the Sacramento yards will yield only from a half to two-thirds of a crop, due to excessive moisture, and the growers on the Sound are discouraged over the constant increase in the vermin, notwithstanding the vigorous fight that is being made. Mr. Charles Carpenter says he apprehends no trouble here from this cause although we have not had our usual amount of hot weather.

The Washington delegation to the Minneapolis convention returned Saturday. John Cleiman was along with the balance and was kept busy for some time afterwards shaking hands and explaining how it was that he cast his vote for Blaine while he had always professed to be strongly in favor of Harrison. And now after it is all over it seems rather strange that the Washington delegates at the tail end of the roll call should persist in sticking to Blaine even after Harrison had received enough votes to confirm his nomination. If they proposed to abide by the choice of the convention, why did they persevere in sticking to a lost cause, when by switching to Harrison the result would not be altered but they could show that it was their intention to rally the will of the majority? They should emulate that very distinguished citizen of Spokane, Mr. Fairweather, who, when advised to smooth the way to leave the republicans and get on the winning side, jauntily remarked that no administration could change quicker than he could.

THE BRIDGE OF DEATH. Three Indian Maidens Served Death to Their Captors and Sealed Their Own Doom.

"Half way up the west side of Palmer mountain there are three rude headstones marking the tombs of three Klickitat Indian girls, who died in captivity many years ago," said Mr. Edward Wanicut, a well-known prospector and mine owner of Okanogan, to a Seattle Press-Times man.

"Many years ago, before the outbreak of the Nez Perce war, the Couer d'Alene Indians, who were at that time a warlike race, often overran the domains of the Siwash, carrying off his horses, his cattle and not infrequently his wife or daughter.

"The Klickitais are great travelers, and they roam about from one place to another, always, however, respecting the property rights of others. One night, as

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A musket ball at Antietam passed directly through General Joseph Hooker's foot between the arch and the sole, the seat, as every one knows, of very sensitive nerves. Had the general been in a state of moderate repose, the blow would have unmanned him for the moment at least. Intensely preoccupied as he was, he did not notice the blow or the sensations that accompanied it.

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"The last words of the simple and primitive ceremony had scarcely been said when, almost simultaneously, three terrified shrieks reverberated through the caverns. In the couch of each warrior had been concealed the deadly yellow rattlesnake, and each Klickitat maiden had held each victim secretly until the venomous reptiles had planged their fatal fangs again and again into the flesh. Each couch was literally a den of snakes.

"The Klickitat maidens were immediately put to death by the terrified Couer d'Alenes, but they expected no less as they had also been bitten by the rattlers. Only one of the three Couer d'Alenes lived, and he was captured and burned at the stake near where Fort Spokane now stands by the returning Klickitais. The tragedy was so unusual that the provincial stoicism of the Indian did not restrain him from telling the facts before he was burned alive, and the Klickitais put up the rude headstones of which I spoke at the beginning of this narrative. The tale traveled from one tribe to another, and even to this day it is a proverb among the Couer d'Alenes that the 'embrace of the Klickitat maiden is death.'"

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The gullibility of persons who buy mines has passed into a proverb. It is said that such properties have actually been sold with half melted silver dollars and sold to investors who did not realize that the precious metal was not found in nature with the stamp of the mint upon it. Undoubtedly the most scientific method of accomplishing this sort of swindle is to apply the silver in the shape of a nitrate solution. When it is ready for use, some salt is put into it, and it is squirted over the rock, the salt causing an immediate pre-ignition of the metal in a manner that is equally conspicuous and deceptive to the eye.—Kansas City Times.

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Oliver Plows, Best on Earth

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THE CELEBRATED - BAIN - WAGON

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

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Improved and Unimproved. ALSO A FULL LINE OF --

CITY AND SUBURBAN LOTS.

Choice Tracts, 1 to 10 acres. Especially Adapted to --

Fruit Growing and Gardening FOR SALE ON EASY TERMS.

Summons by Publication.

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

J. R. LEWIS, Plaintiff, vs. CHARLES L. LULL, C. E. GILFILLAN, GEORGE W. HAJICH, Defendants.

Action brought in the Superior court of Yakima county, state of Washington, at North Yakima and complaint filed in the office of the clerk of said court on the second day of July, 1912.

To the above named Defendant, C. E. Grafton: You are hereby notified that J. R. Lewis, plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the Superior court of Yakima county, state of Washington, at North Yakima, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to wit: Sixty days after the 22nd day of May, 1912, and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the 15th day of July, 1912, the same will be taken as confessed and the prayer of said complaint granted.

The object and prayer of said complaint and the nature and object of the action is to obtain judgment against the defendant Charles L. Lull for \$10,000, the city of North Yakima, according to the past record in the office of the county auditor of said Yakima county, and to forever bar and foreclose all the equity and redemption of such and every of said defendants in and to said premises.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Superior Court, affixed this 7th day of May, A. D. 1912.

DUDLEY EICHELMAN, County Clerk and Clerk of the Superior Court

SISTER MARTHA.

"I'll be no underhand contrivance, Miss Whitcomb. These rooms are her part, and if she says you may have 'em you may, that's all. I'll do what I can to oblige, but she's got to be consulted first. If you locked her up in the attic you couldn't keep her from her, for her ears are like one of them telephones that catches every whisper. You may take back your piece of linsay woolsey of you're neat at my plain speaking."

"I ain't mad, Ann, I only thought to save her fret and worry. But I want you to let her know there won't be any expense on her. I'll pay for all the sugar and butter and eggs that's used."

Ann flashed out on her: "You won't do no such thing. I guess we ain't come to that pinch. There's plenty of everything in the house, for I lay in supplies once a month regular."

"But you must let me add some little extra, Ann. If I do the thing at all I want to do it up in style. A real first class high tea leaves a wake of light behind it, so to speak. And it does beat all how folks will eat when they get set down to a loaded table. I'll buy the chickens for salad, Ann, for I know how to make it extra well, with mayonaise dressing, and I guess I shall order ice cream from Holden & White, best Philadelphia. We will have real loaf at one end of the table and the salad at the other, and a celery glass of flowers in the middle and smoked tongue and pickled oysters in between, and when the cream comes it will be a surprise."

"You can have everything in the house, everything if she consents, and what's extra you can suit yourself about that. Ann was wiping her lean, brown arms on the roller towel preparatory to going up to her mistress, and while she was away Sister Martha counted the chickens for salad, Ann, for I know how to make it extra well, with mayonaise dressing, and I guess I shall order ice cream from Holden & White, best Philadelphia. We will have real loaf at one end of the table and the salad at the other, and a celery glass of flowers in the middle and smoked tongue and pickled oysters in between, and when the cream comes it will be a surprise."

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tured it all to herself; the lighted parlor and dining room, carriage driving up to the gate, people arriving on foot and the slighted Woods with wrath and envy in their hearts spicing on it through the slats of the blind. Sister Martha knew very well that the golden rule has no practical application to the art of entertaining.

The cards dropped into the Littlefield postoffice and all the flutter among the neighbors Mrs. Whitcomb had anticipated. Ladies stopped each other in the street and talked more than usual over gates. A little throb of anticipatory excitement was abroad. The Trickers, who appeared to live in the dark, were just as much shut up in their house as ever, but the Woods were even more noisy, lifting up loud and derisive laughter that flew through open windows and pervaded the tennis ground. Mrs. Whitcomb heard them as she seeded raisins, and sliced citron and beat eggs, and a peculiar smile curled her lips. She knew their hearts were rankling with hatred and malice.

She was touched by the unawaited spirit of company bustle, and her gray pebble eyes caught a little gleam of warmth as she sat rubbing the silver coffee-pot and sugar bowl with silicate.

Something of the cheerful stir, with vague puffs of perfume, the delicious odors of baking cakes, must have come up to Miss Mayhew, secluded in her chamber. It was on Thursday, the day of the tea party, that Ann heard the tinkling of her mistress' bell in the middle of the forenoon. When she went up to her she found Miss Mayhew sitting in the chintz covered easy chair near the window that looked out on Captain Bligh's garden. There was a feverish spot on her pale cheek and her eyes were eager and unusually bright.

"Ann," she said, with a little shade of hesitation in her tone, "I've been thinking if I could go down to the company for a few minutes just to show myself and to tell them how welcome they all are."

Ann's mouth pursed and her look stiffened into that aspect of disapproval. "I've lived in my old double gown and wraps so long," she went on, faltering, and yet with the pathetic eagerness in her eyes, "I haven't anything to appear in. But there are the dresses I had before mother died all laid away in the press. I wish you would turn me out of them out Ann, and let me look at them."

Ann saw the fluttering feeble hands and the excited look in the gray, snaking eyes. She moved toward the press with reluctance, as if her joints had suddenly grown out and she did not know at presently came back with some antiquated gowns hung over her arm. There was a blue merino made for a hoop, faded in streaks and wrinkled, and a pink lawn with wide, old-fashioned sleeves and low neck to be worn with a lace collar.

Miss Mayhew took the pink lawn in her trembling fingers and held it up beside her faded, sallow face and whitening hair, where she could see herself in the burton glass. It was a chastely reminder of her last spring. An odor of dead summers and gathered roses seemed to steal out of the old lawn. It touched the poor woman's memories and she let fall the pink folds from her pale fingers, feebly pushing the gown away with her foot as it lay on the carpet and broke into weak, hysterical sobs.

"Put me to bed, Ann," she moaned, "I don't want to go down to the company. I'm all out. I'm all out. I'm all out."

The heart seemed to break through the strong barriers of Ann's bosom. She put Miss Mayhew's head down on her bony breast and smoothed her hair with her knotted brown fingers. "There, dearie, there, dearie," she crooned, "don't grieve so, I wish you could be as old as I am. I wish you could be as old as I am. I wish you could be as old as I am."

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the door. She pulled at it, and as she stooped down the light fell on a torn envelope. Her face flashed angrily. "Well," said she half aloud, "if that ain't the impudent thing I ever did hear of! A regular slap in the face."

It was the invitation she had sent to Captain Bligh returned without thanks. She stood there a long time with a black drop of bitterness diffusing itself through her thoughts. To be so scorned had tarnished the glory of her tea party. She had been a fool to think of having it. Anger, hatred, remorse by turns came upon her. When she went to bed there were not, as usual, tears in her eyes, and she was a woman who seldom wept.

The next morning as soon as Ann opened the chamber door she saw that something strange had happened to Miss Mayhew. Her face looked almost transparent with the shiny luster of moisture, and her eyes were wide open and glassy bright. She took hold of Ann's arm when she came to set down the tray, and said in a half whisper: "What made him come into the yard to-night? Up the steps?"

"Lor! Miss Mayhew, what do you mean?" "Captain Bligh came into the yard, I heard him."

Ann's face wore the set, hard look of perfect incredulity, but she laid her hand not unkindly on the chin, pale one that rested on the bedstead.

"There, there," said she, as if soothing an unreasonable baby; "don't take on so. Of course he never did come in."

CHAPTER III



"And if you say that spread that damnable story."

Sister Martha, in spite of her sound constitution and great natural vigor passed two very bad nights. The demon of insomnia sat by her pillow and goaded her to the point of desperation.

The second night change had come over the temper of the weather, an autumnal change that set the wind whirling around the corner of the house, while dead leaves trailed off on the blast in long lines, and a black seed sped over the face of the moon.

She could not close an eye until four o'clock in the morning. She tossed and turned, and created the bedstead—rather rickety in the joints—and every now and then roused herself on her elbows and looked out between her teeth in a stage whisper, "I've got to do it, or I shall die!" thus witnessing to the stars that a burden lay on her conscience. Who could have believed that Mrs. Martha Whitcomb, that stout and self-confident dame, was ever subjected to punishment under the lash of her own conscience?

She, of all women, seemed to be fast upon the facts of the case, and she looked at the black puffs under her eyes and the yellowness of her skin had, to Ann's eye, indicated some alteration of health.

At last, at daylight, she fell asleep and dreamed that she was trying to force her way into a shining company with only one thin slipper and without stockings and shoes, while she suffered an agony of shame at her unclad condition. In spite of the creaking of Sister Martha's bedstead, Miss Mayhew slept more soundly than she had for many a long month. The cool change seemed to brace her nerves and give her a new vigor. She opened her eyes and cradled the long swing of the wind, as it bowed the tops of the trees and sent the dead leaves whirling. She lay snug and warm breathing easily, and dreamed that she was dressed in white, walking in a rose garden, and as she looked the roses bowed their heads and she knew that she had known. Some of them were dead, and they were all smiling on her turning their pretty heads to look at her as she passed.

The sweetness of the dream seemed to linger with her some time after waking, and she went on with a contented air in every atom of her flesh. She was very sensitive to dreams and omens, and she called "intimations." Could it be that something good was going to happen? How long it seemed since any thing had happened in the strange history of her life, and she felt that she was almost as bright as a child and cradled the long swing of the wind, as it bowed the tops of the trees and sent the dead leaves whirling. She lay snug and warm breathing easily, and dreamed that she was dressed in white, walking in a rose garden, and as she looked the roses bowed their heads and she knew that she had known. Some of them were dead, and they were all smiling on her turning their pretty heads to look at her as she passed.

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illusion. Even the excitement of "spitting" the Woods and Trickers until they were green with envy had lost some of its charm.

She went down the back stairs to her room, and put on the bonnet with the red flowers, her best mantle and kid gloves. She looked in the glass and remarked to herself that the red flowers made her face look more "jaundicy" than ever. The black, baggy spaces under her eyes were very noticeable. Her bad nights were telling tales. "It's got to be done," she said, through her clenched teeth, and then her face grew rigid and gray. If she was going to lose her sleep and go off in her looks like that what was the use of living?

She went down the back stairs to Ann's kitchen with the crumpled invitation in her hand and carefully deposited it on a big bed of coals in the stove. Ann sat with her back turned, a pan of apples in her lap she was paring for pies.

"I may pack up and go home by the afternoon train, Ann," she said abruptly, "but don't mention it to her quite yet, for I may conclude to stay."

Ann turned her whole person slowly around toward Sister Martha, her neck joint being somewhat stiff.

"I thought Miss Warren had asked you to tea for Saturday, and that's this evening."

"So she did, Ann, but I may have to send a regret. I'm beginning to get kind of uneasy about things at home on the farm."

Ann gave an incredulous grunt. She was constitutionally incapable of believing all that Mrs. Martha Whitcomb said. The appearance of the red artist's nails and kid gloves so early in the morning seemed rather suspicious. Mrs. Whit

promised to write, and the wild notion got hold of me that, maybe, you would take up with me if Vinie was out of your reach. I guess I was half crazy, and I treated Josiah like the dirt under my feet. But it didn't seem to make any difference with him in the end—he was almost too stupid to know it. Well, Vinie was looking for that letter. I hadn't breathed a word, but she knew you would write. I could see it in her face as she went every day to the post-office with a light step and then came dragging home with her eyes glassy and her face kind of pinched and withered. She grew whiter and whiter every day, 'most as if you could look right through her body. But she would drag herself to the postoffice and come back disappointed, and I could not help exulting. I don't know whether I wanted her to die or not. I was wicked enough to. But finally she broke down in the first of her hysterical spells, poor weakly thing that she was, and she would make me go to the postoffice, and the letter came that very day. I couldn't bear she should have it. I thought I'd rather be torn limb from limb. I didn't know what I was about. I guess, for I walked around a long time in a kind of daze, and at last I found myself down by the river at the old red bridge, and I took the letter out of my pocket and tore it in little strips and threw them out in the water, and I can see them now go bobbing up and down on the current.

Every particle of color had left the captain's face, and his eyes were blazing like baldfires. He gave a wildcat spring and seized her two wrists in a grasp of iron. "And it was you that spread that damnable story all over the town that I had a wife and children in Salt Kilt's, and was trying to commit bigamy. And when I came home her mother met me and told me the report, and said her daughter hated me and would never willingly see me again."

"Let me go," shrieked Sister Martha, as the vicelike grasp tightened on her wrists. "I had taken you if you'd had forty wives in all the ports, but you treated me as if I'd been a toothless thing. You spurned me, George Bligh, and forced me to marry Josiah Whitcomb. Let me go, or I'll scream bloody murder. You look as if you meant to kill me. I tell you Mother Mayhew lied. She was a good Christian woman, but she lied. Vinie loved you; she always has, poor shadow, sitting at her window year in and year out to see you pass, without so much as ever raising your head, watchin' nights the light in your house as if her life hung on it."

"The captain left her on her wrists. There was a horrible look in his face. His fingers crooked as if ready to seize the woman's throat. She had gradually backed into a corner, whence there was no deliverance. At that moment the old parrot awoke on his perch and called out in a sleepy, raucous voice. "Don't be a fool, George." The captain stumbled backward and fell into his chair. He was terrified at the murderous impulses that had come over him. There was a long, sharp rattle on the table. He just glanced at it and fell into a shuddering fit, turning sick and giddy.

She was at the door of the room now, and had stopped to say she hoped he would forgive her, or something to that effect, but his head was in a whirl and he could not take it in. He had almost been a murderer, and the horror of it and the weakness that came with a sense of escape filled all his being. Her voice seemed to come from a long distance off; and as he sat there, crouched over, with his head in his hands, he heard steps go along the passage and the front door open and close. There was such a humming and roaring in his ears, he wondered if he were growing deaf. Niagara seemed poured through them; every drop of blood in his body was ebullient. Something had happened to the captain.

Sister Martha meantime had managed to get into Ann's kitchen by the back way. Miss Mayhew saw her pass the front of the house as she sat at her window engaged on a pink zephyr wool sock for Tom Murphy's seventh baby. Tom Murphy was her customer and factotum, and at that moment was cutting the lawn in front of the house. She was startled, and the work hung suspended on her hand to see how Sister Martha stooped and halted. How old her figure looked in spite of the smart mantle and the artificiality.

Ann, too, as she stumbled into the kitchen was surprised at the sallow ghostliness of her face. She fell back gasping on a chair, and when she came to herself she found that Ann had taken off her gloves and was chafing her hands.

"It was a stroke like," said she feebly. "Nothing serious, Ann. I've had 'em before. They're due to my bad nights. Could you bring me a thimbleful of brandy? I'm that shaky I don't feel as if I could get up stairs without a drop of something strengthening. You may tell Sister Vinie I'm going home on the three o'clock train."

CHAPTER IV. How was he ever to approach Vinie across that impassable gulf of years that had been dug between them? He had promised Mrs. Whitcomb never to reveal the secret of her perfidy, and although the woman was a viper he must keep his word. Should he stride boldly into the old Mayhew homestead and find Vinie there by the window where he had known she was sitting all these years, although he had never looked her way, and clap her and kiss her and claim her for his own? And would she understand without speech and come to him with the confidence of a child?

The man was shut out from all sights and sounds by the little world of emotion in which he lived. He was away back in his youth, wandering again with

sums morning—not due to a presentation of Sister Martha's near departure. The world looked very beautiful to her eyes that crisp, blowy day. There was a little gap between the Woods' house and old Mr. Simons' place, where she could catch a distant glimpse of the hills with the yellow foliage shining against the blue like golden billows fringed with flame. The pale glimmer of the fading willows, the white stems of young birches soon through thinning veils of leaves, seemed like a new and all delightful picture. To Lay there were no troops of school children passing by with their dinner baskets and books, but a great company of emigrating birds settled down in her front yard, preened their feathers and consulted together with noisy talk on the wall, and at last rose and flew away with a great whir of wings. The smallest incident made her happy.

It was easier to love her neighbors when her head ached like this, and the films of weakness, spotted with black, ceased to dance before her eyes. She held up the little rose colored garment she was making in her thin, pale fingers, and felt an unusual sense of comfort and warmth steal over her as she listened to the soft snapping of the logs on the old brass andirons. The large empty house seemed warmer and cozier now that she knew Sister Martha was speeding homeward on the train. In country phrase Mrs. Whitcomb was "no company" for her sister-in-law. They could not find a common meeting ground, and to have her in the house, even though unwell, brought with it a sense of oppression.

Meeting her sister-in-law just where his visitor had left him, when she closed the front door and he heard her foot-steps retreating down the walk. He felt utterly weak and unmanned; the water stood in great drops on his forehead as he lived over the scene and saw what was in his heart when he was tempted to clutch the woman's throat. He had knocked down a nutritious sailor once on a shipboard with a belying pin, and he remembered having had the same sensations then, before the fellow began to show signs of life. But there were other things to think of, terrible as that murderous impulse looked to him, and deep as was the precipice over whose brink he had taken a flying glimpse.

The confession of that woman came back to him bit by bit out of the turmoil of his sensations. He saw how poor Vinie had been tricked by Martha Whitcomb and her own mother, who was radd to seize upon any rumor to his hurt, however black. But Vinie had loved him all the time. Her soul, innocent and white, had taken no stain. Even if she believed he had wronged her she had forgiven him. She had faded and withered and suffered in silence through the years, but had kept a glimmer of trust in him alive in her gentle heart. She had sat by her window to watch him as he passed with averted head. She had listened for his footstep and lived on the signs of his existence—the smoke going up from his chimney, the light in his window, had known when he came and when he went, had trained her ear to catch all reports of him in the wind.

He felt his strength quite broken as he sat there with his dark head in his hands, and the tears began slowly to trickle through his brown fingers. The impress of the mother's hand, unjust words seemed all washed away by those drops wrung from the soul of a stalwart man, to whom an outward show of emotion was a kind of agony. George Bligh almost died when his mother died, or when he buried his last sister and was left alone. But now he was crying like a child. These were the drops of awe and pity that are laid to purge and purify the heart.

He never knew how long he thus sat. The sunlight faded out of the room and twilight crept in. His Maltese cat jumped upon the table, stepping softly among the neglected dishes. The parrot, in a weak, cracked voice, kept scolding and fussing about on his perch. "Hallo, George!" he would cry, "don't be a fool." He had lived a long time on a shipboard, and the sailors had taught him the use of bad language, and sometimes he varied his advice to George by the introduction of a "swear" word.

But the captain did not hear him. He was reviewing all his past. He seemed to him with the weakness himself, while he could see his life in all its deformity, the warping and perversion of his better nature, layers of hardness and selfishness that had gathered in moody, unsympathetic years, the appetite for greed and gain that had grown upon him as naturally as a creeping mold. He had struggled for advantage like other men, and some weaker brothers had necessarily gone to the wall. A strong, masterful, self-willed man, he had made his purposes tell in the world of affairs, while he shut himself away from his neighbors and lived in a narrow groove, a good lover, a good hater, a valiant fighter, half way measures were not possible to George Bligh. But now his purposes all looked poor and mean and soiled. He had lost his only love long years ago. Had he not denounced her because he believed she had swallowed the evil reports of his enemies, and the good that was possible to him had turned to bitterness, the wound in his nature had gathered gangrene and proud flesh.

But these hours had brought Vinie back to him. She seemed to have come from the pale shades of the other world, after their long separation, and to be standing there in the room with her gentle, beseeching face. He could think of nothing but Vinie, and her presence and nearness seemed to wrap him around in a soft atmosphere of forgiveness and reconciliation. He remembered her as she was when a girl, among the morning glories and tall hollyhocks of the old Mayhew garden, with the tender rose and snow of her pure skin, and the sun shining on her dark curls. He remembered all the little movements, the smallest words, the glances, half playful, half loving, she had given him, the blush that came so readily to her cheek when he appeared.

How was he ever to approach Vinie across that impassable gulf of years that had been dug between them? He had promised Mrs. Whitcomb never to reveal the secret of her perfidy, and although the woman was a viper he must keep his word. Should he stride boldly into the old Mayhew homestead and find Vinie there by the window where he had known she was sitting all these years, although he had never looked her way, and clap her and kiss her and claim her for his own? And would she understand without speech and come to him with the confidence of a child?

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Vinie' in the Felham woods on a spring morning when the laurel was in bloom, and all the intervening, fruitless, withered time had dropped away. The day had sloped to twilight, then melted into darkness when he raised his head, for a strange sound had pierced the quiet street through and through. It was the sound of many feet, the running of men and boys close pressed, breathing hard, down the roadway. Suddenly a church bell clanged out, then another and another. He stepped to the window, opened it and forth his head into the still evening air. A significant smell of burning came to his nostrils, the sound of stealthy crackling and snapping flames greeted his ear just as a woman's shrill voice began to shriek, "Fire! Fire!"

A snaky red tongue shot up among the apple trees close to the bounds of Captain Bligh's garden. He looked about bewildered for a moment trying to get his bearings. Suddenly it came over him like a blow that the fire was making headway in the L part of the old Mayhew house. He heard the engines and hose carts rattling down the street, but he never knew how he got out of his house or scaled the intervening fences and walls between his garden and Vinie's home. He saw at once the fire was confined to the kitchen and shed and had not yet attacked the main building. A tight straight up against the sky with dense volumes of smoke and showers of sparks that hung like a luminous cloud just above the trees.

The firemen in their shiny black hats and coats were getting two streams of water to play on the burning roof. Some bailed water straight up against the smoke knocking out windows and cutting holes through the shingles. At first the stream of water flew wide of the mark and dashed in among the branches of the trees, but presently it took a better aim; the fire was down as the jets like a million writhing serpents hissed on the hot embers. It is the fashion in Littlefield to "run" to a fire, and Miss Mayhew's lawn was filled with neighbors who could do nothing but get in each other's way, and were as glad to come as if it had been a garden party. Ladies ran out bareheaded and without wraps; young men and maidens sat on the wall looking at the blaze, and a large company of boys roosted in the trees in front of the house. All the house doors were wide open and neighbors were bringing out the furniture, jostling each other on the steps and in the passages.

Absorbed as the people were with the spectacle, there were a few who did not disengage to note the presence of Captain Bligh's tall form on the ground. There were silent nudges and "Well-did-you-overs" whispered behind hands. Just as the captain was pushing his way toward the door, there was a crash of falling crockery and the captain looked up and saw it was one of those giddy Wood girls, who had lost her head and had thrown a toilet set out of the window.

The crowd in front of the house swayed back, then parted, and two young men came out bearing Miss Mayhew in her armoire, well wrapped in shawls. As they neared the gate with their burden, the captain, who had followed with long strides, stepped in front of them. Just then the roof of the L part fell in with a noise like thunder and all eyes were turned that way.

"Where was you going?" the captain asked in his brief, curt tones. "They told us to take her to Tucker's, next door." "Leave the lady to me," and the tones were again decisive. "I will see that she is safely housed. You will be needed back there at the fire."

The young fellows knew Captain Bligh by sight and judged him responsible. They were only too glad to get the job off their hands and to rush away into the thick of the excitement. The captain picked up the chair as if it had been a feather, and he stepped with it swiftly across the road, making a long salt to avoid the groups of people who were hanging over fences or thickly clustered together under the wayside trees.

"They've got it under control," he heard one man say, "and the main building isn't so bad as it looks. It's a good thing to clean out the old rookery. The insurance people will have to rebuild." The captain strode on, with his heart going like the piston of a steam engine and his strength redoubled, until he came to a dark clump of maples in a lonely retired part of the street, where not a cat was stirring, because everybody had run to the fire. Here he set down the chair, and stooping took Miss Mayhew in his arms. She was very light, like a child of ten years. Her eyes were closed and her pale lips shone in the fitful gleams of light. He could feel no pulsation of the heart. Had she fainted or was she dead—killed outright by the excitement of the fire? The thought turned him cold from head to foot. There was only a little pale moon of a face to be seen through the shawl in which her head was swathed.

He carried her swiftly through the dark street to his own door, which he pushed open with his foot, then groped his way with his burden through the unlighted passage, and turned in at the living room, where the glare of the scintillating flames still fitfully illuminated the windows. He laid her down on an old couch in one corner of the room, then felt for a match and a candle, and when he had kindled a light he timidly approached the place where she lay. Her eyes were still sealed, but the shawl had fallen away, showing the white hair still in thick tresses and softly curled at the ends; the thin, delicate cheek, with its refined contour, pale as marble; the blue veining of the lids; the sunken temples; the forehead that seemed touched with sanctity, as if a martyr's crown rested upon it; the sensitive mouth drawn slightly with pain, but still bearing the trace of infinite sweetness and patience.

The beauty of that face so far transcending the loveliness of the young girl of whom he had been dreaming that afternoon seemed to press George Bligh to his knees, and hard, dry sobs shook his breast. It was a long time before he opened her eyes and then they rested on his face, apparently without seeing anything or being conscious of where she was. He had taken one of her slender, chilly hands, and was softly chafing it between his own.

"Don't you know me, Vinie?" he whispered, bending toward her ear. Pained lines ran in her forehead and then suddenly the light sprang into her eyes. "Why yes, of course I know you—you are George Bligh." Then she paused, as if trying to frame a question for which the words would not come, and said at last:

"Where am I, George?" "You are here in my house, Vinie."

I brought you here in my arms away from the fire." "Oh, yes," said she, growing brighter. "I remember now. I was alone in the house; Ann had gone to meeting. Then I saw the people all running and heard them calling, 'Fire! And I don't seem to remember what happened after that." Her gaze was wistful and questioning now as it rested on the captain's face. There seemed so many things she wished to ask, but for which she could not frame sentences.

"You are not afraid to trust me, Vinie?" "Oh, no, George," with a little smile about her pale lips. "Why should I be afraid? I have always trusted you." "I guess, Vinie, I've been most crazy with love and remorse all day. Ever since your sister Martha came here this morning, seems as though I had slipped my anchor and was going right out of my senses."

"Sister Martha?" she repeated with a questioning look. "I don't know what she said, but I've been thinking of you and George for fifteen years, and yet I was like one paralyzed that couldn't put out a hand to beckon. They tried to make me distrust you, but I never did. They told me strange stories of perfidy and a disolute life, but I always believed you were true to me until they came between us. I thought you might go wrong at times, George, because you are a quick and passionate man, but I know your heart. I saw your real self. It makes me glad to tell you the simple truth at last. It is just as if we were both dead and in heaven talking over the past, and clearing up old misunderstandings with the light of eternity on our faces. I am a poor, broken winged creature, George."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Yakima city. That slumbering volcano will soon be in active operations again. One thousand new people in less than 12 months. Mill, breweries, hotels, banks are all now getting ready to start up. For lots at appraised valuation for next 30 days, call at once. J. H. THOMAS, Trustee North Yakima, April 6, 1896. 11-1

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