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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

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OF ALL KINDS OF BUILDINGS & BRIDGES.

Will contract to build all kinds of buildings, Office, Lewis & Ergle building—ground floor.

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For Washington and Idaho

Concession, Obsolete Co., Washington.

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

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of North Yakima.

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DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Pays and Sells Exchange at Reasonable Rates.

PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

STRAYED!

FROM MY PLACE ON THIRD STREET, A black mare, bay mare, also brown U. S. Cavalry horse, lost stallion when she left, about all around; suitable reward will be paid for her return. GEO. W. RODMAN.

BLONDE AND BRUNETTE.

The Former Said to be Disappearing From the World.

How "Ben Hur" Was Written—The Treasurer of the Sea-Gibberty Hobbies of the War.

Blondes are said to be disappearing both in England and in America. Persons who can look back a half century or more in declaring that there is a marked change in this respect. For every red-haired person seen now, ten could have been met with 20 years back, and if the change continues at the same rate in another half century light haired people will have become so uncommon that a red-haired lady will be an attractive addendum to a dime museum and the country show, says the *Illustrated American*. In New England we are told that the blonde has well nigh disappeared. In New York a reporter recently made an interesting experiment which any who doubts it may repeat. In the course of fifteen minutes' walk on Broadway, he counted 200 women, young and old, with hair ranging from a medium brown to the darkest shades, which all but artists had within easy range and only six women with auburn, and light hair, had fair skin, blue eyes, and light hair. They sat surrounded by a heavy of dark women, who gave its prevailing tone to the complexion of the house. The public schools yielded similar result. One class of 80 girls had 10 and a third of 37 had seven. Another observer hazards the statement that not more than 10 per cent of New York women are blondes. "Go anywhere where pretty girls congregate, and you need not striking-looking figures, with dark hair and big, dark eyes. The blondes are disappearing. And why? Science steps in with an explanation. Dr. Beddoes, of the British Royal Infirmary in London, declares that, after examining the hair of nearly a thousand young women who came before his notice, he has arrived at the conclusion that in matrimony the brunettes were preferred over the blonde in the ratio of three to two. Now, it is a well known principle in the law of natural selection that nature selects its fittest among the species. When she selects the sly old roguer—finds that the roving fancy of men is changing from light to dark, presto! she makes her darlings brunettes instead of blondes, and so, gradually but surely, through the selection of dark ladies for wives, and through the hereditary transmission of brunette traits, the blondes become extinct.

Talking with an intimate friend of Gen. Lew Wallace the other day, says a writer in the *New York Star*, I learned the true inspiration of the famous novel, "Ben Hur." "Wallace was on an eastern boat, going through the drawing-room and he passed the open door of a compartment in which sat Col. Robert G. Ingersoll. "Come in," said the latter. "I'm lonely in here and want some one to chat with." Wallace entered and seated himself. "All right, Colonel," he said, "what shall we chat about?" "Lots of things," replied Ingersoll. "Is there a future life?" Looking out of the window dreamily, as the express sped on, he answered his own query: "I don't know—do you? Is there a God? I don't know—do you? Was Christ the son of God? I don't know—do you?" He paused and looked keenly at Wallace. The general was a little embarrassed by the abruptness of the great inquirer's interrogatories. He replied: "Really, Ingersoll, I have never given much thought or study to the questions you propound. I had a Christian training, and I have always tacitly accepted them." "Indeed!" said Col. Ingersoll. "Why, man, you surprise me! They are vital issues. I have studied the subject thoroughly. Every man ought to. Now, take my advice and look into the matter. You'll find you'll agree with me." "I went away from this interview both embarrassed and mortified," said the general, "that I did not feel competent to discuss so important a matter with so learned a thinker. I made up my mind that I would never place myself again in so embarrassing a situation. I took down my books and read every authority I could lay my hands on. After a year's study, so far as agreeing with the great agnostic in his expressed opinions, I wrote 'Ben Hur.' That is my reply to him."

There were heaps of gold carried in galleons and like packets years ago. In 1769, says the *Baltimore News*, a ship of war from Rio to Lisbon had on board 9,000,000 of crusades in diamonds, and about 100,000 "crown turmoils" in pearls, making in the whole 20,000,000 of diamonds. So much for a single ship. In 1774 Spanish ships from Vera Cruz

and Havana arrived with 22,000,000 crowns, exclusive of merchandise valued roundly at 25,000,000 crowns. Such examples could be multiplied. Of the cargo of an English Indianian in 1771 one item alone—a diamond in the rough—was valued at £100,000.

As a costly shipwreck La Latine deserves notice. She was of 32 guns, commanded by Capt. Skyner, and went ashore on the bank of the Fly Island passage the night of Oct. 9, 1799. At first she was reported to have had £600,000 sterling in specie on board. This was afterward contradicted by a statement that the whole amounted to about £140,000 sterling.

In more modern times the costliness of shipwreck is to be found in the destruction of the fabric and its cargo rather than in the treasure on board.

The Royal Charter is the most notable modern instance of the wreck of a "treasure" ship. It left Australia with £350,000 in it. Of this sum, says Charles Dickens in his chapter on this dreadful shipwreck in the "Uncommercial Traveller," £30,000 worth was recovered at the time of the novelist's visit to the spot where it had been driven ashore.

A handsome mahogany case containing a silk flag with gold bullion fringe occupies nearly all the available space of the wall in the southern part of the room of Capt. Cohagan, at the treasury department, says the *Philadelphia Press*. Every visitor to the department is shown the flag, and attention is generally invited to a tear in one of its stripes. The flag formerly belonged to the Treasury Guards, a volunteer organization formed during the war for emergencies that might arise at the capital of the Nation. After the fall of Richmond, and the night that President Lincoln went to Ford's theater, the flag, which was then attached to a stout rosewood flagstaff, was borrowed by John T. Ford for decorative use about the box occupied by the president. When the assassin fired the shot, whose echo was heard throughout the civilized world, he leaped from the box, and in doing so caught the rowel of his spur in the silken folds of the starry banner protruding from the president's box. That slip probably cost Booth his life, for the flag tripped him and caused the broken leg which impeded him in his efforts to escape and rendered him an easy victim for Sergeant Boston Corbett's rifle ball. Subsequently the flag was returned to the treasury department, and during the few days that President Johnson had his office in the department the flag was in a corner of the apartment. It was removed, however, by Capt. Cohagan of its present resting place and the staff was made into three canes and presented to officials of the treasury department.

A Moving Mountain.

A traveling mountain is found at the Cascades of the Columbia. It is a triple peaked mass of dark brown basalt, six or eight miles in length where it fronts the river, and rises to a height of almost 2000 feet above the water.

That it is in motion is the last thought which would be likely to suggest itself to the mind of anyone passing it; yet it is a well established fact that this entire mountain is moving slowly but steadily down the river, as if it had a deliberate purpose some time in the future to dam the Cascades to the Dalles.

The Indian traditions indicate immense movements of the mountain thereabouts, long before white men came to Oregon, and the early settlers, immigrants, many of them from New England, gave the above described mountainous ridge the name of "traveling mountain" or "sliding mountain."

In its forward and downward movement the forests along the base of the ridge have become submerged in the river. Large tree stumps can be seen standing deep in the water on the shore. The railway engineers and the trackmen find that the line of the railroad which skirts the foot of the mountains is being continually forced out of place. At certain points the roadbed and rails have been pushed eight or ten feet out of line in the course of a few years.

Geologists attribute this strange phenomenon to the fact that the basalt which constitutes the bulk of the mountain rests on a substratum of soft sandstone, which, the deep, swift current of the mighty river is constantly wearing away, or that this softer subrook is of itself yielding, at great depths, to the enormous weight of the harder material above.

The Messenger Boy and the Tortoise.

It happened once that a messenger boy was taunting a tortoise with his inability to smoke cigarettes or pitch pennies. "What you say is true," replied the tortoise, "but nature gives different gifts to different creatures. I may not be able to smoke cigarettes nor to make a confiding woman pay 37 cents and care fare for delivering a message to her dressmaker in the next block, but I can beat you in a foot race."

The messenger boy's Spanish blood was roused and he accepted the tortoise's challenge. The tortoise was so confident of victory that after he had gone a little distance he went into a convenient doorway and went to sleep. Perceiving which the messenger boy persevered, and by diligent effort won the race.

Moral—The race is not always to the swift.—*Life*.

UP THE NATCHEEZ VALLEY.

A Most Difficult But Very Interesting Journey.

The Picturesque Scenery—A Cordial Greeting in the Mining Camp of Old Nevada Friends.

North Yakima correspondence Spokane Falls Review: Owing to the fact that travel is somewhat impeded by the lack of bridges and roads, the upper Natcheez is to a certain extent a terra incognita. In reaching the Natcheez mining district, there are twenty-one crossings to make and all of them difficult fords. Last fall, a wagon road was projected and viewed, but the sudden rising of the stream put an end to the work. It is to be hoped that the well known rustle of the people of North Yakima will make this road a matter of fact and not mere prospective.

The wagon road at present ends at Andy McDaniel's ranch at the mouth of the Nile, and the scenery from Nelson's ranch up to this point alone is well worth a trip; but what shall be said of the grand outlook from the Nile up to the very pass itself? It is of such a character that pen can hardly do it justice.

Crossing the Natcheez for the last time about two miles above McDaniel's, we now ascend the trail. We wind on up and up, and ever toward the top of the mountain and yet never reaching the summit. Here, at an altitude of some 1,500 feet, we look down into the water-worn bed of the stream and see the ravages made by the restless torrent during ages of unceasing cutting and undermining. Away to the south the hills roll into mountains and mountains into peaks; Pelion on Ossa piled. What a chaos it presents. How rugged its outlines. What caverns of unexplored treasures. Ruptured and three-riven seams are exposed to view, but still unprospected. The thought rises to us as we gaze with far-seeing eyes, oh for the gift of an eye telegraphic and microscopic at the same time. What treasures could be located. As it is, we must delve and search. In front of us, interrupted by the bobbing of our pony's ears, the bed of the Natcheez lies before us, some 1,500 feet below, winding into the dim perspective like a thin ribbon of silver. On our right, rolling into still higher and inaccessible heights, loom the everlasting hills. Now we descend toward the ravine of Rock creek and the mineral stain comes out stronger and more frequent. Away off there, down in the bottom of the flat, rises a thin stream of curling smoke. There is our camp tonight, still a couple of hours' ride.

A hearty welcome greets us from Doc Current and the boys as we swing out of the saddle, well pleased to pull off and turn the horses loose for the night. The appetizing smell from the bacon and other good things from the cook's quarters, remind us that the inner man is crying loudly for satisfaction. Well fed, we lie around the campfire and listen to the tales that are told of how we did things down in Nevada years ago. We hear again tales of Washoe and Virginia City. We hear of the marvelous San Juan and South Park. Colorado is well represented, and all they come to the conclusion that the "Quandary" just across the creek is bound to be something rich.

From a point a few hundred yards above Rock creek, as far as the mouth of the Bumping river, the country is one solid mass of porphyry rock, all more or less streaked with silver. From the camp as a radial point, we can follow the dikes of mineral way up into the higher hills. On all sides is the newly thrown dirt where the busy prospector has burrowed into the hillsides, but the richest strikes are on the south side of the creek. From holes on this side we brought back a number of specimens, and not trusting to the reports given us at camp of the assays, we had an assayer from Mullen come over and make the assays with us, and from one set of specimens he took out a button representing \$1,000 to the ton, and this in free milling rock.

That this district is bound to be one of extraordinary richness, the practical man can not deny. When it is thoroughly prospected, we have not the slightest doubt but even richer finds will be made, and as soon as the ground becomes better known to the prospector the "woods" will be full of them."

SINGLE AND MARRIED MEN.

Kate Thorn Tells the Difference Between Them.

It seems to be a very little thing, says the *New York Weekly*, to stand up for ten minutes before a clergyman, and say over after him: "I will," a few times, and after that to be kissed and congratulated by a score of people you have hardly seen before that time, and who will ever see before in your memory collectively as her relations.

Marriage, we are told, is a civil contract, like a great many other kinds of contracts; but it will work more changes in a man than three conversions, two vaccinations, a run of the gripple, a railway accident, and two bankruptcies.

The married man can never again become the single man. His wife may die or get divorced, or elope with another man, but her husband can never go back to the virgin state of single blessedness,

and he knows it, though he tries his best to compass it.

A married man always carries his conditions with him, like a trade mark. Anybody of average discernment can detect him at a glance.

He does not pinch his toes with tight boots. He does not scowl himself with violets. He never parts his hair in the middle. He keeps his seat in the horse car when the pretty girl, laden with bundles, comes in; he knows that his wife wouldn't approve of his rising. He does not get up flirtations with the good looking saleswoman where he buys his gloves; he remembers that little birds are flying all around telling tales, and he has a horror of curtain-lectures; somehow, married men never seem to arrive at that state of beatitude where they do appreciate the kind of literary performance known as curtain-lectures.

The married man has come to that stage when he is convinced that the way his necktie hangs may not be any more important than his soul's salvation. He knows to a certainty that true happiness does not depend on the amount of starch in his shirt-bosom, but he will have to have been at least three times wedded before he will be reconciled to a collar-band two sizes small or one size large. The man who can smile at fate when it swoops down upon him in the shape of an ill-fitting collar-band is nearly ready for canonization.

The married man goes to sleep in church. He is placid when somebody's baby cries at the play. He carries bundles with meekness. He knows the prices of sugar and round steak. He knows that bustles are going out of fashion. He can distinguish between "crimps" and those which grow on the head. He knows that women put their hair in papers. Powder is no longer a mystery to him. He can detect it on the faces of his female friends, and he looks out that it does not get on his coat, because his wife can detect it, too.

He is not distracted if she smiles on other men, as he once was. He can read the paper a whole evening, and never thinks of squeezing her hand. He is sleepy by 9 o'clock. Before they were married he could sit up with her till day-dawn and never dream of such a thing as sleep. He no longer loves her cat and dog. He frequently says that he wishes Kate had been left out of the scheme of creation. He has been known to kick the unoffending animal. He has little sympathy for wifely headaches. Once he was on the verge of lunacy over any of her little ailments; now he is a great deal more concerned as to what he is likely to have for dinner. He doesn't spend any money on flowers. He lays it out in cigars instead.

He is no longer acting with a purpose in view—he has married her, and he is himself once more. Just a married man, and not an ideal, romantic, sonnet-writing lover.

And what about the single man? Just imagine him everything that the married man is not, and a great deal more, and you will not come far short of the mark.

—Dizziness, loss of appetite, that tired feeling, faintness, dyspepsia, blood disorders, eczema, blotches, pimples, sallowness and most diseases result from an impure condition of the blood. Purify it with De Witt's Sarsaparilla. We sell and recommend it. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—Baled hay and oats at the I X I store.

—De Witt's Sarsaparilla will renew and purify the blood, eradicate disease and make digestion easy. We sell it. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—The Farmers' and Traders' store will open July 25th. Reserve your cash and give it a boom.

—De Witt's Little Early Risers. Best pill for sick headache and sour stomach. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—E. M. Lambson has bought the blacksmith shop, west of the track, near Devin's lumber yard, and is prepared to continue the business in first-class style. Only the best work turned out, at lowest living prices. Call and see him, and take your blacksmithing to the red blacksmith shop. Special rates will be given to all persons having a large amount of work.

—De Witt's Little Early Risers are a little pill that do not gripe or cause pain. Small, easy to take, safe. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—Bartholomew Bros. will not be undersold in anything—dry goods, clothing, furnishing goods, boots and shoes, hats and caps, crockery, groceries, and in fact everything kept in a first-class store.

—Mrs. Leander Wright informs us that she was cured of chronic constipation by De Witt's Little Early Risers. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—All styles of job printing at the Herald office.

—Cleanse your breath and regulate your bowels with De Witt's Little Early Risers. Sold by C. J. Taft.

—New goods arriving daily at Henry Dittler's, direct from the east. Great preparations have been made for the holidays. Call and see the latest in the line of dry goods and clothing.

Mergains in Stocks and Lots.

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

IS THE SUN GROWING COLDER?

Great Climatic Changes Create the Belief That It Is.

We Cannot Prove It, However, Notwithstanding These Changes—It May Be the Earth Itself.

We want to know whether the sun is showing any symptoms of decay, says the *Story of the Heavens*. Are the days warm and as bright as they were 10 years ago, 100 years ago? We can find no evidence of any change since the beginning of authentic records. If the sun's heat had perceptibly changed within the last 2000 years we should expect to find corresponding changes in the distribution of plants and animals, but no such changes have been detected.

There is no reason to think that the climate of ancient Greece or of ancient Rome was appreciably different from the climates of the Greece and the Rome that we know at this day. The vine and olive grow now where they grew 2000 years ago. We must not, however, lay too much stress on this argument, for the effects of slight changes in the sun's heat may have been neutralized by corresponding adaptation in the pliable organisms of cultivated plants.

All we can certainly conclude is that no marked change has taken place in the heat of the sun during historical time. But when we come to look back into vastly earlier ages we find the most copious evidence that the earth has undergone great changes in climate. Geological records can, on the question, hardly be misinterpreted. Yet it is curious to note that these changes are hardly such as could arise from the gradual exhaustion of the sun's radiation. No doubt in very early times we have evidence that the earth's climate must have been much warmer than at present. We had the great carboniferous epoch, when the temperature must have been tropical in arctic latitudes. Yet it is hardly possible to cite this as evidence that the sun was then much more powerful, for we are immediately reminded of the glacial epoch when our temperate zones were in sheets of solid ice as far north as Greenland is at present. If we suppose the sun to have been hotter than it is at present to account for the vegetation which produced coal, then we ought to assume the sun to be colder than it is now to account for the glacial period. It is not reasonable to attribute such phenomena to such oscillations in the radiation from the sun. The glacial epochs prove that we cannot appeal to geology in aid of the doctrine that a secular cooling of the sun is now in progress.

The geological variations of climate may have been caused by changes in the earth itself, by changes in the position of its axis, by changes in its actual orbit; but, however they have been caused, they hardly tell us much with regard to the previous history of the sun. The heat of the sun has lasted for countless ages, yet we cannot credit the sun with the power of actually creating heat. We must apply even to the majestic mass of the sun the same laws which we have found by our experiments on the earth. We must ask: Whence comes the heat sufficient to supply this tremendous output?

—For Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do.
—*New York Ledger*.

DRINKER'S SALUTATIONS.

A Few of the Expressions of Men About to Take a Drink.

Coming back to the Manhattan club and the present day, let me write of the members who stood at the bar in the old house partaking of excellent old brandy, says "Kink" in the *Minneapolis Tribune*.

"My regards to you, sir," said one, raising his glass toward his companion and inclining his head respectfully.

"Thank you, sir," said the other. "Your very good health in return, sir."

Here were convivial salutations containing something of the sonorous staccato of our forefathers.

"Those two old ducks," remarked the bartender when the two had gone out together, "are not up in the slang of the day. Just see the difference between them and these two young bloods. What will you have, gentlemen?" This last to whom sharp-looking, well dressed fellows, who might have been speculators in Wall street. They both took whisky, and just before toasting it down one said: "How."

The other responded: "Drink hearty, Bob, and live a century."

It was a convivial evening, and within a few minutes other men came up to the bar for their braces. The different expressions employed as the drinks were being raised to the lips were varied and interesting. "For the little children of the rich," said one. "Here's to crime!" exclaimed another. "Well, here's another nail in your coffin," said another.

"Here's hoping you'll never die till a dead horse kicks you." "Happy days." "Yes another smile, love." "Back to the old love, Billy." "Never leave a heel tap in the glass." "Let the angels' wings flutter." "Here's all the hair off your head." "Well, God bless us."

So the exclamations ran on. Two imitation Englishmen in putting down their glasses together, this being the latest of all British drinking sentiments. Finally a tall, hank man strolled up to the bar in company with an equally hank and tall man in an antique beaver hat.

"Whisky," ejaculated both. Out came a promising looking bottle of old rye, and the two friends helped themselves liberally. Without speaking they emptied the glasses and looked at each other silently for a moment, smacking their lips. Then they took up a political discussion that had evidently been dropped just before the drinks were ordered.

"They are natives of Kentucky," said a friend after they had gone out. Whisky is religion to them, and to make a disappointed remark before drinking it would seem like a sacrifice.

piling up the pyramids and scooping out the catacombs—how the comparatively acreless and leverless Chinese must have ruined their constitutions in building their "great wall" to keep out the Tartars—and at what cost of broken backs and contracted sinews the immense masses of rock on Salisbury plain were brought from distant quarries and arranged in circles for the mysterious use of nobody knows who.

Possibly the poor wretches of the past had more mechanical helps than we know of, but certainly they had no steam engines. Look at the gigantic results of Roman labor as seen in the mouldering remains of the noblest aqueducts, havens, roads and public buildings that were ever constructed. It seems incredible that these were the achievements of mere muscle. The Romans conquered the world, though—we must remember that—and that it was only when they became lazy that they lost it. After all, there is nothing like hard work; it is the parent of greatness.

We have not a very high opinion of the Turks, but they have one admirable maxim, viz.: that every boy, no matter what his degree, shall be taught some handicraft whereby, under any circumstances, he may get a living. Sultan Mahmud was a tolerable shoemaker, and other sultans were compelled in their youth to learn mechanical trades. The worst of it is that their Ottoman is so unconsciously indolent that after having been taught how to earn his bread, he would almost rather starve than labor.

Upon the whole, modern toilers of civilized and christian lands, at least, can well afford to pity the fate of their brethren of long ago. Modern toilers are not nightless Samsons, working in the dark and treated with scorn. They work understandingly, and live in an age where exertion is honorable and idleness disgraceful. Furthermore, mechanical power, scientifically applied, is the savior that does most of the hard jobs, and saves muscle no end of lifting, pushing, striking and hauling. It has been well said that no illustration could more aptly show the difference between the old times and the new than the picture of the ancient galley urged onward with tiers of flashing oars wielded by the sinewy arms of unwilling servitors and the modern steamer propelled by the fire and water that science has made the vassals of man.

Still, all of us, if we would be happy, must perform fairly and squarely the work given us to do. *Shirkers find little favor on earth, and less in heaven.* There is only one step between laziness and perdition—

For Satan finds some mischief still For idle hands to do.
—*New York Ledger*.

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SUPPLEMENT.

SOME FINE ANIMALS.

What the "Horse Breeder" Says About Mr. Bennett's Acquisitions.

The *Horse Breeder* contains an article about the horses which recently came from K. W. Goodrich, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., for Nelson Bennett, of Tacoma. These animals are described as follows: "For Mrs. Bennett a beautiful pair of Black Hawk Morgan mares, black as ink, no marks, 7 years old, 14 1/2 hands high, a perfect pair of cobs. If anyone can describe nearer an ideal team for a lady's phaeton, than man should write it out forthwith. "For the gentleman himself, Mr. Goodrich sent a pair of bay geldings, no marks, exactly same shade of bay, 7 years old, 15 1/2 hands high, weighing 1000 and 1010 pounds respectively. A lady could drive them in 2:30 together. One is full brother to Johnson, the famous pacer (2:30 1/4), the other is by Plover (2:19 1/2), dam, a fast Withered Messenger mare. Besides these two saddle horses were sent, one the bay gelding Kildare, by Clear Girl, that Moorhouse & Pepper, of Toronto, showed in the late Boston horse show. He is 15 1/2 hands, a horse of wonderfully easy gait and good manners, and a safe horse and a good jumper. "These horses came through, stopping at Chicago, St. Paul and Helena. They were in excellent condition, being in charge of that competent horseman, Frank Haynes, who formerly took care of Miss Alice (2:20 1/2).

A Girl's Mistake.

Miss Estcourt folded her work neatly, opened the lid of her work table, and put it in.

"I shall fill Carmen's room with flowers; the child loves everything beautiful."

She left the room, but presently returned with scissors and a good sized basket, and passed out through the French windows into the garden beyond. She was so engrossed when her brother, returning from the stables, met her, basket in hand, laden with flowers.

"Yes, dear, in C. men's rooms." "Dear Marcia!" and he kissed her affectionately.

The day wore on. Sir Geoffrey was as impatient to be at the station as a school boy to be out of school. But everything comes to an end, even waiting; and taking the reins as steadily as old time, and warranted not to fall in love with the most coquettish of waiting maids.

"I do not think Hortense would have the faintest objection," answered Carmen in her mellow, laughing voice.

"Not how unfortunate I ought evidently to have provided a young equestrian. Dawson is as deaf as a post, but makes up for that infirmity by keen eyesight."

"Here comes papa and Hortense hot and flurried!"

Col. Masingbird took his place beside her, and their hostess opposite them. Hortense did try to get up an incipient flirtation with the ancient Jehu; but he nipped it in the bud by bawling out, at the top of his voice, "I'm hard of hearing, miss!" and with this subsided into his usual taciturnity. Sir Geoffrey laughed.

"That's not encouraging! Never mind, she can try her hand on my man Brown. He's a rare one for the soft sex."

While the colonel and Marcia seemed to have plenty to say to each other.

"How lovely it looks out there, Sir Geoffrey," said Carmen, pointing to the distant view, which the open doorway framed like an exquisite picture. A fountain was throwing up cool jets of water, that tossed and sparkled in the sunlight; round its old marble basin were soft green ferns and delicate mosses delightfully refreshing to the eye, white behind and beyond rose the sloping uplands, crowned with yellow cornfields, now ripe for the harvest; indeed, it had already commenced. The cloudless blue of the brilliant August day contrasted with the various tints of the just changing trees, to their rich autumn shades, except the oaks whose midsummer foliage still kept green and fresh. And over everything was that wonderful haze only seen in early autumn.

"It does seem so restful, after our hot, dusty journey in those stuffy carriages, to drink one's tea in this cool, old place. I feel I have a right to be lazy."

He looked down with fond approval at the graceful, careless young form, and it was with regret that he heard his sister presently say, as she came from the other end of the hall:

"If you are ready, Carmen, my dear, I will take you to your rooms, where you can refresh yourself at your leisure. We have yet three-quarters of an hour to dinner time. Herbert, I shall leave you in Geoffrey's hands."

"I will take care of him, Marcia," said her brother, watching Carmen link her arm in that of his sister as she went up the broad old staircase at the far end of the hall, watched till the last glimpse of the white gown had floated from his sight.

Miss Estcourt folded her work neatly, opened the lid of her work table, and put it in.

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figure, explained the cause of his oblivion. Blessed are the absent!

Miss Clara Gay would hardly have forgiven this loss of memory. As it was, Miss Gay considered it unpardonable that the age of 65 Geoffrey Estcourt should still be an unappropriated blessing. And as she was endowed with the usual amount of good looks, she intended to execute a good deal of business about this particular visit.

When Carmen retired to rest that night her dreams were of Geoffrey Estcourt; but they were marred by the all pervading presence of Alben Fitzclara. However, "dreams are but interludes which fancy makes," and as the morning rose, fair and bright, her dream vanished with the sun. And with the sunshine came Julius Gay and his sister Clara.

Miss Gay looked fresh and fair and rosy with her rapid drive. She was a pretty, typical English girl, light brown hair, good complexion, pretty blue eyes and a charming little figure, and most perfectly conscious of every good point. She had brought with her several killing gowns from Paris, and it must be confessed a pang of disappointment shot through her heart as she saw the beautiful presence of Carmen Masingbird standing in the wide hall doorway with the morning sun streaming down upon her. She seemed to be the very center of the little group. Julius Gay, without thought of his sister, jumped off the dog cart and rushed up the steps.

"Good morning, Miss Masingbird; this is an unexpected pleasure. "Who is my author in the world? Teaches such beauty as a woman's eyes?"

"My beauty, though but mean, needs not the painter's touch or your praise," answered Carmen with a bright laugh. "Mr. Gay, I absolutely forbid your quotations; you really must be suppressed."

Sir Geoffrey had gone to assist Miss Gay to alight. "You have brought us charming weather for the first," Miss Gay. "Yes, it is delicious. Have you a large party? How many gams?" asked the young lady, hardly giving her host time to reply.

"Six with your brother, Col. Masingbird, Harry Vere, Squire Hundley, Mr. Fairfax of the Grange, and your humble servant." And with that he turned to her brother. "Come, Julius, I cannot allow even Miss Masingbird to keep you. Go in, man, and get some breakfast. We are only waiting for you to start."

"All right, I won't be a second." And he and Sir Geoffrey passed swiftly through the hall where the other men were congregated.

"Look sharp, Gay," they called out. The young man nodded gayly, and hastily drinking a cup of coffee and breaking off a piece of roll, pronounced himself ready.

"Have something more substantial, Julius," said his host, pointing to the well-appointed table. "No, thanks, Estcourt. I'll make up at lunch time."

"Come along, then." Then they all started off. But in spite of Sir Geoffrey being fully engaged, he managed not to be unmoved by the sharp eyes of Miss Gay to throw a farewell glance at Carmen, as he called out in hearty tones: "Do not forget the luncheon, ladies."

"We will not forget," said Carmen brightly, as she waved her handkerchief.

"Come in, my dear," said Miss Estcourt to Clara Gay, "you really must require some refreshments after your long drive, and so early too."

"Yes, I was only six miles, Miss Estcourt, and the morning was so delightfully fresh and crisp."

"There is always something deliciously pure and invigorating in the early scent of an autumn morning. In the spring it is the perfume of leaf and blossom; but the autumn is more fragrant and pungent. Yes, I prefer the autumn."

smiles; while Sir Geoffrey, in his mind's eye, saw the woman he loved, radiant. She hid her hand on his arm and her eyes were raised to his beseeching. It seemed to madden him, for he flung off her hand as if it had stung him, and stood aloof from her.

"Mean! Only this," with cutting irony, "that being already the wife of one man, you accept a proposal of marriage from another! Bah! The world has very strong terms for such. And to think my friend Herbert Masingbird, a soldier, and a gentleman as I understand the word, should have lent himself to such dishonor! Nothing but deception on all sides," and in bitter abandonment he leaned against an old tree and hid his face so that she should not see the bitter tears that forced themselves through his fingers, as he vainly tried to screen his face.

"Oh, Geoffrey, do have pity! Indeed I don't understand. But from what you say I must have done something very wicked. I did not really consider the marriage was of any importance, and I do not in the least love the young man. Papa is not to blame, for he knows nothing whatever about it."

"Every word you utter only adds to your wickedness. If your father knows nothing about it, you have deceived him as you have deceived me. Oh, Carmen! I do trust you, so honored you. And now you have ruined my life. I never wish to see your false fair face again."

"Geoffrey, Geoffrey, be merciful! Stay, I beseech you, and let me tell you how it happened," and she held out her hands piteously.

"What is your husband's name, madam?" he said with a cruel coldness.

"Alben Fitzclara," she answered with unshakable firmness in her voice.

"Then, Mrs. Fitzclara, I have the honor of wishing you good morning," and he turned on his heel and left her. Sir Geoffrey walked on with rapid step until he reached the house.

"Is Col. Masingbird about?"

"I don't know, Sir Geoffrey. I saw him awhile ago in the paddock along with Mr. Gay."

"See if you can find him, and ask him to be so good as to come into the library."

"Yes, Sir Geoffrey." The master he put out surely, said the servant as he passed out in search of the colonel.

Sir Geoffrey paced up and down, up and down in the very library where only a few days ago his heart had burned for very joy. Now, excited with suppressed passion, he in vain endeavored to keep calm outwardly, for there was a very fever in his veins.

"The colonel, Sir Geoffrey."

And in walked Herbert Masingbird, bright, cheery, a gentleman every inch of him. "Well, old boy, what is it? Brown said you wanted me."

"Yes, do sit down, please, Col. Masingbird."

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"I will go to the end of the world with you, Geoffrey."

"No, dear," he answered with a faint smile; "I will not put your love to such a test as that. Rome will do."

"When do you wish to marry, Geoffrey?"

"Next week. Will that hurry you too much?"

"Not in the least," answered she cheerfully. But as her brother had said, it was like dragging up a tree by its roots; Marcia's placid happiness was unshaken and centered in Estcourt. The house, the garden, her pet, her poor, the trivial round, the common task, furnished the quiet, useful life that suited her.

But for Geoffrey, why, she would sacrifice everything—herself if need be.

To be continued.

There, prone on the ground, lay Carmen. "Both under age." A thrill of hope ran through the father's heart. "Go on."

"Directly we were married we parted. Allen left me at Aunt Catherine's door, and then went off by train, as he had to catch the mail steamer at Gravesend. I have never seen him since; he used to write a good deal, some little time ago I wrote and told him I thought we had made a great mistake, and that I had changed my mind. I have heard nothing of or from him since. That is all, papa."

"And enough! From your own showing you have been faithless, heartless. Put down the lad's name, the registrar's office, date, so that I may obtain legal advice; and tell your maid to pack up at once. I cannot insult Sir Geoffrey by my presence."

"Oh, papa, I do love Geoffrey with all my heart. Will he never forgive me? If he only would believe I did not mean any wrong. Won't you tell him how I love him?"

"No! said the colonel sternly. "If you are a married woman, your love is dishonoring, both to him and yourself. Like some fair flower crushed by the cruel hail storm, Carmen bent her head. At last she realized the abyss that separated her from her lover, the man to whom she clung with every fiber of her heart. With blinded vision she staggered to her feet. "Father! Let us go away at once."

"Yes, that must be effected as soon as possible. Oh, Carmen, my child, what have I done that you should so decry me? You who were left by your mother to be my consolation. Oh, my daughter, you have made my paradise a very March of bitterness."

"Forgive me! Forgive me! and she would her poor tired arms round her father's neck. "Do not I suffer? Is it nothing that my gin-unconscious sin is almost greater than I can bear?"

"My poor little Carmencita, I will do my best for you. We must go to some quiet place with Cousin Adela, and on there, passing his hand wearily over his forehead. Then Geoffrey's heart smote him when he saw the pained, pale face of his friend.

At last Sir Geoffrey could bear it no longer.

"Marcia! Could you make up your mind to go with me to Rome, and spend the winter there? I know, dear, it is like dragging up a tree by its roots, but if you would, I should feel grateful. I cannot stay here, Marcia. It is torture to me. I cannot settle down. Let us go to Rome, dear."

"I will go to the end of the world with you, Geoffrey."

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SHE WAS POISONED!



Not by anything she drank or took, but by bad blood. Is it any wonder she feels "blue"? In most cases blood is not only for blood, but for blood. A man or woman feels unhappy. Life seems dark. The heart is heavy. Bad blood is carrying its poison all over the body, and we call it "blues."

Read these experiences: Mrs. C. C. Hutchison, of Pittston, Pa., says: "I consider Dr. Acker's English Blood Purifier the best of all blood medicines, and will remove all impurities of the blood."

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"Oh! Herbert, I loved her so, I love her now. And she has broken my heart, for there is no hope, no hope!" and with his head on the table, hidden by his arms, he tried in vain to stifle the bitter sobs that would have their way. Col. Masingbird looked on, grieved to the heart, but helpless.

"Geoffrey, we have been friends, comrades for years. I think if I have ever had a wish it concerned you; if my only child should leave my home it should be for you."

"Forgive me, Masingbird, but I am well and bright."

"Can you explain it, or tell me what she said?"

"She said she had a boy lover when she was at school at Havensmouth, and that they were married at a registrar's office."

"His name?"

"Fitz something, Fitzclara. But pray do not torture me further, I cannot bear it."

"Geoffrey, I ask you to suspend your judgment on my unhappy child. I will go and seek her, and find out the truth." Geoffrey made no answer. What did it signify now? She could not be his wife.

Col. Masingbird hastily left the room and made his way with vehement strides to the Lady's Glen. There, prone on the ground, lay Carmen, hysterical sobs shaking her frame. She heard no footfall, no sound, till her father with infinite compassion in his voice, called, "Carmen."

"Oh, papa! papa! You will be kind to me!"

"My poor child! Sit down by me on this seat and tell me what is this dreadful tale which I have just heard from Geoffrey Estcourt. Can it be true that my daughter for years deceived her father? Have you, Carmen, contracted a marriage unknown to me?"

"Papa, I did undergo some ceremony three years ago, but not at a church; and, believe me, I attached no importance to it. I thought it a little bit of romance; I was only just 17, an ignorant, silly, romantic school girl."

"Carmen," said her father, "I wish you to be in possession of the absolute facts, the entire truth."

"With a sad, weary tremble of voice, Carmen complied."

"When I was at school at Havensmouth I used to attend St. Botolph's

church; Sunday after Sunday there was always a handsome young fellow who sat near me; he always watched for me. Then he put little notes in my prayer book (the books were left at church); then we met in the grounds that led by a little gate into the pine woods. He told me how dearly he loved me, and at last I began to love him. He wrote beautiful poetry, and he had been a bank clerk. A cousin of his died and left him some money. He said as I should be rich, he could not live on my money, so that if I would marry him, he would go out to the colonies and make a fortune, and not till then claim me. So one morning (I was to spend the day with Aunt Catherine, who, you know, was at Havensmouth a good deal) we went to the registrar and were married."

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Without discussing the first great cause, we may properly discuss first things and the mode by which the laws of nature, or the agencies of the first great power, brought into existence the first objects of creation.

To the inquiring mind the origin of all such things must ever be a subject of profound interest, and the modes by which nature works out its problems—always interesting—is now, more than ever before, receiving the attention of great minds.

This is not a universe of chance, but of law and everything which exists in perfect accord with its environments lives on forever, and only those things which are out of joint with their surroundings and not in accord with the omnipotent, omnipresent, eternal laws of universal nature, die or change their forms of existence.

There may have been a period when human life averaged ten times the duration that it now does, but if that tradition be true it argues that a civilization existed prior to an unknown period of prehistoric darkness, in which the human race retrograded and before which it had attained to a knowledge of natural laws far beyond anything dreamed of in our time.

From investigations and discoveries in natural laws human life is again increasing in duration and when the environments of the human race are better understood we may hope that life will again assert its right to a period equal to that claimed for the Methusals.

With this view of the case as an incentive, the investigation and discussion of the foundation principles of life, creation, the universe, are not to be classed as the ebullitions of a wild dreamer, but rather as that of a philanthropist seeking the welfare of the whole human race.

When and how did nature begin her work? What the method by which the earth, moon, planets and suns were brought into existence, more or less of time, in acids, attach a wire to it, insert in the acids also a piece of prepared charcoal to which another wire is attached.

That zinc disappears, goes out through the copper wire, changes to electricity which runs a sewing machine, makes an electric light, goes off into space and is lost to sight.

"It is a poor rule that will not work both ways," says an old sage, and as the zinc in this case by a well known law of nature and electricity, is sent off into the unknown and apparently out of existence, it is unreasonable to suppose that zinc was built, created, or made from or by condensations of electricity?

In the same manner every known substance may be ultimately, though not directly changed into electricity and spirited away into the unknown. Then as all matter may be resolved into electricity may not all matter have originated from condensations of electricity?

The above illustrations may serve to suggest a theory of creation, or rather a link in the chain of creation. If the theory is a correct one then electricity is matter, the fourth form of matter, and it becomes necessary to look beyond for the origin of electricity, but man's limited knowledge of outer space precludes further investigation at this time, for our greatest scientists acknowledge their ignorance of the elements that occupy space and they can only give to it a vague and meaningless name, calling it the ether of space.

The theory of creation, then, as discussed herein, is that all matter is builded from condensations of electricity and the first of nature's products, the first object in creation to take tangible form, is the atom which, although it is known to exist, is too small to be seen by the most powerful microscope. By accumulations and combinations of these atoms, as all atoms, the gases, the atmosphere, water and all solids and liquids are formed.

But what is the process of natural laws in bringing together these atoms and making of them the world, moon, planets, suns, of the universe?

The laws of nature are very simple hence once understood, and we may know of the unseen by analogy, for the unseen nature here is the same as it is here and everywhere. We know that every atom, every substance, is environed with electricity. All metal, all woods, water, earth, are full of and surrounded by electricity, and that electrical force constitutes the attractive force of all bodies according to their density.

Herein we have the law of gravitation as laid down by Newton, who declared that all bodies attract each other in proportion to their densities and masses.

Then for illustration, let us take a place, if such it may be called, far away in outer space; away from all the stars and suns, so far away that even the light of our great universe or cluster of stars may not reach it, where ether darkness reigns forever, and from whence not a single twinkling star might be seen. Such a twinkling star might be seen. Such a twinkling star might be seen. Such a twinkling star might be seen.

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Porcupine's arrest had been ordered by General Brisbane, but a respite had been obtained for him by Major Carroll, and he now came to explain his religious and personal conduct. All the officers in the fort, including Major Carroll, had given Porcupine letters of recommendation, and several requested the apostle followers might be allowed to see their families and shake hands with their wives and children.

At 6 o'clock, after the apostle had washed and dined, he and his followers went to the headquarters building for a conference with the white chief. Everyone was anxious to hear, and the room was soon so filled that an adjournment to the hall of the club house was necessary.

Jules Semino acted as interpreter, assisted by Tobacco Kake, chief of scouts at Fort Custer. The chief rose and, stretching forth his hands, prayed in silence for nearly five minutes.

He placed his hands on the top of his head and on his stomach and his chest rose and fell with deep sighs. Suddenly his face lit up and he seemed filled with a holy spirit.

He began speaking in low measured tones, which grew louder and faster as he proceeded, until they reached a tempest of Indian eloquence.

He claimed Christ was on the earth and in the flesh at Walker lake, Nevada, and that he had seen him and talked with him face to face, and that Christ had sent him abroad to preach his gospel to all who would hear.

He did not know anything about any other Christ, but the man he had seen told him he had been on earth before hundreds of years ago, when the people had treated him badly and killed him. He showed scars on his hands and feet where he said the people had driven spikes to a cross.

He also had a bad wound in his side where he said a spear had pierced his flesh. Before he died he told the people that if he ever came back to this earth again he would come to the Indian nation, whose children would hear him and not put him to death as the white people had done.

He said he lived in heaven with his father and had a mother who was a holy spirit. His father had made the earth and everything upon it. He believed in him. Porcupine is a splendid specimen of the Indian, over six feet tall, straight as an arrow, with a fine face and large. He is about 35 years old and his large black eyes glow with the earnestness of his convictions.

As he talks he is modest and graceful as an orator and evidently believes every word he utters.

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The "Hebriean wave" seems rather a poetical substitute for the Irish sea; and a "badger" is a still more extraordinary equivalent for a corn merchant—"one that buys corn or other victuals in one place to sell it in another."

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"Actress" has a very literal and interesting signification—"a woman-doer," but at this decade of the seventeenth century there were no actresses in the modern sense of the term, the female parts being then taken by boys or young men.—Chambers' Journal.

Merit Wins.

We desire to say to our citizens that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merits. Janek's Pharmacy.

A splendid line of muslin and percale shirts and summer neckwear just received by Myron Ellis.

Wall paper, of the latest designs and in large assortment.

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Yakima baled hay for sale at 1 1/2c. at the I X L.

A large line of hosiery on special sale at VANCE & MULFORD'S.

Leave orders for Ice at the I X L.

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

Myron H. Ellis carries the best line of gloves for gentlemen to be found in the city.

Groceries you must have. Groceries we must sell. Let's trade and both be happy. Bartholet Bros.

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

The finest line of neckwear ever shown in North Yakima just received at Myron H. Ellis.

Parties desiring loans on improved city or farm property should apply to Fechter & Law, Yakima National Bank building.

Dr. Savage will be found always ready to attend calls day or night. Office over Eshelman Bros. store; residence on Second street, two doors south U. S. land office.

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

Lombard & Horsley have received a large invoice of wall paper of various and tasteful designs, which they are offering very cheap owing to the late season.

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

Wall paper, carpets, furniture, picture frames, etc. LOMBARD & HORSLEY.

Choice feed, oats and chopped barley for sale at the North Yakima roller mills.

Messrs. Fechter & Law have succeeded A. B. Weed as agents of the Solicitors Loan and Trust Co., of Philadelphia, and are now prepared to make loans on farm property at short notice.

The celebrated Troy collars and cuffs are carried by Myron H. Ellis. Wear no other make.

Recognizing the long-felt want for children's clothing, we are now prepared to supply just that. Goods are all new and prices are low.

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

A full line of the latest materials and shades in dress goods have been received by Henry Ditter.

Five hundred boxes of soap at Bartholet Bros., only \$1.25 per box.

Our negligee shirts are just the thing, so purchasers say. Try them.

"Oh! what a hat!" No remarks of this kind are made over the hats brought of Myron H. Ellis, for he carries only the most approved makes and styles. Consult Mr. Ellis before getting your summer head covering.

Myron H. Ellis has put his price down to bed-rock and will sell for cash only. Cash is king at his furnishing emporium.

O, say! have you

TRAIN ROBBERS CAUGHT.—On Saturday morning, July 5th, while freight train No. 56 (east bound) was stopping at North Yakima, Conductor C. C. Needles stepped across the street to Sharlow & McDanel's to get his time check cashed. He was accommodated, and as the light twenty dollar pieces went over the counter they caught the eyes of two rough looking strangers who were in the saloon at the time and who hurried out after the transaction was completed. Conductor Needles paid no special attention to their movements and would have thought nothing more about it, had it not been for the light of subsequent events. It seems that the men stowed themselves away in a box car and when the train reached Parker's siding, some eight or ten miles east of Yakima, they boldly entered the caboose where the conductor and two brakemen were passing the time. Conductor Needles said, "Hello, boys! have you got any money?" The larger and older of the two shoved his hand into his breast pocket and drawing a big Smith & Wesson six-shooter, presented it at the face of the conductor and answered, "No, have you?" at the same time the other robber, placing his hand in his hip pocket, told the brakemen to yield up. Protestations were in vain, as the highwaymen knew they had coin, and finally they gave up their combined capital of \$120 and the robbers dropped off the train and took to the brush. As soon as Toppensh was reached, Conductor Needles telegraphed Superintendent Prowell and notified the authorities at Yakima. Sheriff Lesh and Deputy Dan Simmons went down on a special with Mr. Prowell, while a posse started out from this city on horseback to scour the country. The fortune of bagging the game fell to Dan Simmons, who, in company of an Indian boy, struck the robbers' trail near where the work was done and tracked them 17 miles to Toppenish creek, where he found his men at a squaw camp waiting for something to eat. Simmons told a plausible story about having been to Fort Simcoe for the Fourth, and having lost his horses he was footing it back. The men were somewhat suspicious, however, and kept apart so that Mr. Simmons could not get the drop on them. Going inside of the cabin, he watched the men through a crack in the door, and when they came together he rushed out and ordered them to throw up their hands. The younger man readily complied, while the older threw up one hand and reached for his gun with the other. Simmons sent a bullet whizzing past his ear, which induced him to fully conform with the command. He then made them lock hands and line up while they were searched. Only one gun was found and that in the possession of the largest man, who gave his name as Wm. E. Montgomery, aged 25. The other one said he was John Milburn, aged 18. They informed Deputy Simmons that when captured they were planning to rob him, and on giving up the money taken from the trainmen, one of them remarked: "That's all right. You have a terrible sight of gall, but take it, we can get plenty more." Simmons brought his men to the city on the next train, and on Monday they waived examination and were committed to jail, in default of bonds in the sum of \$3,000 each. Montgomery is known to the public as "Jersey Bill" and his partner as the "Kansas City Kid." They are said to be desperate characters, but it will probably be years before they will do any more train robbing.

THE NATCHES BRIDGE NEEDS ATTENTION.—Agent Humphrey has received a letter from Bridge Superintendent J. R. Peter of the Northern Pacific, asking for a conference with the county commissioners regarding the Natches bridge. He says the county bridge will not stand through another winter without overhauling, and if it goes it will take the railroad bridge with it. Mr. Peter claims he can make the bridge secure for its natural life and save money to the county, if the commissioners will have the work done in conjunction with the company, which is about to commence repairing its own bridge.

MONEY GETTING EASIER.—Money has been tight here in Yakima as it has been throughout the balance of the Northwest but it is now getting a little easier. This spring with the stringency of money matters the deposits of the First National bank touched the low water of about thirty thousand dollars but by the last financial statement, issued on the 17th of May, the deposits aggregated upwards of eighty thousand dollars and since then have been constantly increasing. When our bountiful crops are marketed this fall it is expected that the banks will be teeming with money.

A BUSINESS CHANGE.—The real estate, insurance and loan business of F. R. Reed & Co. was this week sold to Mr. A. B. Ross, general northwestern agent for the New York Life Insurance Co. Mr. Ross has for some time past made his headquarters in Spokane Falls, but was so favorably impressed with Yakima that he

LOCAL BREVITIES.

—Sheriff Lesh has ripe peaches, and beauties, too.
—Mrs. Geo. Krug presented her husband with a bouncing baby boy on Monday of last week.
—O. T. Stratton and John Golden have purchased the news, cigar and music store of Eschelman Bros.
—Only twenty marriage licenses have been issued in Yakima county since the beginning of the year.
—Allen C. Mason, of Tacoma, will leave on the 4th of September for a seven months' trip around the world.
—Thos. C. Howson was married on the 25th of June to Temple Taylor, daughter of T. J. Taylor, of the Wenas.
—F. M. Spain has presented to the officers of the A. O. U. W. the jewels recently received by Mr. Keuchler.
—A marriage license was issued to Albert Z. Demott and Mrs. Laura B. Fulton, both of this city, on Monday.
—Col. A. H. Reynolds sports a new phaeton, drawn by a horse that isn't much bigger than a good-sized jack rabbit.
—Two more 'phones have been added this week—55 at H. A. Griffin's, and 56 at Crippin, Lawrence & Co.'s, Syndicate block.
—The Biochemic Medical Co. has gotten out a book of nearly four hundred pages devoted to that system of treating disease.
—It is rumored that Holger Hall, for so long in the employ of T. G. Redfield, was married on the 9th inst., at Grand Island, Neb., to Miss Carrie Jewell.
—Cashier J. D. Cornett reports that he has eaten fully developed green corn from his place this year. For a backward season, this is a good showing.
—Mayor R. K. Nichols informs THE HERALD that he picked ripe apricots, plums, prunes and apples in S. O. Morford's orchard on the Fourth of July.
—Reports from the mountains indicate that the crop of huckleberry pies will be larger this season than ever known before. The bushes are loaded down with berries.
—Messrs. H. D. Cook, A. C. Walker, G. Livesley and H. A. Griffin left Thursday for several days' fishing up the Natches. They will make their camp above the Nile.
—During S. W. Lampine's recent trip to the Sound he met Assistant Commissioner Stone, of the general land office, who promised to visit Yakima before returning east.
—The directors of the North Yakima Yakima school district have authorized Attorney J. B. Reavis to prepare the papers for bonding the district to fund indebtedness contracted by building.
—Topographical engineers were put in the field Tuesday by the N. P. & Yakima Irrigation Co. William Ham Hall, the state irrigation engineer of California, is expected here Saturday to pass upon the surveys.
—Justice Myron H. Ellis was summoned to the county auditor's office, on Wednesday, and performed the ceremony which united in the holy bonds of matrimony, James Morrison and Mary Danielson.
—Emily Rodman, daughter of G. W. and Albertine E. Rodman, aged 13 years, and Roslyn aggregated 372,351 tons. Nearly a thousand men are now employed in the mines, and the monthly pay-roll amounts to about \$20,000.
—Miss Elvira A. Parsons, of Maine, arrived in the city on Saturday last to occupy the house that Jack built, that is, the residence of Frederick A. Jack, of Ellensburg, to whom she was married on Thursday by the Rev. J. T. Eschelman.
—G. M. McKinney now has seven of his irrigation pumps in operation in the vicinity of Prosser. He is also figuring with the people of Pasco for a big plant, which is guaranteed to lift ten thousand gallons of water per minute a height of 85 feet.
—At the opening of Morgan's Memorial Park, Tacoma, on the 4th of July, Miss Maud Stone, daughter of John A. Stone, of this city, was awarded the first prize for the best exhibition of riding, receiving a \$50 embroidered saddle-blanket and a \$100 saddle.
—Mike Mackinson, who, while mentally deranged, wandered away from a coal prospecting party in the mountains and was gone five days, was found by some Indians, near Fort Simcoe, on Friday. He was in a pitiable condition, but his reason was restored.
—There are now thirty-five acres of hops on the Moore plantation, ten acres having been added this year. Mr. Ker says it is his intention to increase the acreage by ten every year. He believes 25 cents per pound will be realized for this year's picking of hops.
—The Waterville land office will open for business about September 1st. As the bulk of the business for the local land office now comes from that quarter, it is estimated that with the change the compensation of the North Yakima land officers will be cut down to about \$150 per annum.
—Jamesburg (N. J.) Record: Mr. G. S. Carter, now of North Yakima, Washington, sends us an elegantly illustrated copy of THE YAKIMA HERALD. Our friend Carter seems to have struck a veritable land of milk and honey, and he has apparently a good hold on the trough supplying this long-sought and refreshing mixture. Between drinks he manages to say to his old friends, "Will you join me?"
—Hon. Edward Whitson left Wednesday for Spokane Falls to attend the meeting of the agricultural college commissioners. The impression prevails that no decision will be reached, and that the location of the college will revert to the legislature. Messrs. Whitson and Smith are anxious to settle the matter, but Mr. Ferguson has shown no indication that he wants to take any responsibility of location upon himself.

PERSONAL.

Fred Parker left for Walla Walla to-day on a business trip.
Joe Bartholet and wife have returned from a visit to the Sound.
R. Stroba is in Tacoma, pressing the claims of Yakima mineral water.
Ed. Phelps came down from Conco-nully, Thursday, for a brief visit.
Mrs. C. M. Holton and daughter, Miss Myrtle Holton, returned from the east Sunday.
Frank Bartholet, teller of the Yakima National bank, has gone to California for a month's vacation.
Mrs. L. S. Howlett is improving rapidly in health and expects to stay in Portland until the 20th.
Mrs. O. Wiswell has returned from Ellensburg, accompanied by her daughter, Mrs. M. Gilliam.
Harry Cooney, of the U. S. land office, returned Tuesday from a visit to his old home in Indianapolis, Ind.
Mrs. Wm. Kar, her children and their tutor, leave next week for Steilacoom, where they have rented a cottage for the summer.
M. E. Martin, of the Pacific Bridge company, arrived in the city from Portland, Sunday, with a party of men to rebuild the Moore bridge.
Hugh C. Wallace, the young democratic leader of Tacoma, is engaged to Miss Mildred Fuller, daughter of Chief Justice Fuller of the U. S. supreme court.
Col. J. C. Haines, the well known Seattle lawyer and politician, has retired from the firm of Haines, Struve & McMicken to become the general counsel of the Oregon Improvement company.
Ivan Chase, the publisher of the Colfax Commuer, spent Monday in the city visiting friends, of whom he has many here. Mr. Chase has been a good friend of Yakima, and will not be forgotten in the days of our prosperity.
A. W. Engle, Howard H. Lewis and Ed. Terry, of Seattle, came over Tuesday and spent a couple of days in fishing, up the Natches. Among the trout they captured were seven whose aggregate weight was twelve pounds.
Miss Mabel Barrett, who has been attending the St. Joseph academy, has gone to Walla Walla on a visit to her aunt, Mrs. Ed. McDonnell, while Miss Virginia Callahan has returned to Seattle to spend the vacation with her parents.
E. W. Porter, county clerk of Douglas county, spent a couple of days in the city last week. He was very much pleased with Yakima and said it was the most pushing and prosperous looking little city he had seen in his travels of late.
Miss Lila Hutton, who taught school in Wide Hollow last summer, returned from the east last week, accompanied by her father and mother. Here they were joined by L. S. Darland and family, and on Tuesday left for a visit to relatives at Forest Grove, Oregon.
Tacoma Globe: Ex-Mayor Fred R. Reed, of North Yakima, looks pleasing to the eye in a stand-up collar with the front edges turned pretty well over. He likes fancy scarfs and, just at this season, white ones. He changes his collar at least twice a day and indulges in a shift of scarf also for afternoon and evening wear.
Geo. W. Rodman left Wednesday again for Portland, to be at the bedside of his little daughter, Emily, who is in the hospital there. The little sufferer has been bedridden for over a year and her one desire now is to get back to Yakima, but that cannot be gratified, as she is nearly worn out and can live but a few days at the longest.
HORSES STOLEN BY WHOLESALE.—The disappearance of horses from the range in this vicinity has given strength to the theory that the band of thieves operating in eastern Washington and Idaho have been making incursions into Yakima county. B. F. Ward is among the losers and he holds to this opinion. Walla Walla has suffered heavily, one farmer alone having lost fifty head. Mr. Brizum, the well known horseman of Cheney, reports the loss of a large band of valuable animals, and the farmers of the Big Bend are heavy losers. The thieves are said to be sixteen in number and have been driving northward and northeastward, converging at a point beyond Spokane Falls, where they were recently seen. It is said they are making for the British line and have gathered in some of the neighborhood of a thousand animals. One party of cattlemen have already started after these predatory out-laws and another large party is gathered at Spokane Falls, awaiting word of information from mounted cowboys who have been stationed throughout northern Idaho and northwestern Montana.

THE FIRE FIEND FOILED.

M. G. WILLS, Who was burned out in the recent fire has reopened his SALOON AND BILLIARD HALL IN THE SWITZER BUILDING, NEXT TO HOTEL BARTHOLOE, ON FIRST ST. Where he proposes to dispense only the Best Goods, and promises Good Treatment to all his Old Patrons and as many New Customers as will afford him patronage. To benefit the Public and increase business will sell Beer 5c. a Glass And 25c. by the Quart.

SAWYER & PENNINGTON

(SUCCESSORS TO A. B. WEED.) Hardware, Stoves, Farm Machinery, Wagons. Superior Harbed Wire. Wheeling Steel Nails. The Largest Assortment of Builders Material in Central Washington, and Prices Lower than the Lowest. We Make a Specialty of Putting in Hot Air Furnaces. SAWYER & PENNINGTON, Southeast Corner First Street and Yakima Avenue, North Yakima, Washington.

NORTH YAKIMA THURSDAY JULY 17. JOHN ROBINSON'S 10 BIG SHOWS *ALL COMBINED!* CHIEF! THE Largest Elephant ON EARTH! 12 FEET HIGH! 3 GREAT CIRCUSES BIG RINGS

110 MALE AND FEMALE ARTISTS SCOUTS, INDIANS AND COWBOYS! 1,000 MEN & HORSES! BOXERS & WRESTLERS \$45,000 DROVE OF GIRAFFES! 3 MENAGERIES IN ONE!

FREE WILD WEST! Given Free with the GRAND STREET PARADE each morning. Cowboys, Scouts, Rifemen, Vaqueros, Cowgirls, Indians, Medicine Men, Bucko Squaws and Paposes, a Herd of Texas Steers, Wild Buffalo and Mountain Elk, Fleet Mustangs, Wiry Indian Ponies and Genuine Deadwood Stage Coach.

\$300,000 Grand Free Parade Cases, Dens and Lairs; 13 Separate Kinds of Music, 4 Musical Wagons, 15 Trumpeters, Troupe Jubilee Singers, Chimo Bells, 51 Bright Chariots, 8 Distinct Brass Bands, Female Brass Band of 15, 3 Steam Calliopes, Fifes and Drum Corps, Female Open-air Opera, 300 Horses, 100 Ponies, Scottish Bagpipers, Steam Organ, Doves of Elephants, Giraffes, Ostriches, Islands, Buffaloes, Elk and Fobras.

NOTICE. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE QUALIFIED voters of the city of North Yakima, Washington, that under and by virtue of the provisions an act, of the Legislature of the state of Washington, entitled: "an act to provide for and to regulate the registration of voters in cities and towns, and in precincts having a voting population of two hundred and fifty (250) or more" approved March 27 1908. The poll-book for the registration of the Citizens and qualified voters of the city of North Yakima will be open at the office of the city clerk of said city at the city hall from and after the 27th day of July 1908 from 9.30 a. m. to 4 p. m. of each day until further notice. Dated at North Yakima Washington July 10th 1908. F. M. WALK, City Clerk.

NOTICE. THE FIRM OF FRED R. REED & CO. HAS been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All claims against said firm, as shown on their books in this city, will be settled by G. W. Jones, to whom all accounts due said firm, as well as notes and payments on land contracts, must be paid. F. R. REED, G. W. JONES, No 24 Yakima, Wash., June 28, 1908.

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LOOK LOOK LOOK

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR IMMENSE SPRING STOCK WHICH IS Arriving Daily from the East

n Dry and Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Clothing, Furnishing goods, groceries, crockery, glass- ware, carpets and oil cloth.

Great IXL Co. Hyman Harris, Prop.

YAKIMA AVENUE NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

