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THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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THEO. WILCOX, Wm. Ker, Chas. Carpenter, A. W. Engle, Edward Whitson, Capital \$100,000.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Notice to Consumers.

Was Columbus a Jew?

Jews figure prominently in the history of the discovery of America. The plans and calculation, for Columbus' expedition were largely the work of two Hebrew astronomers and mathematicians. Two Jews also were employed as interpreters by Columbus, and one of them, Luis de Torres, was the first European to set foot in the new world. When Columbus sighted the island of San Salvador he imagined he was approaching a portion of the east Asiatic coast, and he sent Torres, who was engaged for his knowledge of Arabic, ashore to make inquiries of the natives. It was probably this Torres who was the Madrid Jew to whom Columbus bequeathed half a mark of silver in his will. Another curious fact is that it has been seriously suggested by Mr. DeLitzsch, we believe—that Columbus himself was a Jew or of Jewish birth. The name Christopher was frequently adopted by converts, while the surname Colon belongs to a distinguished family of Jewish scholars. Christopher's father, Diego, bore originally the Jewish name Jacob, which soon is surprisingly like a Sten Kadosh. Perhaps during the coming celebration some Jewish scholars in Italy will make inquiry into the validity of this daring suggestion.—*Jewish World.*

THE BONE PAPER.

A Little Story From Real Life That Carries a Moral.

When you got married to the brightest and best girl in the country, where did you look for that notice that meant so much to you, and so little to anybody else? To your home paper.

When your home was invaded by the blue eyed girl, or the bouncing baby boy, to whom did you make it your business to convey early information as to the sex, the time and the weight? To the editor of that home paper.

In after years, when some many young fellow takes the blue eyed girl to a home of his own, or your once bouncing boy—now a man—is given a partnership in the store because he has just brought home somebody else's daughter and set up an establishment of his own, to whom do you personally exhibit the wedding presents and load up with the bride's cake, and to whom do you look for that complimentary description of the interesting event, which once more means so much to you and a very few others, and so little to anybody else? To this same editor of that home paper.

And when trouble comes in the home and you add to your possessions that desolate bit of reality, the lot in the cemetery, and somehow the sun doesn't seem to shine just as it used to, and there's the flutter of crape at the door and the odor of the tubercle in the front parlor, and the chair that has for years been besides yours at the fireside and opposite you at the table is vacant, when all this happens, who makes it his business to write in tender strain of the one whose life has grown to be a part of yours, and whose sympathy and good deeds to others have long been known and recognized, if never publicly announced?

The editor of the home paper; and he's only too willing to do the little that he can to help you over the hard spot in the road.

And all these years you've advertised in this home paper, and done what you could to help the editor fight your battles in municipal and county matters, and encouraged him as he has worked to build up the town and bring business to it?

How is it? Have you?

Notice of Sale of School Bonds.

To the County Treasurer of Yakima County, Wash.:

I hereby certify that on the second day of July, 1890, an election was held at the residence of William L. Lince in school district No. 23 of Yakima county, Washington, for the purpose of determining the question as to whether the bonds of said district, amounting to \$1500, to run for ten years from the date of issue and to draw interest from the date of issue at a rate not to exceed ten per cent. per annum, at which said election the electors of said district voted in favor of the issuance of such bonds; and we further certify that in pursuance of said election we have fixed the denomination of such bonds at \$500 each; that three bonds will be issued amounting in the aggregate to \$1500; that they will draw interest at the rate of six per cent. per annum; that they shall contain upon their face the date of issue series of one, and be numbered from one to three inclusive, to be payable at the office of the county treasurer of Yakima county, Washington, at North Yakima, in said county and state; that said bonds are to run for ten years, and that said bonds are issued under an act of the legislature of the state of Washington entitled "An act allowing school districts to borrow money and issue bonds for the building of school houses; to permit the fanning of school district bonds heretofore or hereafter to be issued, legalizing the same and declaring an emergency," and said act was approved on March 19, 1890.

W. L. LUCE, J. E. SCHWARTZ, CHARLES L. GARD, Directors of school district No. 23.

Attest: J. T. STEWART, Clerk of said district No. 23.

THE AUSTRALIAN SYSTEM.

How Our Elections Are to be Conducted in the Future.

Complete Instructions as to How the Voters are to Cast and Scrutinize About the Origin of the System.

Nearly everybody agrees that the Australian system is a good thing, and yet it is doubtful if one in three persons who endorse it really understand the workings of the system.

According to testimony given before the British parliamentary committee, the system did not originate in Australia at all, but in the little town of Maryport, Cumberland. The system in its details and perfection undoubtedly belong to Australia, however. But so far from being confined to the limits of the biggest island, or the smallest continent, however, it is a fact that the system has extended until it is known and appreciated all over the civilized globe. England, Belgium, Norway, Australia, Italy, Canada and Luxembourg, all vote by the Australian system, as well as the states of Massachusetts, New York, Tennessee, Connecticut, Maryland, Indiana, Montana, Nebraska, and last but not least, the state of Washington. Wisconsin has partially adopted the system, and elections in the city of Louisville, Ky., are held under it.

The statutes vary more or less in various sections, but the general effect of all is the same. The law adopted by the last legislature of this state embraces nearly all of the features of the system.

The act provides that all ballots shall be printed and distributed at public expense. But one ballot will be printed, and this will contain the names of all candidates, no matter by what party they may be nominated. This will enable any body of citizens to have the name of their candidate printed on the ballot with all others, so that all may have an equal show. Each voter will be allowed but one ballot. Should this become mutilated another one may be procured by returning the mutilated one to the official who distributes the ballots. Certificates of nomination for municipal officers shall be filed with the city clerk not more than thirty days and not less than three days before election.

A candidate may be nominated other than by convention or primary meeting by the filing with the city clerk of a certificate with fifty signatures, stating that the person has been nominated for the office named.

Each precinct shall contain, as nearly as possible, 250 voters, 330 being the maximum. If at any election over 300 votes should be cast in any precinct, it is the duty of the inspector of that precinct to report the same, and before the next election it shall be divided.

A voter is at liberty in this state to write or paste on his ballot the name of any person for whom he desires to vote for any office, and such vote shall be counted the same if printed upon the ballot, and marked by the voter, and any voter may take with him into the polling place any written or printed memorandum or paper to assist him in making or preparing his ballot.

Before delivering any ballot to an elector, the inspector or judge of election shall print on the back and near the top of the ballot, with a stamp provided for the purpose, the words "Official Ballot," the name or number of the election precinct, the name of the county, the date of election, and the name and official designation of the clerk who furnished the ticket.

In Tasmania the ballots were originally stamped, though all the other details of the new system were observed. A shrewd worker thought out a scheme to compel those whose votes he had purchased to abide by the contracts. He sent in one voter with a blank sheet of paper of similar form to the ballots. The bribed voter got his ballot from the ballot clerk, retired to his booth and then deposited the blank sheet of paper, carrying the ballot out to his principal. The principal filed this out as he wanted it voted and gave it to another man. This voter went in and received another ballot, but deposited the one prepared by the vote buyer. When he came out he surrendered his blank ballot, and this game was continued.

The blank ballot in each case showed that the voter had voted the other one, for no one is allowed to leave the booth without voting unless he returns the ballot given him when he enters.

In any of the states and countries that have adopted the Australian ballot system the ballots are printed like bank checks in a book. They are numbered on the outer corner, and the stub left when the ballot is torn out bears the same number.

When a man enters the polling place he goes to the ballot clerk, of which there are two of the opposite politics. He gives his name and address to one of the clerks, who calls it loudly. If the officer in charge of the check list finds the name thereof he reports it and the voter is allowed to enter the space enclosed by the guard rail.

The voting places are provided with booths or voting compartments, in which the voter may mark his ballot secure from the observation of anyone. The guard rail prevents anybody from coming inside where they can see the voter, and no persons other than election officers and those actually voting are permitted inside the rail.

No more than one person shall be allowed to occupy a booth at one time, and no person shall occupy a booth more than five minutes, provided others are waiting to use the same booth.

A blind voter or one who cannot read or write can have the election officers make out his ballot for him. The officers must insure it on the statement that it was marked by them and are bound by oath not to reveal anything further about it.

At all elections held under the new system the polls shall open at 9 o'clock a. m. and close at 7 o'clock p. m.

This system has, it is said, almost done away with the corrupt use of money at the polls where it has been adopted. Its efficacy is obvious. Under the old arrangement anyone who buys a man's vote could walk up beside him and see that he deposited a ballot that had been previously prepared. Under the new system, though money can be used for corrupt purposes, there is absolutely no security that a man will do as he is paid to do, and the average man who sells his vote cannot be trusted, to use an old and time-worn expression, "as far as you can throw a ball by the tail." He cannot make out his ballot anywhere except in the voting compartments, and then he will make it out as he likes and no one can tell for whom he votes.

ABOUT CONJUGAL LIKENESS.

The Latest Theory is Advanced That Husband and Wife

Grow Like Each Other in Countenance After Years Spent in Close Society With Each Other.

A curious theory has just been tested, though not, we fear, in any scientific way. It has long been asserted by physiognomists that married people grow like one another as their linked lives go on, so that after a series of years the husband will bear more resemblance to his wife in face and expression than he does to his own sister. The wife also will seem nearer in type to her spouse than to her brother. We do not know whether this fancy has any foundation in fact. If it has, how is the approximation worked out? Does the masculine element predominate in the eventual pair developed out of the distinct units? Or will a fine, clear-minded girl—"a little lower than the angels," and "above the Son of Wrath"—compel the countenance of her mate to take her lines and angles? Some people assert that fair hair and blue eyes are going out—not of fashion, but of the world!—that every year the human race is becoming darker, and that if our beauty were sold in their locks they must buy it at the chemist or hair dresser—sometimes purchasing it too dear. If, then, the brunette is destined to survive the struggle for existence, will a dark wife gradually throw a shade over a blonde husband's pleasant face until he becomes rather swarthy, in order to keep her in countenance? Or would a dark-complexioned husband subdue to his own that white and red roses of a fair wife's cheek until she becomes as shady as himself? This kind of "shading" seems to us worse than that alleged to be practiced by the Irish police. Then, has character anything to do with it? Will the stronger mind carry the day? Will a weak woman married to a man of strong intellect come to resemble him in face even if she can not aspire to his mental powers? Then, suppose the wife is pretty and the man ugly, will the result be an average—a plain elderly couple like each other, instead of the very different bride and bridegroom of the wedding day? Or has ugliness something in it more positive than beauty? We all know that some forms of rugged unattractiveness carry with them a look and consciousness of power, so that, though wanting in the usual attractiveness, they have a kind of charm of their own. This is a serious matter for lovely women who stoops to man. Had this theory been fully explained to the merchant's youngest daughter she might have hee-hawed much longer before she allowed her pity to prevail on her to make the matrimonial alliance celebrated in the history of Beauty and the Beast.

The Photographic society of Geneva has been testing this dogma of gradual and growing conjugal resemblance. It took photographs of 78 old couples, and an equal number of adult brothers and sisters. On careful inspection it was found that the married couples were more like each other than the brothers and sisters of the same blood. This matrimonial approximation best family likeness. We do not consider the experiment entirely decisive. We must remember that the years as they pass by are rather impartial in their treatment of the human race. They whiten the heads of both sexes in much the same way—although some women would rather dye than admit the fact. Then age has apparently as much pleasure in stealing the lustre from a lady's eye as from that of her husband. Time equally blanches the once rosy cheek of the woman and the once ruddy countenance of the man. Not all the cosmetics in the world can hide the lines and little touches, even in the face of the most craftily prepared lady of fashion. We have thus one grave cause why, independent of matrimony, any lady and any gentleman of mature or advanced years should bear to each other a certain resemblance. Age has stamped both with certain marks visible to the naked eye, and common characteristics tend to diminish the original and distinctive individuality of each. There are other reasons why man and wife should be like one another. They are generally of the same class in life, and the inherited traditions, usages and customs of a class have a certain effect in molding the face and in modifying its expression. The peasant, the town trader, the well-to-do farmer, the professional man, the born pleasure seeker have all their types; and when, as generally happens, the husband and partner are both of the same class, there is a certain conventional basis of resemblance. Then we must remember that in some rural or isolated districts, all over the world, men seek sweethearts from the families around them, and have done so for generations. In the old time in Ireland no wedding was complete without the genealogical old lady who proved that the bride and bridegroom were consanguine—perhaps only seventh or eighth, but still of the same blood. In these cases common ancestry would account for a certain resemblance. This intermarriage of neighbors' children also produces not only family, but distinct types. In some parts of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, a hundred years ago all the men in a valley or a village seemed chips of the same old

block, and strangers could hardly distinguish one from another. To Europeans a Chinaman seems ludicrously like his wife, and Oriental eyes see the same kind of resemblance between Englishmen and Englishwomen. We should require more searching and thorough experiment before we accept this theory of progressive conjugal approximation. We should like to see photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Brown as they were fifty years ago utterly unlike and "pictures in little" of the same couple as they appear now, very like one another. We should also desire photographs of aged couples not united in matrimony, to compare their general likeness with the particular resemblance said to be developed by the matrimonial chain. It would be interesting, also, to find out how many years it takes for the approximation to develop. May a plain man catch the infection of loveliness from his pretty wife after ten years, or twenty, or companionship? Is there a beauty microbe that may be inhaled so as to give lack-lustre eyes a brilliancy not their own, to straighten a pug nose, or draw forward a receding chin? This theory gives certainly a great advantage to the owners of feminine loveliness. Husbands will now fear more than ever to quarrel with beautiful wives, for the grand being may say, "Mr. Jones, your only chance for being lovely passable lay in another ten years' residence under the same roof with me. I now leave you to your native and irredeemable ugliness." This would be a terrific threat to a humble little man growing gradually good-looking under the fostering sunshine of a pretty woman's eyes.

There is something, of course, in common habits of mind and body that tends to produce likeness. Take a country doctor of the old type living in a normal English village. He has a snug parsonage, a sufficient income, no worldly cares to speak of, his Sunday duties, and a few visits to his parishioners, who all like him. When a healthy, happy-minded Englishman settles down to such a life he gradually becomes placid and easy-tempered. The years glide by without stress or strain. His wife shares his habits, his thoughts, his advantages. Like Dr. and Mrs. Primrose, their adventures are few, and their principal migrations from the blue room to the brown. It would be strange if such a cozy couple did not bear common marks of this identical existence. In fact, whenever there is isolation due to situation, necessity or taste, the people who bear the same lot do show similar results in gait, manner and countenance. As to the discovery by the photographers of Geneva that the brothers and sisters taken were not so like one another as the old married folk, that means very little. Nothing is so remarkable in families as the unlikeness of brothers and sisters. Of the same parents, brought up in the same home, under the same rules, and lighted by the same love, each child shows at a very early period a marvelously distinct individuality. Western thought and Darwinian science account for these things by telling us of hereditary traits cropping up in descendants by chance. Oriental philosophers attribute the distinction to reincarnation. The being who comes into the world as the child of Smith lives before in another body and at another time. In the interval he existed somewhere, and was finally sentenced to another period of earth life, selecting—how, nobody knows—a particular body for his reappearance. Some say that if he had led the life of, say, a wicked earl in the eighteenth century, he resumes carnal existence as the child of a crossing-sweeper, and is cut off as much as he was once cursed; thus justice is fulfilled. This theory, if proved, would fully account for the fact that Robinson's baby is sometimes not in the least like either Robinson or his wife, or their ancestors to the remotest generation. And thus common place people are the flesh-and-blood parents of immortal minds, who owe to them merely a little body. So the philosophers account for the sudden appearance of an infant prodigy—a Mozart or a Shakespeare—in the world. We say nothing as to the truth or falsehood, the probability or improbability of this theory; but the fact remains that family traits are sometimes conspicuous by their absence, so that the non-resemblance of the brothers and sisters photographed at Geneva goes for nothing. The growing likeness of old married couples, therefore, remains to be proved.—*London Telegraph.*

How to Swell Railroad Profits.

Passenger traffic does not grow on American railroads like freight, because it has not been nursed by lake reductions.

Here is the Chicago & Northwestern railroad, which since 1870 has reduced its freight rate "per ton mile" from 2.10c to 1.01c, or more than half; but the passenger rate "per passenger mile" has only fallen one-fourth, from 3.02c to 2.34c. What is the result? The freight traffic has grown four and one-half fold, from 454,000,000 ton miles to 1,804,701,088 ton miles; but the passenger mileage has only a little more than doubled, rising from 110,775,304 passenger miles to 279,210,717. Now with this increase there is a lot more money in the increased freight at half the rate, with over four times the quantity, than in passenger business at three-quarter rates with twice the quantity.

The first railroad that dures a real passenger reduction like that of freight, which in the Chicago & Northwestern would have meant a cent and a half a mile in 1890, will work a railroad revolution in favor of passenger and a dividend to stockholders.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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

SOME VERY OLD PEOPLE.

Mummies That Were Six Thousand Years of Age.

Wooden Statue of Adam—Wonderful Collection of Antiquities in the Ghizeh Palace Museum.

Notwithstanding the short span of its existence, the National Museum at Cairo, founded by the late Mariette Pasha, hitherto known as the Boulak museum, has managed to collect a more wonderful assortment of Egyptian antiquities, together with more numerous specimens of its ancient art, than can now be seen in any other part of the world. This museum was established for the purpose of providing a place, in Egypt itself, where the treasures constantly being discovered could be exhibited, and which would also furnish an excuse for the government interfering to prevent the wholesale exportation of the portable portion of its antiquities; a scandalous proceeding which was fast depriving Egypt of its priceless heirlooms. The unique collection thus created, having outgrown the capacity of the small and unsuitable building assigned to it at Boulak, has, during the last winter, been moved to the Ghizeh palace, a building admirably adapted for the purpose, even if its modern French decorations were of a somewhat unharmonious character. This palace is situated a short distance out of Cairo, on the western bank of the Nile, and is one of the most costly of those glittering edifices built by the present khedive's father and predecessor, Ismail Pasha, of palace building fame. Here, within lofty galleries, in marble pillared halls and ornate reception rooms; overlooking the Nile and the towering minarets of Cairo, visitors and students of Egyptology can now examine those thought inspiring works of art and constantly increasing records of ancient Egypt which the explorations are bringing to light, or which result from the systematic tomb rifling, which is apparently an accomplishment inherited by the Arabs from their remote ancestry.

Here is a hall now devoted to the exhibition of some of those mummies of the Pharaohs and royal personages which were rescued under extraordinary circumstances by Brugsch Bay in 1881 from that mysterious hiding place in the tomb pierced cliffs at the back of the temple at Deir-el-Bahari. There, here, in glass cases exposed to view, are now to be seen the fine features of Seth I., the Pharaoh who ordered the slaughter of the first born Hebrew children, and whose daughter rescued the infant Moses. In the case adjoining the attention is riveted by the face of Seth's son, Remese II., or the Great, the Pharaoh of the Jewish oppression, whose statues, cartouches and "bombastic ba-reliefs modern travelers up the Nile still find scattered about all over upper Egypt. There are numerous other unrolled mummies reposing in these cases, including that of Thotmes III., the obelisk builder, and as they are all still in a most wonderful state of preservation the room has an enthralling fascination for every class of visitor attracted to the museum. The next room shown is a handsomely proportioned one where the various images and divinities peculiar to the mysterious mythology of primitive Egypt can be studied.

Another scene is of the court in which the active work of moving is still taking place. The art of the ancient world is admirably exemplified by the figures carved out of calcareous limestone, representing Prince Rhatobek and his wife Nefer, which were found in a tomb near the so-called false pyramid of Myrdoon, and are now in the first room. These statues, the most conspicuous objects in the museum, are said to belong to the fourth or fifth dynasty, and are without doubt the oldest portrait statues in the world. If faithful likenesses the prince and his wife must have been very genial and pleasant personages. The other statues are assuredly worthy of classification among the wonders of the world. The granite one occupied a commanding position in a large marble pillared hall devoted to relics of the "ancient empire." It was found in one of the chambers of the sand buried sycene temple of the Sphinx, and represents Chephren, the builder of the second pyramid at Ghizeh. This statue, which is certainly not less than six thousand years old, displays in its general treatment, in the freedom from that conventionally peculiar to a later period, as in the molding of the limbs and body, and in the majestic repose which characterizes the expression, the highest plane which Egyptian art ever attained. No less amazing in its way is the wooden statue found at Memphis, now called the Shyck-el-Beled, or village sheyk, because of some fancied resemblance the people at Sakarah discovered between it and their present sheyk. The date of this carving is unknown, but it is as old as, if not older than, the pyramids. It tells a tale, both in the man represented and in the art knowledge exemplified of a high civilization existing anterior to the period at which history begins; of this civilization the world does not possess any records but those specimens of handiwork resulting from its teaching, which are now to be found in the Ghizeh palace museum.

GOING TO BE AN ACTOR!

John L. Sullivan Will Abandon the Prize Ring for the Stage.

"I'm going to be an actor," said John L. Sullivan to a New York Herald man, as he stood in one of his powerful pugilistic poses in tall evening dress before a large mirror in his star dressing room in the National theater at Philadelphia the other evening.

"My friend, Duncan B. Harrison, I had at work writing a new play for me, in which I will make my debut next season in the leading role. I have just signed a contract for a forty-weeks' engagement, and I intend to devote the best part of my spare time this summer to studying up my new part."

"Can you tell us something about the proposed new drama and the character you intend to play?"

"It will be a corker—away out of sight," thundered the big fellow, in a voice that would have knocked the old Bowery gallery gods silly. "Of course I play the hero—a young village blacksmith—and I am stuck on a pretty girl who returns my love. I have a rival here my working partner in the horse shoeing shop. He becomes jealous of my success with the girl and puts up a job to get me licked. I meet his man, slug him and then carry off the damsel. That's about all I can tell you of the plot at present. But I'll just flag some of these stars who think they can act."

"What gentleman will play the part of the man you slug, Mr. Sullivan?"

"Well, you see it's very difficult to find an actor who will stand up two or three rounds with me even in a play. Perhaps I'll have to engage some fighter to do that act. Perhaps Joe Lantton. I would much prefer to have Mitchell Jackson or some of those ducks that I could punch fair in the fighting scene. I am very anxious to make this very realistic—something that the world has never seen on a stage before."

"How about the scene in the blacksmith shop? Will that be as near realistic as possible?"

"You bet it will," answered the champion, striking a very dramatic pose. "I'll make a first class horse shoe right before the audience at every performance of my new play. There won't be any false business about it. You know last summer, when I was training at Belfast, I passed a good deal of my time about the blacksmith shop with Mike Cleary, my trainer. Mike is a dandy at horse shoeing. He taught me the business, so I can hammer out a shoe good enough for any horse to wear. Charles Johnston and a number of my friends have samples of my skill in this line."

"What school of acting, Mr. Sullivan, will you adopt?"

"None; I have a style of my own. I never copied anybody's manner of boxing, and neither will I their acting."

"Do you intend to retire from the ring if you make a hit on the stage?"

"No, not altogether. I'll fight one more finish fight—probably with Jackson. After that I am through with battles which I have to train any length of time for. However, I may go into a dozen or more limited number of rounds contests with such men as McAniff, Slavin and others."

"How long before you'll meet Peter Jackson, Mr. Sullivan?"

"That is impossible for me to answer at this stage of the game. If I had my own way about it I would probably say in two months. That's all the time I want to get into condition. It seems every time I am held down by sickness, accident or law I am flooded with challenges from ducks who would not dare to issue them if I was only free. When I broke my arm on Cardiff they came thick and fast from all parts of the country. When I was almost on my deathbed at Crescent Beach folks wanted to fight me, and now when they know I'm in trouble with the Mississippi people they challenge me again. Wait."

ABOUT CONJUGAL LIKENESS.

The Latest Theory is Advanced That Husband and Wife

Grow Like Each Other in Countenance After Years Spent in Close Society With Each Other.

A curious theory has just been tested, though not, we fear, in any scientific way. It has long been asserted by physiognomists that married people grow like one another as their linked lives go on, so that after a series of years the husband will bear more resemblance to his wife in face and expression than he does to his own sister. The wife also will seem nearer in type to her spouse than to her brother. We do not know whether this fancy has any foundation in fact. If it has, how is the approximation worked out? Does the masculine element predominate in the eventual pair developed out of the distinct units? Or will a fine, clear-minded girl—"a little lower than the angels," and "above the Son of Wrath"—compel the countenance of her mate to take her lines and angles? Some people assert that fair hair and blue eyes are going out—not of fashion, but of the world!—that every year the human race is becoming darker, and that if our beauty were sold in their locks they must buy it at the chemist or hair dresser—sometimes purchasing it too dear. If, then, the brunette is destined to survive the struggle for existence, will a dark wife gradually throw a shade over a blonde husband's pleasant face until he becomes rather swarthy, in order to keep her in countenance? Or would a dark-complexioned husband subdue to his own that white and red roses of a fair wife's cheek until she becomes as shady as himself? This kind of "shading" seems to us worse than that alleged to be practiced by the Irish police. Then, has character anything to do with it? Will the stronger mind carry the day? Will a weak woman married to a man of strong intellect come to resemble him in face even if she can not aspire to his mental powers? Then, suppose the wife is pretty and the man ugly, will the result be an average—a plain elderly couple like each other, instead of the very different bride and bridegroom of the wedding day? Or has ugliness something in it more positive than beauty? We all know that some forms of rugged unattractiveness carry with them a look and consciousness of power, so that, though wanting in the usual attractiveness, they have a kind of charm of their own. This is a serious matter for lovely women who stoops to man. Had this theory been fully explained to the merchant's youngest daughter she might have hee-hawed much longer before she allowed her pity to prevail on her to make the matrimonial alliance celebrated in the history of Beauty and the Beast.

The Photographic society of Geneva has been testing this dogma of gradual and growing conjugal resemblance. It took photographs of 78 old couples, and an equal number of adult brothers and sisters. On careful inspection it was found that the married couples were more like each other than the brothers and sisters of the same blood. This matrimonial approximation best family likeness. We do not consider the experiment entirely decisive. We must remember that the years as they pass by are rather impartial in their treatment of the human race. They whiten the heads of both sexes in much the same way—although some women would rather dye than admit the fact. Then age has apparently as much pleasure in stealing the lustre from a lady's eye as from that of her husband. Time equally blanches the once rosy cheek of the woman and the once ruddy countenance of the man. Not all the cosmetics in the world can hide the lines and little touches, even in the face of the most craftily prepared lady of fashion. We have thus one grave cause why, independent of matrimony, any lady and any gentleman of mature or advanced years should bear to each other a certain resemblance. Age has stamped both with certain marks visible to the naked eye, and common characteristics tend to diminish the original and distinctive individuality of each. There are other reasons why man and wife should be like one another. They are generally of the same class in life, and the inherited traditions, usages and customs of a class have a certain effect in molding the face and in modifying its expression. The peasant, the town trader, the well-to-do farmer, the professional man, the born pleasure seeker have all their types; and when, as generally happens, the husband and partner are both of the same class, there is a certain conventional basis of resemblance. Then we must remember that in some rural or isolated districts, all over the world, men seek sweethearts from the families around them, and have done so for generations. In the old time in Ireland no wedding was complete without the genealogical old lady who proved that the bride and bridegroom were consanguine—perhaps only seventh or eighth, but still of the same blood. In these cases common ancestry would account for a certain resemblance. This intermarriage of neighbors' children also produces not only family, but distinct types. In some parts of Ireland, Scotland and Wales, a hundred years ago all the men in a valley or a village seemed chips of the same old

block, and strangers could hardly distinguish one from another. To Europeans a Chinaman seems ludicrously like his wife, and Oriental eyes see the same kind of resemblance between Englishmen and Englishwomen. We should require more searching and thorough experiment before we accept this theory of progressive conjugal approximation. We should like to see photographs of Mr. and Mrs. Brown as they were fifty years ago utterly unlike and "pictures in little" of the same couple as they appear now, very like one another. We should also desire photographs of aged couples not united in matrimony, to compare their general likeness with the particular resemblance said to be developed by the matrimonial chain. It would be interesting, also, to find out how many years it takes for the approximation to develop. May a plain man catch the infection of loveliness from his pretty wife after ten years, or twenty, or companionship? Is there a beauty microbe that may be inhaled so as to give lack-lustre eyes a brilliancy not their own, to straighten a pug nose, or draw forward a receding chin? This theory gives certainly a great advantage to the owners of feminine loveliness. Husbands will now fear more than ever to quarrel with beautiful wives, for the grand being may say, "Mr. Jones, your only chance for being lovely passable lay in another ten years' residence under the same roof with me. I now leave you to your native and irredeemable ugliness." This would be a terrific threat to a humble little man growing gradually good-looking under the fostering sunshine of a pretty woman's eyes.

There is something, of course, in common habits of mind and body that tends to produce likeness. Take a country doctor of the old type living in a normal English village. He has a snug parsonage, a sufficient income, no worldly cares to speak of, his Sunday duties, and a few visits to his parishioners, who all like him. When a healthy, happy-minded Englishman settles down to such a life he gradually becomes placid and easy-tempered. The years glide by without stress or strain. His wife shares his habits, his thoughts, his advantages. Like Dr. and Mrs. Primrose, their adventures are few, and their principal migrations from the blue room to the brown. It would be strange if such a cozy couple did not bear common marks of this identical existence. In fact, whenever there is isolation due to situation, necessity or taste, the people who bear the same lot do show similar results in gait, manner and countenance. As to the discovery by the photographers of Geneva that the brothers and sisters taken were not so like one another as the old married folk, that means very little. Nothing is so remarkable in families as the unlikeness of brothers and sisters. Of the same parents, brought up in the same home, under the same rules, and lighted by the same love, each child shows at a very early period a marvelously distinct individuality. Western thought and Darwinian science account for these things by telling us of hereditary traits cropping up in descendants by chance. Oriental philosophers attribute the distinction to reincarnation. The being who comes into the world as the child of Smith lives before in another body and at another time. In the interval he existed somewhere, and was finally sentenced to another period of earth life, selecting—how, nobody knows—a particular body for his reappearance. Some say that if he had led the life of, say, a wicked earl in the eighteenth century, he resumes carnal existence as the child of a crossing-sweeper, and is cut off as much as he was once cursed; thus justice is fulfilled. This theory, if proved, would fully account for the fact that Robinson's baby is sometimes not in the least like either Robinson or his wife,

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

SUPPLEMENT.

THE NATIONAL ENCAMPMENT.

The War Veterans and Their Families to Visit Boston Next Month.

The National Grand Army encampment will be held at Boston, August 12 to 15, inclusive. The Bostonians have made the most complete preparations for the entertainment and accommodation of the veterans. The encampment will open on Tuesday with a grand parade. In the evening a reception will be tendered the veterans and members of the relief corps. Wednesday morning the encampment will meet and in the afternoon there will be an excursion to points of interest in and near the city. Friday there will be an excursion to Plymouth, and on Saturday points of interest along the coast will be visited by the steamer. The delegates from Washington are Col. Will R. Visher, of Fairhaven; G. H. Boardman, of Tacoma, and Judge C. B. Dunning, of Spokane Falls.

The only exclusive dry goods and clothing house in the city is that of Henry Ditter, in the First National bank building. Mr. Ditter has exceptional facilities for buying, and he always keeps abreast of the times, having a standing order for all of the novelties appearing in the market.

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

A Girl's Mistake.

Concluded.

Footsteps came softly up the gravel pathway. Luc softly shook himself, and went out to reconnoiter; apparently he was satisfied. Very gently a shadow fell across the entrance, and then it took shape and looked with hungry, eager eyes and took in the whole scene. It was a perfect picture—the graceful sleeping form, the climbing, sweet-scented roses, the dainty needlework, the half-finished sketch of the view beyond, the silent canary, the intense repose impressed the looker on.



Carmen pines herself over to the delicious idleness of the hour.

At last, some electric sympathy must have passed from the intruder to the sleeper, for gradually the dark eyelashes unclosed, and the eyes shone out clear and starry.

"Sir Geoffrey! Or am I still dreaming?" "It is I, Carmen. I humbly beseech your forgiveness."

"Nay, not my forgiveness."

"Yes, your forgiveness, for my brutal behavior on that terrible day, more than two years ago. But if you only knew what I have suffered, you would at least pity me."

Then she stood up and confronted him with her sweet gentle face.

"I was so greatly to blame, so wicked. I have realized it since, but I sinned in ignorance."

"Carmen! Have you no word for me? Are these two years of misery to count for nothing?"

But she answered him not, and her eyes were cast down.

"Carmen, you did love me once?" he asked with passionate anxiety, as he gazed at the lovely downcast form.

"Yes, I did love you once."

"Carmen, Carmen, is that all that you can say? And he seized her hands, and made her look up, and in the timid depths of those brown eyes he saw that he was still loved. In a moment his arms clasped her, and there was no more fear, no more estrangement; tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner!

The band of the—th struck up an old English air, "Haste to the Wedding." The breeze brought it to the myrtle bowers with great distinctness.

"Love, do you hear those strains?" "The band, you mean? Yes."

"They are playing 'Haste to the Wedding.' They have done so on purpose, and what day is ours to be?"

"Oh, Geoffrey, time enough for that by and by."

"Pardon me, my liege lady; I wish to be back at Estcourt place for the shooting; your father is coming, and Lady Estcourt must be there to receive her guests in person."

"This is August now," said Carmen with a very rosy flush on her face.

"Exactly!"

"But I have nothing to be married in, no trousseau, or anything."

"Be married in the gown you have on. Can anything look more pure or sweet? Do, dear! We can supplement everything in Paris or London; only let us be married, that is the main thing."

"But dear old dad. What will he say?" "He said, 'Go in and win, Geoff.'"

However, we must conclude he got his own way, for a society paper stated that "a marriage had been solemnized between Sir Geoffrey Estcourt, of Estcourt Place, and the only daughter and heiress of Col. Massingbird, C. B., late H. P., etc." (within the specified month of August).

Again September has come round, so

fresh and fragrant that it brings a delicate tinge of color to Miss Estcourt's face as she stands on the threshold of the hall door, looking down the shady avenue of stately lime trees.

"Hercules!"

"Here, Marcia!"

"There is the train, it is five miles off, it is just entering Thurston tunnel, now it has disappeared. It is time for you to start. The carriage has already gone."

"Then I will go at once." And as he spoke his horse was brought round.

Waving his hat gayly to Marcia he disappeared down the avenue. She watched him with gentle eyes and then turned to see that every detail was perfect for her brother and his bride's home coming.

She was very satisfied, for Geoffrey was at last—after long protraction—completely happy. The shadow uplifted, the wanderings over, he had reached the haven where he would be.

The Dower house had been made completely comfortable. It had been recently refurnished under Marcia's own superintendence. It was such a little way, too, from the Dene, through the Estcourt grounds. Was there not a little pathway that brought one straight into the Dene garden, shady, mossy, a lover's walk? And no doubt it had been used for that purpose, many a time and oft.

"Come down to the Lady's Glen, Carmen, that I may realize my happiness, and feel how much I owe to your forgiveness."

"Hardly required, Geoff., since all my happiness is centered in you, and indeed Love is, or ought to be, our greatest bliss. Since every corner of how dear sorrow. Give way to that."

"Well, dear, give way as much as you like, as far as I am concerned. I put no limit to it."

"Geoffrey, darling, can you believe it is two years, nearly three, since you and I met, met—and—"

"And had our misunderstanding? Yes," said he, comfortably seating himself on the lovers' seat and drawing his wife beside him.

"Ah, Geoffrey, how well I remember this glen! Just such weather, the brook tumbling and tossing, the trees whispering, the birds flitting in and out. Then, then I was heartbroken. Now, I am so happy I hardly know how to bear it. And her eyes had a limpid look as she turned them on her husband. "Do you remember what the Prince and Elsie say when they stand on the terrace after their marriage?"

"In life's delight, in death's dismay, In storm and sunshine, night and day, In health and sickness, in doozy, Here and hereafter, I am thine."

Sir Geoffrey took his wife's hand in his own and tenderly kissed it. And slowly, with their great happiness, they returned to the house.

Miss Estcourt is very happy at the Dene. Time goes on; a little babe is carried from the Place to the Dene.

The colonel and Marcia make an immense fuss over the young heir; and as Mrs. Estcourt is a Missingbird can spare from his parliamentary life at St. Stephen's (for he is again representing his county); is devoted to Sir Geoffrey and Lady Estcourt.

Cousin Adela has a comfortable little cottage near Plymouth, an income large enough for her modest requirements. Dick the canary and a beautiful stock, well fed cat. She asks for nothing better in life. She is one of those rare specimens—a contented woman. But then she has never been in love, and never been in debt.

THE END.

As to Andy Johnson.

"You have spoken of Andrew Johnson. Do you remember the day he was inaugurated vice president?"

"I remember it very distinctly, and I'll tell you what I know about his alleged intoxication on that occasion. Hannibal Hamlin was retiring vice president, and I was in his room when Mr. Johnson arrived. Mr. Hamlin said to me: 'Isaac, Mr. Johnson has been riding all night on the cars, and is worn out. Run down to the hole in the wall and get him something good to drink.' I went down and got two bottles, one of whisky and the other of brandy. When I returned Mr. Johnson was just getting ready to go into the senate chamber. He poured out and drank a very small quantity of the brandy, and was then led into the chamber. So far as I could judge he was not the least intoxicated, and if he was under the influence of liquor he did not get the liquor in the Capitol. When I took the bottles back to the hole in the wall, the man in charge there looked at them and said: 'Why, Mr. Johnson has not touched the whisky, and has taken but a swallow of the brandy.' Yet it is true that in making his speech he mumbled a good deal, and repeated himself so many times that the story was at last a fairly well-settled farming region, and as it is so small for a state there may be a very petty struggle between the adjacent states for its annexation.—Herald.

No Man's Land.

No Man's Land consists of very high and moderately rolling prairie, cut by deep hollows, many of these traversed by clear streams. Along the latter the soil is of unsurpassed fertility, and on the uplands the grazing is fine. If the usual rule holds good, settlement of the country, breaking up the land and planting trees will increase the amount of rain. At present not more than one season in two is wet enough to insure good crops, but they are remarkably good when they do come. Where irrigation can be practiced the crop is sure and the yield enormous. In one time the tract will be a fairly well-settled farming region, and as it is so small for a state there may be a very petty struggle between the adjacent states for its annexation.—Herald.

The Transit of Death Described.

"Whereas," wrote the jury, "deceased was run over by an omnibus, therefore, he is dead."

"Resolved, that death resulted from the fact that deceased was stage-struck."

—Munsey's Weekly.

Between Four Walls.

By CURTIS YORKE.

It was snowing steadily—a small, fine, delicate snow, which was swiftly filling up every little crack and crevice where a snow crystal could possibly lodge, and evidently meant business. For the matter of that, it had been snowing, off and on, for the last three days, but these intermittent showers had now settled down into a blinding snow storm. There was nothing to be seen but snow—floating, whirling, dancing, in mad, fiendish, fantastic glee, as though it never meant to leave off. It was a dreary prospect. So at least thought a young girl who was toiling through the wintry dusk—a tiny, elf-like creature, with a small pale face, and brown curly hair blown about a pair of pathetic dark eyes, which looked as if they might not be very far from tears. For she was not only worn out and wet through, poor little soul, but she had lost her way. To be lost on Dartmoor in a snow storm is no joke, I can tell you; and to make matters worse—if it could be made worse—it was now quite dark, and the wind was rising steadily. All at once the girl slipped—fell forward—a glimmer of light flashed before her eyes—and with a long, sobbing cry, she sank down, down, into a treacherous snow drift.

Not a hundred yards away two men were luxuriatingly enjoying their post-prandial pipes in a small heavily raffered room, which looked like nothing except what it was, namely, the principal apartment in a tiny shooting box, intended, to all appearance, solely and entirely for the use of the sterner sex. A roaring fire blazed in the yawning grate, almost putting to shame the light of the lamp which stood on a small table near the hearth. In company with some dried fruits and a bottle of Burgundy.

"By Jove! how cold it is," said the elder of the two men, as he threw another piece of coal on the fire.

"Cold! it's the very deuce," shivered his companion. "Wonder if it still snows?" he went on, rising and sauntering towards the yet unbuttoned window to look out.

He was a tall, fair, good-looking fellow of perhaps 30, with dark blue, rather passionate, eyes and sunny hair.

"Worse than ever!" he muttered. "I say, Lance, this looks cheerful. Old Wellings will be snowed up on the road if he doesn't mind," he added. "He ought to be back by this time."

"Horrible contingency," murmured the individual addressed as Lance, with a lazy smile, as he filled his pipe anew.

"If he doesn't get back, we are in for the pleasing exercise of cooking our own dinners, making our own beds, and doing for ourselves generally, for an indefinite period. For the future, I predict that we two are safe to be snowed up before the morning."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and closed his gray eyes sleepily, as though the prospect didn't disturb him very much.

He was not a handsome fellow, Lance, but he had a kind, strong, impelled those about him to trust him implicitly. This was mainly due, I think, to a certain indefinable something about either his eyes or his mouth, I am not sure which—or perhaps both.

All at once he sat up and said hastily: "I say, Carruthers, did you hear a noise outside—a little cry, like a child's or a woman's?"

"No, can't say I did," returned the other. Then, after listening for a moment or two, he added, "I hear the wind, but nothing else."

Darrell rose and came over to the window. As he stood, it was noticeable that he was scarcely so tall as his companion. For the future, I predict that we two are safe to be snowed up before the morning."

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the bank at the end of the house. We heard you cry out, and I found you." He unfastened and removed her cloak and hat as she spoke, and hung them to the fire, while Gilbert wheeled forward a large easy chair, and stirred the coals into a fiercer blaze.

"Do you feel better now?" said the latter.

"I feel very cold," she answered in a weak little voice. And she shivered.

"My clothes are so wet, you know," she added, looking up at him pathetically.

"By Jove, yes, of course, so they are!" he said in some perplexity. "You must have them dried in some way."

"Had I not better try to get home?" she went on helplessly. "I live near Tavistock. Am I far from there?"



"Do you feel better now?"

"We are seven miles from Tavistock," said Darrell, who was pulling at his moustache in an absent way he had when disturbed or perplexed—and just now he was both.

The girl rose to her feet with a cry of dismay.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she said in a terrified voice. "My aunt will be so dreadfully anxious. Oh, I must get back to-night."

"I fear it is impossible," said Carruthers gravely. "It is not only a fearful snow storm even for Dartmoor, but with this wind the snow will drift so abominably. It is drifting now."

"Was it not a little imprudent to venture so far from home in such threatening weather?" said Darrell, with a half-reproving smile.

"I did not mean to go very far," she answered. "I had gone to see a poor woman who lives on the edge of the moor; but I stayed too late, and then the snow came on worse than ever. And then I lost my way. Oh, I must have walked for miles and miles," she sighed.

"For I am so tired," said Darrell, with much the same compassionate tenderness he would have used to a child—and indeed, the girl looked little more.

"Your people will be terribly anxious about you, I'm afraid, but it is really utterly out of the question for you to get to Tavistock to-night."

"Do you mean that I must stay here?" she asked, looking up at him with eyes in which there was more than a suspicion of tears.

"I'm afraid I do," he answered kindly. "And I am equally afraid that we can not make things as comfortable for you as you should like to do. The fact is, we are two helpless bachelors, with every prospect of being doubly helpless, for the old man who acts as our servant on the few occasions when we come down here went to Princetown this forenoon for supplies, and has evidently found the roads impassable, as he has not returned."

"What will Aunt Priscilla say?" she murmured in a nervous, faltering little voice. Then, after a pause, "I ought to tell you who I am, I suppose. My name is Leslie Heath. My aunt is Miss Carylon. She has taken the Grange for three years."

"Carylon," said Darrell quickly. "I knew a man Carylon in the—th lanceurs. He was junior major ten years ago."

"Ah, that must have been my uncle Jim," she said, flushing brightly. "He has been in India ever since I can remember."

"And is it possible that you are Jim Carylon's niece?" he exclaimed, with a pleased light in his gray eyes. "Then we may almost claim acquaintance, Miss Heath, for he used to be a great chum of mine out in Simla."

"The girl looked at him with a puzzled earnestness for a second or two. Then she said gravely:

"I think you must be Capt. Darrell, are you not?"

"No," he answered, looking surprised. "My name is Darrell—Lancelot Darrell. And this is my friend and alter ego, Gilbert Carruthers."

"I have so often heard Aunt Priscilla speak of you," she said to Darrell, when she had bestowed a sweet little smile on Carruthers. "You once saved Uncle Jim's life, did you not?" she added, with an awed inflection in her voice.

"Oh, no, hardly that," he answered hastily.

Here Carruthers, who had been feeling rather out of it, observed very sensibly that Miss Heath sat much longer in her wet clothes she would most certainly catch cold.

"But what am I to do?" she said pitifully.

Darrell pulled his moustache again with a perplexed air.

"You see—that is—well, as this is a bachelor establishment," began Carruthers, not very loudly, "you know, of course, we—"

Then he stopped and stirred the fire violently, being, in fact, not very sure what he intended to say.

There was a moment's pause, and then Miss Heath, being divided between a sense of the ludicrousness of her situation and the consciousness that she was feeling miserably cold and painfully embarrassed, suddenly, and to the utter consternation of her companions, burst into a storm of hysterical sob. She looked so small, so childish, so forlorn and yet so lovable, as she sat there in her dripping garments, that the hearts of both men went out to her with a curious protecting tenderness.

"Miss Heath" exclaimed Carruthers, after a dismayed glance at Darrell. "Oh, by Jove! poor little thing."

Darrell poured out a little brandy, diluted it well and held it to her lips.

"Hush, hush," he whispered soothingly. "Drink this—it will do you good."

When he had set down the glass again he went out of the room, turning at the door to say abruptly:

"Carruthers—come here for a minute; I want you."

They turned into the little froth kitchen, and stood for a few minutes staring at each other in silence. Then Carruthers laughed a little.

"What's to be done?" he said. "It's deuced awkward for the poor little thing—deuced awkward all round, in fact."

"It's more than awkward," returned Darrell seriously. "The poor child will catch her death of cold. She ought to have off these wet things and be got to bed at once. But then—"

He stopped and frowned slightly.

"Well—er—there's my dressing gown, don't you know," hazarded Carruthers. "For the matter of that, there's my mine," was the rather curs reply. "And I'll tell you what, Gilbert, I can have a shake down with you for to-night, and Miss Heath can have my room. It's rather larger than yours. And we take some hot coals from here and make up a roaring fire."

"All right. Just light a candle, will you, while I look where that old idiot has put the shovel."

Meanwhile the poor little visitor was sitting disconsolately beside the sitting room fire.

"What horrible predicament have I got myself into!" she muttered hysterically. "I wish old Catty Landon had been at the bottom of the sea before I went to see her today. Oh, what shall I do? I can't stay here all night with these two men. They must wish me far enough. I'm sure, though they try not to let me see it. I must get home to-night and if I don't what shall I do for dry clothes? And then for sheer weariness and cold, and mortification, she began to sob again. Poor little woman! she was not quite eighteen, and very young at that.

Some ten minutes later the door opened, and Darrell came in alone.

"Now, Miss Heath," he said, seating himself beside her, and speaking very gently, but very firmly too, "we must have no more tears."

But she interrupted him.

"Can I not go home?" she faltered, looking up at him with tear-dimmed eyes. "In some way, surely, I might manage, might I not?"

He shook his head.

"My dear child," he said, "I fear it is quite impossible. I would take you back to the Grange at once, I need hardly say, if it could be managed in any way at all. But the roads by this time are sure to be blocked. We should only have to turn back again."

"Are you—I mean is there no one here but you and your friend?" she asked after a short pause, twisting her finger in an embarrassed kind of way.

"No, no one," he answered gravely, but with the inmost suspicion of a smile under his brown moustache. "But you are not afraid of us, are you? You don't take us for ogres, I hope? Because I am afraid it is quite inevitable that you must be our guest for to-night. Now, very gently, be a good, sensible little woman, and promise to do what I tell you, for I am horribly exercised in my mind lest you should take cold. Will you promise?"

Leslie hesitated a moment, then made up her mind to the inimitable.

"Yes," she murmured, looking up trustfully into the kind strong face and steady gray eyes.

"That's right," he said approvingly. He had risen, and was mixing some brandy and hot water in a tumbler. "Your room is quite ready, at least it will be when the fire burns up," he continued, setting down the kettle again, and speaking in a calm, matter-of-course voice, as though he presence in the house was the most ordinary occurrence possible. "And I want you to promise me that when you go to your room you will put your feet in hot water at once, as hot as you can bear it—you will find everything in readiness—and just before you get into bed drink this," touching the tumbler he held. "and go to sleep as fast as you can. And, by the way, be sure to hang your wet things to the fire. You must not mind my saying all this to you," he went on, a slow, painful blush dyed the girl's fair face. "You know I am quite an old fellow, old enough to be your father—or your uncle Jim," he added with a smile.

To be continued.

HENRY M. STANLEY

DEATH ON THE N. P. TRACK.—Ellen S. Olsen, a Scandinavian, was found dead on Saturday morning, July 19th, by railroad men, in the Selah valley, four miles west of North Yakima. Clothes were scattered along the track, which first attracted the attention of the section men, and a little search revealed the body of Olsen lying in a tangle of brush about thirty feet from the track. A messenger was sent to Yakima, but the coroner was not to be found and in his absence Justice Henton presided at the inquest, with Jurymen A. F. Switzer, J. H. Greer, J. G. Cleland, John Golden, E. E. Card and C. W. Liggett. From papers found on the deceased it was learned that his name was Ellen S. Olsen, aged 30 years, and had recently been employed as a section hand at Kennewick. He had an uncle named Emil Peterson, residing at Ellensburg, and is the owner of some land purchased from the railroad company. All indications are to the effect that he was walking along the track towards Selah, where he had arranged for employment, when he was struck by the Atlantic express. There was a compound fracture of the skull above the left ear, the top of the left foot were cut off and both legs broken between the ankle and the knee. The jury brought in a verdict that Olsen came to his death by being struck by the east bound N. P. train on the night of July 17th, and that his death was purely accidental. Besides some letters, two of which were from Paul Schulze relative to land, \$5.70 in coin was found upon the person of the deceased. Conrad Newman, who was with Olsen in this city on the 17th, says the deceased was deaf, and as the wind was high that night, these two things probably prevented him from hearing. His body was interred in the city cemetery.

MURDERING INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.—It is now pretty well understood that old Chief Hihenay, whose body was found on Rock creek, Klickitat county, was murdered by the same four Indians who were arrested two years ago for the murder of Chief Yellowash. Old Hihenay was a medicine man, and was threatened last winter with death if he did not make the snow go off; but his cantations were without avail and the Indians suffered great loss of stock. This evidently rankled in their breasts, and when the opportunity came they disposed of him in conformity with their sense of duty. They believe a medicine man has the power to heal the sick, to drive away the snow, to propitiate the Deity to the extent of sending rain to make the grass rich for their ponies, or to induce a plentiful run of salmon and game. If they fail in these respects, they are in league with the bad one and have no right to live. At least a dozen medicine men have been murdered in Yakima and Klickitat counties during the past five years. It is almost impossible to make a conviction, as Indian testimony is an uncertain quantity, the mouth of a witness being easily sealed by the gift of a cayuse or two and the grief and demands for justice of the stricken relatives can be appeased in a similar way. The wonder is that the profession of the medicine man is not extinct and that any can be found to take up the calling, but the power it confers overrides the fear of an early death with moccasins on, and new "doctors" are never lacking to take the place of those who were summoned to the spirit land before their natural time.

BRAKEMAN KANGLEY'S LOSS.—A distressing accident occurred at Mabton, Monday afternoon, by which Brakeman Jno. Kangley lost a portion of his right hand. Kangley's train reached Mabton ahead of time and while waiting on the switch for the west bound express, Kangley threw himself down in the sand in the shade of a box-car. While in that position, the train started up without any warning and Kangley mechanically reaching out his hand to help himself up, placed it on the track and the car wheels passed over it. The unfortunate man was brought to this city and Doctors Newland of Ellensburg and Coe and Heg of Yakima, amputated three of the fingers and a portion of the hand, leaving the thumb and index finger, although it is the opinion of the physicians that the latter will also have to come off as it is badly injured. It was left in answer to the pleadings of Kangley, who fully realized the misfortune that had overtaken him.

A CLOSE CALL FOR FRED PARKER.—On Monday while Fred Parker and S. O. Morford were driving in a top buggy in the western part of the city, the belt of the singletree gave way, frightening the horses which started off at a frightful pace. The buggy was overturned and Mr. Morford was thrown out. When he could collect himself he looked around and found that the horses had become detached from the buggy and were continuing on their mad career, but Mr. Parker was no where to be seen. A little search, however, showed that he was buried beneath the buggy, and uninjured. The fortunate clearing of the horses from the vehicle had saved his life. The animals ran into Dr. Jos. Chapman's fence and were somewhat cut by the barbed wire.

VOTERS SHOULD REGISTER AT ONCE.—The registration books are now open at the clerk's office in the city hall building, and every qualified voter must register if he expects to use his voting franchise this year. The books will be open for twenty days. There is another point which should urge every one to register and that is to show that North Yakima's population is much greater than indicated by the recent census returns. Voters should not wait until the last moments, or the last days, for neglect, sickness, absence or something else may interfere to prevent registration. Go to the city clerk's office now, so there will be no failure.

LOCAL BRIEFVITIES.

—The thermometer touched 106 on Wednesday the high water mark for this year.

—B. F. Ward is offering \$50 for the recovery of four horses stolen from the range.

—Anna J. Highfill, daughter of Chas. H. Highfill, died at Seattle July 18th, aged 2 years and 3 months.

—The distinguished actress, Maude Granger, at the opera house next Thursday in her new play—"Inherited."

—W. C. Capps exhibits at the office of Fechter & Ross a sample of very handsome outstanding a full 7 1/2 feet in height.

—Wm. Ker, president of the Yakima club, was honored by being elected the first non-resident member of the Tacoma club.

—The HERALD is now comfortably located in its new quarters in the Cadwell building. The latch string always hangs out for friends.

—John Robinson's circus showed inside of a circle of wagons at Ellensburg, being unable to raise the tent on account of the strong wind prevailing.

—Messrs. G. A. Bailey, J. J. Carpenter, W. H. Carpenter, T. E. Fisher and F. E. Craig returned from a hunting, fishing and prospecting trip to Bumping lake Monday.

—The mill pond south of the city is the rendezvous on every hot night of not only boy bathers, but of parties of ladies and gentlemen who find great fun in this aquatic exercise.

—The fire bell startled the citizens Monday evening, but the fire, which was occasioned by the tipping over of a lamp in the quarters of the juvenile band, was quickly extinguished.

—Peter Creval, Louis D. Donati and Angelo Minaglia, Roslyn miners, are in the city filing on homesteads and timber cultures in the Sunnyside country, seven miles from Prosser.

—T. C. Stone's "Gray Johnny" is in training at Ellensburg and is showing considerable speed. He now easily compasses the mile in less than 2:40. Mr. Stone has refused \$600 for him.

—The fruit trees in this section are so well loaded down that in many instances not only the branches have to be propped up to prevent breaking down, but the trunks have also required bracing.

—W. E. Thornton reports he has peaches on his Konnewock place grown on trees two years old from the seed. There is one tree of this age on the Lord place on which ninety-three peaches were counted.

—Sam Foster and party have gone to the Bumping lake mines, where they have some rich claims. There is a gentleman now in the city who is desirous of bonding this property and is awaiting the return of the Foster party.

—The marriages of three of Yakima's prominent young men will be consummated within the next two months. The first will be that of Dr. E. E. Heg to Miss May Thornton, of Seattle, which will be celebrated on the 20th of August.

—The local committee have secured rates from the N. P. R. R. company over all of their lines in the state of one and one-fifth fares for round trip tickets for those attending the reunion of the Missourians in this city in September.

—Maude Granger's engagement next Thursday night will be the most artistic performance of the emotional drama ever seen in this city. It will be such a production as might be seen on the stage of any of the leading New York theatres.

—Yakima just tops the whole country on fruits, vegetables, grains and grasses. One of the latest exhibits of monstrosities was some red clover, cut on S. Lanber's place, which measures eight feet in height. It can be seen at J. B. Pugsley's office.

—James Stuart, of the Moxee, was greatly surprised and highly delighted on Saturday last by meeting a stranger who proved to be his brother, and whom he had not seen for twenty-three years, when he struck out for himself from the old home back in Michigan.

—Sam Vinson left Sunday for Tacoma, summoned there by the Union Pacific people for consultation regarding the Yakima coal fields in the Cowlitz pass. It is reported here that he has sold the Vinson ledge to this company for \$100,000, but THE HERALD can not vouch for the truth of the rumor.

—The Yakima Electric Railroad company, recently incorporated with a capitalization of \$100,000, is now soliciting for a property subsidy, on which will depend the direction the line will take. The present plans are to run out C street, past the waterworks company's power house and come in on Walnut street.

—A man named Keefer, a morphine fiend, who has been engaged in driving roving stock to the city pound, is now a county charge, and is to be sent to the insane asylum. Keefer, whose daily dose of morphine was sixty grains, took it hypodermically, and his arms have the appearance of having been run through a meat-chopping machine.

—A strong feature of Maude Granger's engagement Thursday night will be the magnificent company she will bring with her. It contains such well known artists as Harry Mahanell, Frank Kilday, Chas. Mastager, Claude Brooke, the Misses Etha Williams, Carrie Elberis, Nettie Atkins and others, not forgetting sweet little Baby Parker.

—The Tacoma Globe states that engineers are to be placed on the Yakima & Pacific Coast road between North Yakima and Centralia at once and that active construction work will be commenced as soon as the line can be located. As Paul Schulze and N. P. Attorney James Ashton are interested in the publication of the Globe its statement carries much weight.

THE CITY PRINTING.—The council let the contract for the city printing Monday evening to the Republic, at five cents per square and one cent per description for delinquent tax notices. The council could not do otherwise, as THE HERALD's bid was thirty cents per square and fifteen cents per delinquent tax description. The Republic's bid was very low, considerable lower in fact than it costs to set up the matter, but it was not made with any view of benefitting the dear people, as the Republic petitioned the council to give it the city printing at legal rates (1.50 per square) without submitting the contract to a bid, and its proprietor opportuned officials of the city to give him this work at said exorbitant rates. As no newspaper can afford to do advertising for less than cost, it will be wise for the council, which is in for retrenchment, to carefully scan the bills for job printing and see that the charges are not made in excess of commercial rates.

FORTUNATE ENDING OF AN ACCIDENT.—On Thursday of last week James Stuart, of the Moxee, accompanied by his wife and babe, attempted to ford the Yakima in a light hack. They were unsuccessful in striking a good ford, and before they were half way across the horses were struggling in deep water and the swift current overturned the wagon. Mrs. Stuart grabbed the baby and Mr. Stuart getting hold of his wife made the shore with his precious freight, but only after an awful struggle, in which he was impeded by the plunging horses. Then jumping into the stream again, he cut the fastenings which held the horses to the wagon and the almost exhausted animals soon found safety on solid ground. Later on, some bridge men assisted Mr. Stuart in getting his hack from the river, so that what promised to be a most serious accident terminated in only a slight loss and a good wetting.

SWELL INDIANS FROM SEATTLE.—The half-breed arrested last week for disposing of liquor to Indians, has been given his freedom upon the payment of a fine and costs amounting to about \$70. He telegraphed his predicament to his relatives in Seattle who, by the rise in real estate, are well healed, and they immediately came over and put up the required money. They were the swiftest Indians who ever trod the soil of Yakima and nothing was too good for their high ideas. They rode around the city in a hack, stopped at the Hotel Yakima, and when they retired for the night the woman of the party deposited diamonds worth five or six hundred dollars with Landlord Atherton for safe keeping. They were graduates from the blanket school.

GIVE MAUDE GRANGER A WELCOME.—L'Heritage d'Helene, (Inherited), the emotional play in which that powerful actress, Miss Maude Granger, will appear at the opera house on Thursday evening, July 31st, was written by Richard Day and Mrs. Lucy Hooper and is pronounced by the London Dramatic News, and in fact by the press everywhere, as a work of great merit. The plot and incidents, while very thrilling, are most natural, a combination seldom attained. Miss Granger rarely steps in places of the size of Yakima, and she was only persuaded to favor us on a guarantee made by a few who were anxious that such a meritorious and renowned actress should not pass us by. No lover of the drama in Yakima can afford to miss this treat.

THE BIG CANAL A SURE GO.—Wm. Ham Hall, the famous irrigation engineer, left for California, Tuesday, after several days spent in examining the surveys of the N. P. & Y. Irrigation Co., made by Engineer McIntyre. It is learned, on reliable authority, that Mr. Hall has pronounced the whole enterprise practicable and that the canal will be built. A force of engineers commenced cross-sectioning the line yesterday and construction will begin as soon as they can get the stakes set. Messrs. McIntyre, Kleinschmidt and Granger sold out all their interests sometime ago and the transfer will be made to the N. P. Co. within a few days, and the work will henceforth be in the hands of that company.

E. F. White & Co. have moved into the building vacated by Rodman & Eshelman. They thus secure lower rent, the benefit of which is to be given to customers in reduced prices.

Patten Cooper, an old settler of Walla Walla, died the other day leaving an estate of \$2500 for four heirs, of which Mrs. Smith, of Yakima, is one.

The illustrated edition of THE HERALD wrapped ready for mailing ten cents per copy. Send them to your friends in the east.

The land grant forfeiture bill forfeits 3,425,280 acres of land held by the Northern Pacific.

But twenty-eight voters have registered up to date.

Yakima Cigars in Quantity.

Tacoma Ledger: Mr. Ker, of the Moxee farm near North Yakima, was in the city yesterday. He says all fruits in the Yakima district are looking better than ever before, the prospects of a large crop being good. Continued June rains have contributed to this result. The fifty acres of Havanna tobacco plants under cultivation could not look more promising, he says, and a yield of from 600 to 1000 pounds to the acre is assured. On an average 1000 cigars can be made from twenty-five pounds of tobacco, therefore if the Moxee farm yield be placed at 800 pounds to the acre, the company will this season make up 1,600,000 cigars.

Will Meet to Make Arrangements.

Notice is hereby given to the members of the committee on agriculture and all engaged in agriculture and horticulture, who can make it convenient, (and we hope to see many) to meet at the city hall in North Yakima, on Monday, July 28, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m., to make arrangement for the fair to be held on the 4th, 5th and 6th of September, 1890. J. M. STOUT, Chairman.

YAKIMA WILL HOLD A FAIR.

It will be Contemporaneous With the Reunion of the Missourians in This City.

It has been decided to hold a grand agricultural, horticultural and stock fair at North Yakima, on the 4th, 5th and 6th of September, on the occasion of the reunion of the Missourians, and the following list of committees is announced:

Committee on agricultural products:—J. M. Stout, James Gleed, F. B. Woodcock, R. S. Morgan, Daniel Sinclair, M. B. Curtis, S. O. Morford and John Brice.

Committee on horses and horse races:—John Stone, W. F. Jones, C. J. Taft, W. L. Splawn, M. B. Savage, H. L. Tucker and J. P. Mattoon.

Committee on cattle, sheep and hogs:—H. H. Allen, Wm. Ker, Wm. Dickerson, John Cleman, H. D. Scudder, A. J. Splawn, J. H. Conrad and J. H. Scheidnocht.

Committee on all kinds of poultry:—R. K. Nichols, J. B. Pugsley, D. E. Leeb, H. D. Cock, S. C. Henton, Mrs. J. W. Farmer, Mrs. M. B. Curtis and Mrs. D. W. Stair.

Committee on fruits, butters, preserves, etc.:—Mrs. J. H. Thomas, Mrs. P. J. Flint, Mrs. J. T. Eshelman, Mrs. F. B. Woodcock and Mrs. D. E. Lesh.

Committee on fancy work and fine arts:—Mrs. H. H. Allen, Miss Francis Dunning, Mrs. Mary Ogden, Mrs. L. J. May, Mrs. J. M. Stout and Mrs. G. W. Cary.

All the above committees are respectfully requested to meet at the city hall on Monday, July the 28th, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m., and perfect this organization. The time is very short and it is hoped that the greatest activity will prevail. An immense number of people are expected to visit our city at this time and it is desired that this exhibit will be worthy of the garden and orchard of Washington.

The big Cadwell brick has been secured for the exhibit.

COUNCIL MEETINGS.

What "The Herald" Reporter Saw and Heard at a Recent Session of Our Municipal Dads.

The council fixed the salary of the street commissioner at \$60 per month and Mr. McCafferty verbally tendered his resignation. The council asked him to put it in writing, but he probably reconsidered his decision, as he is faithfully working right along and his John Hancock as yet adorns no letter of resignation.

Councilman Geo. Jones fathered an ordinance increasing the liquor license from \$750 to \$1000, but could not make it win. It was tabled on the motion of Nevins, seconded by Reed.

The salary of the city clerk was fixed at \$75 per month, and he is required to keep a double entry set of books and, in fact, do all of the work imposed upon him without additional cost to the city.

The committee on streets and ditches, with the assistance of the street commissioner, was authorized to open B street from Front to Second.

Company A of the Second regiment, was granted permission to store arms in the city hall.

While the council was in session the fire alarm sounded, and as the coat-tails of Councilman John Reed, Frank Young, Tucker and the balance of the board disappeared down the stairs, Mayor Nichols gravely announced that the council would stand adjourned. Our worthy mayor is a stickler for parliamentary forms and usages, but he has a tough lot to work on.

The committee on public improvements, to whom was referred the mayor's message on the sewer question, reported to the effect that they were of the opinion that \$40,000 was inadequate for the purpose specified and that the city was unable at the present time to construct such a system, and advised that no further action be taken in the premises until an expression is had of the will of the people, either by mass meeting or by petition. The report was adopted, the council seeming to take no notice of the election which was held some time since, when the question of bonding the city for the construction of sewers was carried with but few dissenting votes. Certainly that should be looked upon as an expression of the people.

The question of curtailing the expenses came up, and an effort was made to begin the retrenchment in the police department by cutting off one of the night men, but this was a failure, the vote standing three for to three against.

The following bills, reported by the finance committee, were passed and warrants ordered drawn for the various amounts:

M. A. Allen, boarding prisoners... \$ 25
N. H. Yeates, deputy marshal... 50 00
R. W. Rochford, special police... 3 75
Ben McMurry, marshal... 25 00
A. C. Bagley, deputy marshal... 30 00
A. L. Churchill, special police... 5 00
Pete Ryan, special police... 5 00
Ed Kramer, deputy marshal... 32 50
J. H. Stout, engineer... 100 00
Eshelman Bros., insurance... 88 75
John Reed, fuel... 23 00
O. A. Fechter, drafting ordinance... 50 00
G. C. Clemens, plans for city hall, 210 00
W. F. Bowers, fire apparatus... 65 85

An appropriation of \$750 was made for improving the city park, as is required under the bond between the city and J. H. Thomas, the grantor of the property. Tuesday, August 26th, was the date set for the holding of a special election for the purpose of electing two councilmen to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of S. J. Lowe and G. W. Jones. At the same time a vote will be taken upon the validating and funding of the city indebtedness.

—You can save dollars each month by buying groceries of H. A. Griffin. 1m.
—Suits made to order and a perfect fit guaranteed by Myron H. Ellis. *
—Mackerel, smoked, Labrador herring, codfish, Columbia salmon, etc., just received at H. A. Griffin's, telephone 55.
—Native comb honey at H. A. Griffin's.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. B. Wilkinson returned from a visit to Tacoma Saturday.

Wm. Ker has been summoned to Victoria, B. C., by business.

C. W. Liggett has taken the management of Wm. Lewis' store.

Wm. Ker and Edward Whitson returned from Tacoma Monday.

Hazel Chapman has had a severe case of the measles, but is again around.

C. H. Ballard, of Concoully, is in the city attending to land office business.

Holger Hall is back from Nebraska. The report of his being married is a canard.

Agent H. C. Humphrey accompanied the N. P. pay car to Portland this week.

H. Keuchler and family will leave for the mountains Monday on a ten days' outing.

Mrs. John Reed and Miss Vaughn are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Reed at Cle-Elum.

S. E. Blakely and wife, of Oakland, California, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Sawyer.

Mrs. A. I. Boyer and the Misses Rush and Stone left Sunday for a tour of the Yellowstone park.

Jasper Howe, of the Pioneer book bindery, Tacoma, spent a couple of days in the city this week.

Frank Shallow and Frank Young left Wednesday on a fishing trip up the Natchees. They will be gone a week.

Miss Lizzie Schreiner leaves for Jordan, Minnesota, Monday to attend the approaching wedding of her brother.

J. M. Adams and family, G. W. Cary and family and Wm. Roof and family are among those sojourning at Soda springs.

M. P. Zindorf and wife left for a month's visit to the Sound Saturday. On Mr. Zindorf's return he will engage in business here.

Dr. W. F. Morrison left for the east Saturday. He will be gone but a short time, and it is reported that he will not return alone.

C. M. Haller, the photographer, has gone to the Dalles, having sold his gallery to E. J. Hamacher, who recently returned from Canada.

Al Churchill, Sam Chappell, Jeff McDaniel and Pleas Bounds, with their families, will start in a few days on a camping expedition to Fish lake.

E. S. Robertson proposes to remain in Spokane Falls, having secured employment there in an insurance office. Mrs. Robertson left Chicago on Saturday to join her husband in the Falls city.

H. M. Lichte, of the Carlton, Nebraska, State Exchange bank, is assisting as teller of the Yakima National during the vacation of Frank Bartholet. Mr. Lichte came out here on a tour of inspection and was pressed into service.

A Toast to Ida.

Washington has had her statehood jollification. She has gone through the experience of a hoorah time and a swelled head. She has been compelled to hold her throbbing temples in a bucket of cracked ice, and has sworn off. But her love for sweet Idaho, her maiden sister, has caused her to break her pledge, and once more she lifts the sparkling wine and proclaims; Here's to little Ida; may her feet ever grow larger.—Spokane Falls Spokesman.

Absinthe for the Musache.

A couple of gentlemen went to the Arlington buffet in Washington the other evening and took whisky. As they turned away one spoke to the bar-keeper: "Four a few drops of absinthe on my fingers," said he.

The bar-keeper did so and the gentleman rubbed it vigorously into his mustache.

"I am going to call on some ladies," he explained, "and want to take the whisky odor away."

It was novel. The bar-keeper himself had never seen it done before, but the principle is simple. Absinthe is extremely volatile and serves as a carrier for the heavier odor of whisky. Now, boys, what will you do when the girls have learned of the absinthe dodge?

Farm For Sale.

Three hundred and twenty acres of land for sale; all under fence; 250 under cultivation; well watered; 4000 inches of water in the Fowler ditch; 110 acres of alfalfa; 10 acres of timothy; good young orchard in bearing; one fair dwelling; one double-hewed log cabin; two good barns, hop house and fixtures; natural fish pond 30 rods long, 4 or 5 rods wide, 7 foot deep in low water time, fed by springs; good water power on the place emptying the fish pond. Inquire on the place, or of J. B. Pugsley, North Yakima. C. V. FOWLER.

—If you're going camping or picnicing, H. A. Griffin's is the place to get canned meats, condiments, lunch baskets, etc., etc. Telephone 55.

—Grain sacks for sale at North Yakima Roller mills. 1m
—Myron H. Ellis carries the best line of gloves for gentlemen to be found in the city.

—One thousand boxes of soap at \$1 per box at H. A. Griffin's, telephone 55.
—"Oh! what a hat!" No remarks of this kind are made over the hats bought 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 prices down to bed-rock and will sell for cash only. Cash is king at his furnishingemporium.
—The stock of harness, saddles, etc., at C. E. McEwen's is the best in the city, and his prices are the lowest.



LOOK LOOK LOOK

GRAND CLEARANCE SALE

TO MAKE ROOM FOR OUR

IMMENSE SPRING

STOCK

WHICH IS

Arriving Daily from the East

In Dry and Fancy Goods, Hats and Caps,

Boots and Shoes, Trunks, Valises, Clothing,

Furnishing goods, groceries, crockery, glass-

ware, carpets and oil cloth.

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