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SOLD BY W. H. CHAPMAN, Sole Agent, North Yakima, Wash.

It was spring again—not the spring of the north which May ushers in with violets and the return of the song birds, but the spring which comes creeping over the landscape of the south, the warm season that follows the floods of February rains, which clothes the brown fields with green almost before one knows it, and brings swiftly in its train the summer's promise of fertility.

Since leaving Memphis not a word had reached me of Jason Brigham. As if the river had swallowed him, as we conjectured, then it had not given up its dead, or else had cast its prey upon some forsaken shore, perhaps in a treacherous eddy on the rim of some great desolate sandbar, or among the twisted roots and broken tree trunks in a cove upon some wooded stretch where human eye would never see it.

THE SPENT BALL. CHAPTER IV. "See if you discover such a scar as the gentleman mentions."

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A Story of Sir Matthew Hale. A gentleman in England died, leaving his fortune by will to two sons. The son that staid at home destroyed the father's will and pretended that the brother who was absent was dead and buried. The absent brother after a while returned and claimed his part of the property. Judges and jurors were to be bribed to say that the returned brother and son was no son at all, but only an impostor. The trial came on. Sir Matthew Hale, the pride of the English courtroom and for twenty years the pride of jurisprudence, heard that injustice was about to be practiced. He put off his official robe. He went to the village where the trial was to take place. He entered the courtroom. He somehow got impaled as one of the jurors. The bribes came around, and the man gave ten pieces of gold to the other jurors, but as this was only a poor miller the bribes gave to him only five pieces of gold.

A verdict was brought in rejecting the rights of this returned brother. He was to have no share in the inheritance. "Hold, my lord," said the miller. "Hold! We are not all agreed on this verdict. These other men have received ten pieces of gold in bribery, and I have received only five." "Who are you? Where did you come from?" said the judge on the bench. The response was: "I am from Westchester hall. My name is Matthew Hale, lord chief justice of the king's bench. Off that place, thou villain!" And so the injustice was balked.—Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

Manufacture of Watch Glasses. In the manufacture of watch glasses the workman gathers with the blowing tube several kilograms of glass. Softening this by holding it to the door of the furnace, he puts the end of the tube into communication with a reservoir of compressed air, and a big sphere is blown. It is of course necessary to get the exact proportion of material at the commencement of the operation, accompanied by a peculiar twist of the hand and an amazing skillfulness. The sphere ought to be produced without rents, and in such dimensions that it is of the requisite thickness.

Out of these balls the workman cuts covers of the required size. This is a delicate operation. A "tourmette," a kind of compass furnished with a diamond in one of its branches, is used. The diamond having traced the circle, the glass is struck on the interior and exterior sides with a stick and the piece is detached. The disks, which are afterward traced, are obtained very easily. They are seized by the thumb, passed through the aperture already made and detached by the pressure of two fingers. In this workman will cut 6,000 glasses a day.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

When to Keep Your Hat On. The custom of lifting the hat had its origin during the age of chivalry, when it was customary for knights never to appear in public except in full armor. It became a custom, however, for a knight, upon entering an assembly of friends, to remove his helmet, signifying, "I am safe in the presence of friends." The age of chivalry passed away with the Fifteenth century, but among the many acts of courtesy which can be traced back to its influence none is more direct in its origin than that of lifting the hat to acknowledge the presence of a friend.—Detroit Free Press.

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and he comes to pessimistically accept the cruel reprisals of fate with a fair share of stoicism. From the effects left by Brigham I had the photograph of Emily Percival. She had told me to keep it as a memento when I offered to return it to her. There were few things beside that, and such as these were left in The Avalanche office in the hope that he might yet return to claim them.

The winter had been a gay one in the Crescent City—the season at the French opera had never been better, the Mardi Gras a brilliant success, the town was full of gay life, which renewed and reflected the Latin graces among our Parisian institutions. In the merry round I had had my share and borne my part as well of the brunt of the world incidental to the daily grind of journalism. So I found myself upon the eve of starting north in anything but a pleasant frame of mind, when the managing editor of The Pictor sent for me and said: "I wish you would go up to Donaldsonville and do that Mme. Armand murder case for us. You know I have no man here to send, and it is too big a thing for the indifferent local correspondent we have at that point to handle."

Of course I couldn't refuse—to have done so under the circumstances would have been unpardonable. But criminal affairs always nauseated me, and I hated the stuffy atmosphere of court rooms, where ignorances make pretense of knowledge to befuddle stupid jurors, and where the whole performance is a mockery of the solemnity of justice.

The case was famous or infamous enough, as such things go. Mme. Armand, who owned a plantation down on the Bayou Lafouche, had been murdered on the porch of her mansion, which was popularly supposed to be concealed in the house. The criminal had escaped detection for several months, and then had been apprehended while employed in a timber camp where he was one of a gang of loggers. Just what evidence there was against him the officers of the state declined to make public, and the poor wretch, having no money to tempt a coronator of the law to undertake his defense, and no friends to intercede for him, had been kept in jail to await trial at the spring term. It was understood in a general way that the evidence against the accused was incontrovertible, and it was further understood that as he was a stranger and the law needed a victim, he was to be hanged in the season.

I went up to Donaldsonville the day before the one set for the trial, and landing at the miserable and forlorn place in the evening, hunted up the prosecuting attorney. That worthy was fully imbued with the heinousness of the crime, the necessity of some one's being punished for it, with the conviction that the prisoner was the guilty man, and with the assurance that he would be hanged. Further than that he had nothing to communicate. If I wanted information I must seek the counsel for the prisoner, the judge having recently appointed a member of the bar to defend him.

This advice was good, and I took it. I found the counsel for the defense a mild-mannered young man who was evidently just breaking into the profession. But if his legal acumen was not overpowering he was to be commended for his modesty. He had not yet acquired the insolence or the vanity of the prosecuting attorney, and, what was in his favor, he took some interest in his unfortunate client's associates that he cynically. "He does, sir, and what his purpose is in doing so I cannot even infer." "But is there no possibility of your being mistaken?" persisted the judge, who in the lax procedure of his court was not greatly particular as to the exactness of the law. "You know how treacherous resemblances are. Though no two faces are cast exactly in the same mold, there are sometimes such counterfeits that we can scarcely tell the spurious from the genuine."

"If this man is the Jason Brigham I knew in Memphis he has a scar upon the right side of his head above the ear and will forward toward the temple," I said, with a sudden inspiration, as the memory of that indelible mark flashed on my mind. "Sheriff," said the judge, leaning forward over his desk, "examine the prisoner's head and see if you discover such a scar as the gentleman mentions."

The sheriff in a very matter of fact way separated the prisoner's hair, which was long and unkempt. My heart seemed to stand still while he did so, but when he stood to one side and with his fingers spread apart directed attention to a long white scar at the place I had designated, I felt the blood rush to my brain in a flood that threatened to unseat my reason. "Your identification seems complete, sir," said the judge, "but you will, of course, pardon me if I point out to you how impossible it would be for us to admit your unsupported evidence in this case. You are a stranger to us all, and though I do not believe such a thing for a moment, still in the eyes of the law your motives would be susceptible to doubt. You should have corroborating testimony. But, weightier than all, the witness declares that he is not the man you say he is. You do not allege that he is insane?"

"He appears to be sane enough, but from what I know of him, in the light of present circumstances, I should be willing to believe he was insane." "If what you know of him leaves you with such an impression, does it occur to you that he might be guilty of the crime with which he is charged?" "Not for a moment; for though I cannot reconcile the phases of his career that have come under my observation, I have never seen any tendency toward crime in his disposition. I knew him as a generous, brave and truthful man. Besides, as I have said, I was with him at the very time Mme. Armand was murdered."

"My dear sir, you are treading on dangerous ground," remarked the judge smilingly. "I am too confident that I could prove an alibi, your honor, to heed your warn-

ing, and I can prove one for this unfortunate man, if you will give me time." At this point the prosecuting attorney, who held his peace as long as possible, sprang to his feet and said tragically and oratorically: "Your honor, I must enter a protest against such an unwarrantable procedure as this stranger suggests. It seems to me, your honor, that this trial is proceeding in a very odd manner, a very odd manner indeed. But I do not need to call your honor's attention to the unprecedented liberties accorded this gentleman. I merely desire to direct your attention to the fact that what he says lacks confirmation even from the prisoner himself, even from that man, sir, who would be most likely to catch at any straw which offered a reasonable hope of enabling him to escape or even to postpone the fate he so richly deserves. I move you, sir, that the trial of the accused proceed."

"This trial has indeed taken a very unusual course," replied the judge deliberately. "But you will admit that this is a very remarkable interruption. I am impressed with the sincerity of the gentleman who has so unexpectedly and so peculiarly appeared as a voluntary witness for the defense, and I feel that in justice to the prisoner he should have an opportunity of presenting testimony to support his statements. Under the circumstances I shall entertain a motion for the postponement of the case."

It is unnecessary to say that the counsel for the accused was not slow in acting upon the suggestion, and the case was continued and ordered placed on the docket for trial at the next term of court. With the dismissal of the case and the sheriff's leading out of the prisoner I was about to hurry away when the judge stopped me, and calling me to his desk, said: "Come around to my home this evening. I want to talk with you."

I promised him I would, and went out to walk about a little and gather my thoughts for reflection. It began to dawn on me that there was something about this man who disclaimed ever having had a past was to be summarily robbed of a future.

CHAPTER V. "She is a woman who was engaged to be married to a dear friend of mine."

I need not say how utterly confusing all this was. If there had been a possibility of my being mistaken in my man I should have seized it as an excuse to leave him to his fate. But the thing upon which I was so sure was beyond all peradventure that this was Jason Brigham. His face had been stamped too clearly upon my recollection. I was too familiar with his personal characteristics, knew too well all those little trivialities which together go to form the individual personality of each one; and besides, there was the scar, which could not be counterfeited, and which it was stretching credulity too far to believe could be repeated by the mere chance of coincidence in any other person who so resembled Brigham in every physical detail. And yet what possible motive could he have for denying himself?

On the one hand, confession that he was who I said he was meant escape from the gallows. His present course he had so persistently declined to explain that he feared more than death? Was it possible that there was that, to escape from which he welcomed the opportunity of dying unknown? I could find no other excuse. But if he was masquerading to deceive me and all men, he was doing it with a consummation of art which was magnificent in its likeness to truth. There was a something here which piqued me—which perhaps angered me. If the man was playing a part I resolved to unmask him; if he was the victim of some strange web of circumstances I would save him.

As any event I decided to put him to the supreme test, and going to the depot I telegraphed to Jones to break open my trunk, get the picture of Emily Percival, and come to me at once with it. I wanted Jones at hand to help me solve the riddle. He had lived in an atmosphere of crime in his work as a police reporter, and I trusted to his shrewdness of intuition to unravel this enigma.

In the evening I called at the home of the judge in the outskirts of the town. It was a big, imposing looking house, set down amid a small grove of pecan and orange trees. The judge was in his library—a cozy apartment, with big comfortable chairs to draw up in front of the inviting wood fire that smoldered on the hearth to keep the chill still lingering in the night air of the springtime.

"I wanted to talk with you," the judge began, when we were seated and had our cigars lighted, "for I will confess that what you said today in court, and your evident sincerity, has somewhat shaken me. The evidence in the case is surely circumstantial, and there is very little even of that, as I happen to know. But that jury would have convicted any man of anything. It would have been practically the same even had you proved that your man was in Memphis at the time. But if what you have said is true, and can be demonstrated, it will be easy enough to yet rescue Berner or Brigham, as you call him."

"But I am as utterly at sea as you are," I responded. "I knew this man once, associated with him daily, was his confidant, ate and slept with him. All this did not occur years ago, for then

there would be a possibility that I might be in error. It happened only four months ago."

"Of course you would have no difficulty in finding plenty of people in Memphis who would substantiate what you say."

"I could have a hundred here in a few days, and have already telegraphed for one, an old newspaper associate and mutual friend."

"Then what is the man's object in keeping up this comedy, or rather tragedy?" "That I know not, unless it is possible that he is insane."

"He talks too rationally for that, and I fear you could have little hope of convincing a medical jury that he was non compos mentis. Do you know of no reason why he should be unwilling that his real identity should be known?" "None, though I have suspected that there was something in his life he wished to conceal."

"Then I related my endeavors to probe Brigham's past, and his strange declaration that he had no past. We talked for an hour or more, and I returned to my hotel more perplexed than ever to try in vain to sleep, while I momentarily grew more gravely apprehensive that back of all this strange drama there was a dark spot which sooner or later would be revealed."

Jones arrived in the morning, as I expected he would. He was the same nonchalant, jovial, self-assertive Jones. He had a way of saying that he always fell on his feet, and he had come to have a very creditable assurance that he would fall on his feet. But in spite of that he was a clever fellow and had plenty of heart. You can imagine his surprise when I narrated all that had occurred—my discovery of our quondam comrade, his denial of his identity, the scene in the court and my interview with the judge.

"What?" said Jones, with a long whistle, "he's a hummer! But never mind, we'll bring him to his feet. The man has gone daft, that's what's the matter with him. We must have De Costa."

"Who is De Costa?" "Dr. J. Sebrill De Costa is the great expert upon diseases of the brain. His testimony has sent more men to the insane asylum instead of the jail or the gallows, where they belonged, than any other man in the country. But no common criminal can fool De Costa for the length of time. Oh, he'll do down fine."

"First I want to try this photograph," I said. "I have an idea that will move him, for I know he loved Emily Percival very dearly."

"Yes, that may fetch him if you spring it on him suddenly," said Jones. "Let's go and see the guy today. It's barely possible he may have forgotten you, but it isn't likely that once having known the only original Jones the honor would slip his mind."

We were admitted to the jail readily enough. It was an awful place in which to keep a white man or any other human being. Like all the prison prisons at that time, it was horribly out of repair and reeking with filth. Its tenants were chiefly negroes, confined for petty misdemeanors or for alleged infractions of the law. The white keepers were opposed to doing any more for the comfort of their charges than the necessities of life demanded, and the exigency that demanded an observance of sanitary conditions was not usually a pressing one in their eyes. It was a good deal cheaper to bury prisoners than to feed and house them properly.

Brigham occupied a cell a shade cleaner than the rest—reserved, doubtless, for guests who were distinguished for the enormity of their offenses. When we approached the grated door he was sitting on a small box, which served him for a stool, his arms folded over his knees, his head resting upon them. The abject misery of his position touched me to the quick. Jones felt it, too, or he would have been more abrupt in his greeting. As it was he went in when the turnkey threw open the door, and laying his hand upon the prisoner's shoulder said, "Brigham, old man, I have come all the way from Memphis to see you."

Brigham lifted his head, and with that contraction of the brows which expresses mental perplexity, said, "Why do you all persist in calling me by a name I do not know?" "Because it was the name she knew you by," I replied, quickly drawing the photograph of Emily Percival from my pocket and holding it before him. He took it from my hand and turned it about curiously to get a better light on it. Then he looked at it long and intently, and said slowly and almost in a tone of one who thinks rather than talks aloud: "A beautiful face. A beautiful face. That is the likeness of a good woman. Who is she?"

There was no mistaking either the candor or the intelligence of the inquiry. Jones drew in his breath quickly, like a man who has been under sudden and great mental pressure. I took the photograph and replied with as much composure as I could command: "She is a woman who was engaged to be married to a very good friend of mine."

"And why didn't he marry her?" he asked. "Because," I made answer, "some devil we know not of stole his brains away and made him forget her and his pledge."

"He was unworthy of her," said the prisoner thoughtfully. "She was too sweet a woman to merit such a fate."

CHAPTER VI. "No use talking, Gilman," said Jones, when we were out in the air again, "you must wire De Costa. If he cannot solve the riddle I'll give it up."

"It's the last hope," I responded. "Not that I will give it up, even if that fails. If necessary I shall stay here until I have secured a pardon for this man or seen him hanged. It would be absurd to even think of abandoning him now. We know that he could not have committed the murder charged to him, so there is nothing to do but rescue him."

"Yes, even in spite of himself," said Jones. "I'll confess this is a new experience for me. I've been called on to go bail for fellows in police court who insisted they knew me when I protested they were mistaken. But this thing of insisting I know a man who protests that he never saw me before is a new row. I thought sure this photograph would fetch him—it would have wrenched a stack of reds on it; but Lord, it didn't phase him."

"His mind is a blank—it is like a bed of sand over which a tide periodically flows, wiping out every vestige of the footprints of those who have trod it when it lay bare. He is a man who lives in today—in this present moment, as he said to me. Veritably a man without a past."

"And without a future," said Jones. "Yes, without a future! For to what future can a man look who cannot measure it by experiences he has known? All things are relative. We base our hopes of happiness upon what we know has given us happiness. Our ambitions, our pleasures, our dreams are all things of growth to which our daily lives minister. The love of parents, the shelter of home, the companionship of youth, the incentive of early rivalries, all contribute to this better judgment. We gather our store of knowledge day by day, and with it we acquire the capacity to enjoy and to approach the anticipated successes of tomorrow. But a man without a past! What can life hold for him? To feel the unutterable desolation of an impenetrable waste behind him—a knowledge that he is a mariner who sails without a compass, an unknown sea in whose flood the keel of his bark leaves not even a ripple, to live without memory and without hope, without the comfort, awe, and the pangs of one's existence. My God! what can the future hold for such an one?"

"Nothing," replied Jones sadly. "And perhaps that is the reason we find him so willing to give it up." "It must be so. And yet I feel that back of all this there must be some hidden mystery which, if we could only penetrate, would set this man free from the bondage of such punishment as his must be on a right; in calling it a punishment," Jones replied. "But what a torture it is, too! I have heard people speculate on the merciful Providence which kept our futures a secret. Yet it seems to me that a man could bravely go forward to any fate, such as the old martyrs faced the stake when they knew they had to die. But surely no one, except he were lost to every moral tie, could wish to be perpetually forgetting."

"To forget! Why not? To forget is death. What would life be without its memories of early loves and joys of a mother's kiss at night, a father's blessing, a wife's world-wide love? Life is only a bundle of memories. We gather a flower here and there to put with the others in the keeping of our hearts. A thorn or poisonous weed creeps in at times, but the others are no less the precious for their presence. Memory is the thing that keeps our hearts young, our faith pure, our confidence in the realities of life sacred. It is the tie that binds us to our fellows, that, like a golden cord, springs from the anchor of our faith and binds us to the world."

"Then let us do what we can to restore this man's hope to him." "Our only hope is in your specialist," I said. "I trust he may not find the task as hopeless a one as it seems to me."

(Continued next week.) A Wonder Worker. Mr. Frank Huffman, a young man of Burlington, Ohio, states that he had been under the care of two prominent physicians, and used their treatment until he was not able to get around. They pronounced his case to be Consumption and incurable. He was persuaded to try Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, and at that time was not able to walk across the street without resting. He found before he had used half a dollar bottle, that he was much better; he continued to use it and is to-day enjoying good health. If you have any Throat, Lung or Chest Trouble try it. We guarantee satisfaction. Trial bottle free at Janek's Pharmacy.

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

—Choice oats and chop barley for sale at North Yakima Roller Mills. 14-4

—Mrs. W. M. Ross has taken possession of the lodging house across from the court house on Second street, which has been refitted and newly furnished throughout to accommodate those who are seeking comfortable and quiet quarters.

Electric Bitters. This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise.—A pure medicine does not exist, and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum, and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers.—For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters.—Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded.—Price 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle at Janek's Pharmacy.

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"And without a future," said Jones. "Yes, without a future! For to what future can a man look who cannot measure it by experiences he has known? All things are relative. We base our hopes of happiness upon what we know has given us happiness. Our ambitions, our pleasures, our dreams are all things of growth to which our daily lives minister. The love of parents, the shelter of home, the companionship of youth, the incentive of early rivalries, all contribute to this better judgment. We gather our store of knowledge day by day, and with it we acquire the capacity to enjoy and to approach the anticipated successes of tomorrow. But a man without a past! What can life hold for him? To feel the unutterable desolation of an impenetrable waste behind him—a knowledge that he is a mariner who sails without a compass, an unknown sea in whose flood the keel of his bark leaves not even a ripple, to live without memory and without hope, without the comfort, awe, and the pangs of one's existence. My God! what can the future hold for such an one?"



I watched his keen brain.

HE BARELY ESCAPED.—Messrs. Parker, McKinney, Strobach and McCoy returned on Tuesday from their trip to the coal lands of the Cascades. They report a splendid time in the main, but Fred Parker had an experience with bears that he doesn't care to repeat. While alone and riding along in the mountains he came upon an old she bear and two cubs. Mr. Parker is a good shot with the revolver, but he had to fire four times in order to bring down one of the cubs, as the distance was long, and the fusillade drove the old bear and the remaining young ones into the woods. Without reloading the empty chambers of his gun Mr. Parker dismounted from his horse and went after the slaughtered cub. He had not time to reach his game when the bereaved and enraged mother came galloping at him at full speed. There was nothing to do but retreat and the hunter took to his heels and ran his level best, but he was impeded by spurs and as his horse had cantered off at the sight of the bear the situation was anything but pleasant. In leaping down a hill Mr. Parker's spurs caught and he tumbled head over heels to the bottom. This caper did not discourage the bear and he kept strongly on after his game. When Mr. Parker reached the bottom of the hill he had little time for thought, but gathering himself together he declared an emergency, pulled his gun and blazed away with his two remaining cartridges right into the face of his pursuer. This was too much and brain turned tail and disappeared. Mr. Parker then went after his horse, loaded the cub behind his saddle and returned to camp, well satisfied that the termination of the episode was not more serious.

ALFALFA HONEY.—The success of bee culture in this country is not only assured but is getting to be quite an industry. Mr. Chas. Lee, who lives near Yakima city, has sixty-nine swarms and he brings great quantities of honey to this city, for sale. His boxes are well filled and the honey is of a delicious flavor the bees drawing their sweetness from the alfalfa meadows. Mr. Lee figures on getting 100 pounds of honey per swarm this year, which is his first, and to greatly increase the yield hereafter. Mr. Kutz, a neighbor of Mr. Lee, has two swarms that yielded 240 lbs. each and from four swarms he took 800 lbs.

CAPTURED A CUB BEAR.—W. H. Kershaw, while out to the Sinclair ranch on Friday last looking after cattle, saw a big black bear with cub come out of the brush and Mr. Kershaw determined to have the little fellow. Jumping onto his horse he gave chase. The mother took to the brush and Mr. Kershaw headed the cub off and put two shots into him from a small revolver. Then jumping from his horse he threw the cub down and sat on him until assistance came. Mr. Kershaw was somewhat scratched about the arms, but he captured his prize and now has him chained to a post near his butcher shop.

A WORLD-BEATER.—How is this for the down-trodden farmer of the Yakima? J. M. Stout and W. A. Cox visited the former's potato patch the other day. Several hills were tested, and the yield was from six to eight pounds to the hill. Mr. Cox estimated that the yield would be 800 bushels to the acre. Judge Stout asserted it would be a thousand, and to settle the question they went to figuring. They allowed five pounds of spuds to the hill, 280 hills to the row and 70 rows to the acre. The result was 98,000 pounds, or 1,600 bushels.

CAPT. J. H. THOMAS WILL SERVE.—Last week Col. L. S. Howlett sent in his resignation to Governor Ferry as one of the delegates to represent the state of Washington at the national irrigation convention at Salt Lake in September. Governor Ferry acted quickly and with good judgment for he appointed Capt. J. H. Thomas to the vacancy. The choice was an excellent one and will doubt prove of much benefit to this section for Captain Thomas has decided to qualify and will shortly leave on his eastern trip.

LABORING BEARS ON THE WENAS.—One day last week Will Lemon, while riding the range on the upper Wenas, encountered a big black bear. Lemon had no gun, but he is very handy with the lariat, and he soon had the rope around brain, and with true cowboy skill and a hitch around the pommel of his saddle he quickly had the bear off of his feet and dragging over the ground. Then lashing him to a tree he dispatched him with rocks.

WOULDN'T THIS CRAMP YOU?—W. E. Simpson & Co., commission merchants of Tacoma, have established a branch here and have contracted for 150 car loads of Yakima watermelons, the ruling price for which is \$1 a dozen. A car will hold from 1200 to 1400 melons, so that this shipment alone would amount to about 200,000 melons. A Jamaica ginger factory ought to be a paying investment in this state.

J. C. MacCrimmon says that in three years Yakima will be the richest section in the state. He claims that it will be the banner hop district, that we will have fruit enough to supply this state, Idaho and Montana, and that we will be making the wine that is used in the Pacific northwest. This is a strong assertion, but there is every reason to believe to believe that it will prove true.

F. T. Roberts, who carries the mail in Douglas county, reports that recently he came across what he supposed to be a huge boulder, but which was suddenly transformed into a rattlesnake, which made a spring at him, inducing him to mount his horse and leave for more congenial scenes. Roberts declares the snake was two feet around at the middle, but declines to estimate its length. This is rather a tall story to swallow while the temperature is still so high.

LOCAL BRIEVITIES.

—Born, Aug. 15th to the wife of Chas. Gordon, a son.
—Get your hop tickets printed at THE HERALD OFFICE.
St. Joseph's academy will begin its fall session August 21.
—The city clerk's salary has been fixed at \$91.66 2/3 per month.
—Died, Tuesday, August 18, infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ross.
—Born, in this city, Friday, August 21, to the wife of Mike Nowak, a daughter.
—It is reported that Geo. W. Hunt has received a big railroad contract in South America.
—Prof. J. G. Lawrence has the thanks of THE HERALD for some magnificent specimens of early Crawfords.
—J. D. Cornett has purchased L. McLean's residence and ten acres north of the city. Consideration, \$7000.
—Service will not be held in the Presbyterian church on Sunday evening next on account of the pastor's absence.
—By no means miss seeing the Corner Grocery at the opera house Monday evening. It is loaded down with fun.
—Curtis Green, while prospecting for land on the Moxee Tuesday, was thrown from his horse and severely bruised.
—Sheriff Simmons was in Puyallup last week, where he arrested Archibald McKay, charged with horse stealing.
—Messrs. Fechter & Ross sold 10 acres of land on Nob Hill to James Lemon, a recent arrival here. Consideration, \$1,000.
—It is reported that Tom Fife has bonded one of his mining claims in the Summit district to Seattle parties for \$16,000.
—Corner Grocery tickets for sale at Janeks. The entertainment is Monday night and it is said to be away out of sight.
—Don't fail to see Dan'l Sully in the Corner Grocery at the Opera House, Monday evening. It is pronounced immense.
—Geo. Winter, of the N. P., Yakima & Kittitas Irrigation Co., was married on Saturday, August 15th, to Miss Jennie Savage.
—The project of the big reservoir on the west side bench land has been abandoned and a system of artesian wells will be substituted.
—It is said that George Taylor, Hiram Carpenter, Ward Bros. and Geo. Dorrell propose to bore for artesian water on their respective farms.
—The council at its last session granted M. G. Wills a license for the ensuing year and Mr. Wills paid \$1000 into the city treasury on Tuesday.
—The professional card of T. M. Vance, attorney, appears in this issue of THE HERALD. Mr. Vance has taken offices in the First National bank building.
—The N. P. coal company's cases before the local land officers have been closed with the exception of the introduction of documentary evidence.
—Four and five car loads of melons are being loaded here daily for the gastronomical entertainment of the citizens of Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and other points.
—The Seattle Press-Times asserts that the Yakima watermelons are the largest and finest that appear in the market. Of course they are. Yakima is supreme on melons.
—The registration books will close next week Thursday so all who have not registered and want to vote at the city election of September 7th had better get in and qualify.
—The five year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Abrams, of Ellensburg, died at Portland on Wednesday from the effect of a sunstroke. Mr. and Mrs. Abrams are in Europe.
—Mrs. Elizabeth London's new store building, at Yakima City, will be opened on Tuesday evening, September 1st, with a grand ball. Music will be furnished by McGlothlen's string band.
—The uniform rank of Knights of Pythias will hold a meeting Saturday night at the old G. A. R. hall for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year. A full attendance is requested.
—The tug boat "Halo" was taken through Yakima on a flat car, Tuesday, bound for Lake Pon d'Oreille. A portion of the timber work at the tunnel had to be torn out in order to let the boat through.
—Ellensburg was shocked this week by the accidental death of Wm. A. Crippen, by drowning, and the death of Joe Adler, a barber, who was killed by a big rock falling on his head while he was mountain climbing.
—Messrs. Chappell & Cox on Thursday made the first shipment of new hops for this season. The shipment consisted of seven bales of carles and were grown by Tom Nelson. Chappell & Cox also made the first shipment of hops last year and on the same date.
—Smith and Clark got away from the county jail on Friday last by knocking a hole through the brick wall. Sheriff Simmons found them in T. M. Vance's alfalfa field, and with the assistance of Mr. Vance, captured the birds. Smith, who is a U. S. prisoner, showed fight but the sheriff was too much for him and handled him somewhat roughly.
—A number of people here remember Smith Armstrong, erstwhile a sporting man, but more recently engaged in a prosperous fruit commission business at Milton, Ogn. Armstrong was standing near a saw mill, a few days since, when a board flew from the saw, striking him in the forehead, and making what the doctors consider a fatal wound. Armstrong had but recently returned from the east where he had contracted marriage.

SUCCESS AT LAST IS OURS.

A Big Flow of Artesian Water Struck On the Moxee.

Other Wells to be Put Down Immediately—The Problem of High-Land Irrigation Solved.

On Saturday last H. B. Scudder arrived in the city bringing the gratifying news that artesian water had been struck by the company in very satisfactory quantity. The report spread rapidly, but almost everybody questioned as to there being any truth in it, and some of those who had not had it authoritatively from Mr. Scudder placed little reliance in it until it was verified by those who visited the well in person. The news seemed almost too good to be true, for it solves the problem of the irrigation of lands lying above the ditch lines, and means the redemption of many thousand acres of arid land, which, when once covered by water, will be as productive as any in the world.

For some time before flowing water was actually reached, the expert assured Mr. Scudder that all doubt of finding water had vanished from his mind and it would simply be a question of quantity. At a depth of a little over four hundred feet the flow began. At first it was at the rate of but 80,000 gallons of water per diem, but the big drill was kept pounding away and the flow increased with every stroke, until now, by actual measurement the flow is 27,000 gallons an hour, or 648,000 gallons per day. This amount of water, by the system of irrigation to be pursued by the company, will cover 160 acres of land.

By Saturday night the water was sent up through six-inch casing to a height of thirty-three feet, and the force is now sufficient to send it up sixty feet. The news, sent throughout the country by telegraph, brought in many parties from Sound points, who aimed to take advantage of the success of the experiment by filing on vacant government lands.

Crowds from this city visited the well on Saturday, Sunday and succeeding days and many filings were made at the land office. The company which has had the nerve and enterprise to buy and file on these lands and to bring an expensive boring plant here, is known as the Yakima Land company and incorporated, with a capitalization of \$200,000. A meeting was held on Thursday and A. K. Hiecock was elected president, Fred R. Reed vice president, H. B. Scudder general manager and treasurer, W. L. Steinweg secretary, and Samuel Starow engineer. It is the intention to put down wells every quarter of a mile on the company's property, but it was decided at the meeting to move the plant two miles further on, in order to test the extent of the water veins, and to immediately commence sinking the second well.

Another meeting of the company will be held to-day for the purpose of deciding on the question of sending for more machines and prosecuting the work of boring, not only on company lands, but anywhere throughout the Yakima valley where settlers desire this service. Another matter to be taken up will be the starting of a model farm, which will be planted to fruits, hops, tobacco and other crops that have proven profitable in Yakima. The lands of the company are to be cut up into 40 and 80 acre tracts, improved and placed on the market.

The full extent of the benefits to be derived from the success of this experiment can hardly be realized, but it is generally recognized that nothing of greater moment has ever happened here, and that the enterprising projectors of the scheme richly deserve the good fortune which is theirs. Some papers are circulating the report that Puyallup and Yakima hops are damaged by vermin. With regard to Yakima there is no truth in the story whatever, in fact the condition of the hop vines is most gratifying to the growers and on the reports of experts that the hops of this section will never be endangered by vermin preparations are already being made to greatly increase the acreage, and there is a prospect of the area in hops being trebled this coming year. Already Puyallup growers have secured lands in the Yakima valley with a view of transferring their operations here. It is claimed, and not without good grounds, that Yakima is destined to become the center of this industry for the Pacific coast.

Mr. Simpson, who lives south of the city, has twelve acres of onions that are a wonder. Conservative estimates place the yield at 1000 bushels per acre. He has been offered a cent a pound for his entire crop. That would give him \$470 per acre, or \$5,640 from the twelve acres. Is there any reason why a farmer should not get rich in this country?

The cigar manufacturing firm of Nagler & Faltmeyer has moved into the store room next to the post office. The Ellensburg Register in commenting upon Mr. Nagler's removal to Yakima says the change was due to lack of local patronage as he had to send the largest portion of his manufactured goods to Yakima for disposal.

—Fechter & Ross have this week doubled the size of their bargain list. On account of the inquiries resulting from this mode of advertising, and several sales made in consequence thereof, this firm have adopted this as a permanent mode of advertising, expecting to obtain the best possible results therefrom. Do not fail to look over the list.

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

Royal Baking Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERSONAL.
Ira A. Krutz and family have gone to Victoria.
Harry Spinning is at Seattle handling Yakima produce.
J. H. Bradford, Jr., of Tacoma, is the guest of Wm. Ker.
Miss Annie Mattoon returned from Portland on Friday last.
Theodore Steiner and wife are on the Sound for a short vacation.
Mrs. Thomas Norton left for Dayton, Sunday on a visit to relatives.
M. G. Wills spent a few days at Hot Springs during the past week.
Mrs. Cobler, of Tacoma, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. C. Henton.
J. F. Roaf, brother of Wm. Roaf, returned from New York Thursday.
Will White is considering a liberal offer to go to Honolulu and conduct a tailoring business.
Mrs. H. A. Griffin and daughter Zampa left Saturday for two weeks at Umpannum Springs.
Mrs. Wm. Ker left Sunday for the Sound country to spend several weeks with friends.
T. M. Vance has gone to the Sound to attend the meeting of the commissioners of the Columbian fair.
L. MacLean, of Spokane, spent a couple of days of last week in the city greeting his numerous friends.
John A. Todd, of Spokane, deputy internal revenue collector for this district, was in the city Tuesday.
A. K. Hiecock, who is interested in the artesian well plant and Moxee lands, is the guest of H. B. Scudder.
W. T. Thornton, ex-chief of police of Seattle, was in the city this week visiting his daughter Mrs. E. E. Heg.
O. T. Stratton and his friend Bert Kayser left for their old home at Litchfield, Ill., where they propose to remain.
Mr. Agnew, of the Northwest Magazine, is in the city for the purpose of writing up the irrigation projects of this section.

TACOMA MARKETS.
[Reported for THE HERALD.]
TACOMA, Aug. 18, 1914.
FLOUR—Blanc 10 1/2 bl.; Wheat, blue stem, 10 1/2 bl.; Little Club, 10 1/2 bl.; Barley, 2 1/2 bl.; Oats, 2 1/2 bl.; Hay, 1 1/2 bl.; Sound, 1 1/2 bl.; Lard, 1 1/2 bl.; Mutton, 50 1/2 c.; Veal, 50 1/2 c.; Pork, 50 1/2 c.; Cattle, 45 1/2 c. Prices quoted are for live weight.
POULTRY—Domestic Ducks, live, \$4.00; 50 lb. doz.; Old Fowl, \$3.00; 10 lb. doz.; Broilers, \$2.00; 10 lb. doz.; Geese, \$2.00; 10 lb. doz.; Turkeys, 10 lb. doz.
VEGETABLES—Potatoes, 10 lb. ton; Onions, silver skin, \$2.00; 10 lb. ton; Turnips, 10 lb. ton; Carrots, 10 lb. ton; Cabbage, 1/2 c. lb.; Dairy Products—Butter, dairy, 20 1/2 c. lb.; Choice Creamery, 20 1/2 c. lb.; Cheese, 10 lb. doz.; Eggs, fresh, 20 1/2 c. doz.; Hops—1914, 1/2 c. lb.; Fruit—Apples, 10 lb. box; Peaches, 7 1/2 lb. box; Pears, 11 1/2 lb. box.

"German Syrup"
Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since."
PETER J. BRIALS, JR., Cayuga, Hines Co., Miss.

PORTLAND BUSINESS COLLEGE
Portland, Oregon. A. P. Armstrong, Pres.
Branch School, CAPITAL CITY COLLEGE, Salem, Oregon.
Some courses of study, same rates of tuition.
Business, shorthand, typewriting, stenography, bookkeeping, penmanship, English, mathematics, etc.
Catalogues from either school, free at any time.

Wanted—Help.
MAY NOT WORK ON DAIRY RANCH. MUST be good milker. Apply to H. Scudder, Moxee.
Wanted—To Sell.
NATURAL & COWYCHIE (HUBBARD) Ditch Stock. J. B. Pugsley.
TEN, TWENTY AND FORTY ACRE LOTS. Low prices; easy terms. J. B. Pugsley.
A GOOD BUSINESS CORNER, FIRST AND A street at Moxee. Apply to J. A. Beck or Fechter & Ross.
HORSES—BEST TEAM IN THE COUNTY. cheap. Also fine saddle horse. Will trade for land. J. B. Pugsley.
FOUR-FOOT DRY SLAB WOOD, 14 A CORD. Apply to John Beck.
REGISTERED HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN BULLS and Poland China hogs. H. B. Scudder, Moxee.

Wanted—To Loan.
MONEY TO LOAN ON FARMS. NO DELAY. J. B. Pugsley.
CHEAP MONEY TO LOAN ON FARM LANDS. When you want a loan call and see us. Whittson & Parker.

YAKIMA MARKET
(TELEPHONE NO. 38).
ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALTED MEATS. GRAIN-FED PORK, LIVER WORST. Bolognas and Sausages a specialty.
All accounts must be paid weekly. No deviation in this, as it is a compact of local butchers.
Orders taken at Residences and Delivered Free of Charge.
GEO. CARPENTER.

Notice of Co-Partnership.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC that the undersigned have formed a co-partnership for conducting a general Blacksmith and Wagoning business on First street, near Mattson's livery stable. An addition of forty feet is being made to the building, new machinery added and the general business enlarged. The partnership starts on the 20th of August. A continuance of public patronage is solicited and satisfaction guaranteed.
Dated North Yakima, Wash., August 11, 1914.
THOMAS HARVEY,
FRANK SINCLAIR.

Notice to Stockholders.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THERE will be a meeting of the Stockholders of the Natchess & Cowychee Ditch Co. at the office of Howlett & Walker, at North Yakima, on Thursday, October 29th, 11:00 a. m. for the purpose of acting on the granting of an extension of one year's time to the N. P. Y. & K. I. Co.'s option on said ditch, and transacting any other business that may properly come before said meeting.
By order of the Board of Trustees.
J. C. BROOKER, Secretary.

DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder
Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

BARGAIN LIST

OF Fechter & Ross, Only Advertising Real Estate Firm in the City.

- BARGAIN NO. 1. \$650. Four room house and lot; well improved. West of track. 800, \$100 down, balance long time.
BARGAIN NO. 2. \$375. Residence lot on Second street near school house, \$775, in installments.
BARGAIN NO. 3. \$1000. Four nice residence lots, corner. \$1000, easy terms.
BARGAIN NO. 4. \$1800. House and lot on Natchess ave., one of the finest properties in the city, \$1800, \$500 cash, balance long time.
BARGAIN NO. 5. \$750. Two residence lots on Third street, one of the best building sites in the city, \$750.
BARGAIN NO. 6. \$450. Two fine residence lots on Sixth St., fine building site, \$450.
BARGAIN NO. 7. \$50. One lot in Home addition, \$50.
BARGAIN NO. 8. \$650. Two lots, corner, fine residence site, on Fourth St., \$600, one-half cash.
BARGAIN NO. 9. \$850. Ten acres adjoining town, \$850.
BARGAIN NO. 10. \$375. Lots 3 and 4, Block 108, \$375.
BARGAIN NO. 11. \$25. 50 acres in Parker Bottom, under Kennecock Ditch, \$25 per acre.
BARGAIN NO. 12. \$100. 10 acre tracts near Nob Hill; \$50, \$50 per acre, easy terms, interest 8 per cent, deferred payments.
BARGAIN NO. 13. \$3750. 240 acres in Natchess valley, \$7700. Easy terms.
BARGAIN NO. 14. Relinquishment of Homestead Right near Kiona, cheap.
BARGAIN NO. 15. \$1100. The best corner West of the track, with good house, garden, fruit trees, etc.; terms easy.
BARGAIN NO. 16. \$2100. House and two lots on North Second street, \$2100, \$500 improvements; garden and orchard; \$2100, easy terms.
BARGAIN NO. 17. 160 Acres in the Moxee Valley, 6 miles from the City, with water; \$200 per acre. This is good level bench land adjoining Moxee Co.'s possessions.
BARGAIN NO. 18. 80 Acres well improved; two story house with nice rooms; 2 acres good bearing fruit; 40 acres meadow; barn, etc.; about two miles from the City; \$800, easy terms.
BARGAIN NO. 19. \$400. House and two lots; nice location; cash, balance on time at 10 per cent.
BARGAIN NO. 20. 40 Acres in Moxee valley; nice land with water; cheap.
BARGAIN NO. 21. \$500. House and lot \$500; on the installment plan. Stop paying rent.
BARGAIN NO. 22. \$2500. Ten acres, 1 1/2 miles from city in the front belt; 500 Peach Trees, 100 bearing; 457 Apple trees, 50 prunes trees, 20 Cherry trees, 10 pear trees, 10 Apricots, 4 Quinces, and small fruit; house, barn, etc.; highly improved, \$2500.

Keep Your Eye on this Great Bargain List

And do not hesitate to call on Fechter & Ross,

Next door to the Yakima National Bank for further information. 30 ft.

THE YAKIMA CANDY FACTORY

has again opened its doors to the public, whom it cordially calls upon for a continuance of their liberal patronage. The Candy Factory is conducted by F. J. Reed, the former proprietor, and Mr. O. V. Gammon, a professional candy man from Portland. In connection with the manufacturing of candy, they will also conduct

The Neatest Refreshment Parlors in the City.

Ice Cream and fresh Oysters in season. They will also carry the latest and freshest assortment of

Tropical, Domestic Fruits, Nuts, Cigars, Tobacco, &c.,

In fact everything a first-class place of this kind usually handles.

Place of Business A few doors North Mason's opera House, cor. First and A Streets. HERKE & GAMMON

MATT BARTHOLET, The Cash Grocer and Haberdasher.

FINE WINES, LIQUORS. Imported & Domestic Cigars.

VINE BILLIARD AND POOL TABLES.

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

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jesse Moore Kentucky Whiskies.

GREAT DIVERSITY OF TASTE.

Historical Characters Who Were or Are Fond of Sweet Music.

Prince Napoleon Has a Cello--Napoleon, Though Having an Unmusical Voice Loved Music.

The enjoyment of music is unevenly bestowed, and many people of high cultivation, and even of the highest faculty, have been unable to find in music anything more than a disagreeable noise.

Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son, says: "If you love music, go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I insist on you neither piping or fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous light." Yet Frederick, Prince of Wales, played on the cello.

Charles Kingsley cried when he heard the strolling fiddlers play under his window. "Who knows," he says, "what sweet thoughts his own sweet music stirs within him, though he eats in pot houses and sleeps in barns."

When Kingsley was in California, he told the students of Berkeley University that he trusted "that music would reach the dignity of a science in the university. Music," he said, "was necessary to the rounding and finishing of the perfect character."

Napoleon had no ear for music, his voice having been unmusical. Yet he liked songs and simple melodies, and would often hum his favorite air, "Vive Henri Vautre." Paisiello's music pleased him, "because," he said, "it did not interrupt his thoughts."

Frederick the Great, on the contrary, played on the flute and was really fond of music. So Oliver Cromwell, another great ruler of men, "loved," says Wood, "a good voice and instrumental music."

Bismarck, certainly another great ruler, is said to delight in Beethoven and generally in the highest order of music.

Queen Victoria is fond of music and is said to have a correct ear. Baroness Bloomfield in her "Reminiscences," relates how the queen desired her to sing and she, "in fest and trembling, sang one of Grieg's famous airs, but omitted the *shaka* at the end."

The queen detected the omission and said to Lady Normandy: "Does your sister shake?"

"Oh, yes, ma'am," replied Lady Normandy, "my sister is shaking all over."

Many there are who enjoy a beautiful melody and may yet be unable to enter into the dreams of Schumann or the fancies of Chopin; who find real delight in the absorbing melody of Rossini, without being able to follow the mind music of Beethoven. The growth of harmony has oddly enough been the cause of the decay of melody.

MR. ARTHUR'S POKER RULES.

A Curious and Amusing Memoir of the Gentleman President.

A small game of poker was one of the favorite pastimes of Chester A. Arthur. When collector of the port and leader of the New York city republicans he gathered about him a circle of cordial friends who to this day do not speak of the dead president save in the tenderest tones. On leisure evenings they met at his hospitable home and indulged in their host's favorite amusement. Some in the circle were mere amateurs, and all sorts of ludicrous blunders occurred. This man was shy, and that one had to be told to ante, and others were in a muddle most of the time. The host was a pretty good player in his way, and while urbanity itself, he nevertheless was disturbed by the go-as-you-please methods of his visitors. He decided to lay before them rules for their guidance, and so one evening when they appeared each one found a copy of this slip laid on the table before him:

HOW TO PLAY POKER PROFITABLY.

1. Don't play but half as many chips at the start as the other players. The expectation is that you will win, and if you lose it is better that you borrow or "owe" up.
2. Never ante up until some one tells you to, and then say that you have, and stick to it, which will generally persuade some one else to "come in" twice. This rule, though an excellent one, must be followed with discretion. If practiced too often it is liable to produce unpleasant feelings.
3. Toward the end of the evening it is always better to "owe" up your ante for a minute than to "put" up, as the winner of the pot frequently forgets to charge up the debt, and none of the other players will remind him, as they may wish to do the same thing.
4. When the credit system begins to creep in, as it generally does about the middle of the game, you should "owe up," if possible, and bet chiefly against those who always "put up." This is one of the most important rules. To win in cash and lose on credit is the great secret of successful poker playing.
5. In dealing always observe the bottom card, which you can easily do before the cut. Then, by noticing how thick a cut is made, you can tell whether that card goes out. This may help you in the draw.
6. Keep a sharp eye on the discard. They may be of service if your draw is not satisfactory.
7. When you are "in luck" watch your opportunity. From time to time put some of the chips in your pocket without being seen. This will enable you to "owe" up if luck turns, and will prevent the others from borrowing from you.
8. When any one wants to buy more chips and you have plenty, get him to buy of you, if possible, in preference to the bank. It enables you to conceal your winnings, and, besides, the bank may not be able to pay up.
9. When you are "chipping out" for drinks, etc., put a cigar in your pocket

every once in a while. You are sure to be so much ahead of the game, and they come in very handy even if you don't smoke.

10. Never permit anything to make you forget for a moment that the whole object of the game is to save your own money and secure somebody else's and let everything you do, however trifling, tend to this desirable end.

11. When the game is over if you are winner deny it entirely or fix the figures as low as possible; if you are loser declare you have lost twice as much as you really have. This rule is never departed from. The money lost at a game of poker always foots up four times as much as the money won.

The foregoing is printed from what is said to be the only copy of the rules in existence. It was found in the papers of an old member of the Union League club and the memories of President Arthur's cordial good humor and gentle kindness and pleasing wit brought the moisture to his eyes.

THE ELDER OLNEY.

The Romance of a College Bred Pennsylvanian. How He Came to Settle on the Yakima Indian Reservation.

Correspondence Press-Times: Nathan Olney was a Pennsylvania man, who graduated at an Eastern college just previous to the California gold excitement of 1849. He was one of the handsomest and most promising of all the young men in his neighborhood, and he wanted to marry a girl who loved as ardently as a girl is expected to love that very desirable sort of a young man. Young Olney had small means of setting up in the princely way he wanted to with an superior wife, so he said to her one day that he would go to California and get rich; then he would come back and marry her and they would be happy ever after. He went; he found gold. He worked for it four or five years, but he got it, and was getting ready to go back and marry, when one day he received word that the beautiful girl he had been thinking about all the time he was hunting for gold, had married one of the young men who stayed at home. Olney was badly knocked out by the blasting news, and cared for no future without that girl in it. What he did for the next few years is not known; but he finally drifted up the coast of Oregon, and became sheriff of Wasco county, living at The Dalles. But he was discontented and restless, and once on a prospecting trip in the Simcoe mountains he met a girl among the Klickitats. She was comely, young—and a girl. He was away from civilization, healthy—and a man. The naturally following condition was that he found her quite interesting. He made her his wife and settled in a cabin in the bottom land on the Ahtanum creek, a short distance above where the Congregational church now stands. A lot of children came and they were Olneys, though not at all like the old Olney stock back in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island. Nathan Olney was large, straight and handsome. The Indian mother was by no means the same brown maid so necessary to his happiness. The memory of an early, sentimental love was more attractive than a later physical attachment had accentuated the unfitness of the yoke-fellows for each other. The world beckoned to the man in his prime to come back and take his place and his chances. The growing children tumbling about his cabin reminded him that he was responsible for their presence, and he remained with his duty and his half-brothers. One day an old prospector, known as "Robinson the Bilk," stopped at his cabin and said:

"Olney you were kind to me once, and now my chance has come to make you rich in return."

The man pulled out some rich gold-bearing rock, and said he knew where a big ledge of it stood up straight out of the ground, and offered to take Olney to it. Olney went to a friend about it. He said he knew Robinson was a liar, but since he had been kind to him, and since he (Robinson) knew there wasn't a dollar to be made out of him, he believed the story. He had his crops in, and depended on them to feed his half-Indian family, he could not go, it was out of the question; would his friend go? His friend agreed, and Olney went to The Dalles to see them off and at the same time to get some supplies. Coming home from the trip, which promised so much, Olney was sunstruck in the hills between the Columbia river and Goldendale, and died. That was the last of Olney. The children are on the reservation and are shrewd traders in stock and store goods. The old woman married a Dutchman, and at last accounts was still alive. It would be interesting to know what became of the girl back in Pennsylvania who married somebody else.

"Robinson the Bilk," is not wholly unknown to fame. He was written up in his time as a queer character. He had a penchant for steering prospectors to fabulously rich mines and slipping away before reaching the spot. He did this in the case above mentioned. Over and over again he fooled goldseekers. They knew his record for lying, and yet somehow each new victim chose to believe that to him the secret gold would be uncovered. The fellow was a good talker, and never tired of telling of his great finds. He died sometime in the 70's in a St. Louis hospital, and his last utterances to his nurse were of gold—gold—hidden gold.

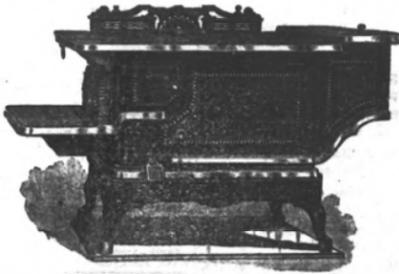
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