

YAKIMA DAILY DEMOCRAT

"Hew to the Line, Let the Chips Fall Where They May."

VOL. 1.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16, 1904

NO. 44

STORM ON THE COAST

Raged Monday Night and Continued Throughout Yesterday.

TACOMA, Thursday, Nov. 15.—The storm that swept yesterday morning along the Washington coast has spread over the entire coast line. It raged throughout the night, only abating its fury for a few hours. Early this morning it renewed its energy and it is expected to continue all day today and probably until tomorrow. It was accompanied by violent winds and brought in its wake a great deal of rain. During four hours early this morning the total rainfall was 37-100ths of an inch—an unusually large amount. The wind attained a velocity of 35 miles in Tacoma. At other less sheltered places it was a gale.

Prepares Horticultural Report.

TACOMA, Tuesday, Nov. 15.—A Van Holderbeke, state horticulturist, in his coming report will include the most comprehensive horticultural survey of the state ever made. He has addressed letters to every county fruit inspector in the state, inviting cooperation in the work and requesting certain statistical information showing the acreage of orchards in each county, the varieties of fruits grown the horticultural specialties introduced, the number of boxes of fruit packed in 1903-4, the number of fruit trees planted this season and last and the fruit pests the farmers are combating.

Nan Patterson's Trial Deferred.

NEW YORK, Tuesday, Nov. 15.—Contrary to expectations, the trial of Nan Patterson, charged with the murder of Caesar Young, was not begun in the supreme court, but probably will be begun tomorrow.

Catholic Cardinal Passes Away.

ROME, Monday, Nov. 14.—Cardinal Mennini, who was administrator of the apostolic palace under Pope Leo XIII, died at the Vatican of paralysis while the consistory was being held today. Dr. Lapponi, who attended the cardinal until the last moment, went to the apartment of the Pope to prepare him for the sad news, fearing that it might have a bad effect on him. The pontiff has not yet quite recovered from his recent illness.

Rebels are Still Active in Brazil.

RIO JANEIRO, Tuesday, Nov. 15.—The situation is still very grave. Although the center of the city is quiet, disturbances continue in the suburbs. President Alves has left his presidential residence. It is reported that there is a revolutionary movement on foot at the military school and among certain general officers. The government declares it is able to restore order.

BUY CANADIAN TIMBER

Michigan Syndicate Buys Large Amount of B. C. Timber Land.

VANCOUVER, B. C., Tuesday, Nov. 15.—Daniel F. Altland, representing Michigan interests, has bought 600,000-000 feet of standing timber on Toba Inlet and is securing licenses from the government for as much more. The purchasers will hold licenses for fifty miles of thickly timbered country penetrated by the Toba river.

At the mouth of the river, Salmon Bay, the purchasers will erect a large mill and will export to foreign markets converting every stick of timber into lumber. They will send large cargoes to the Panama canal, and claim that in six years they will ship direct from Vancouver to New York, via the Isthmus of Panama.

It is reported that Altland's company, which is composed of multi-millionaire lumber men of Michigan, who own their fleet of steamers on the Great Lakes, will put their ships on the Pacific.

Half of the fifty-mile tract was held by Martin and Shannon and their licenses transferred to Altland. The other half was not held, but was government land and is being acquired under license. The big limits are 125 miles from Vancouver, the whole distance navigable by lumber ships.

ATHENIAN CARRIES CONTRABAND.

SEATTLE, Nov. 15.—It is reported from Vancouver, B. C., that the Canadian Pacific Steamship company's steamer Athenian, formerly a United States government transport, sailed from that port Sunday with a contraband cargo for the Japanese government. According to information received in Seattle the vessel is carrying a shipment of 300 tons of cotton for the government arsenal at Tokio. Fears are entertained for the vessel's safety, as Russian agents have advised St. Petersburg authorities of the nature of the Athenian's cargo.

Russia Will Continue Fighting.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 15.—Russia has decided to push the war on an increasing scale. Preparations are everywhere being made to do so. The troubles with the army reserve continue in several localities, especially in Poland. The problem of caring for the families of the reserve men, many of whom are destitute, is an earnest consideration.

JAPANESE RAISE MONEY.

LONDON, Nov. 15.—Subscriptions to the Japanese loan were closed at noon today. It is said that the bids for the \$30,000,000 offered in London aggregate \$300,000,000.

Miss Priscilla Lee and granddaughter, Miss Bessie Lee, have returned from their trip to Ohio and Illinois and the St. Louis exposition.

CZAR DON'T WANT PEACE

Russia Politely Declines to Consider Offer of Mediation From Any Power.

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday, Nov. 15.—The continued suggestions from abroad regarding peace are treated like their predecessors, as unworthy of serious consideration. The mere mention of mediation arouses the ire of those in authority.

The reiteration of the statement that President Roosevelt, having the support of Great Britain and France, had already been approached by Japan and was ready to offer his offices, in view of Russia's position is not considered to be a friendly act.

Russia will push the war on an ever-increasing scale and preparations to do so are being made everywhere. Trouble with the army reserve men continues in various places, especially in Poland, but the authorities are making efforts to allay the causes of discontent, and many of the abuses complained of have been corrected.

The problem of caring for the families of the reserve men, many of whom are left almost destitute, is receiving earnest consideration.

The members of the revolutionary party naturally are doing everything possible to foment discontent among the reserve men, urging on them that it is better to resist at home than in the far East, but the war office is seemingly convinced that these troubles will not spread to a great extent.

The progress of the Russian second Pacific squadron, in which so much of Russia's hope is centered is followed with intense interest. The cruiser Orel, the cruiser Jemchug, seven torpedo boat destroyers and six transports are leaving Lobau this week to join the squadron.

Mixado Sends Good Wishes.

Washington, Nov. 15.—Prince Sadamura Fushimi, relative of the emperor of Japan, called at the White House today and conveyed to the president the good wishes of the Mikado.

TRAIN ROBBERY AT WORLD'S FAIR.

St. Louis, Nov. 15.—It has just become known from the exposition police that two masked men held up and robbed a train on the miniature railroad at the world's fair grounds Saturday night in true western style, securing \$100 in valuables. The robbery occurred on a deserted portion of the grounds. An exposition employe has been arrested on suspicion.

THE FEDERATION OF LABOR.

San Francisco, Nov. 15.—The second session of the convention of the American Federation of Labor was called to order this morning by President Gompers. The report of the committee on rules and order of business was received. An objection was made to making Saturdays half holidays during the convention, and it was even suggested that night and Sunday sessions be held. No action was taken on the report of the executive committee. Great interest was taken in the portion referring to trade autonomy. The committee decrees that unless the Chicago Federation of labor complies with the constitution of the national body before the expiration of the present convention their expulsion will be permanent.

IRRIGATION CONGRESS OPENS.

El Paso, Tex., Nov. 15.—The twelfth irrigation congress was called to order today by Senator William A. Clark of Montana. There was a large attendance. The hall was beautifully decorated and the city draped with flags and bunting.

No News From Port Arthur.

CHEFOO, Nov. 15.—No further news from Port Arthur was received here today.

The Congregational church gave their annual social evening at the church on south Third street Tuesday night. About 100 people were present. A good musical program was rendered. Miss Spalenka and Miss Rossman both sang. Mrs. George Vance read a quaint Scotch selection. Refreshments were served.

TURKEY IS UGLY

The Sick Man Don't Care Whether He Accommodates Americans Or Not.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Nov. 15.—The American consul at Kharpout, Dr. Thomas H. Norton, has been instructed to proceed to the Tuco-Persian frontier and watch the operations of the Turkish and Persian authorities who have undertaken to arrest the Kurdish murderers of the American missionary, Rev. G. W. Larabee, who was killed in April last.

Despite the porte's repeated promises to the American legation not to permit vendors of bibles of the American Bible society to be molested, the local authorities at Angora, Tnebizond and Ordu still detain vendors, have seized their bibles and threaten to arrest anyone attempting to sell them. The legation, therefore, has addressed a more imperative note to the porte, calling attention to his non-compliance with instructions, which the legation has been assured had been given to surrender the bibles and not interfere with the work of the bible house, and demanding a prompt settlement, failing which the matter would be referred to Washington.

The efforts made to obtain permission for a resumption by Dr. E. S. Banks, director of the University of Chicago, of expeditions of excavations at Mymaya, have thus far proved unsuccessful.

Diplomatic Differences Develop.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 15.—A difference has developed between Great Britain and Russia as to the language of an article in the North Sea convention relative to the question of responsibility and a modification is proposed. The Associated Press learns that Rojestvensky's detailed report says shots from the battleships hit the protected cruiser Aurora, wounding a priest, who died at Tangier. This is submitted as a proof of the good faith of the vessels when they fired upon what they believed to be torpedo boats.

The Company Grows.

The Yakima Farming company composed of North Yakima business men and organized for the purpose of raising sugar beets, probably on the reservation, is rapidly growing. A. B. Weed and George S. Rankin, the prime movers in the concern, have met so far with very gratifying success on the new project. It is proposed that the business men subscribe the stock and that 1000 acres be leased on the reservation and devoted exclusively to the raising of sugar beets. These gentlemen are determined to have a sugar beet factory, and if the farmers won't take a hand in the proposition the business men of North Yakima will take it up. There has already been subscribed over \$2000 and not half the business men have been seen in regard to the matter. Mr. Rankin says the idea takes well with every body. The capital stock of the company will be about \$20,000. Every business man will be asked to subscribe.

To Study in Europe.

Dr. R. N. Nagler formerly of this city but more recently of Cle Elum was here Tuesday. He returned to Cle Elum Tuesday afternoon and accompanied by his wife will start for Europe Thursday. Dr. Nagler was associated here with Dr. Gordon who is now in Europe studying medicine at Vienna. It is the intention of Dr. Nagler to go direct to Vienna. He will return to this county in the course of two years.

Returned to Washington City.

Congressman W. L. Jones and wife, their little girl and nephew, Felix Goudy, left here Tuesday afternoon for Washington City to spend the winter. Congress opens on December 1st, but Mr. Jones had to be there on the 21st of November in order to meet with the Rivers and Harbors committee. Master Felix Goudy has been appointed a page in the house of representatives.

There's Health In Every Drop

Of our pure, sparkling delicious

GINGER ALE

"The cool weather drink"

75c for 24 Bottles

Yakima Bottling Works

TELEPHONE 1931

MAY SUE THE N. P.

The Shippers of North Yakima are Planning to Get Damages on Account of Car Shortage.

A rumor is current to the effect that the Northern Pacific railway company is about to be sued for damages by certain North Yakima shippers. They will sue the company for \$5000 because of the great loss suffered this year by the failure of the railroad company to furnish this point with sufficient cars to carry off the produce of the valley. They claim that they have been damaged to such an extent on account of a scarcity of cars that even \$5000 would not repay them.

It is a fact that the railway company has not furnished half enough cars to meet the requirements of the shippers, and it is claimed by the shippers that the company has not put forth the effort to supply the cars necessary.

It has not yet been determined when the civil action will be commenced, but that there will be a suit over the existing conditions is now almost a certainty.

The Sunnyside Railroad.

Rev. S. J. Harrison of Sunnyside, vice-president of the proposed Sunnyside Railroad company, seen at the Tacoma, stated that the prospects of putting the road through grow brighter every day.

"My business here is to arrange a meeting with our officials and Mr. Levey, of the Northern Pacific, in regard to the road," said he to The Ledger. "The Yakima country, especially Sunnyside, Mabton and environs, is going to be a prolific spot some day, more so than it is today, and even now we are inclined to feel proud of our record. Right today there is a shortage of 200 cars at Sunnyside and Mabton, and until that shortage is overcome we cannot ship our hay and grain and other products to market. We have great faith in the road, and every man in the country is anxious that we lose no time in constructing it."

Mr. Harrison is pastor of the Federated churches of Sunnyside, as well as being the president of the bank, and a prominent factor in the business of the little town.—Tacoma Ledger.

At the Snively Residence.

One of the prettiest evening affairs that has been given in this city for a long time, was the dancing party at the Snively residence last night, tendered by Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Snively to the friends of their daughter, Miss Snively, in honor of the latter. The home was tastefully decorated with cut flowers, smilax and creeping ivy. The punch bowl consisted of a cake of ice in which had been frozen a cluster of roses. The dining room presented a scene of modest, though attractive refinement.

The refreshments were excellent. The large parlor was utilized for dancing and the floor was in fine condition. Mrs. Reed furnished the music for the dances. Those invited were: Mrs. H. Lombard, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Guy Allen, Mrs. T. L. Martin, Misses James, Bogle, Cornett, Ritenour, Ray, Burns, Cameron, Bessie Nan and Lucy Scudder, Messrs. Campbell, Burns, West, Erwin, McCoy, Sharkley, Streitz, Marsh, Hiscock, Cameron, Grosseup, Brantigan, Aldrich, Martin, Allen and Lombard.

ORPHEUM THEATRE.

"The Vendetta" The Great Scenic and Electrical Production.

Despite the inclemency of the weather last night a large crowd attended the popular Orpheum theatre to witness the great scenic and electrical production, taken from Marie Corelli's famous novel, "The Vendetta." This piece was dramatized by Miss Ella Wilson, the leading lady of the company. To say the least it was a wonderful production. Each member of the company executed their parts with a degree of perfection that appealed to the audience and met with their hearty approval. The burial scene; the exciting knife fight to death; the electrical sword duel; the famous Roman tomb; the sinking prison; the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, all combined to make this one of the grandest displays of scenery, art and electrical effects that have been seen in the city. Mrs. Dick Tracy in her rendition of the beautiful illustrated song, "Where the Southern Roses Grow" was enthusiastically applauded and was obliged to answer several encores. The moving pictures are a grand production of sensational and exciting scenes. The stage coach leaves the station; the Indians attack it, murder the men and abduct the women; the dog messenger delivers the appalling news to the cowboys; the wild chase for life; the desperate battle between the cowboys and the Indians and stirring scenes that are here seen.

PAYS TO RAISE SUGAR BEETS

A Gentleman from La Grande, Or., Says that the Farmers of that Section Find the Industry Most Profitable.

Mr. E. L. Eckley a prominent citizen of La Grande, Or., who is in the city, says that the people of the Oregon town where he resides would hardly know how to get along without their beet sugar factory. When the factory was established there several years ago by Utah capitalists a goodly number of the La Grande people were skeptical as to the plant being of any particular value to the town and county. Now nobody there talks that way. The people fully understand the value of the sugar making industry in their midst and would consider themselves very unfortunate if deprived of it.

Sugar making at La Grande, Mr. Eckley says, has had the effect of practically doubling the value of farm lands within easy reach of that city. It gives in addition a stable value to the owner in addition a stable value to the land for the reason that the owner can figure very closely as to what they can make out of their holdings by way of cultivating beets. The town itself is very much benefitted by reason of the factory on account of the large amount of money that is disbursed for labor during the growing and harvesting as well as the sugar making campaign of about 100 days in the fall.

The growers there receive \$4.50 per ton for their product, as against \$5 offered here. The farmers near La Grande say that a yield of six tons to the acre or \$27, will pay all the expense of growing the crop and hauling to market. As the average yield of beets is about 15 tons to the acre this leaves a profit of \$40.50 per acre with which the growers are well satisfied.

As one of the conditions for establishing the factory at La Grande the promoters of the enterprise exacted a bonus in the sum of \$8,000 as a consideration for putting in a plant with a capacity of 350 tons per day. The people at first demurred at donating this large sum of money but the amount was finally raised. Methods adopted in raising the subsidy was for individuals to cover the amount of their respective subscriptions with two notes, the first falling due 30 days after the factory began operations, the second one year later. The people of La Grande have long since come to the conclusion that although in a measure they had to buy the factory it has proved to be the best investment they could have made for the benefit of their town and surrounding country.

VIOLIN LECTURE RECITAL

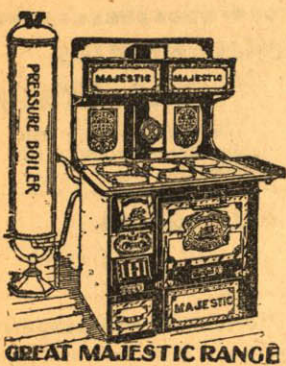
Carl Reidelsberger, Noted Violinist and Miss Vienna Neal, Pianist, Please a Large Audience in Wisconsin Hall.

A very splendid violin recital was given last night in Wisconsin hall by Prof. Carl Reidelsberger accompanied on the piano by Miss Vienna Neel. From a musical standpoint the entertainment was a magnificent success and the four hundred people who were present sat for two hours entranced by the sweet strains of Prof. Reidelsberger's violin. He ranks with the best in the world and it will be a long time before a Yakima audience has an opportunity to hear any better. The eminent violinist is greatly encouraged in his playing by the exquisite accompaniment of Miss Vienna Neel. She is a master of the piano forte and plays the most difficult accompaniments with able correctness. Her execution was especially marked in the beautiful "Swan Song" and "The Zephyr." Too much can not be said in praise of the excellent program and those who rendered it. Following is the program:

1.—Two Hungarian Dances in A and G, Nachez. 2.—The Song of the Nightingale, Sarasate. 3.—Fantasie Brillante on Carmen, Hubay. 4.—Elegy, Ernst. 5.—Souvenir de Moscou, Wienjowski. 6.—Suite: "A Flower's Life," Hubay, a Buds; b The Butterfly; c Love's Rapture; d The Zephyr; e Faded and Forsaken (poems by Geza Count Zichy). 7.—Mazurka (Obertass), Wienjowski. 8.—Swan Song, Saint Saens. 9.—Devil's Dance, Hubay.

Isadore Rusn, the leading lady of the "Glittering Gloria" company, which played here about two weeks ago, died of heart disease Monday while bathing in the surf at San Diego, Cal.

W. S. Fenton arrived here Tuesday from Tenino to take charge of the stone work on the Methodist church.



Appearance

Some women buy a steel range because it looks attractive as it stands on the store floor. Lots of nickel plating to show it off and catch the eye. Did you ever stop to consider how much this nickel plating cost? How hard it is to keep clean? How much it improves the Cooking Quality of the Range?

The Majestic Manufacturers

do not believe in this nickel trimming, they spend their money on improving the inside of their range. Don't you think it worth considering such matters?

Yakima Hardware Co. Sole Agts

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INGALLS & CAMPBELL, Props.

Home grown stock, thoroughly ripened. Prices lower than those of traveling salesmen by about 25 per cent. Satisfaction guaranteed. No better trees for any price. Nursery located 3 1/2 miles west of North Yakima.

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The Orpheum

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.
The Orpheum Stock Company presenting tonight the Great Scenic and Electrical production
"The Vendetta"

Illustrated Song
"Where the Southern Roses Grow"
Moving Pictures
"Brush Between the Indians and Cowboys"
Thursday night
Amateur Performances

The Yakima Daily Democrat

By J. D. Medill

North Yakima, Washington

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North Yakima, Wash. Wednesday, Nov. 18, 1904

The Seattle P-I reports Governor-elect Mead as stating in an authorized interview at Bellingham that in his judgment the day of the professional lobbyist is over in this state. To quote the exact words of the new governor:

"Now that the campaign is ended, the grave and responsible duties of the executive and legislative officers of the state are soon to begin. I believe that in the fulfillment of their functions there will be established a disposition on the part of those commissioned by the people to listen to and follow the suggestions of the men interested in the best welfare of the state, and I believe that there will also be shown a determination to eliminate the influence of the professional lobbyist, who has no interest to serve except a selfish one and who is always willing to wreck the public good and the fortunes of a political party in order to attain some selfish end. I believe the republican legislature can get along very well without the services of this class of political leech. I trust that when the first opportunity presents itself at Olympia that notice will be served in on uncertain tones on these gentry that their presence is not required. I believe that the advice the republican legislators will receive at the coming session will come from their constituents, will come from the farmers, the manufacturers, the laboring men and the business men of the state, and that it will not be necessary to have a middleman in the person of a lobbyist to find out what the people want on important matters."

If Mr. Mead as governor will firmly adhere to such a policy as he announces he will earn the good will of all good citizens of this state regardless of party affiliations. The course of the legislative branch of the state government since statehood began has been the disreputable railroad lobby strongly entrenched at Olympia at every session of the legislature. The human leeches who have composed the lobby have trafficked in men's honor to such an extent that hundreds of legislators have been ruined and returned to their homes where oblivion awaits them as moral bankrupts. In the majority of cases probably these men went to Olympia with good and honorable intentions and with the hope of securing legislation demanded by their constituents. On their arrival at Olympia, or soon after, the rural legislators were sure to get acquainted with the inevitable and irrepressible confidence man who usually steered them into Temple Flat where free drinks and cigars were dispensed with a lavish hand. That was usually the beginning of the legislator's downfall. They violated their pledges and broke their promises. Perhaps in many cases legislators did not sell their votes for money but the corrupting influences and associations of the lobby kept them from redeeming their pledges.

On one occasion a few years ago when a freight rate bill was pending in the house at Olympia and it was known in advance that the vote on the measure would be exceedingly close, the lobbyists were at their wits ends to devise a way for defeating the measure. Finally the chief mogul of the lobby conceived an idea and forthwith put the same into execution. A bawdy house was chartered for the occasion and the understrappers each informed the night before to gather in Mr. so-and-so, known to be advocates of the bill. The unsuspecting solons were thus taken in charge of by the railroad hirelings, and after being plied with a few drinks until they were ready for a lark were taken to the house of ill-fame. At the appointed place they caroused all night with the result that they were all so drunk the next day that they didn't know whether they were afoot or on horseback. In fact, they were kept in durance vile in the bagnio until several hours after the freight rate bill had been acted on unfavorably in the house.

With the influences that are presumed to surround him if Governor Mead can and will drive the lobby from the state capital he will be entitled to the distinction of having accomplished something that at least two of his predecessors in the office, Rogers and McBride, failed in doing.

KEEP THEM OFF THE STREET.

Mayor Ballinger has instructed the police to arrest all boys and girls under 16 found on the streets after 9 o'clock in the evening. The first arrest will be but nominal, the youthful offender in that case being merely escorted home by the police. For the second offense there will be prosecution in the police court under the curfew ordinance.

Such ordinances and such orders of the mayor ought not to be necessary. If parents were alive to their duties, they themselves would see to it that their children were not permitted to run around on the streets after 9 o'clock at night. The city streets at night time are nurseries for vice and crime for the young. Every parent should know this fact, and the majority of them do know it. Prevention of crime is the most important duty which the police have to perform. Keeping children off the streets after night is one of the most effective methods of preventing their taking the first long steps in vicious ways. It is therefore a public duty, when parents fail to control their children in this respect, for the police authorities to do so.

The curfew ordinance has been in existence for a long time, but there has been no serious attempt to enforce it heretofore. It is an ordinance which should be enforced, and the Post-Intelligencer is glad to see that Mayor Ballinger is taking steps in that direction.

The above which is meant for the children of Seattle applies equally well to the youngsters of North Yakima. The curfew ordinance in this city for the want of enforcement is a dead letter. It is largely the result of habits formed on the street that thousands of boys and girls grow up into worthless men and women. If as the P-I says parents do not exercise any control over their children the law should do so as a matter of protection to the rising generation.

ADVANCE FIGURES ON ELECTIONS.

Deserved reputations as election prophets have been sadly shattered by the late November cataclysm. The New York Herald, an independent newspaper, for many years has undertaken to poll the state and city of New York prior to national and state elections, with results that give it a high reputation for impartiality and accuracy. The Herald claimed to the last that New York was doubtful on the Presidency, despite the expert judgment of bettors and other qualified observers who declared that Roosevelt would carry the state.

The Brooklyn Eagle, an ardent supporter of Judge Parker, in its issue of Sunday, November 6, announced the result of an extensive postal card canvass in greater New York. The indicated plurality for Judge Parker in Greater New York was 180,071. The Eagle also estimated the Roosevelt plurality above the Bronx at 102,127, so that the Judge, would thus carry New York state by nearly 80,000 plurality. The voting last Tuesday showed that the Eagle's guesses were some 250,000 out of the way.

But who can blame the Herald and the Eagle? Truth is that none foresaw the situation as it actually was, not even the campaign managers in their most vivid dreams. All previous methods of calculation were upset, the most painstaking and unbiased effort to arrive at the facts set at naught. On November 1 the Oregonian, with complete data at hand from every county in Oregon, estimated that the state would go for Roosevelt by 27,000 to 28,000. The figures are 45,000. On October 17 the Oregonian, after an elaborate canvass of the state of Washington by counties, gave these estimates of pluralities: Roosevelt, 34,275; Mead, 4810. It felt positive that this was a moderate and reliable statement, and it knows now that it was. It saw clearly the trend toward Roosevelt, but it did not and it could not, measure the extent of the silent influences that overturned all prophecy by a movement that gave to Roosevelt thousands of democratic votes which will perhaps never confess their active participation in the election of a republican for President. So it was throughout the United States.—Oregonian.

Will Not Go A-Begging.

It is evident that the United States senatorship from Washington is not going a-begging this time. With at least three candidates outside of Seattle, and as many more inside, the senatorial contest promises to be exceedingly lively. Sweeney of Spokane is probably the richest man in the state—and Campbell has enough money to run a first-class campaign. It is doubtful if Foster would spend much money to be returned, as he has received all the honors which the office affords, and he isn't making any special effort to reflect honors on the office. Lawyer Piles of Seattle is supposed to be in the race—but there are a good many people who think that Wilson has "hornswaddled" Piles' candidacy—but there is Jacob Furth still left, and it remains to be seen whether Wilson can "hornswaddle" Mr. Furth. Anyhow, there are candidates enough in sight and some of them with sufficient sized barrels to keep things lively in Olympia during the month of January, 1905.—Seattle Times.

SHOTS FROM THE COMMONER.

Public ownership of the railroads vs. railroad ownership of the public. Which?

The dirigible airship has come. The serviceable airship may not, after all, be very far in the future.

"Buffalo Bills" anxiety to chase bank robbers suddenly diminished when the genial showman remembered that the season for the press agent had closed.

There will be another national election in 1908, and it behooves democratic democrats to begin preparing for it right now. Today is not too early to begin.

Now that it is no longer necessary for him to put in his time making stump speeches the attorney general may devote some of his time to solving the beef puzzle—why the price of cattle on hoof keeps declining and the price of beef on the block keeps climbing.

When postmasters are elected by the people whom they must serve, instead of being appointed by politicians whose ends they must advance, there will be a better chance of reform in the postal department.

When the railway coaches intended for the conveyance of the general public are as strongly built as the private cars built for the use of the railroad officials the casualty list of railroad accidents will be vastly decreased.

President Elliott of Harvard is opposed to labor unions and the "closed shop." President Elliot must be catering to the wealthy gentleman who are seeking to make more profit by securing the privilege of lengthening the hours of labor and decreasing the wages.

THE ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE.

It was announced on Sunday that the new electric locomotive built for the New York Central railroad at Schenectady had shown a speed of 75 miles an hour. The trials were successful and the railroad officials believe that a speed of 90 miles an hour is within the range of possibilities.

The new locomotive has made this record on a piece of road four miles long, which has been equipped with a third rail. The high rate of speed has been made with no cars attached, but with eight heavy coaches it has also been able to attain reasonably high speed. It was found to gain headway more rapidly than is the case with the steam locomotive, and from a standstill attained a speed of 33 miles an hour in 63 seconds.

This locomotive, which has a maximum horse power of 3000, and, therefore, excels the largest steam locomotive, is the first of 30 or 40 that are to be built for the New York Central for use on that part of its tracks lying within the limits of New York city and running through the tunnel to the Grand Central station. If the expectations formed at the tests in Schenectady are realized, when the locomotives are put in service it would seem as if use would be found for more of them on other parts of the road.

The cost of producing and transmitting electric power will, of course, be an important matter in the operation of these locomotives, but with the fact proved that they can be constructed so as to attain a high speed and to haul heavy trains, a solution of the problem of operating them economically will certainly be found in the near future. It may be that the cost of operation will prevent competition with steam on long runs, but for traffic within cities and through tunnels the electric locomotive is likely to come into general use. And there are many who believe that the time is not far distant when they will supersede steam almost entirely on the railroads of the country.—Spokane-Review.

The Divorce Question.

The divorce question is having a good deal of attention just now, but in the minds of many the marriage question is the one that should be considered. In the case of the young people there is too much haphazard mating. As to the young woman, the number of young men whom she knows well enough to take into consideration with a view to matrimony is exceedingly small, unless she travels much or goes a great deal into society. Second, she cannot choose ad libitum even among these, but only among the two or three, or perhaps less, who ask for her hand. She meets these and knows them in what capacity? Not in the home as provider for a family, as a faithful protector or as a guardian of little folks, but as they appear to her when trying to please and to win her good opinion. The acquaintance she has with them is in the roll of society men.

In the case of the young man, he meets the young lady in society, when she is putting on her best, and he does not look upon her as a possible housekeeper, wise mother or earnest helpmeet in the home. He is more likely to be impressed with the vivacity, form, features, hair, grace, etc., which go to make up personal magnetism. Some of the most thoughtful prefer goodness and brains plus beauty, but he, too, is restricted to the few who would accept him, and they may be few indeed. The girl, then, who has the strongest personal fascination

for him, and whom he can approach with reasonable assurance that she will think of him as a suitor, is the one he marries. She may, or may not, have character and worth, or she may or may not be just the one best suited to live happily with him, but it is in most cases a game of chance.

He or she who marries must recognize the conditions and enter into the marital state with the realization that only by mutual patience, forbearance, mutual study and co-operation can married life surely become a happy and well-rounded success. Each must give up habits, forego unnecessary pleasures, make mutual concessions, and study to avoid the little frictions which surely wreck the peace of the married if indulged in, and both must surrender and sacrifice, one to the other, remembering always that each is still an individual, with habits, likes and dislikes peculiar to themselves, and not always, or even if at all, to be overcome unless by long association and a generous determination to make the most of life each has chosen. There are many things which should be pointed out to them before marriage, but if it not done then, let the outsiders "forever hold their peace." Doing away with divorce should begin by a better knowledge on the part of the youthful candidates as to what marriage really means.—Commoner.

VIRTUES OF VIAVA

Viavi cures diseases peculiar to women, and it checks insidious uterine diseases at their commencement.

Under Viavi treatment obscure uterine diseases are easily handled; likewise inflammatory conditions are reduced and lacerations of the cervix are cured.

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Viavi is popular because it makes girls attractive by the magnetism of perfect health; because it makes husbands domestic and contented; because it brightens the home and the world.

Viavi is popular because it makes women handsome; because it makes home happy; because a contented husband is a good provider; because a contented wife is a good manager.

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AN INGENIOUS BURGLAR.

How He Opened a Safe Without Tools or Explosives.

An extraordinary account is given of how a safe was opened by a robber who had at his disposal no instrument of any kind, but operated merely with his finger nail. The person who accomplished the feat revealed his intention of robbing the iron safe in a hotel to another young man, who happened to be the cousin of the hotel proprietor.

As a matter of course the proposed scheme to rob was revealed to the owner of the hotel, and a little before midnight, when it was to be put into execution, a couple of detectives were concealed behind the office counter.

A short time afterward the robber entered the office gently, without either tools or explosives wherewith to open the massive iron receptacle, the combination of which it was evident he did not know. He had, however, resorted to an ingenious plan of his own.

He had pared the nail of his index finger on the right hand until the blood vessels were exposed. Then by placing the sensitive wound on the combination lock he could distinguish the movements of the tumblers as they fell. For more than an hour did he work, and at last there came a sharp click, and he swung back the doors of the safe.

He was in the act of filling his pockets with the valuable papers it contained when a damper was thrown upon his activity by the sudden grasp of the detectives, under whose escort he was taken to prison.—London Tit-Bits.

Danger in "Home Remedies."

"The trouble with poor persons who try to doctor themselves before coming here," said a physician in a public dispensary, "is that they do not know the first thing about the 'simple remedies,' as they call them, that they use. Oftentimes they do themselves serious injury through sheer ignorance. I had a man in here the other day who had taken half an ounce of cholera mixture. Somebody had told him to take half a teaspoonful. It is the same way with paregoric, sweet niter, ammonia and other well known household remedies. Persons who trust to their memory are likely to get mixed and either take an overdose or use the wrong medicine. A woman came in here suffering from the effects of a drug that she should never have obtained except on a physician's prescription. It was the big overdose and her prompt application for relief that saved her. When I scolded her she showed me a clipping from one of the magazines advising its use. The dose prescribed was enough to kill a horse."—New York Times.

BRIDAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

Not Nearly So Many Taken Nowadays as There Used to Be.

Brides are probably just as beautiful now as ever they were, but they are not nearly so anxious to record their postnuptial loveliness by means of photographs. Most photographers say they are glad of it.

"I never did enjoy taking the pictures of brides," said a photographer. "Like all the rest of the world, I love the dear creatures; but when it comes down to \$4 a dozen commercialism they do not satisfy my artistic instincts. Few brides take a good picture. Somehow their tugs are not becoming. A bride is supposed to look superlatively lovely on her wedding day, but if anybody dared to tell the truth on the subject that superstition soon would be exploded and the sweet things would realize that, instead of looking their best on that occasion, most of them are apt to look their worst. It is the same way when they come to be photographed in their wedding finery. They are either too pale or too red, and they have a nervous, anxious expression that robs the face of all good lines for photographic purposes.

"The time was when no bride considered herself really married until she had arrayed herself in spotless white and had her picture taken. Generally 'he' came with her, and 'he' looked just about as foolish as she did. Goodness, the trouble I have had posing brides and bridegrooms before the camera! Instead of telling them to look pleasant I always felt like saying, 'Don't look idiotic if you can possibly help it,' and then I would have to think up some device to keep her from scrounging down too close against his shoulder and to keep him from responding with an equally inappropriate embrace. But with all my precautions I never fully succeeded in preventing their acting like lunatics. The other day when looking over a lot of old negatives I came across several hundred of those sentimental combinations, and I thanked my lucky stars that nowadays few newly mated couples have the camera craze."—Chicago Record-Herald.

No line of business has shared to a larger extent in the benefits of modern inventive genius than agriculture. What was toll of the most slavish kind a hundred years ago has been almost wholly removed by the use of modern machinery. A few things—the milking of the cows being the principal thing—are alone left to be still done in the old laborious way. Of course there is still plenty of work, but it is not of the old slavish type, but work of that sort where brains working in co-operation with machines enable a man to accomplish ten times as much as in the old days.

There is one thing about furnace heating which every man should understand if he contemplates heating his home in this manner, and that is that the capacity of the cold air flues must equal that of the warm air flues; otherwise an imperfect circulation of the warm air will occur and poor results be obtained. It costs some people a lot of money to find this out. We know of a church supplied with furnace heat where the ignoramus who put in the plant supplied only one small cold air register for four large warm air ones, with the result that the furnace used up half a cord of dry wood every Sunday and the membership was always in a lukewarm condition. More cold air flues were put in, the fuel bill was cut in two, and the church grew in grace and good humor.

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Cashmere Sox, extra quality, in natural gray; dark oxford gray, black or black uppers with natural gray foot.

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AFTER the STORM

By William Haven Ross

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The hurricane had died out, and the only trace of the storm upon the waters was the heavy swell which tossed the ship's longboat.

The sun shone with tropical fervor upon the three occupants of the little craft. Not a sail was within the perspective, and no long wreath upon the horizon gave sign of the presence of a steamship.

At the bottom of the boat, his head resting upon the lap of a young woman, a man lay. His face was white and drawn, and the glitter of his eyes told of extreme physical weakness. The other man sat upon the stern thwart and watched sea and sky with anxious gaze. The woman's face had the apathy of prolonged suffering.

"Water! Water!" murmured the man at the bottom of the boat.

"Have patience, Tom," said the woman in a mechanical voice. "We are in the track of ships and must be rescued soon."

"No," said Tom faintly; "you will be saved—you and Dick—but not I."

Dick glanced at him in pity, but remained silent. The woman pushed back the matted hair from Tom's eyes with feeble fingers, but made no reply. The look of death was on the face pillowed upon her knee.

Three days had passed since Tom and Kate, passengers, and Dick, master mariner, had abandoned the sinking bark West Wind, bound from Rio de Janeiro to New York. Of the fate of their shipmates they had no knowledge. They had gone without food and without drink, and the weight of sheer exhaustion had begun to deaden their senses.

Finally Tom spoke again. He looked Dick in the face searchingly and said:

"Will you forgive me, Richard? I could die happier if you would. Kate will never forgive me, but you might."

"Forgive you!" exclaimed Dick wonderingly. "Why, what have you done?"

"You always loved Kate," said Tom.

"Yes," replied Dick very slowly and after a pause; "I always loved her."

"And she always loved you," said Tom.

Dick half started from the thwart but checked himself.

The woman turned her face away.

"I came between you," said Tom.

"I did you both a wrong. But, oh, how I have suffered! You can't realize, Dick—you will never realize—the agony of mock possession, the anguish of having a wife who in her heart loathes your slightest caress. She never loved me."

"Dick, and I have been kind and good to her always. But what are kindness and goodness to a woman when she does not love you? Nothing, Dick, worse than nothing!"

"I don't understand you at all," said Dick. "I know that you're out of your head. Speak to him, Kate; it may quiet him."

But Kate neither spoke nor turned her head.

"No; you will understand," said Tom, with more emphasis. "I'm going to tell you something. If I were not dying, perhaps you would kill me for it, but I would not care. I do not want to live unless I can have Kate."

"Have Kate!" repeated Dick. "Why, man, she's your wife!"

"No, no!" cried Tom weakly. "She never was my wife! It was only an empty ceremony that shackled her to me. She was always yours, Dick, and yours only. Soon she will be yours forever."

"Speak to him, Kate. He's raving," said Dick hoarsely, but she sat as if stone, watching the sky line.

"You see," said Tom, "she will not lie even to soothe, and she is right, for lies are useless. I knew she loved you, and I lied to keep you apart. You thought it was friendship and kindness that made you master of my West Wind, but that was the first syllable of my lie. I wanted to put half the world between you two, so I made you captain of my best bark and chartered her for China. Then the lie grew and grew. It was I who had published in New York and copied in the home newspapers the lying notice that you married a woman in New York the day before you sailed. After Kate had read the lie she thought the world was at an end for her, so she married me. Now you know it all except what I have suffered. You can never realize that."

There now was a deep flush upon Kate's cheek, and Dick was bending forward, speechless and glowering.

"You won't forgive me, then?" asked Tom pleadingly. "She will soon be yours, and—and I've left her everything."

"Blast you and your money!" cried Dick, now upon his unsteady feet, with a threatening gesture.

But Kate, who still sat with averted gaze, put her arm across Tom's face as if to protect him, and Dick sank back sullenly upon the thwart and turned his head away too. Thus they remained for many minutes. But when Dick again turned his eyes to the horizon he could scarcely restrain an exclamation.

Far away upon the edge of the waters was a sail.

It then was but a tiny blur, but the prescient eye of the sailor saw at a glance that the vessel was southbound and sailing toward them. If the wind held in the same direction, the ship would be apt to make a long reach before going about and must surely pass so near that they would be sighted.

Dick looked at Tom and then at Kate, while a battle raged in his soul.

The excitement which had sustained the sick man during the morning had passed, and Dick could see plainly enough that the reaction was tugging hard upon the frail strand of life. Yet he understood that he had at command as potent a stimulant as was ever compounded by a pharmacist.

It was hope!

In an hour or two the approaching vessel would be within hailing distance. Another hour or two meant life or death to Tom. If he knew that rescue, food, drink and comfortable quarters were but a few dwindling miles away, existence would grow sweeter to the wealthy shipowner and importer, and the innate love of life might buoy him through the crisis.

"Shall I speak?" he asked of himself.

If Tom died—but he tried to put that out of his mind. How he loved and had longed for the woman he faced! A flickering spark was all that kept them apart. Should he fan it into a blaze or let it go out forever?

At last Tom again opened his eyes, and, looking him in the face with a pitiful, pleading expression, he feebly put forth his hand.

"Forgive me," he whispered in a voice of utter weakness. Kate bent over and kissed him—kissed him as a mother might her child.

Dick drew a long breath, and a tremor shook him like an ague spasm.

"A sail!" he cried hoarsely and rose unsteadily. For a moment he swayed with the rocking of the boat, pointing straight ahead, and then he sank upon his knees and took Tom's hand in his own.

"Tom," he said, "rouse up, man, and listen to me. There's a ship coming. She's not five miles away. Think of it, man—something to drink and plenty to eat. Don't weaken now after all you've been through. Let the past be bygones. Live it up and be happy."

"A ship in sight!" gasped Tom. "Oh let me see her!"

It taxed Dick's failing strength to the utmost, but he lifted him to his knees and held him thus while he looked longingly at the distant sail. For a brief space the luster of hope rekindled the fire of failing vision, but it was only for a moment. A film beclouded his eye again, and he sank back to the bottom of the boat with a gasp.

"Too late," he murmured, "too late for me!"

When Dick looked up, he met Kate's gaze. It was a calm, steady look she gave him and the first since Tom began his story. Dick felt meaner and guiltier than he had ever felt before. He had to do something to distract her eyes.

"The sail!" he said, pointing over the waters. "Why don't you look?"

"I saw it," said she, "two hours ago."

"And you were waiting for me to tell Tom of it?"

"Yes," replied Kate, "and how I should have despised you if you had not."

The ship's crew answered Dick's faint hail with shouts of encouragement, and the vessel luffed up into the wind with flapping sails. A boat skippered by the mate was lowered and towed the castaways alongside the ship's quarter.

"How are they?" asked the captain as he leaned over the rail and looked down upon the recumbent figures in the boat, for Dick had collapsed.

"One man is gone, I think, sir," said the mate after holding his hand over Tom's heart.

"Yes," said Kate; "my husband is dead."

Uses of Turpentine.

Turpentine, either in resinous form or in spirits, has a household value. A child suffering with the croup or any throat or lung difficulty will be quickly relieved by inhaling the vapor and having the chest rubbed until the skin is red and then being wrapped about with flannel moistened with fiery spirits. Afterward sweet oil will save the skin from irritation. In the case of burns and scalds turpentine has no equal. It is the best dressing for patent leather; it will remove paint from artists' clothes and workmen's garments; it will drive away moths if a few drops are put into closets and chests; it will persuade mice to find other quarters if a little is poured into the mouse holes; one tablespoonful added to the water in which linens are boiled will make the goods wonderfully white; a few drops will prevent starch from sticking; mixed with beeswax it makes the best floor polish, and mixed with sweet oil it is unrivaled as a polish for fine furniture; the latter mixture should be two parts of sweet oil to one part of turpentine. Some physicians recommend spirits of turpentine, applied externally, for lumbago and rheumatism. It is also prescribed for neuralgia of the face.—Woman's Home Companion.

Dinners in the Old Days.

Dinner was a substantial affair in the reign of the maiden queen, who was by no means indifferent to the pleasures of the table. The first course on great occasions, says a contemporary, would probably be wheaten flummery, stewed broth, spinach broth, gruel or hotpot. The second consisted of fish, among which we may note lampreys, stockfish and sturgeon, with side dishes of porpoise. The third course comprised quaking puddings, bag puddings, black puddings, white puddings and narrow puddings. Then came veal, beef, capons, humble pie, mutton, marrow pasties, Scotch collops, wild fowl and game. In the fifth course all kinds of sweets, creams in all their varieties, custards, cheese, cakes, jellies, warden pies, junkets, syllabubs, and so on, to be followed perhaps by white cheese and tansy cake; for the drinks, ale and beer, wine, sack and numerous varieties of mead or metheglin, some of which were concocted out of as many as five and twenty herbs and were redolent of sweet country perfume.

How to Make a Fortune In Literature

(Original.)

They had met at Lake George. Now they were on the day boat going from Albany to New York, thinking of the charming days they had been spending in idleness. Seated on camp chairs on the upper deck they enjoyed the scenery and talked of their outing. The man smoked and the woman held a magazine in her lap.

"Tomorrow," said the former, "I shall be back in my office."

"Do you work hard?"

"No; my work is very easy. People who have anything to sell come to me. I only buy what is cheap; therefore I have no trouble in selling it."

"My work, too, is pleasant. I sit in the morning after breakfast in my cozy room by an east window where I get the sunlight and scribble for half a day. In the afternoon I do a little domestic work, then amuse myself."

"What is your line of literary work?"

"Fiction."

"So you are the Irene Buckingham whose story appears in that magazine you are holding so lovingly?"

"It is my first published story," she replied, smiling from her brows to her chin.

"How many times have you read it in print?"

"Let me see. I think it is six"—blushing.

"I must have read my first production in print sixty times."

"You? I did not know you were an author."

"Not very many people know that."

"You keep modestly in the background. How delightful! Your works go out incognito."

"No; they have usually been published under my own name."

"But I never heard"—

"Of Matthew Briggs?"

"Pardon me; I"—

"Singular, since I have had considerable success. I have made a fortune at literature."

"You surely don't mean that you write this trash that is so profitable?"

"My work has been as good as my talents would produce. I think I can say that it is far above the average."

"You made a fortunate hit—wrote something that was original."

"I wrote several original things, but the more original they were the greater difficulty I found in securing a publisher. One very original bit of mine was published, but I mismanaged the disposal of it and made nothing out of it, though it took like wildfire."

"Do, please, satisfy my curiosity. You say that you have done good, legitimate work which it does not appear, from what you say, has been remunerative, and yet you have made a fortune by it."

"I will give you a brief account of my career. My first productions were in imitation of my favorite author. My second were my own peculiar ideas written in my own style. They, too, remained unsold. Finally I made up my mind to write what the people wanted rather than what I wanted. Fortunately there was a field in which I was very much at home. There was plenty of romance in it and this I extracted. I wrote what seemed to please every one, but my productions did not reach the great mass of the public. The result was a failure. At last I found a friend, a partner in a publishing house, who gave me his influence, and the concern published a novel for me."

"I see. This was your chance. How many thousand copies were sold?"

"Two thousand."

"Only two thousand? Surely this could not have made you a fortune or a reputation. By and by you will tell me of some great work of which I have often heard."

"I never wrote another."

"Well?"

"My royalty on my novel was \$300. I made a fortunate investment of this money and got what men who have made fortunes declare to be the hardest part of their work—I, e., the first thousand dollars. I lived on little more than nothing and kept turning over my money. Today I am accounted a rich man, all, as you see, made in literature."

"But you could as well have made it in molasses."

"I had no molasses to sell. I had a faculty for scribbling, and this gave me a lump sum. Fortunately I had the good sense not to try to live by literature alone, so that I could invest my little capital. While I was making my living this capital was making money for me. The disproportionate ability between capital and labor to make money is as the sands of the sea to a single grain. Of the million dollars of which I am possessed three hundred-millionths were made by a very high order of intellectual work and the rest by capital."

"I am disappointed."

"I fear you will be more disappointed if you set your heart on making a large sum without any other assistance save your brain. The brain is simply a lever to put that powerful engine, capital, into operation. If the brain and the muscles, after keeping the body alive and in condition, do this they will do all that should be required of them. The rest is the work of capital."

"But how about authors who make great sums from their works?"

"Tell me about the winners of the first prize in a lottery, and I will respond with something of interest about these literary prize winners."

She, too, made a fortune at literature. She married the man who got his start as a capitalist by writing a novel.

EDWARD SANDERSON.

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The Octagon House

(Original.)

My nerves having given out, I concluded for a tonic to ride on horseback from Boston to Nova Scotia, keeping the coast all the way. It was in July and the weather was delightful.

One evening after I had been out a week I was riding on a beach, looking for a house in which to put up for the night. On a point of land standing out into the ocean I saw an octagon shaped building and rode toward it. When I reached the place I was disappointed to find it deserted. I cast my eye northward along the beach for an inhabited dwelling, but could see none. As it was growing dark, I determined to dismount and see if I could effect an entrance and spend the night there. I found the house securely locked. After examining every door and window on the ground floor I went down to the water's edge to look again for another habitation. While there I noticed a stone built opening that had evidently been used for a sewer. Bending, I entered it and walked till I came to a trapdoor, which I removed and came out in what had been the kitchen.

To my surprise, I found a house that had evidently been shut up for many years. There were haircloth and mahogany chairs and sofas and four post bedsteads. Pictures, all old fashioned—one was an engraving of General Winfield Scott, labeled "Our Next President"—hung on the walls. Some of them were oil portraits, one of a fine looking old gentleman who might have been the owner of the place.

In the kitchen pantry was food that had crumbled to dust. I found a candle on the shelf which I appropriated and took with me into the principal bedroom. Opening the curtains, I saw that the bed was made up, though the bedding was yellow and had a musty smell. But I was tired and concluded to cover it with a blanket I carried with me and sleep there. Before doing so, I amused myself for a few minutes examining the furniture and the pictures. That of the old gentleman interested me most. It seemed to be in excellent condition except its old fashioned design frame. I noticed the eyes particularly, for they were very expressive.

A deserted house is not a slumber winning place, and after a futile effort to get to sleep I opened my eyes, glancing from one article in the room to another till they fell on the old man's portrait. Great heavens! The right eye was not painted at all! It was real; not only real, but it was looking straight at me. I sat up in bed and stared at it, as it was staring at me. The other eye was still a painted eye, with the same expression I had noticed in both before I went to bed.

I glanced from one eye to the other in a vain endeavor to detect the cause of the difference. Then I remembered that I was traveling to benefit overstrained nerves, and covering my face with my blanket I tried to quiet myself.

No effort of self control could keep me from looking again. It seemed to me five or ten minutes at least—it was doubtless the fraction of a minute—when I threw off the blanket. There were the two eyes, the one of paint, the other of reality, forming a grotesque contrast, the right eye looking straight at me. Then suddenly there was a quick side glance and return to the same position as before.

This was too much for my already overstrung nerves. I gave a cry of agony and buried my face again under my blanket.

It occurred to me that there was but one chance of my retaining my reason—that was to occupy my mind till morning. I had often put myself to sleep by repeating the multiplication table, and after many ineffectual efforts to repeat the multiples of 2 I succeeded in fixing my mind on the table and went through with it to the end. As soon as I had finished I went over it again and continued the process till I began to feel drowsy, and at last fell asleep.

The sun rising out of the ocean cast his first beams upon me and awakened me. He was very beautiful to look upon, but I was no sooner awake than I remembered my experience of the night before and turned to the portrait. Both eyes were painted and harmonious as the night before. I got up and stood directly beneath the picture. There was something like a line circling the pupil of the right eye. Drawing the table to a position where I could stand on it and face the picture, I mounted and put my finger against the pupil of the uncertain orb. To my surprise, my finger went through it without resistance. I withdrew the finger, and the pupil was again in place. Then I saw that it had been cut so that it swung from the upper edge by a few threads of the canvas. Some one had used it for a peephole.

There has never been a moment in my life of such exquisite mingled joy and relief as the discovery that I was not on the verge of insanity. So interested was I that I resolved to probe the matter till I had discovered a complete explanation. In the adjoining room I found a hole in the wall covered by a picture and under it a stand on which I mounted and, lifting the pupil of the old man's portrait, looked down upon the bed in which I had slept. Then I explored the house and in the cellar found under a pile of rubbish an entrance to a subcellar in which were stored boxes and bales without number. It was plain that the place was a den of smugglers.

It turned out that the owner was a grandson of the gentleman whose portrait had been pierced, who had gone to the bad and to sea as well before he came into the property. He was the leader of the smugglers and had looked at me through his ancestor's eye.

AUSTIN ALLEN KINGSLEY.

WRITERS' CRAMP.

It is a Sort of Paralysis of Either the Muscles or Nerves.

Writers' cramp, which is more paralysis than cramp, is caused by excessive writing, especially when in a weak or depressed condition. It is still a matter of doubt whether this embarrassing defect is due to a failure of the central nervous system or whether it arises in the muscles involved.

Duchenne, one of the highest authorities on nerve diseases, holds that it is an affection of the great nerve centers, for local treatment of the hand does no good, and cramp rapidly appears in the left hand if the sufferer transfers the work to it. It is probably caused by the complete exhaustion of some portion of the brain which presides over the movements of the group of muscles involved.

Rest is the chief, if not the only, cure, though the substitution of a keyboard typewriter in the early stage is often of no avail. A dial machine, which must be grasped with finger and thumb, is not so successful. Pianists, violinists, telegraph clerks, tailors and many others suffer from a similar cramp.

For the Brain and Nerves.

Science has demonstrated most conclusively that mental and nerve power is dependent upon food containing phosphorus.

It is but natural that the same laws which apply to the muscular system should apply likewise to the brain. For instance, wheat contains phosphorus, which it gets from the soil and in the absence of which it could not live.

Wheat is supposed to supply to the human system the elements it gets from the soil. Since the action of the mind is dependent on phosphorus, wheat, fish, cheese, oatmeal and barley can be regarded as brain foods.

It is a well known fact that the brain contains phosphorus in proportion to its power of producing mental effort and that this element must be supplied in proportion to mental activity.

So it can be readily seen that one's mental education begins in the dining room as well as in the classroom.—American Queen.

Quite Familiar.

Doctor—Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I am sure of it.

Patient—So you're very familiar with the disease?

Doctor—I should say so! I've had it myself all my life.—Judge.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Captain David Wallace and wife of Seattle are stopping at the Yakima hotel.

Harry D. Baylor left Tuesday morning on a business trip of several days to Seattle.

H. A. Griffin and W. L. Lemon left Tuesday afternoon for a duck hunt on the reservation.

Edward Whitson left Tuesday afternoon for Olympia to attend a session of the Superior court.

Mrs. H. H. Lombard will entertain this afternoon at a luncheon given in honor of Mrs. George Donald.

On Thursday afternoon Mrs. G. J. Hill will entertain her friends at her home on North Third street.

arrived here Tuesday afternoon to visit at the home of her father T. G. Redfield.

C. M. Nickerson the carpenter at Fort Simcoe who is in trouble with Uncle Sam has failed to give bond as required and is still in jail.

W. A. Bell is in Tacoma as a delegate to the state convention of the Hardware Dealers. He represents the Yakima Hardware company.

Mrs. C. C. Millard, after a visit of one year with her daughter Mrs. E. B. Moore and son Dr. J. B. Burns, has returned to her home in Saginaw, Mich.

The fire department will give a masquerade ball at the armory on Thanksgiving night. Some handsome prizes will be given away for the usual events.

Harry Coonse left here Tuesday afternoon for his old home in Indiana. He makes an annual trip, every fall, usually remaining away about two weeks.

Mrs. Malcolm McLennan of Ellensburg

The Maccabees gave a ball last evening in armory hall. There was a good attendance. The dancing began at eight o'clock and continued until past midnight.

Col. Robertson of the Republic returned home Tuesday night from a visit of three days at Tacoma and Seattle where he mingled with the great of the earth.

G. S. Rankin left here Tuesday afternoon to visit the towns in the lower part of the county with a view of getting the people interested in the sugar beet proposition.

Marriage licenses were issued Tuesday to Thomas Parker and Miss Ora Wonn; also to Walter L. Thompson and Miss Blanche Smock. Both couples are residents of this city.

F. K. Hiscock entertained at dinner Monday night at his home in the Moxee the following successful candidates: Judge H. B. Riggs; Treasurer Lee Tittle, and Representative W. H. Hare.

Mrs. Grace Clements, the demonstrator for the Seattle Cereal company left here Wednesday morning after having spent a month in the city. While here she exhibited at all the grocery stores.

Baldozer's Grill has been enlarged by the addition of a dining room. It will be nicely fitted up and ready to receive on Thursday. They will make a specialty of serving business men's lunch.

Dr. Dibble and her mother came in this afternoon from the Sound. They were here a month ago visiting their friends Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Congdon and are now about ready to start for Saginaw, Mich., their home.

Yakima Markets

(Corrected daily)

LIVE STOCK.

Steers, No 1	\$2.50 @ \$2.75
Cows, No. 1	\$2.00 @ \$2.25
Fat hogs	\$5.00 @ \$5.25
Veal, dressed	6c
Hogs, dressed	7c
Wethers, dressed	7c
Ewes, dressed	6c
Lambs, dressed	7c

Oh! Oh!! Oh, My!!!

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure

DON'T WAIT TOO LONG

An Awful Toothache

Also a large Dental Bill can be prevented by consulting a Dentist in time. You may consult us without charge.



Painless extraction	50c
Fillings	\$1.00 up
Gold Crowns	5.00 up
Full Set Teeth	8.00 up

Yakima Dental Parlors
Rooms 14 to 17, Sloan Building

Libby cut glass at Keene's. 40tf

POULTRY.

Chickens, old, live, per lb.	8c
Spring Chickens, per lb.	10c
Turkeys, per lb.	12 1/2 @ 13c

GRAIN.

Wheat, club, new	76c @ 77c
Blue Stem, new	79c @ 80c
Oats, per ton, new	24.00
Barley, per ton	\$20.00

HAY.

Hay, alfalfa, per ton	\$7.50
Hay, clover, per ton	\$10.00
Timothy	\$12.00
Wheat hay	\$9.00 @ \$10.00

PRODUCE.

Butter, ranch, per roll	50c
Butter, creamery, per roll	65c
Leaf lard	15c
Cheese, native	20c
Eggs, dozen	30c @ 35c
Onions, per lb.	3c
Cabbage, per lb.	3c
Honey, comb.	12 1/2c
Carrots, per cwt.	75c
Turnips	1c
Parasnis	1 1/2c

OTHER PRODUCTS.

Hubbard squash	2c
Sweet potatoes, per lb.	4c @ 5c
Potatoes, per ton	\$14.00
Apples, per box	50c @ \$1.00
Hops	30 1/2 @ 30c
Celery, per bunch	10c

TWO ALTERNATIVES

By W. Bert Foster

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"And now, Jack, what can I do? He follows me everywhere, and he stands around and ogles me with that detestable 'baby stare' of his, and—and—you're laughing, Jack! You are as mean as you can be to laugh when I come to you for advice."

Esther stamped her foot. Jack Ormsby leaned against the veranda railing and watched her with amused eyes.

"I can't help smiling, Esther, but I can appreciate the irritation poor Hallowell must cause you."

"Irritation!" A world of emphasis entered into the word. "And just because I was foolish enough to let him propose to me!" she wailed.

"Well, of course," Jack said slowly, "you must expect to have your scalp scratched by a little something, Essie."

"He doesn't say anything," exclaimed the girl. "If he did, it would give me a chance to tell him what I think of his dogging my footsteps everywhere."

"It certainly is a case of the villain still pursued her," Ormsby said. "What do you want me to do, Essie—call him out and plug him full of holes?"

"Ugh! Don't be so vulgar! I don't want you to do anything but tell me what to do to get rid of him."

Jack was almost the only man she knew well who had not proposed to her. Men had fallen before her charms, had said their little piece (and some said it rather well, she had to admit to herself), and gone their way, and until now no man had really been able to trouble her serenity.

"Do think of something, Jack," she pleaded. "It's been three months now since he—he—"

"Since he said the momentous words which made him—not yours, eh?" And Ormsby laughed, but his hands trembled as he shifted the cane a little.

"Don't be absurd! He doesn't want me any more than other men do."

"Whew! Your serene conceit is certainly charming, Essie."

"Don't be unkind. You know it's true," she said calmly. "Any woman with fluffy hair and blue eyes can bring men to her feet. Only you don't get foolish and propose to me, Jack."

"No, I don't propose to you," he said quite calmly.

"And that's why I like you."

"Then I'll try not to make you dislike me. But what can I do to poor Hallowell? A cat may look at a king!"—But Esther interrupted snappishly.

"That's no reason why a calf should look at me all the time!"

"Poor girl! You're finding it mighty hard getting away from the consequences of your own sin, eh?"

"What sin have I committed?" she demanded, with conscious innocence. "Is it a sin to refuse to marry a man you don't want?"

"No-o. But how about—well, not exactly leading him on to proposing—but—"

She favored him with a frigid look. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormsby," she observed.

"Well, you needn't," he said quietly. "You expect plain talk from people whose advice you ask, don't you? No man will ever ask a woman to marry him if she doesn't give him the opportunity."

"That is different; but such remarks as you are making now are hardly in the nature of advice, Jack."

"Well, I don't see that there's much you can do," he drawled, and his eyes began to twinkle. "There seem to be but two courses to pursue, and two only—"

"Oh, here's your Sultan and the runaway!" suddenly cried Esther, clapping her hands and springing up. "Are you going to take me to ride, Jack?"

"Well, it's what I came around for, but your tale of woe about knocked it out of my head."

The negro from the stable leaped out and held the big bay's head. Esther ran down to the gate, forgetting the beruffled parasol lying on the veranda. Ormsby followed lazily.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

WANTED

Fat geese and turkeys at the Ice Plant to freeze for the holidays. 43-5t

FOR SALE

Twenty acres of improved land in the Natches, 5 miles from town. Cheap and on easy terms.

DAVID LONGBON,
R. D. No. 3. 43tf.

LOST

ESTRAY NOTICE.—Strayed from the Moxee range one black gelding, three years old branded Y on left shoulder; one bay mare with same brand and one colt. Reward for information as to whereabouts. Leave word at this office. 43-2t

Notice to Fruitgrowers.

Notice to all fruitgrowers. Don't forget the special meeting of the Horticultural Union called for Saturday, Nov. 19th, at Woodman hall, over the old postoffice. W. H. Paulhamus, the President of the Puyallup fruit growers association will be present to deliver an address on that date and we have other matters of importance to attend to. Everybody invited.

J. M. Brown,
Secretary.

42-5t

"Feeling pretty gay, isn't he, Jackson?" he asked, pulling on a glove and looking at Sultan, who danced charmingly to the accompaniment of little squeals of delight from Esther.

"Yes, sah; he do, sah."

"Hop in, Essie," Ormsby said, holding out his hand to assist her. Then he added, "Speaking of angels, there's Hallowell now."

A fresh faced young fellow cantered by on a fine horse and lifted his hat seriously. A little way beyond he pulled in the animal and dismounted as though he would come back to speak to the couple at the runabout.

"Do hurry up!" exclaimed Esther under her breath. "What shall I do to get rid of him, Jack? You said there were two ways. What are they?"

"Well," and Ormsby buttoned the glove slowly and put one foot on the step of the runabout, "you might marry him to get rid of him."

"No, thank you!" she exclaimed, pointing and tossing her head. Then she started and looked toward the house. "Oh, Jack—my parasol! I shall want it."

Ormsby had already leaned forward to seize the reins. He glanced at the colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol is on the veranda, Jackson," he said.

The man dropped Sultan's bridle. Like a flash the bay threw up his head and started.

The lines had not been quite within Ormsby's grasp. His foot slipped from the step. He made a leap to reach the carriage, but Sultan swung into a long stride on the instant and fairly snatched the runabout from under his master's grasp.

"The reins, the reins! Quick, Essie!" Ormsby cried.

Thank God, she knew what he meant and seized the lines before they slipped over the dashboard to dangle about Sultan's heels and drive him mad with terror. But the horse knew instantly that an unfamiliar hand held the reins and he increased his trot to a gallop.

Esther told herself that she would not be frightened, and she drew the lines in firmly and said "Whoa!"

But Sultan saw no reason for "whoa-ing" just then. There was a long stretch of dusty, sunlit road before him, and he seized the bit in his strong teeth and bolted. He flew by Hallowell's mount with a rush and set that creature to dancing. Hallowell hung on to the leather and stared with round eyes after the runaway.

His astonishment was vastly increased when a second whirlwind reached him. Ormsby went at him as though he was playing football.

He snatched the bridle from Hallowell's hand, and that young man was sent rolling in the dust as Jack leaped astride and set the now frightened animal after the bolting Sultan.

The road for a mile was clear, but where it joined the boulevard beyond Ormsby knew the runaway would burst into a tangle of carriages of all descriptions, and the end would be serious. He didn't know much about the soundness of Hallowell's mount but he would have made an asthmatic old car horse do stunts just then.

Like the wind he rode, and his mount's nose soon came up to Esther's shoulder. Foot by foot he gained on Sultan, and then, with a swift dive, Ormsby seized the reins, which Esther had continued to cling to with all her little might. A strong pull on both horses, and Sultan instantly recognized the fact that all his fun was over.

He slowed down and in half a block and just before the junction with the boulevard, stopped, as gentle as a lamb. For a minute they gazed at each other.

"Well," Ormsby said at last, "you came near escaping the pursuit of the villain that time, Essie, for good and all."

Esther's eyes grew luminous. "And you dared suggest that I marry him!" she said, catching her breath.

"Well, you know there was an alternative."

"And that is?" still looking at him.

"That you might marry me to get rid of him. That—that would be effective. Wouldn't it?"

Another breath of silence, and then Esther murmured, "Well, Jack, dear, we might try it."

A significant fact connected with one of the state reformatories is that out of 200 boys and girls there cared for not one was born on a farm. All came from the cities and towns.

FOR SALE

One of the best paying business in North Yakima.
Inquire at 219 Yakima Avenue.

Hot Baths.
A German physician advocates in a German paper the frequent taking of hot baths. These, he urges, are much more healthful than the cold plunge, which he thinks few systems can stand. The water should be at a temperature in the beginning of 108 degrees F., this to be increased until the water is as hot as can be borne. The length of the first bath should not be more than five minutes, and at no time should it be longer than is agreeable with no sense of discomfort apparent.

The writer cites in support of his theory the practice common in Japan among all classes of its people of taking these hot baths. The porter walking along with his load and fatigued to the point of exhaustion, drops it for ten minutes while he takes a hot bath at some public bathhouse. He emerges refreshed and strengthened and goes on his way rejoicing.

The writer considers that there is no danger of taking cold after a hot bath and does not even advocate the use of a cold shower to follow the bath. Hot water is known to be an excellent cosmetic for the face, and it is only fair to assume that its revival of skin tissue is not confined to that part of the body.

Unfortunate Chickens.
A farmer who has tried Shanghai fowls and found them wanting gives the following account of their peculiarities. Their true name, he says, is "shank high," and he pronounces them rightly named.

They have no body at all, and when the head is cut off the legs come right apart. I don't see how they can sit on their eggs. My jackknife can sit as well as they can.

They don't sit on the roost the same as other chickens do; not a bit of it. When they attempt to sit as other chickens do, they fall off backward.

They sit when they eat, I know, for I've seen 'em do it. And I've seen 'em try to eat standing, but they couldn't fetch it, for when they peck at a grain of corn on the ground they don't move their half reach it, but their head bobs right between their legs and makes 'em turn a complete somersault.

I'd as soon see a pair of tongs or compasses walking about my yard as these shank highs.

They crow, too, a long time before day, when it isn't day, probably because their legs are so long that they can see daylight long before a common chicken can.

The Best Side.
Cholly Masher (to the photographer)—Be sure and show the collar and eye-glass, and don't forget to give the cane the correct pose.

Photographer—Certainly not. Now, hold steady. All right! It's done, sir.

Cholly—Done, is it? Are you quite sure you have taken the best side of my head?

Photographer—Quite sure, sir. I took the outside.

Twin Mittens.
Hewitt—I proposed to twin sisters, and both gave me the mitten.

Jewett—Well, there's one consolation. Your mittens ought to be mates.—Brooklyn Life.

LAURA KEENE'S DREAM.
A Vision in Slumber That Was Turned into a Reality.

Stuart Robson used to tell a strange story of Laura Keene, with whom he played in the sixties in the last century. "The sight of a bottle of red ink was enough to upset her for a week," he said. "On one occasion we were playing a farce called 'The Lady and the Devil.' An important scene of it was when she was sitting at a table preparatory to writing a letter. I, as her servant, stood at the back of a chair. 'Take your right hand off that chair,' she whispered. The stage dialogue proceeded. 'You are sure you can find Don Rafael at his lodgings?' 'Yes, madam; his servant tells me his wounds will confine him to his bed for a week.' 'Is this the only paper that we have? Where is the ink?' 'Here, madam.' And I bent forward to place the ink within her reach, when, in my confusion at her reproach, the vessel was upset and its contents trickled on to the lap of her satin dress. The ink was blood red. I shall never forget the ghastly look that overspread her face, and I was so frightened that I never knew how the scene ended.

"The next morning at rehearsal she told me I was doomed to ill luck for the remainder of my days. She called the company together and gave them a detailed description of the 'awful scene' the night before occasioned by the young man who would never make an actor. She told of a terrible dream she had had in which some great person had been foully murdered before her eyes; how she had attempted rescue without avail; how he had fallen dead at her feet, and how his blood slowly oozed into her lap. It was two years after this that Miss Keene was playing at Ford's theater, Washington, on the occasion when Abraham Lincoln was shot. Miss Keene was the only person who seemed to realize the situation. She ran to the box, and in a moment the head of the dying man was in her lap, while the scene of her dream was being pitifully enacted."—Argonaut.

It is hard to tell which is doing the best work for the state of Minnesota—her iron mines, the dairy cow or Ole Oleson.

THE TOO EARLY BIRD.

A Social Nuisance For Whom There Is No Excuse.

The too early birds are a source of trouble and inconvenience to the entire neighborhood.

Invite the too early birds to a dinner, and they arrive an hour before the time.

Your last little touches have to be delegated to the first amiable soul who appreciates the misery of entertaining the too early birds. You had intended to replace a vase of carnations with one of roses or possibly you had at the last moment intended to shift the plate cards, having suddenly remembered that Miss Jones had a quiet fancy for Mr. Smith; that Mr. Smith reciprocated.

Mr. Smith will have to wonder, and Miss Jones will have to summon up her presence of mind and conceal her disappointment. The too early birds must be greeted as though you were glad to see them and appreciated their apparent impatience to have the fun begin.

You really would like to give your hair another touch, but not so. Your guests await you.

The too early birds haunt the railway stations hours before the train leaves and start off on the journey jaded and out of sorts.

If the too early birds are ever amiable it is at such a "previous" hour that the rest of mankind is elsewhere, and the fact is not generally appreciated.

If there is one class of humanity more exasperating than the too early birds I have yet to meet them. The man who is too late may entail inconvenience, but at least you have the satisfaction of noting his discomfort at missing the treat through his own act.

The too early birds are an affliction, and they carry with them no compensating reflection whatever.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Didn't Want an Elephant.
"An elephant must be a pretty expensive animal."

"Yes; I wish I had enough money to buy one."

"What do you want with an elephant?"

"I don't; I merely expressed a wish for the money."—Philadelphia Press.

J. M. PERRY & CO.

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Hay, Potatoes and Apples a specialty.

Fruit Growers Supplies

Boxes, Baskets, Nails, Duplex Paper, Picking Ladders, etc.

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Plumbing, Steam and Hot Water Heating Estimates Furnished.

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ALL KINDS OF FRESH MEATS AND FISH. BEST PRICES PAID FOR HOGS, POULTRY AND GAME.

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Columbia Phonograph records and supplies at Keene's. 40tf

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DR. P. FRANK.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Office over First National Bank.
Office Hours: 11 to 12 a. m.; 2 to 5 p. m.
X-Ray Laboratory.

Old papers for sale at this office. 10c a bundle.

A 15x22 Electro-Platino Photo, free at Tickner's Photo Studio with every dozen cabinet photographs. Offer good till December 10th. 39-3t.

NORTHERN PACIFIC

TIME CARD OF TRAINS

NORTH YAKIMA.

*Daily †Daily except Sunday.

WESTBOUND	ARRIVE	DEPART
No. 1—North Coast Limited via Seattle	2:27 p m	2:27 p m
No. 3—Portland and South (via Olympia)	6:45 a m	6:45 a m
No. 5—Portland	1:26 p m	1:26 p m
No. 57—Local freight	2:25 p m	2:20 p m

EASTBOUND	ARRIVE	DEPART
No. 2—North Coast Limited	5:00 a m	5:00 a m
No. 4—St. Paul and east	2:50 p m	2:50 p m
No. 6—St. Louis, east	11:17 p m	11:17 p m
No. 58—Local freight	4:45 a m	11:15 p m

Get Permit at Ticket Office for