

easy for him to wear one of those monocles affected by jewelers and watchmakers. He, one time, gave me some wholesome advice concerning the evil of tobacco chewing. Said he had chewed for about ten years, found there was nothing in it, and had quit. Later, when I caught him with a chew in his mouth, he said that he had quit long enough to find that there was nothing in quitting and had started again.

It was related that Tom had attended his wife during a number of confinements, and never had a doctor. When he found that I had graduated in medicine he asserted that he could tell me something I did not know. When I plead guilty to his indictment he said, "You don't have to tie that damn cord." I wonder!

On the corner of the block was the grocery store of Smith & Green, and south on First Street, the music room of Professor Connelly, while on the southeast corner of this block was the Guillard House, a hotel run by David Guillard, Sr., an elderly Frenchman. I believe he came from Yakima City at the time of the hegira, and he had two sons, Dave and George, and one daughter married to the man after whom the town of Huntington, Oregon was named...South two or three blocks was the livery stable of Will Davidson who was drowned trying to carry a life-line to some people in danger from the Yakima River in flood.

Returning to Yakima Avenue, on the northwest corner of the second block was a hardware store. The only name ^{that I} recall ^{are} ^{RAM RUN, NEED.} was Savage. Next was a little barber shop run by a

barber named Davis, and next to that was the brick building of the Yakima National Bank. In the bank were George Donald, president; John J. Cornett, cashier; Frank Bartholet, assistant cashier.

George Donald was not a banker with a marble heart, nor did he need a glass eye before he could show a gleam of human kindness, as he was brimming over with the milk engendered by that emotion.

I am rather fuzzy concerning this building as it seems to me now that it housed too many actors. I know I. H. Dills had a clothing store on the ground floor. Dills was a Missourian with a Midas-like touch, as everything he tackled made money. But he was willing to share his product with almost anybody.

He, along with S. O. Morford, Jim Simmons, and a man named Coddington, were said to have dragged some boats nine hundred miles up the Pelly River, in Alaska in 1896, the year the Klondike was discovered. It is my opinion that it just seemed that far. Anyway, they went up it, found coarse gold at the grass-roots in a number of places, but decided there was too much dirt mixed with it. When they returned to the mouth of the river in the fall, all but Morford intended to mush back over Chilcoot Pass. They gave Morford all the surplus supplies and the best boat and away he went down the Yukon, God only knew where, and he would not tell. But Morford landed near the townsite of Dawson just as Joe Ladue discovered gold. Morford being a lawyer, Ladue retained him

pitcher of ice-water down their necks, and it worked as good as it would on dogs.

Further east along this block was the IXL Store owned by three Jewish brothers by the name of Hyman, Louis and Maurice Harris. Then came the little barbershop of Caspar Feurbach on a lot next to the First National Bank. The bank coveted this lot, but Caspar had his sights raised a little too ~~far~~high. He had a son who became rich speculating in Puget Sound realestate, who conluded his German name tooplebian and had it changed to Fairbrook, its English translation....

WAS Next was the drygoods of Henry Ditter & Sons. One of the sons, Phil, wore a beard that would have made him eligible for the House of David... Next was the First National Bank whose president was named Engle; he of the beautiful signature, W. L. Steinweg, cashier; assistant cashier Henry Teal, succeeded by C. C. Cline. Both this bank and the Yakima National weathered the panic of 1893, and that was something. W. L. Steinweg's signature was a thing of beauty and a joy forwever if you had it on enough First National drafts of the proper dimensions...

Around the corner on Second Street was the law offices of Whitson & Parker with George S. Courter as clerk. Edward Whitson later became judge of the U. S. District Court with Dr. W. H. ~~see~~ ^{HARE} as clerk. They were all republicans, even Fred Parker, who was bred in Old Kentucky. Fred was adviser of Nick " My-Goodny-Me" McCoy, who was also known as "two-per-cent Nick" that being a reference to his interest rate when he was loaning money. The name McCoy was doubtless the free translation of a Balkan name which was unpronounceable in the original..... Upstairs over the bank were O. B. Graves, dentist and James B. Reavis, lawyer, later a member of the Supreme Court, ~~and~~ ^{he} had as an assistant,

Albert P. Fulkerson, a young lawyer from Missouri, who could strut sitting down.

South on Second Street was Coffin Bros store; the U. S. Land Office; the Yakima Herald, a weekly republican newspaper edited and published by Ed. Reed. He had a printer by the name of Liggett, whom I afterward ran across at Prineville, Oregon... Just across the alley from the brick on the northwest corner of the next block was a frame building in which was the Co-Operative Store managed by M. M. Unger. Later it refused to co-operate, and went on the rocks.

The corner was occupied by a brick in which was W. H. Chapman's drugstore, ^{WITH} ~~in which was~~ "Doc" Coe as druggist. "Doc" had a grey horse that he called "Billie", which he thought was quite a stepper. But I offered to bet him ten dollars that I could get out of his buggy with a pair of hip boots on and beat "Billie" to the drugstore, a distance of four blocks, and that challenge, unaccepted, made him thereafter soft-pedal about "Billie's speed.... Next was the plant of Spike & Arnold, mapmakers who had in their employ Wesley L. Jones, afterwards United States Senator. In 1898 W. D. C. Spike was auditor of Pierce County... Further east was a little frame building first occupied by Rodman & Eshelman, ^{REAL ESTATE} later by White Bros, tailors, who came from Canada. Ed. F. White later moved to Seattle and Will White to Spokane, where they operated tailorsshops. I remember the shock I received when they charged me thirteen dollars for one pair of trousers. But I recovered when I noted that they were twentythree inches in the knee and looked like a divided skirt.... On the northeast corner of this block was the Hotel Yakima, the brick building containing

in addition Snelling & Maher, hardware, and H. A. Griffin, groceries. In this grocery served Will Lemon as clerk, who was later postmaster. He was quite a boxer, and on one occasion he showed me what I estimated to be at least a hundred thousand boxing gloves, but when they quieted down there were but two. The hotel operated on the American plan, and I recall two landlords, W. W. Atherton and Peter Bellus, and but one clerk, Jay Vinson, a young Kentuckian, who beamed a Negro porter with a glass inkstand for calling him "dis mark."

The bar was a favorite resort of the upper crust and those who craved quiet with their liquor. But this was rudely disturbed on one occasion when H. J. Snively invited Dan Simmons, Sheriff, to the barroom to see him knock hell out of Ira M. Krutz. The only thing wrong with the exhibition was that Krutz was the man ~~who~~ Snively thought he was.

The first bartender I met here was Harry Haste who, with his friend, Ned Whitby, qualified for a time as English remittance men. But the home folks eventually weakened, which made it tough sledding. Then there were the barkeeps, Charley Riggles, Charles Foster and a man named Shannon.

In the barbershop was Bob Bennett, and in the dining room, Bud Taggart and Kinney MacLeod, as waiters. The two were the Beau Brummels of North Yakima. They received as wages forty-five dollars each month which, with the tips they received, was all spent on clothes, enabling them to dress like fashion-plates. Then there was Louis Boyd, who

was general factotum until he became involved in an altercation with Pete Bellus, the proprietor at the time.

North on Third Street were the Presbyterian and Christian churches; south on the same street was the Methodist; and two blocks east on Yakima Avenue was the Episcopal. The Christian church with its revivals, protracted meetings, and all-over baptizings attracted most of the youth of the town. There were few other places for them to go, and there the boys could shine, taking the girls home from church. It was at one of these meetings that I first met Fred H. Chandler, he with the scanning speech, who had just arrived from Tacoma.

Crossing the east part of town was Nachez Avenue, a boulevard with a central plaza and two driveways. At the time it was a mere token of the things to come, as there were no residences on it. But closer to the business section were the homes of Joseph M. Baxter, Frank Sharkey, and Phil A. Stanton.

Phil Stanton ran a drayage business and I recall an occasion when Baxter was being initiated into a lodge which Phil attended. Baxter was being marched around the lodge-room dressed in the usual regalia, and blind-folded. Being a very large man, his nightie did not fit him very well, and he did look rather ridiculous. Each time he passed Phil the latter nearly had hysterics, and he would let out a snort which he tried vainly to suppress, and a deep red flush mounted the back of Joe's neck as he opened and closed his

fists. I really believe that, if it had not been contrary to the ritual, Joe would have knocked Phil right into the lap of the Diexticutis.

Across Yakima Avenue from the hotel was a block that was mostly vacant. But on the southwest corner was a ramshackle frame holding the general merchandise store of Chapple & Cox, owned by Sam Chapple and ^{Billy} Tom Cox. One of the clerks was Lee Cody, and their transportation was under the supervision of "Red" Mulholland. In 1901 I met "Red" and Sam Chapple at Klamath Falls, Oregon, but do not know whether they remained there.

North on Second Street was a two-story brick built by a group of hopeful individuals, who called it the Syndicate Building. The ground floor was occupied by Lombard & Horsely's furniture store. Upstairs was a lodge-room and the offices of Crippen, Lawrence & Company, and of Fred R. Reed. I do not know the exact line of endeavor ^{of} the firm, but believe it was concerned with building and loans. The manager was named McKinney, and their stenographer was Miss Wright, who filed on a homestead near Kennewick.

Fred R. Reed was a real-estate boomer of note. In 1889 he was mayor of North Yakima and had a partner named L. MacLean. Later he essayed to make Prosser "blossom like a ^{Falls} rose" but, ^{at that time,} it refused to even bud. Still later he was credited with inducing Kuhn, Loeb & Company to finance the Twin Falls, Idaho, irrigation project. A year or two ago he cashed-in at Pocatello.

Further north on the west side of Second Street was the old courthouse which had been transported from Yakima City. The county officials were Dan Lesh, sheriff, with Dan Simmons as deputy; Matt H. Bartholet, auditor; George Nevin, treasurer; Dudley Eshelman, clerk. Carrol B. Graves was judge and a man named Slemmons, court stenographer. "Uncle Billie" Stephenson, chairman of the board of county commissioners, was a sort of watch-dog of the treasury.

I was deputy-clerk, and held my position by being able to write a large legible hand and keep it up indefinitely. I recall covering much paper with the names of H. M. Benton, et al. I do not know what it was all about, but Mr. Benton must have had a bellyfull of the law.

Cat-a-cornered from the courthouse was the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Bartholet, venerable citizens, who were the parents of the Bartholet brothers whom I have mentioned. They must have been old timers.

Still further north were the residences of Al Churchill, Purdy Flint, George Donald, Dudley Eshelman, J. T. Eshelman, and Sam Vinson. Further west, on First Street was the residence of Colonel W. F. Prosser after whom the town of Prosser was no doubt named.

Returning from the courthouse, on the west side of Second Street we come to the residence of Albert Saylor, who owned a labor saving device for writing abstracts of title; then Dr. Gunn's office; then H. H. Allen's drugstore in a two-story brick on the corner of Yakima Avenue. Allen was a

partner of Ben Snipes in the firm of Snipes & Allen who, at one time owned cattle ranging from the Dalles, Oregon to Ellensburg. They were ~~both~~ gentlemen of the old school and, despite their affluence were plain folks. They were brothers-in-law, if my memory serves.

Allen was a very tall man with a short grey beard and Snipes was rather small and he wore a dark beard which reminded me of General U. S. Grant. In addition to the cattle he owned banks at The Dalles and Ellensburg and there was a mountain in the south end of the county that was called Snipes' Mountain. I could not find it on a late map but I note there is a Snively Mountain. I wonder if they are the same, and if they are, how come?

I always liked the story told on Ben Snipes, whether true or not. It related that when he first came west he managed to save \$150. then lost it in a poker game. He was so disgusted with his foolishness the he put on a pair of sharp spurs and spurred himself all over the place so that he would always remember to never gamble again. It was claimed that this treatment was effective.

Another story was concerning Ben's prowess as a footracer. Onetime he with some other cowboys were in the vicinity of where Wenatchee now stands, when they met a bunch of Indians. Among the Indians was a sprinter whom they thought could beat any ~~other~~ sprinter in the world. The white men contended he could not beat Ben, and after much wah wah and betting, the race was on. Ben won handily and the Siwashes were left afoot without horses, saddles or bridles.

H. H. Allen had two daughters, one of whom married a millionaire by the name of Starrow, the other married Tommy L. Martin who did not have quite that much. He also had a son named Guy.

W. H. Chapman had been a druggist in Allen's drugstore but he was succeeded by Will Roaf. In this drugstore was also Clif Stout, a

confirmed practical joker, who afterward owned a chain of drugstores in Portland, Oregon. Jerry Rochford also worked here as did another druggist by the name of Wolfert and one by the name of Tennyson.

West of Allen's drugstore was the store of Eshelman Bros where I onetime served as clerk. We sold ^{stationery,} ~~stationery~~, newspapers, Music, musical instruments and ice. The postoffice was in this building with Captain Robert Dunn, as postmaster. He had a hop ranch in Parker Bottom and I recall an occasion when he made a rebellious cook serve me food after the supper hour. I also remember distinctly the horseback

ride I resumed after dark with a beastly headache which seemed to make my skull open and close like a trap-door at every stumble of my horse in the chuck-holes filled with dust. I stood it for twenty miles as there was no other alternative.

Upstairs in the Eshelman building was a photographer, whose name escapes me. But he had an associate, an artist by the name of Iler, who branded his handiwork with the likeness of a human eye followed by the letters "er." There must have been money in the painting business as he maintained a summer cabin at the mouth of the Nile. One winter he very kindly loaned it to me and three other fellows, and we occupied it on a deer hunt. It was completely furnished with the exception of grub even unto reading matter and two violins which two of our party could play.

I recall that George Sexsmith and a Missourian by the name of Hickman were in the party. The latter claimed to be a mule-skinner, an essential avocation, as our means of transportation were two mules and a wagon hired from Will Davidson for fifty cents a day.

The mules were little bigger than burros, and in one of five fords we were forced to make in the Natchez they got stuck among the ice and boulders and refused to pull together. That made it necessary to call for help which was provided by a rancher with a team of mares.

The rancher hooked onto the end of our wagon tongue and started to drag the outfit to shore. When one of our mules fell down it looked pretty bad but the mares kept going with mule ^{the} under water about half the time. While we were a sorry looking outfit for a time we soon whipped out of it.

Near us in a cabin on the Rattlesnake were Mud Powell and Scotty Kremer also hunting deer. Mud related how Scotty slipped

off a log into the Rattlesnake, rolled end over end for about fifty yards down stream then , when shucked of many shirts and vests, it was found that his hide was not even wet.

Across the river from us was a man by the name of Sponner who had exhausted his grubstake until he was down to beans and smoking tobacco. Nothing could be done about it until the Nachez froze over and then, as Sexsmith averred, he ate a whole deer his first meal.

Other duties called me before the deer were forced by snow within reach but I had to hoof it out to the Hugh Sinclair ranch on the Natchez from where I was provided transportation to town.

In the Eshelman store at one time was a shoe shop operated by Schott Bros. Leonard Schott was in charge while Henry Schott clerked in Ditter's store.

Sam Arendt, Rosenfeld and Mrs. G. W. Cary, one time or another operated stores along here. Then we come to MacEwen's harness shop and the building once occupied by Vance & Mulford with a clothing store, these two young merchants having come from Newark, N. J. Mulford soon tired of the West but George S. Vance stayed on, eventually becoming manager of the Nachez railroad.

On the southwest corner of this block was a two-story brick occupied by a jewelry store and the grocery of Ward Bros.

Around the corner off First Street was a frame occupied by Myron H. Ellis with a clothing store which was purchased by I. H. Dills when Ellis was elected county auditor. This building was later occupied by the postoffice.

Across the alley was Mason's Opera House built by Allen C. Mason, of Tacoma, in the heyday of his fortune.

Still further north was the meat market of Billie Ker-shaw. Billie caught a cub bear which he chained to a post near his market, but the liberal meat diet provided the bear soon made him dangerous, and he was, eventually, served^{up} in steaks....Mrs. May, one of the pioneers of Old Town, had a little store along here.

On the west side of the street were Alex Sinclair's harness shop and the three story Hotel Bartholet.

On the corner of Yakima Avenue and First Street was the hardware store of S. J. Lowe; next Carpenter Bros., groceries; next Gip Wills' saloon, later becoming a Variety Theatre run by O. E. "Bill" Johnson who came from Puyallup. ^{OF THIS THEATRE} One of the main attractions was a soubrette who soubretted under the name of Little Annie Rooney, the song of that title then being popular; and she reminds me of Hank Truax, because she had donated him a pair of gum boots.

Hank Truax was a runt of a man, a little more than four feet high with chin whiskers. He was about forty-five years old, and if one asserted that he had an intelligence quotient above seven years, he would be bragging. He claimed to have been one of John L. Sullivan's trainers, and he had on tap a number of big league words of his own manufacture such as "honorability" and "amiability" which he threw around with an air of abandon. The rounders in a saloon would get him going and stand around in feigned, goggle-eyed awe at the profundity of his knowledge, and wish aloud, "If I only had that man's education." Then Hank would really go into high. I remember

him rigged out in a silk hat and Prince Albert coat, both of which had seen better days, Annie Rooney's rubber boots on his feet, with a cub bear on a chain dragging him along Yakima Avenue like a Seeing Eye. As far as I know to the contrary that cub bear is still leading him.

West of the Variety Theatre was the Chinese restaurant of Kay, Fay & Yung, who would trust anybody for a meal and were always ready to cough-up for a 4th of July celebration or similar civic endeavour.

One time there was a live goose raffled off in a saloon, and the winner took it to this restaurant for future reference, and one of the proprietors turned it loose in the bacyard which was surrounded by a high, tightboard fence. Someone climbed the fence, stole the goose, took it to another saloon where it was raffled off again. This sequence was repeated half a dozen times always ending with the goose being dumped into the backyard of the restaurant. Next morning, when daylight came, the Chinese found but one goose where they thought they had six. Then erupted enough pidgin English and ki-yi-ing to almost awaken the dead.

On the southwest corner of this block was Al Churchill's saloon. It was here, on my first Sunday evening in town. that I ~~though~~ saw five men each of whom put up a five dollar gold piece and decided the ownership of the pet with one flop of poker dice. That made it look to me that the town was lousey with money. This saloon was later destroyed by fire... Around the corner, north on Front Street was Sweitzer's Opera House, housing the city offices and the firm of Faucett Bros. or Company managed by Nick Hartung. Still further north was Henry L. Tucker's livery-stable. Tucker onetime subdued with a pitchfork "Boots" Feamster, a young Virginian, who aspired to be a gunman,

Across the railroad tracks was the retail lumberyard ~~nn~~ of the St. Paul & Tacoma Lumber Company under the management of Walter Scott. The latter was kind enough to give me the position of book-keeper in 1893 when jobs were scarcer than hen's teeth. I recall that the yard sold as fine lumber as ever came from a Puget Sound saw-mill for fourteen dollars a thousand. It was here that I was pernsuaded to become a deputy United States marsshal by A. H. Maguire, but that is another story.

HITS AND MISSES.

It may be observed by any reader who has accompanied me on this sight-seeing tour that I have increased my tempo until I have made a Garrison finish. But this was because I did not wish to be diverted to any chipmunk trails though my memory can testify there were many. But now I would like to saunter back along Yakima Avenue and meet a few actors who were more or less on the loose and not definitely located. There were many, but I will mention only a few.

Seems to me now, that there were too many doctors and lawyers particularly the former. Nobody seemed to get ill, and if anyone needed the assistance of a doctor he had been shot, hung, kicked by a cayuse or had got to fooling around with the stork. If there were any vitamins A, B, C, D, and G, around they were in the raw and were absorbed according to the law of averages. But, notwithstanding this lamentable ignorance, most folks, barring accidents, lived to a ripe old age, and some of them had a longevity that suggested they might have to be shot on judgement day.

The doctors whom I recall were Dr. E. E. Heg, who later became connected with the public health department at Seattle; Dr. W. C. Coe; Dr. Savage; Dr. Chambers, who moved to ~~Sankt~~ Alaska; Dr. McCormick who blossomed forth in silk-hat and Prince Albert; Doctors Carey & Chapman, who practiced what they called bio-chemistry; Dr. Gunn; Dr. G. B. Hill; Dr. Morrison; Dr. Frank. None of them were malefactors of great wealth, for the little vestigial dingus known as the vermiform appendix was strutting its stuff under the nome de plume, "inflammation of the bowels." The detail men with their high-pressure salesmanship of biologicals, vaccines and intravenous dope, which promisex so much and delivers so little were unknown. Most

therapeutic endeavors were confined to the Galenicals, calomel, rhubarb, opium, quinine and ipecac, and major surgery consisted chiefly of amputations. The technic of twisting wish-bones around where back-bones ought to be had not yet been invented by Doctors Still and Palmer.