YAKIMA DAILY DEMOCRAT

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

VOL. 1. NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 12, 1904 NO. 41

HEAVY ARTILLERY FIRE

Russian and Jap Armies Near Mukden Amuse Themselves with Occasional Firing

MUKDEN, Friday, Nov. 11.—There was a heavy exchange of artillery fire yesterday at the Russian right centre. The Russian bateries began shelling the Japanese trenches and the Japanese batteries responded.

During last night a Russian volunteers dislodged a detachment of Japanese infantry trenches in front of Lone Tree Hill.

The Japanese continue to show activity on the left flank without, however, engaging in any serious movements.

Comfortable dugouts are being built along the Russian lines and the soldiers seem to think that they will winter where they are.

The idea that Field Marshal Oyama contemplates an attempt to take Mukden is not generally entertained. Both sides seem content for the present with a suspension of hostilities. Warm clothing is being distributed among the troops.

The operations are about the same each day. There is artillery firing most of the time and frequent clashes of infantry at night. As has been the case in most wars, but entirely unexpected in this one, the soldiers of the opposing outposts in close proximity engage in the exchange of cigarettes and other luxuries.

Republicans Sweep West Virginia.

PARKERSBURG, W . Va ., Friday, Nov. 11.—The democrats have conceded everything to the republicans in West Virginia, including the five congressmen and the legislature. The only dispute is on the size of the majority for governor. Republicans claim it will be 10,000; democrats say 5,000.

Moral Reform Follows Election.

OLYMPIA, Nov. 10.—Following upon the result of the election Olympia is experiencing a moral wave. The prosecuting attorney, who was recently defeated for renomination, has instructed the sheriff to notify the proprietors of gambling houses and saloons that the closing ordinances which prohibit their remaining open after midnight or to be open for business on Sunady must be observed. The notice has been served, and it is expected the proprietors will obey the law.

VERY HEAVY LOSS.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 11.—The corrected casuality list of the ten day's battle at Shakhe shows that the killed and wounded numbered 33,250 on the Russian side.

Chas. F. Bailey, bookkeeper for the W. I. company was in the city Friday from Zillah.

FOUND A SKELETON.

Everett Man While Hunting Digs Up a Skeleton.

EVERETT, Friday, Nov. 11.—While hunting on Saddleback Island, near Anacortes, C. Slatt of this city, wounded an otter. The animal took refuge in a hole and while Slatt was preparing to smoke it out he uncovered a human skeleton that had been in a shallow grave and covered with rocks.

The hands had been tied ove r the head and pieces of cord still adhered to the bones of the wrist. The clothing had entirely decayed, and nothing was found to lead to the identification of the body.

The skeleton is supposed to have been that of one of the gang of smugglers and pirates that terrorized settlers on San Juan Islands for many months. These uirates did not hesitate to take from the settlers anything which they desired, and the latter did not hesitate to shoot when they caught one of the pirates in the act of robbery.

Roosevelt's Plurality Nearly 6700.

TACOMA, Nov. 11.—With a few precincts not reported, Roosevelt's plurality in Washington is 66,790. Mead's is 15,277.

A Sad Accident.

At the dance at the K. P. hall on election night, Sam Cohea, a brakeman, came near losing his life, and may yet lose it, as a result of carrying revolvers.

Thos. Giezentanner carries a revolver for protection at the store of R. Gerry, where he is clerk.

He attended the dance, and put the revolver in his overcoat pocket, so that it might be in readiness when he returned to the store.

When he put his overcoat over the shoulders of a young lady he put the gun in his hip pocket, and in walking across the floor it dropped and was discharged. The bullet went through the clothing of Miss Sheldon, a waiter at the Windsor, and struck Cohea under the shoulder blade lodging near the heart.

Mr. Cohea was taken to Ellensburg, Wednesday morning.

The doctors pronounced it a serious and possibly a fatal wound.

In this connection the only comment The Express desires to make is the advice to everyone to quit the fool practice of carrying revolvers.

The writer is 48 years old and has lived in many tough places, including the rough oil towns of Pennsylvania. He has always said what he had to say, and said it in as forcible language as a man can use; but he has never seen the time when he wanted a gun in his pocket.—Pasco Express.

Frank X. Nagler returned yesterday from a trip to Kennewick, Prosser and Mabton.

MIXED IN COLORADO

Democrats Defeat Peabody for Governor—Republicans Elect Congressmen.

DENVER, Friday, Nov. 11.—The democrats now concede the election of three republican congressmen in Colorado. Revised returns give Franklin E. Brooks a majority of 2,976 over John F. Shafroth, democrat for congressman-at-large, and show 2,785 plurality for Bonynge in the First district, and 6,026 plurality for Hogg in the second district.

The News (democrat) today says:

"While the returns on the vote for state officers apart from governor are far from complete, The News has compiled tables that seem to show the election of the entire republican state ticket except Peabody. A considerable number of counties are estimated on the best possible advice, and there is a chance that Mrs. Grenfell democratic candidate for state superintendent of public instruction, may pull through on the scratch vote in her favor.

The Senate is democraic by a good majority, but the complexion of the House is in doubt.

The plurality of Adams over Peabody for governor amounts to 9,646.

PARKER WILL PRACTICE LAW.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—Judge Parker came to this city today from Esopus. He is quoted as saying to friends on the train

"Of course I am going to return to the law business. I have several engagements under consideration, but I have made no decision yet. It may be that I shall first take holiday trip, not for myself, but for the benefit of Mrs. Parker."

On his arrival here he went to the Manhattan club for a chat with his friends. He later went to the residence of William F. Sheehan, where he dined.

He met several judges of the supreme court, among whom were members of the appellate division, and with them he talked over the election. He spent the night at Mr. Sheehan's home and will return to Rosemount tomorrow.

Cleveland Bags Game.

PRINCETON, N. J., Nov. 11.—Former President Cleveland went on his first hunting trip of the season today. In company with Dr. Priest and W. B. McFarland, he drove to Rocky Hill, where he spent the day. The shooting was good and the party returned before dark with sixteen quail and seven rabbits.

NOW OUT FOR SENATE.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—Harry S. New, national committeeman from Indiana, and member of the republican executive committee, announced tonigat before leaving this city for his home in Indianapols that he would be a candidate for the senatorship to be made vacant when Vice President-elect Fairbanks resigns the position he now holds.

HAY WILL STAY IN.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 11.—The president this afternoon stated that John Hay will continue as secretary of state during the next administration.

KAISER SENDS CONGRATULATIONS.

BERLIN, Nov. 11.—The North German Gazette this afternoon printed the following:

"In answer to the emperor's telegram of congratulations President Roosevelt answered as follows:

"His Imperial Majesty, Wilhelm, German Emperor, Berlin Schloss:

"I thank you most heartily and appreciate to the full your kind personal telegram of good will.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

IOWA WENT HELL BENT.

DES MOINES, Ia., Friday, Nov. 11.—Complete unofficial returns from every county in the state were received by the state auditor today. The vote on President follows:

Roosevelt, R., 331,670; Parker, D., 165,859; Watson, Soc., 7,342; Swallow, Pro., 7,285; Debs, Soc., 1791.

These are the figures that will be canvassed by the board in December.

The bi-monthly dance of the Trinity club was held in Wisconsin hall last night.

TO HOLD CONVENTION

Seattle Taking the Initiative in a Movement to Better the Conditions in all Towns and Cities of the State.

SEATTLE,Wash., Friday, Nov. 11.—The finance committee of the city council yesterday afternoon took up the matter of calling a municipal convention, composed of delegates from cities of the first and second class in Wasnington, for the purpose of talking over and deciding on needed legislature to be presented to the next legislature for passage.

It was decided to send invitations to all first and second class cities in the state to appoint delegates to attend. The date will be fixed at another meeting of the committee next week and will probably be during the Christmas holidays. A resolution to that effect will be presented to the council Monday night.

The object of the convention is to get representatives of the various cities together and ascertain what is needed in order to better their conditions. There are several measures which the Seattle city officials want passed, but before asking for them the council and heads of departments are anxious to know whether they will work to the benefit of other cities of the state, and if not, to modify the demands so that they will be asceptable to all cities of the first and second class.

RAILWAY MEN COMING

A Large Contingent of Railway Men Will Visit North Yakima Sunday.

A special train bearing 27 of the high officials of the Northern Pacific is expected to arrive here about 2:30 o'clock Sunday afternoon. Arrangements are being made to entertain the visitors by the Yakima Commercial club. They will remain all afternoon and it is the intention to drive them out in the Nob Hill district to see the country. At the same time these officials will be given an insight in regard to the car shortage situation here. It has been suggested to take them over for an inspection of the warehouse district in the city and let the officials see for themselves the congested condition of the local traffic. The party is composed of the following persons:

A. M. Cleland, general passenger agent, St. Paul; C. W. Mott, general emigration agent, St. Paul; A. D. Charlton, general passenger agent, Portland; J. C. Poore, chief clerk passenger department, St. Paul; W. F. Mershon, general agent passenger department, New York; C. E. Foster, district passenger agent, Boston; G. W. Hardisty, district passenger agent, Montreal; C. E. Brison, district passenger agent, Pittsburg; P. W. Pummill, district passenger agent, Philadelphia; W. G. Mason, district passenger agent, Buffalo; W. H. Whitaker, district passenger agent, Detroit; J. J. Ferry, district passenger agent, Cincinnati; C. P. O'Donnell, district passenger agent, Indianapolis; C. A. Mathews, general agent passenger department, Chicago; J. C. Thompson, district passenger agent, Chicago; C. C. Trott, district passenger agent, Milwaukee; D. B. Gardner, district passenger agent, St. Louis; G. F. McNeill, city passenger agent, Minneapolis; George D. Rogers, city passenger agent, St. Paul; J. H. MacFadzean, city passenger agent, Duluth; G. W. McCaskey, district passenger agent, St. Paul; H. W. Sweet, district passenger agent, St. Paul; E. D. Rockwell, district passenger agent, Des Moines; H. B. Bryning, traveling emigration agent, Kansas City; C. C. Morrison, traveling emigration agent, Omaha; J. L. Daugherty, traveling emigration agent, Chicago, and J. L. Pryor, stenographer, St. Paul.

Miss Vanslyke of the Business college is an Ellensburg visitor.

MARYLAND DEMOCRATIC

Vote is Very Close But 7 of 8 Parker Electors are Ahead.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 11.—This afternoon the official count in 18 of 24 wards in Baltimore has been completed, the net result showing a gain of 91 votes for Parker. Dispatches from various counties in the state are to the effect that there is no indication of a radical change from the unofficial announcements. The gains for Parker announced since the official counting began are about enough to transfer a plurality of votes from Roosevelt to Parker with seven democrats and one republican elector vote so close that until a complete canvas has been made definite results cannot be known.

FOOT BALL TODAY

The Ellensburg and North Yakima Rival Teams Will Battle Today at the Ball Park.

There will be a foot ball game this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock at the ball park across the track. The opposing teams are from Yakima and Ellensburg, and the standing rivalry between these two towns will certainly have a tendency to make both sides play for all there is in them. The Ellensburg boys are going to make the effort of their lives to defeat the local eleven. Last night the Yakima high school girls basket ball team gave the Ellensburg visitors a thorough beating. Today the visiting team has determined to turn the trick. Yakima stands a very good chance to run up a big score against the Normal boys and she should defeat them easily.

A good crowd should turn out and help the home team defray expenses by thus patronizing the game. Following is Yakima's lineup.:

Huxtable, center; Jones, right guard; Hauser, left buard; Darr, right tackle; Dudley, left tackle; G. Green, right end; E. Green, left end; Shaw, quarter; Caseres, right half; Arendt, left half; Pentz, fullback.

KENNEWICK ITEMS.

Advices received today state that the special train bearing the Northern Pacific railroad officials will be here on the 13th and will remain here about two hours. They have made a request that the Commercial Club meet them for the purpose of talking over the conditions existing here and we hope the business men who have the interests of the city at heart will make some arrangements to entertain the guests in a manner that will reflect credit upon us.

Mr. George F. Richardson, of Grand Rapids, Mich., today purchased a ten acre tract of valley land and has made a start at erecting a residence on it. Mrs. Richardson will arrive shortly accompanied by four more families who will make their homes near the city.

Henry Speigelburg died at his residence in this city yesterady morning, and was buried in the cemetery this afternoon. He had only been confined to his bed a few days but had been complaining for some time. He had been a resident of the city about a year. He leaves a wife and four small children to mourn his death. Consumption of the bowels was the disease which caused his death.—Courier.

Prof. Saunders of the Ellensburg Normal and wife accompanied the basket ball team to this city Friday afternoon.

PROPOSED ELECTRIC LINE

Probability that Work on the New Lines to Radiate from North Yakima will Begin in the Spring—Power Plant at Horseshoe Bend.

Engineers are at work in running a line of survey over the hogback that divides the Moxee from the Parker country. The effort is made to see if a suitable grade cannot be found on which to locate a line of railroad designed to connect Sunnyside with North Yakima. The engineers are said to be employed at the direction of Robert Strahorn, president of the Northwest Water and Light Co.

For several months Mr. Strahorn, as is well known by a number of people in this city has been figuring on a system of electric roads to connect the different points in the Yakima and tributary valleys with the county seat. It is really a revamping of the McNaught scheme of two years ago, except that the new system seems now to be in more capable hands. It is understood that Mr. Strahorn has already made all the preliminary arrangements to finance the scheme in eastern money centers.

There is nothing definite yet as to whether the contemplated road to Sunnyside will be steam or electric line. The latter is considered altogether the most desirable, although the people of Sunnyside are said to be decidedly in favor of the steam road. Very much will depend on the findings of the engineers in regard to a grade over the hogback.

The establishment of a power plant in the Horseshoe bend, 22 miles up the Naches, by the Northwest Water and Light company would solve the question of power by which the proposed system of electric roads would be operated. Experts who have tested the driving power of the Naches at that point say that 100,000 horse power can be developed at that point for a reasonable outlay.

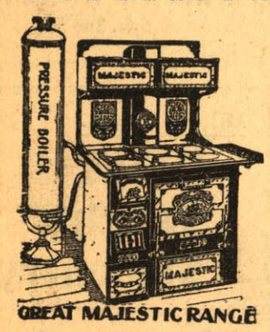
The ultimate object of Mr. Strahorn and his associates, according to local men who profess to know, is to build a trunk line from this city or more properly speaking from Horseshoe bend to Sunnyside in case it is decided to operate the main stem of the system by electricity. A branch road, it is said, is planned to run from this city to Toppenish, while another branch would traverse the Nob Hill district and the Ahtanum.

It is very likely from present indications that work will begin on the new system in the early spring.

Indoor Base Ball Talk.

There is some talk of getting up an Indoor Base Ball team in this city. The Weigel team, which gained such an enviable reputation for itself on the diamond this summer, would probably compose the principal membership of the indoor nine. Dan Stanton and Alfred Goins are now working on the proposition trying to enthuse the boys. The armory affords ample room for such sport and the sport itself is most exhilirating.

The big social and public installation which the Order of Pendo had been planning for Tuesday evening, Nov. 15, has been postponed in order that Wisconsin hall might be used for the Reidelsberger violin recital on that date. This courtesy was extended those in charge of the recital when it was discovered that the engagement of the celebrated violinist might have to be cancelled owing to an inability to secure a proper hall.



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? : : : : : : : : :

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The Yakima Daily Democrat

By J. D. Medill

North Yakima, Washington

Published every morning, except Sunday, at The Democrat Printing House, No. 7 North First Street.

Application made for entry to U. S. Mails as Second Class matter.

Subscription Price 50 Cents Per Month
Delivered by Carrier

Advertising Rates Made Known on Application.

Office Telephone No. 991

North Yakima, Wash. Saturday. Nov. 12, 1904

The overwhelming defeat in every northern state of Judge Alton B. Parker has a good deal of significance for the future of the Democratic party. It means that the progressive element of the party, under the leadership probably of the matchless Bryan, will again become ascendant and the Wall street contingent under the leadership of which the former disastrous rout was brought about will either take a back seat or leave the party again.

Judge Parker's campaign has really been a pitiable spectacle, at least this is so from the standpoint of the western Democracy which stands for progress and reform. Parker on the leading issues before the country has equivocated and dodged. He has been for a "fornisnt" the trust according to the way in which he thought that the trust magnates might effect his chances of reaching the presidency. When he found finally that they were all against him he lashed them furiously and the country found out at last that he is, after all, something of a fighter. If he had assumed that attitude on the start and staid with it the great mass of Democratic voters might have believed that he is sincere and he would have made a better showing in the race.

The nomination of Parker was brought about by means that were at least questionable. Emissaries of the re-organizer clique in New York traveled about from state to state in the south telling the people that the only way to do it was through an alliance with the gold wing of the east, whose candidate was Parker. The leading men of the south snapped at the bait and through their powerful assistance the deed was done. At the St. Louis convention many of the southern delegates freely admitted that Bryan was still their ideal leader, "but we must win,' they said. In fact, their prejudices against Roosevelt outweighed their natural inclinations.

There is no room in this country for two conservative parties, a fact that this paper has always recognized. The republican party owing to its long and almost uninterrupted lease of power has become the conservative force in the country and it will so remain until it finally goes to pieces from interior rottenness. It is controlled by the predatory wealth of the country and will never give the people any relief demanded except from motives of policy. The Democratic party, on the other hand, is made up of men drawn for the most part from the great middle class, the producers and wage earners. As a rule its membership is made up of patriotic and intelligent men who protest against the advance of commercialism in national affairs and who want no leaders who is ready to do the bidding of a Morgan or a Belmont.

The Yakima Republic asserts that the interest of this county are with the Sound country on the transportation question and intimates that there is no great demand here for the passage of a railway commission law.

We admit that in view of the election returns of this county, especially on the governorship, that our contemporary has some right to make so bold a statement but still we do not believe by any means that it is wholly true. The people of this county want a railroad commission law, or at least a great majority do who know anything at all about the subject. The indifference that is shown on the transportation question here is shown mostly by the newer class of voters who have not yet had the bitter experience that the old timers have had. They will get educated on the subject in time, however. The idea that Yakima county has nothing in common with her sister counties to the east is the result of false asumption and false teachings. It originated in the minds of Republican politicians of this county who in the past have found it either to their convenience or to their profit to align themselves with the railroad faction of the Republican party in opposition to the will of the people here. The people of Yakima county or no considerable portion of them take any stock in such assertions, the publication of which is damaging to the real interests of the county.

Keep your eye on Joseph W. Folk, the recently elected governor of Missouri. It may be early in the game to make prognostications but The Democrat is inclined to believe that Folk is a man of destiny and that he will yet reach the presidency. His election as Governor of Missouri will give him a big boost in that direction.

Folk, unlike Parker, is a man who stands for something. He not only stands for something but he stands for a great deal in public life that the great mass of the American people want. He represents not only the principles but the substance of the common honesty in official life. That he is a man of great integrity, whom dirty money could not buy he has amply proved. He has also proved the fact that he has the necessary backbone and ability to fill any place to which he may be called. Folk's election as governor of Missouri by a plurality approximating 50,000 while Parker lost the state by 20,000 is good evidence that the people who know the young governor-elect have confidence in him. Folk will undoubtedly loom up strong as a presidential aspirant in 1908.

The most exciting phase of the late campaign down in Franklin county was the proposition to move the county seat from Pasco to Connell. The result of the election shows that Pasco won out over Connell. The people of the latter place assert that they will try it again.

BRYAN AGAIN TO THE FRONT.

Alton B. Parker has probably been removed from American politics for all time.. Not so Mr. Bryan. The democratic candidate of 1896 and 1900 has probably strengthened himself, and it would not be surprising if, in the course of the political developments of the next three years, he were once more brought prominently to the fron as an available man.

Mr. Bryan objected to the nomination of Judge Parker befoore the convention met. He said that the party could not win with him. At St. Louis he opposed him and was so signally beaten that many thought he would bolt the ticket and take his large following with him. He did nothing of the sort. He accepted the results. He took the stump for Parker and supported the ticket. In all his actions Mr. Bryan has been regular.

This being so, Mr. Bryan can, with good grace, come to the front and say that as those opposed to him have failed of success, it is not unreasonable that he and his friends should be permited to have a voice in laying out the plans for the next battle. Whether the permission is given or not, it is probable that the Bryan wing of the party will have a good deal to say when the time comes for another campaign. This time issues adavanced are likely to be quite as radical as any advanced during the spirited contest of 1896.—Spokesman-Review.

OLYMPIA WILL PROGRESS.

While Roosevelt and Fairbanks carried Thurston county by 1,297 and Mead by 115, the republican county ticket was defeated. The voters of Olympia took this means to rid the city and county of a disreputable political machine which has proved both a disgrace to the community and a hidrance to the progress and growth of the capital city. With its excellent rail and water facilities Olympia should secure a fair share of the industrial and commercial prosperity that is building up Tacoma, Seattle, Everet, Bellingham and other large cities on Puget Sound. Thurston county is to be congratulated upon the defeat of the corrupt ring whose downfall may prove the signal for a revival of prosperity and growth of commerce and industry at the capital city.—Tacoma Ledger.

CONDITIONS IN RUSSIA.

The United States consul at Warsaw in a report to the state department describes the existing conditions of business in Russian Poland. Few commercial travelers have visited Russia this year. This is due to the unsatisfactory conditions financially and commercially in that country. Word comes from travelers of experience that credits in general, not only in Russia proper, but in the South of Russia, have been very disappointing, and this, in conjunction with the hesitancy natural to the condition of war and the uncertainty of the immediate future, has rendered buyers more conservative and very careful in increasing their liabilities. Industrial cities, such as Lodz, with its numerous coton and wolen mills, are particularly affected by the present depression. The number of unemployed at Lodz is variously estimated from 10,000 to 15,000 and several failures among the smaller manufacturers have been reported. On the other hand, the larger mills have been able to continue with a reduction of hours from eleven to nine, and in some cases with a five-day week. Notwithstanding such gloomy conditions, Mr. Slocum, the American consul, anticipates that when the present Russo-Japanese controversy reaches its conclusion Russia in general, and Russian Poland in particular, will participate in a business revival such as has not existed in a number of years. This prospect should not be lost sight of by the American manufacturer.—Tacoma Ledger.

Over a Honeysuckle Hedge

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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The afternoon was sunny and warm, and the young man lying beneath the oak tree let the book slip from listless fingers and his eyes wander idly to the tangle of green above. Thus it happened that he did not see a slender white figure which came down the hill to the fragrant hedge dividing them. Aroused by a slight sound, he thrust back his hat. For an instant he gazed, bewildered. Then, meeting the girl's surprised look, he sprang up.

"I hope that I am not trespassing," he began doubtfully. "If I am intruding"—

"No, I believe not," she responded. "Our land stops at this hedge, I fancy. If you care to stay, of course—I came to look at the view," she added, with some irrelevance. The man nodded.

"It is great," he agreed. "I have rarely seen anything more beautiful." He was still looking straight at her, and the girl gave him a suspicious glance. "I often come here to read Omar," he went on calmly. "It fits in somehow."

"Really," with polite if vague interest. "You care for Omar, then?"

"Immensely. A book of verses, underneath the bough; a loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou beside me, singing in the wilderness—ah, wilderness were paradise now!"

The girl gravely unfurled her fluffy parasol.

"I must not longer interrupt your reading, then," she said. "Goodby."

"Goodby! But you have only just come. Please don't go," he begged. "I've read enough for today."

"But I don't know you," she objected. The man held out the Omar.

"My name is on the title page," he suggested tentatively, and the girl, after a moment's hesitation, ruffling over the pages, read the name aloud.

"Gordon Lenox Maxwell. Are you really Gordon Maxwell?" The man looked surprised.

"What do you know of me?"

"Who has not heard of the great tennis champion?" she laughed, half mockingly. "Here is your book."

"But you were only a child then," he persisted. "And I have been abroad ever since."

"Sure, but children have good memories, you know."

"You must have been a lovely child," he murmured reflectively. The girl frowned.

"I really must go," she repeated. Maxwell took a hasty step forward.

"Please don't. And forgive me. And won't you tell me who you are?" The girl shook her head decidedly.

"I only tell my name to my friends."

"And are not we friends?"

She opened wide eyes. "Not yet surely."

"Well, let's pretend then," he urged. The girl, gazing at him with more approval, relented a little.

"Let's pretend by all means. I will therefore introduce myself as the Princess of the Blue Forgetmenots, who lives in yonder enchanted castle," waving her hand toward the hill. Maxwell sighed contentedly.

"What a lovely name. It exactly suits your eyes. And is Mrs. Cory your aunt, then?" hurrying on at signs of danger. "Why haven't I met you before? I will come and call," reflectively. "I love Mrs. Cory." The girl flushed.

"No, no, you mustn't!" she cried abruptly—"that is, my aunt is ill," half confused. Then, at Maxwell's puzzled stare, she broke into persuasion. "Don't you see how the whole thing would be spoiled?" she cried. "If we were to meet at teas and chatter inanities as people do, if you were to meet me 'out' as plain Miss Smith—can't you see, don't you understand?"

"But"—objected Maxwell. The girl's eyes flashed.

"Oh, very well, then; do it," she declared. "What does it matter anyway? I should not have come here, should not have spoken to you at all. You have shown me that quite plainly. Therefore in any case I think the acquaintance had better stop here and now."

"But," interposed Maxwell again, "can't you see it's only because I want to meet you again somewhere, anywhere?" recklessly. "What do I care for Mrs. Cory? You will come back here?" he implored. The girl smiled.

"You will promise to stay on your own side of the hedge?"

"If I must," obediently. "But—am I never to cross it?" Her face changed.

"Before I leave I will myself break the spell, and then perhaps"—she hesitated. "But until then, no."

"You are going," in alarm. She laughed again.

"Surely you cannot expect me to remain forever?"

"I could remain here—forever," he answered.

"On the other side of the fence?" with tilted chin.

"On the other side," emphatically. "Would I were there now!"

"Already wishing for my departure," murmured the girl in exaggerated reproach. "Goodby, then; this time really goodby."

"But you will come back?" eagerly.

She paused and glanced back over her shoulder.

"Perhaps," she answered.

The slow, sweet summer days drifted lazily by, and with them Maxwell, half consciously, but none the less steadily, felt his peace of mind slipping likewise. Hillside was a quiet place. The Country club, where he was stopping, was small and dull. No one questioned his comings and goings, and more and more he felt his life concentrating into the hour passed beneath the big oak. Every afternoon he hurried to the tree and watched eagerly for a glimpse of the white frock. Everlasting seemed the days in which she did not appear. Yet still she remained as elusive, as tantalizing and as charming. Did these days mean anything to her? He hardly dared hope for it, and yet—

If she would only come once in the evening, then he might indeed believe himself more than a mere acquaintance. But at his suggestion there she only laughed.

And then at last, when all the world lay white and dreamy beneath the moonshine, she came, stepping daintily across the dewy grass. At sight of her Maxwell drew a long breath.

"Ah, moon of my delight that knows no wane," he breathed. The girl's gaze wandered past him to where the waves danced in shimmering ripples under the soft radiance, and for a space the spell of the night laid its hush upon them. Maxwell leaned toward the barrier.

"Do you smell the honeysuckle?" he murmured. The girl shivered.

"It is almost too sweet," she answered low, "too intense."

"Then give me the spray you wear," he begged. But as she mechanically held it out he drew back.

"Put it on for me," he besought.

Still in silence the girl bent across the odorous hedge and slipped the flower into his coat. Suddenly his hand closed over the fingers on his breast, holding them so that she could feel the pounding of his heart. For a long moment the girl looked deep into his eyes. Her heart quickened, and her face showed white in the moonlight, but she drew away the hand and managed to smile.

"The game has been very pleasant," she said slowly. "But now the end has come, and tonight I am to say goodby."

Maxwell started. "Goodby," he echoed stupidly. "Now, after you have come to me. Goodby! It has not been all a game," he went on, gathering courage. The girl put up a protesting hand.

"No, no; we were pretending, remember."

"There was no pretense on my side." Maxwell's voice was steady. "I love you."

"But you can't, you mustn't. You're not playing fair. Besides you don't even know my name," urged the girl in dismay. Maxwell laughed.

"Not know you? I have always known you and waited for you," he asserted. The girl, who had glanced up quickly, shook her head.

"You are mistaken," she murmured. "I—I thought ourselves just pretending. I thought you knew the rules of the game. Forgive me, but—I am already engaged."

"What!" The exclamation broke sharply from Maxwell. When he went on it was in an altered voice.

"I see. It has been my own fault. I should have played even, but I put too much on the hazard. Double or quits the game, and I lose. Quits it is," with a bitter little laugh. The girl caught her breath.

"But I never dreamed that you would take it like this," she faltered. "And—and it was so long ago that I became engaged. It is only lately I have learned that he still cares. Would you care to see my engagement ring?" rather wistfully. "Yes, I want you to," as Maxwell uttered a fierce protest. Untying a blue ribbon from her throat, she laid it in his palm. On the ribbon was fastened a slender circlet of gold twined with forgetmenots. Maxwell looked at it with distaste.

"Hence your name," he said absently, twisting the ring with unconscious fingers. "A good message for him to leave, but surely an unnecessary name for you. Who would forget you, blue eyed princess? Blue is true. Blue is—why"— He broke off abruptly, with eyes suddenly riveted on the little ring. For a second he stared in bewilderment, then glanced at the girl. Her face was rose red in the moonlight, and Maxwell gasped.

"Madeleine!" he cried swiftly, incredulously. "Madeleine, is it really you? My dear little girl sweetheart, my first little love, who promised to marry me when she grew up the day I gave her this ring? Madeleine!" The girl uttered an uncertain little laugh.

"I am Madeleine."

"And you knew me all the time?" with sudden intuition.

"Why, I—I heard that you were here," under lowered lashes. "And the book settled it. I told you children had good memories. Didn't you think me very forward for a princess? You see, I didn't want you to know me, because, that is"—breaking off in pretty embarrassment. "You see"—

"I see that I have been an ass!" exclaimed Maxwell unsteadily. "Madeleine," he leaned across the hedge and tried to take her hand, but the girl slipped back. "Madeleine, I can't put the ring back from this side of the hedge." His pulses were racing; his voice sounded strange in his own ears. "Madeleine, may I cross the hedge?"

There was a moment's silence, tense, vibrant, through which Maxwell caught dimly the distant beat of the waves, the delicate, penetrating fragrance of the honeysuckle. Then slowly she lifted tender, wistful eyes to his, while her lips curved into the sweetest smile.

"You may try," she said.

Reason For Laughing.

"Why did everybody laugh so long over that story of old Boreby's? It isn't a bit funny."

"They were afraid he would tell another if they kept quiet."

Animals and Telegraph Poles.

"A strange thing is the effect of electrical energy on birds and wild beasts," says a telegraph lineman quoted in the Philadelphia Record. "Woodpeckers are continually tapping telegraph poles. In the country you will find everywhere poles honeycombed by the sturdy bills of woodpeckers. The birds mistake the humming sound inside the poles for the humming of insects, and it is to get at these supposed insects that they make their perforations.

"Bears, on the other hand, think the humming comes from bees, and they overturn the stones at the pole's base in their endeavor to get at the honey. Wolves are afraid of the sound. A wolf won't go near a telegraph pole under any circumstances."

An Appetizer.

In the family of Mr. H., treasurer of one of our states, was a small boy of four who was the possessor of a fine rat terrier. One day the dog mysteriously disappeared, and the child, Ralph, was heartbroken. Soon afterward Mrs. H. gave an informal dinner to other state officers and their wives, and Master Ralph was allowed to be at the table under promise of good behavior. Things went on smoothly till the meat course, when a fine roasted pig was brought in, and Ralph thought his long lost pet was going to be served to the guests. He arose in his chair, pointed at the pig and with tears in his eyes and voice cried: "Oh, my doggie, my doggie! I want my doggie!"—Good Housekeeping.

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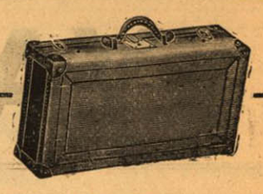

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SUB-IRRIGATION A FAILURE

Nearly All Lands Are Injured by Subsoil Water According to Report of C. G. Elliott.

Following is a continuation of the report of C. G. Elliott on his investigations relative to over-watered land in the Antanum valley and land adjacent thereto:

A matter of much interest to many of the farmers in the vicinity of North Yakima is what is termed the "subbing" of the land, a term used to describe the saturation of land by underflow. Nearly all farms which lie at the foot of a slope which is irrigated receive more or less injury from subsoil water coming upon them from higher lands. There are two causes producing this condition in the lands lying southwest of the town.

The outcropping belt of river-washed gravel upon which the town is located gradually disappears under the surface in a southerly direction and is replaced by a sandy loam. Between the outcropping of this gravel and the point where the loam is found about 5 feet deep, soils in all stages between pure gravel and friable loam are found. The gravel, which is mixed with rich soil and is quite productive, requires copious irrigation, the waste from which passes rapidly through the gravel subsoil to the lands occupying lower levels and subirrigates them.

A second cause contributing to this condition is the relation of land on Nob Hill to that lying at the foot of the slope and to the south beyond. Waste from irrigation, both surface and underground, passes down the slope of the hill into the gravel subsoil. As the slope of the land diminishes toward the south the water continues to accumulate, gradually fills the soil, and in some instances flows over the surface of some of the lower lands during July and August.

Subirrigation was formerly regarded as an important economy in the cultivation of this land, but time has proven that its benefits were of a temporary character and have been followed by highly injurious results. One farm to which considerable attention has been given furnishes such a striking example of the process of seepage that its results will be here described. It consists of 80 acres and subs to such an extent that the south part for a few yars past has produced no valuable crop. It was formerly noted for the excellent quality, as well as large quantity, of hops which were produced, but in recent years a portion of this field has been so injured by seepage that the plants have been dug out and the land seeded to grass. Some attempt at drainage was made, and for this purpose a small ditch was opened from the farm toward the south and extends to Wide Hollow creek along a right of way secured for the purpose. This drain, however, had water at or near the surface. On June 20 water was found within a foot of the surface at the south end of the farm, and on July 1 it was standing on the surface at the same place. Nothing of value was growing upon the south 20 acres. During the first part of the season water was found constantly rising in the soil until on the date mentioned it had reached the surface. Mosquitoes and snipe, with unerring instinct, found this a homelike retreat.

This water comes from the subsoil, rises constantly, and reaches out into various portions of the field. The conditions on Nob Hill were far different. Every plant, tree, and shrub received its water from that applied to the surface. There was no subbing there. The utmost luxuriance and fruitfulness greeted the eye on every side. When we compare this and the other land, in which ground water does not contribute to the supply of moisture, with the uneven and patchy productiveness of land which subs, we are forced to the conclusion that subirrigation for this land is a delusion and a veritable snare to the unwary irrigator. This farm belongs to the area in which the gravelly soil is within 1 to 5 feet of the surface. The gravel is found deeper toward the south end and shades off into the sandy loam which is characteristic of the low part of the valley.

The question arose as to the source of the water which fills the ground of this farm. It was quite persistently held by some that it came from the east side, for the reason that no trouble was experienced from this cause until irrigation began on the land adjoining it on the east. The soil there is open and gravelly and received unmeasured quantities of water, according to the best evidence at hand. The topography of the surrounding land, however, did not suggest nor sustain this view and, in order to secure reliable information which would help solve the question, borings were made across the farm for the purpose of determining the water line. The results of these measurements indicate that the water comes mainly from the west and northwest and passes in a southeasterly direction through the soil. There is a short slope on the adjoining land at the east from which some seepage water finds its way westward to the farm. The land at the northwest rises rapidly for a mile or more and soon reaches a point 100 feet higher than the farm, so that all soil water reaches the farm under a good head. Some conception of this head, which is forcing the water into the land, was obtained from the following test: A hole 20 inches deep was bored to the gravel on the west side of the road and then drilled 1 foot deeper into the gravelly subsoil. Water at once rose to near the surface and stood 9 inches higher than it was found in the field at the east 100 feet distant.

The quantity of water to be provided for was found to be greater than was generally suspected. A covered drain about 1200 feet long, put in for the purpose of draining the house cellar, when measured in July was found to be discharging 1:5 cubic feet per second. The drain passes through the gravel and apparently intercepts the supply of ground water from the hill land at the northwest. Judging from the topography, this drain intercepts water from about 160 acres of land which slope toward it. After the land became saturated and the surplus water was flowing through the shallow drain above mentioned into Wide Hollow creek, the quantity was measured near the outlet and was found to be 5.3 cubic feet per second. There were approximately 640 acres of land which discharged drainage water through this ditch. In addition to the drainage water there was some waste from irrigation.

In determining this quantity, the area which contributes the water should be considered rather than the land immediately injured. This is difficult to do satisfactorily, for in addition to the acreage there should be considered the nature and direction of the slopes, the porosity of the subsoil, and the extent and manner of irrigation practiced upon the adjoining land. From figures obtained from measurements at various points it was found that the drainage to be provided for in land having a gravel subsoil would be 1 cubic foot per second for each 100 acres. In some sandy loams through which the water flows less freely, measurements indicate that 0.5 cubic foot per second for each 100 acres would be sufficient, while others show that 0.8 cubic foot per second for each 100 acres would be required.

A plan for the drainage of this farm was made. Owing to the peculiar topography and the conditions surrounding the land, two drains are provided. The one on the west will cut off the water coming from the Nob Hill territory, and the one on the east will intercept the water coming from that side and also from the north. Another purpose of the east-side drain will be to collect any water that might pass under the drain on the west. The outlet drain for this system will follow the right of way and will be 4,300 feet long. It will be deep and expensive, but it has been arranged that the cost shall be shared by the parties owning land through which the drain will pass. The drains are to be covered boxes. The capacity of the main drain is estimated at 6 cubic feet per second when flowing under the head due to its own grade. It is proposed to exclude all surface water from this system as far as possible. The land that will be drained has not been injured seriously by alkali, for the reason, probably, that the excess of water has dissolved and carried away the larger part of it.

The position which this land occupies with reference to higher land surrounding it is such that waste and seepage water is concentrated upon it and is thence distributed through the soil of land lying to the southeast in the line of the natural drainage slope. It is quite evident that intercepting soil and surface water in such a way as to divert it from the land first and most immediately affected will prove of great value to land lying beyond it in the line of natural drainage. It is doubtful if any further drainage will be required on this farm than that outlined for intercepting the water coming upon it from outside territory.

FOLK AND LA FOLLETTE WIN.

In several of the states there were contests in which honesty, high ideals and political integrity triumphed. Governor LaFollette of Wisconsin, although opposed within his own party by the railroads and corporate interests, and with a bolting republican running against him, won a magnificent majority because the better element of his party and many members of other parties felt that he was making a fight for the right and that a victory for him meant a victory for the people.

The election of Joseph W. Folk as governor of Missouri means public approval of the masterly contest the young district attorney has been making against official corrption, and is one of the encouraging signs that the people will, when aroused, vote for decency and good government.

In Washington the vote for Judge Turner's full of hope for the future. When the republican candidate for governor falls from 40,000 to 50,000 votes behind the president it is clear that the democratic candidate represented an idea that lives, and that in Judge Turner the commission party had a candidate with the same strong qualities and desire for honest government that distinguished the victors in Wisconsin and Missouri.—Review.

THE MORNING GUN

[Original.]

Singular that I should be an officer; that I should be marching in the place of a second lieutenant in the rear of the company; that I should be in Santiago de Cuba. I have no remembrance of having been graduated. Yesterday we were marching to and from the mess hall. Yesterday I got befogged in that problem of analytical geometry. Besides, how did I get here? I don't remember coming—no railway ride, no troopship, no debarkation.

"I say, you, there, Bob Truman, how did we of the second class get into this war?"

"Graduated a year ahead."

"But what did we come on?"

"Lightning express to Tampa, then over the water in a balloon."

"Singular."

There was a rattling ahead withdrawing my attention from what had happened to what was happening. One captain faced about and gave an order to march from column into line. We struggled through tangled bushes, a Mauser bullet spitting here and there like raindrops pelting the leaves. But twilight was coming, and then it was dark. The firing ahead ceased.

It seemed I was worn out; that I had been with the army from the first and had been over every inch of the road from the coast to our present position before Santiago.

"Will they yield tomorrow, do you think?" asked a pale faced boy, staggering up to me, "and let us get out of this dreadful country?"

"Don't know. I'm suffocating with the heat."

Then it was dawn. The full moon was in the sky far to the west, large and round and pale. When I first looked at it, I thought it a great white bird. I wondered if it were not a bird. No, that's the moon, sure enough. No it isn't, it's a big bombshell. It is sailing right for me. As it comes it is turning black. That shows it's a shell surely. It comes on and on, passing directly over our heads and goes down slowly to the rear without bursting.

There is that Gatling gun again. Th-r-r-r-r-r-r-r from left to right, then th-r-r-r-r-r-r-r from right to left. Now stillness, now a distant groan, an oath, an order, anything, everything—everything that is horrible.

Hear that frightful shriek! Some woman leaving the starving city. She must be Spanish, and some brutal Cuban—

That's fainter, more plaintive. O heavens, it's a baby's cry. What an awful thing is war that even a babe must go down under it! A moan—the mother's doubtless—then stillness—a stillness more awful than the sounds.

We are marching through these infernal tangles again, but suddenly emerge on an eminence. There is Santiago below and there are the Spanish flag and the outlying works. There is death in those redoubts on those long lines of low earth. There are driving storms of bullets and bursting rockets of shells, and the muzzles of the Gatling guns pour a destroying flood from the nozzle of a hose. We've got to go down there and take them. Yes, take them if we are torn into slivers. Why don't they shoot? I'd rather hear an occasional shot, see a puff of smoke than see that silence. Yes, see it. I can almost hear it.

All is lively enough now. There are volleys near, volleys far; cannon booming, men shouting, horses neighing, Gatling guns th-r-r-r-ing, all mingled in one gigantic roar.

"Wire fence nippers here!"

"Bring up those guns!"

"Turn about, there, my man, or I'll run you through! The enemy is in the other direction!"

"Water! Water!"

"Oh, God! I'm hit!"

I put my canteen to the lips of the man who called for water and cast a glance at the man who was hit, when the captain ordered me to stop those who were trying to go back.

Next I was lying on my back, clutching a wound in my left side. The blood was pouring out like water. A Cuban girl was bending over me holding my canteen to my lips. What a peaceful face! What a contrast with the frightful thing called war! Oh, that those eyes could look into mine forever! Oh, that that tress of hair that has come down and is blown by a breath of air across my cheek might thus lightly touch it during a lifetime!

Again I am pushing on toward those earthworks. They are pouring forth fire enough now. Singular that in such a storm of missiles I am not hit.

"Look out!"

"What is it?"

"A mine! A mine! Run for your lives!"

"Boom!"

There is a terrible explosion. I am in my bed in barracks at West Point. The morning gun has just been fired. I am lying on my left side, and my heart is throbbing like a drum. Bob Truman, my roommate, is rubbing his eyes with his fists trying to wake himself up.

"I say, Bob, what a queer dream I've had."

"H'm!"

"Dreamed we were graduated a year ahead and in the Santiago campaign."

"That campaign's an old story now. I should want something fresher."

"The Spaniards exploded a mine and blew us all up. It was the morning gun. It awakened me."

"That's a trick of dreams. Some incident occupying a second will produce a dream running through a month. It proves conclusively that there's no such thing as time."

"Well, if that's war I don't want any of it. I've a mind to resign as soon as I graduate. I expect the real thing is no fun."

Nevertheless I am in the army to-day.

F. A. MITCHEL.

THE YAKIMA DEMOCRAT

DAILY AND WEEKLY

The DAILY DEMOCRAT is published every morning. It contains every day the most important General News. Its local News service is complete and covers the North Yakima field and surrounding country fully. Special attention paid to the local market reports.

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Man's Habit of Running His Fingers Through His Hair.

"Why does a man always run his hand through his hair when he takes his hat off?" asked an observant man. "Did you ever notice that man will invariably do this very thing? Is it just a nervous habit? Is it vanity? It is an old habit. I have never known a man who did not indulge this habit. Even men who have no hair to run their fingers through, men whose heads are as bald as billiard balls, will brush their hands over their heads when they lift their hats. If the men simply wanted to smooth their tousled hair, of course this would afford ample explanation of the habit. But why should a man who has no hair on his head do the same thing? It is not a sufficient answer to say that such a man may have had a full suit of hair at one time and that it is simply a matter of habit contracted under different conditions. As a rule, men are unconscious of the fact. They do not know why, how or when they run their hands over their heads. But they all do it just the same. Go into a court room or at any place where men congregate and where it is necessary for them to remove their hats and watch them. You will observe that every man will go through the same performance. It seems to be a perfectly natural thing for them to do. My own conclusion is that it is an evidence of vanity. A man wants his hair to be just so. Originally probably it was simply a matter of tidiness. But it has grown into an act of vanity. The lawyer, for instance, if he has enough hair for the purpose, will want his head to have a tousled appearance. It gives him a studious appearance and leaves the impression that he has been struggling with the books. Whatever the reason, the habit is a curious one and one which seems to be deep rooted in the masculine nature." — New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Handel as a Child.

George Frederick Handel, the son of a Saxon barber and valet, was only five years old when his "fingers wooed divine melodies" from the spinet, which a good natured aunt had smuggled for him into an attic, so that no sound of it might reach the ears of his father. At eight his playing so astonished the elector of Saxony that his father was compelled to withdraw his opposition and allow the genius of the boy to have fair play. And before he had reached his twelfth birthday young Handel was known throughout Germany as a brilliant composer and virtuoso at the court of the emperor.

When Boys Wore Wigs.

A century and a half ago wig wearing was at its height, and little boys four or five years of age submitted to having their heads shaved preparatory to donning their false headdresses. A Leyden professor—Rivers by name—shocked all churches by declaring that a Christian must necessarily wear a wig or be eternally lost. On the other hand, Dr. Thiers, a celebrated Catholic, assailed the wig wearing priests in a good sized volume.

Cranks?

Judge—Let us get this thing right. You say this man whom we are examining is not insane and yet he is not in his right mind. How is that?

Witness—Lots of people, your honor, who are not insane are wrong minded about everything. Chicago Tribune.

THE TRUE FISHERMAN.

He Enjoys Nature's Beauties and Is Not a Mere Butcher.

The angler's art is but a pretext, or rather, the incentive to a ramble, and not the sole object of the fisherman, unless, alas, he belongs to that too common variety, the man whose sole object is his catch. Such a man fishes with a worm, hides fingerlings in the depth of his basket and photographs his catch as a witness of his crimes. He is not a fisherman, but a butcher. A yellow primrose on the river's bank is to him a primrose and nothing more.

The true fisherman loves to catch fish, to match his wits against the weary trout, but as he wanders from pool to pool the songs of the birds greet him restfully. Every turn in the stream reveals a nook in which strange wild flowers nestle. The gentle excitement of the sport prevents the scene from becoming monotonous. The element of chance, the uncertainty of the catch, add the drop of tabasco sauce which gives zest to the day. And the noontide meal by the brink of the stream! When did a meal have a more delightful flavor? Delmonico never served a trout like unto those we have eaten by the banks of a mountain brook with the clear blue sky above, the waving forest round about and the murmuring stream at our feet.

The hour of contemplation comes afterward, with the pipe of peace in our hand instead of the relinquished rod. How far off the city seems! Are there such things as corporations, trusts, stocks, bonds, electric lights that amaze the sight, harsh warnings of trolley gongs, the rumble and grind of the wheels and the brakes on the elevated road which affright the ear? The harshest note that breaks the stillness here is the boom of the bittern in the distant marsh.

Home to camp the fisherman goes, taking a cast in this silent pool in which the trout rose in the forenoon to his cast, but missed the fly, or in that dark hole deep under the bank in which a vigilant eye may detect the brown sides of a trout with lazily waving fins and tail, an old campaigner not easily caught.—Dr. A. T. Bristow in World's Work.

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

Most of us look best at a little distance from one another.—"Paul Kelver."

It is only in higher circles that women can lose their husbands and yet remain bewitching.—"The Gray Wig."

No man who is not an egotist or worse is ever sure of a woman's love till she has told it with her own lips.—"His Daughter First."

When in doubt go to church, for there's nothing that lets a man think better than a long prayer and a slow sermon.—"Adam Rush."

There are sixteen ounces to the pound still, but two of them are wrapping paper in a good many stores.—"Letters of a Self Made Merchant."

I used to think that marriage made men old, sour and suspicious. I find I was mistaken. It is not the wife; it is the money market.—"Love and the Soul Hunters."

I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you gi' knocked out of one plan you want to git yourself another right quick, before your sperrits has a chance to fall.—"Lovey Mary."

How Climate Has Changed.

In Switzerland a mean temperature equal to that of north Africa at the present time is shown by its fossil flora to have prevailed during the miocene or middle tertiary epoch. Anthropoid apes lived in Germany and France; fig and cinnamon trees flourished at Dantzic; in Greenland, up to 70 degrees of latitude, magnolias bloomed and vines ripened their fruit, while in Spitzbergen and even in Grinnell Land, within little more than 8 degrees of the pole, swamp cypresses and walnuts, cedars, limes, planes and poplars grew freely, water lilies covered over standing pools and irises lifted their tall heads by the margins of streams and rivers.—Edinburgh Review.

A Clear Course.

The man who is calm has his course in life clearly marked on his chart. His hand is ever on the helm. Storm, fog, night, tempest, danger, hidden reefs—he is ever prepared and ready for them. He is made calm and serene by the realization that in these crises of his voyage he needs a clear mind and a cool head; that he has naught to do but to do each day the best he can by the light he has; that he will never flinch or falter for a moment; that, though he may have to tack and leave his course for a time, he will never drift, he will get back into the true channel, he will keep ever headed toward his harbor. When he will reach it, how he will reach it, matters not to him. He rests in calmness, knowing he has done his best.—William G. Jordan.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Frank Craig returned to Ellensburg Friday afternoon.

Hon. Walter J. Reed went to Cle Elum yesterday on a short trip.

The Trinity club gave a dance last evening in Wisconsin hall.

Mrs. W. B. Allen of Tacoma is the guest of Mrs. T. L. Martin.

Attorney John H. Lynch went to Prosser Friday on legal business.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Fraser have returned from a trip to Portland.

The order of the Eastern Star held a social last evening in Masonic hall.

S. J. Harrison returned to Sunnyside Friday after spending several days in this city.

Charles Garber local manager for the Meadowbrook Creamery left yesterday on a short trip to Seattle.

Mrs. H. E. Ewalt will return this afternoon from a trip to her old home in Missouri and the world's fair.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Blake of Portland arrived here Friday to make a short visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barnes.

A board of doctors adjudged Daniel Landers insane Friday morning. He will be committed to Medical Lake asylum.

Mr. and Mrs. L. O. Beckworth of Eugene ,Ore., arrived here Friday to visit with their friends Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cook.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Miller left here Friday afternoon to spend a few days with Mrs. Miller's brother, Fred Haines, of Zillah.

Mrs. W. A. Bell gave a second afternoon reception Friday. It was a chrysanthemum party and the decorations were fetching.

Mrs. T. R. Fisher left here Friday for Sunnyside to remain a few days with Mrs. John Fisher who was recently bereaved by the death of her husband.

C. F. Owen of Tacoma, state Mine Inspector who has been visiting his brother-in-law W. O. Branson of Nob Hill returned home Friday afternoon.

Judge Taggard joined in marriage Thursday evening at his office in the presence of a few friends, Abraham Riemens and Miss Mary Hess of the Antanum.

G. T. Aumiller who was kicked in the mouth by a horse last Thursday and had several teeth knocked out, is getting along as well as could be expected under the conditions.

H. B. Scudder accompanied by Mrs. Scudder left here last night for El Paso, Texas, Mr. Scudder is a delegate to the National Irrigation Congress which convenes at El Paso on Tuesday, November 15.

Dan Simmons, ex-Sheriff of Yakima county, is in the city on a visit to his parents. Mr. Simmons has been in Alaska for several years. He usually comes out to spend the winter. He will leave shortly for Seattle.

In the case of the Washington Rubber company vs. M. Probach, garnishee, defendant, Judge Nichols held the sale of the stock of goods of W. T. Carpenter to M. Probach to be void and rendered judgment against the defendant in the sum of $43.85.

There may be no other opportunity this winter for our people to hear so distinguished a musician as Herr Reidelsberger. His concert at Wisconsin hall next Tuesday evening. Nov. 15, should be well attended, and especially is this true at the prices offered—75c and 50c. Seats are on sale at Keene's, the Corner drug store, Case's drug store and the stationery store of Owen Jones.

LOST—On Yakima Ave., one gold dollar stick pin, monogram T. L. T. Finder please return to Mrs. T. L. Taft, 105½ Yakima Avenue and receive reward.

Oysters and everything in the fish line delivered daily. Kauffman, 13 West Yakima Avenue. 13tf

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Rooms 14 to 17, Sloan Building

YAKIMA GIRLS WIN

Defeat Ellensburg Normal Basket Ball Team in a Very Close and Exciting Game—Score 12-8.

The North Yakima High School basket ball team composed of girls defeated the visiting Ellensburg Normal team last night in armory hall by the score of 12 to 8.

The armory was taxed to its capacity last evening by one of the largest crowds ever assembled there for the purpose of witnessing a contest of any kind. The Yakima high school boys and girls were in conspicuous evidence and attracted their share of attention by such patriotic and enthusiastic cheering as would have done honor to an organization of much larger membership. Quite a number of Ellensburg rooters accompanied their team on its trip to Yakima and with their horns and strong lungs and unfailing loyalty to their colors they bore up against an unequal contest with courage and perseverance. Ellensburg was defeated, but Yakima knew she had been in a fierce basket ball game; so fierce indeed that none of the Yakima team knew what the score was at the finish. The crowd at times gave way to unrestrained bursts of enthusiasm which made the old armory tremble in answer to the loud cheering and stamping of feet. The team work of both sides was remarkable, although in justice to the victors it must be acknowledged that they out-generaled their opponents in this department of the game. The girls played a fast game, for girls, and were very evenly matched both in size and in weight. Miss Lea Lampson was easily the star for the home team. She was in the game all the time and seemed never to tire. Miss Emma Cornwell also played well, as did also Miss Coral Doust.

For the visitors the playing of Miss Maud Liddell and Miss Maud Arnold and Miss Elsie Des Voigne is deserving of special mention. Prof. Saunders of the Ellensburg Normal academy acted as refree and Lee Lampson of this city performed the duties of umpire. Grover Green held the watch and the time of halves were twenty minutes. Following is the lineup of the two teams:

Yakima.

Alene White	left forward.
Coral Doust	right forward.
Lea Lampson	center and capt.
Clementine Prior	right guard.
Emma Cornwell	left guard.

Ellensburg.

Elsie Des Voigne	center and capt.
Laura Salady	right forward.
Maude Liddell, Rose Adams	l. for'd.
Maud Arnold	right guard.
Flora McDonald	left guard.

After the game the students gave a dance at the armory in honor of the visiting team. The evening was a pleasant one and the Ellensburg girls certainly made a hit with the Yakima boys.

Yakima Markets

(Corrected daily)

LIVE STOCK.

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

POULTRY.

Chickens, old, live, per lb	8c
Spring Chickens, per lb	10c
Turkeys, per lb	12½@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	12½c
Carrots, per cwt	75c
Turnips	1c
Parsnips	1½c

OTHER PRODUCTS.

Hubbard squash	2c
Sweet potatoes, per lb	4c@5c
Potatoes, per ton	$14.00
Apples, per box	50c @ $1.00
Hops	30½c@3c1
Celery, per bunch	10c

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Libby cut glass at Keene's. 4otf

HIS CRACK JOB

By Jeannette Benton

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Occasionally the gov'ner did society. He seldom went into any but the best, because there he found the "smart" young women who emphasized their social standing by minute accounts of their mistresses' diamonds. The gov'ner had often materially increased his bank account by those financial pointers.

One Tuesday night he dropped into Wiley's. It was sometimes a little mixed there, and he met almost immediately a flirtatious young woman who, he found, was general housemaid to a young couple in the suburbs. She prattled interesting things while they were sitting out a dance.

"I am dead tired tonight," she confided. "We had a 1 o'clock luncheon today—twenty-four covers laid, an' the tables one glisten of solid silver an' cut glass. We are 'it' when it comes to solid silver."

"You must have the coin," the gov'ner remarked casually.

"Oh, not special. It's weddin' presents. They've both got rich folks, an' they give them just scads an' scads of solid silver."

The gov'ner regarded her with beaming interest.

"A gauzy butterfly like you oughtn't to wear themselves out with work. What's your push out there?" he inquired tenderly.

Miss Nellie tossed her head.

"Just me an' him an' her an' the baby, an' he gone half the time."

She unconsciously lowered her voice.

"He's gone now, an' she thinks I'm there in bed. I am goin' to Mulhall's party tomorrow night too."

"Suppose the crooks do the house, an' her alone?" he suggested.

Miss Nellie squealed.

"Mercy me! You don't think I'd fight 'em if I was there, do you? Oh, she's got a telephone right in her room. She could get help easy enough."

The gov'ner smiled. It was a leisurely matter to finish a job and get comfortably away after the telephone bell had called for help. It was surprising no one had got on to a dead open and shut job like that.

Three o'clock the next morning found him padding gently up the still half country street. Just ahead of him were the dim outlines of a large lawn heavily shaded with trees.

He vaulted the fence and strolled leisurely up through the trees. "Not even a bloomin' dog!" he murmured pityingly.

Ten minutes later he walked quietly into the house and found his way into the hall. He generally found the hall first and radiated from there.

He had hardly stepped in when a door on the upper floor opened sharply.

"Nellie! Nellie!" called a frightened voice. "There is something dreadful the matter with the baby, and the telephone won't work! Nellie!"

The voice rose to a shriek of terror. There was a rush of muffled footsteps through the upper hall.

The gov'ner listened sympathetically.

"Nellie is at Mulhall's an' good until 5 o'clock," he murmured.

There was an instant's silence; then the voice broke out afresh in deeper terror:

"Oh, she's dying—she's dying!"

The gov'ner scratched his head distractedly. He hated to see folks in trouble.

"Baby! Baby!" The voice was heartbreaking. "Isn't there anybody to help me?"

An instant later he stood at the door of the lighted chamber.

"Can I do anything for you, ma'am?" he inquired politely. "I heard you as I was passin.'"

A woman knelt by the bed. She was very childlike looking. She swept the hair back from her face and regarded him with terror stricken eyes.

A baby lay on the bed. Little rings of dark hair curled damply on its pallid forehead. Its little face was ghastly blue and pinched. Suddenly its head drew back more violently and its limbs commenced to twitch in long, convulsive shudders.

She clutched the gov'ner's arm and shook it fiercely.

"Can't you do anything?" she demanded.

"I don't know," he said; then his face cleared. Heaven knows from what recess of his life he drew the information, but he found it.

"I know," he said briskly. "It's hot water. Go get some hot water in somethin' big enough to put the kid in."

She disappeared like an arrow loosed from a bow.

The gov'ner slipped his long, dexterous fingers soothingly along the clammy little body.

There was a sudden splash in the hall, and the girl mother came breathlessly in with a small tin bathtub.

"Get its duds off!" he said authoritatively. "This water ain't hot enough, but it'll have to pass now."

The poor little mother's fingers were trembling, so they were nearly useless. She turned great, imploring eyes on him.

"Please put her in!" she half whispered. "I am afraid to lift her."

"Blest!" murmured the gov'ner; then he stooped and lifted the tiny convulsed body into the water. He felt it relax slightly in his hands as the water submerged it.

"Throw a blanket or something over to keep in the heat!" he commanded.

"Then skin out, can't you, an' get some hotter water? Get a move on you too."

She had already gone.

He knelt by the chair, regarding the small face he was supporting above the blanket anxiously. It was less pinched now and lay limply on his hand, small and pathetic.

"Such a little kid," he said softly—"such a bloomin' little kid!"

The long lashes slowly lifted, and the dark eyes gazed into his. Slowly the purpled lids closed again, and a tremor shook its body.

He swore softly. "Ain't she ever comin'? This layout will freeze the kid in a blasted minute!"

He gathered the baby up in the blanket and commenced to pace the floor watching the tiny face with strained attention.

The blue shadows deepened under its eyes; the tiny waxen nose pinched closer and closer; the small mouth seemed settling into a terrible calm.

He swore as he walked. In that way he managed in a measure to relieve his feelings.

"Is she dead?" asked a choked, breathless voice at the door.

The girl mother's face was ghostly, but the only thing he saw was the steaming kettle in her hand.

"Naw," he snarled; but he was not so sure.

He lowered the child carefully into the water.

"Now, just keep pouring—a little, a little, to keep it warmin' up."

Ten, fifteen, minutes passed.

A faint white glimmer of life commenced to tremble across the baby's face. The blue shadows slowly faded, and the wax white nostrils filled.

The gov'ner heaved a mighty sigh.

"She's comin' through," he announced triumphantly. "Now give me a dry blanket."

He wrapped her warmly in it and laid her, weary and sleepy, but palely pink, on the bed.

Then he shook himself like a man coming out of a trance. He suddenly remembered his burglar's kit in the lower hall. Dawn was breaking, too, and it might not be so easy getting back with it to town.

The girl mother looked at him with moist, grateful eyes.

"You are so good," she said, with quivering voice. "Baby would have died if you hadn't"—

She hesitated. Some way she could not quite place him. He did not look like a workingman. He was not a gentleman. She dimly remembered that he had sworn at her dreadfully.

She went to the dresser and picked up a little steel meshed purse. Inside lay a ten dollar bill and a dollar.

"Would you mind," she said desperately, "if I gave you a dollar? I wish I could give you more, but it is all the money I have, and Fred won't be back until the last of the week."

Her small, tremulous fingers clung to his an instant, and a tear splashed down on them.

"I can't thank you. I can't thank you," she sobbed.

The gov'ner looked at her helplessly, at the $10 in the purse and the little heap of diamonds over on the dresser.

Then he went down stairs, the dollar in his hand.

Startled the Tailor.

A London tailor was once measuring Dr. Parker, who had a quaint sense of humor, for an overcoat, when suddenly the doctor broke forth in his most sepulchral voice:

"Can you measure the ineffable?"

The assistant looked up and saw that the doctor was extremely grave. He said:

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

The doctor raised both his hands with a grand upward sweep and said:

"Can you measure the ineffable? Can you comprehend the infinite?"

"We'll make you a nice coat, sir," returned the puzzled assistant. Tapping the doctor's shin, he said:

"That's about the length, sir?"

"Longer!" ejaculated the doctor in determined tones.

"There, sir?"

"Longer!" thundered the great man.

The tailor remonstrated. As a technical professional he could give points on tailoring to any preacher that ever wore a head.

"If you have it any longer, you won't be able to walk," he remarked conclusively.

The doctor looked on him compassionately and, once more extending his arms toward the skies, said confidentially:

"I don't want to walk; I want to soar!"

A History Making Trifle.

It was but a trifle that gave Spain for so many generations the lordship of the new world and enabled her by the wealth which she derived from that source to become the most powerful nation in Europe. It is well known that Columbus, discouraged with the refusals which he met at so many courts, dispatched his brother Bartolomeo to ask aid from Henry VII. of England. But on the way the messenger fell into the hands of pirates, and by the time he reached London was so destitute that he had to try to earn the money to clothe himself in proper style before he could be presented at court. But by that time it was too late. Even the fact that Ferdinand and Isabella furnished the funds to equip the expedition was mainly due to the accident that Juan Perez de Marchena, the queen's confessor, happened to be passing when the weary mariner was

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SERVANTS IN ECUADOR.

The Traveler Is Forced to Hire Many to Serve Him.

If you were living in Ecuador and wished to hire a servant you could hardly get one by himself or herself, but would be compelled to take up with a drove of them, probably far outnumbering your own family. For example, with a cook you would have to receive her husband and children, and perhaps also her father and mother, into your house to bed and board, and each would bring along all his or her portable property, consisting mainly of domestic pets, such as pigs, chickens, rabbits, dogs and other "live stock." The husband may have some trade which he follows during the day, but at meal times and when night comes he returns to the bosom of his family and yours It would be considered downright inhumanity to refuse them food and shelter, and not a servant in Ecuador would work for so mean a master or mistress. The children of your cook may be utilized for light services, such as running errands, weeding the garden and tending the baby, but the numerous brood is apt to be "light fingered" and certain to be lousy, dirty and probably diseased. There is no help for it, however, because "el costumbre" has decreed that for every servant you hire you must expect at least a dozen extra mouths to feed.

Nor is this the worst of it. Occasionally the cook's relatives from another village come to pay her a visit of a fortnight or two—lasting as long as you will tolerate it—men, women and children, bringing more dogs, pigs, chickens, etc., to be housed and fed. Fortunately, they are not accustomed to "downy beds of ease" or sumptuous living, but consider themselves in clover if plentifully supplied with beans, corn meal and potato soup, and will sleep contentedly on the stones of the patio or the straw of the stable. The danger is that some of the stranger hangers on may not be as honest as the cook herself is supposed to be, and cases are known where thieves and even murderers thus gained admission to the inside of the casa with disastrous results.—Philadelphia Record.

A Bishop's Comment.

Bishop W. A. Candler was once advocating a more liberal loosing of the purse strings and told his audience that several years before he sent an article to a paper, in which he said, "We pray too loud and work too little." The compositor, consciously or unconsciously, perpetrated a little joke, for when the article appeared it read, "We bray too loud and work too little." "I let it go at that," said the bishop. "The fact is, I believe the printer was right, and I never ventured to correct him."

A Disagreeable Habit.

Old Grumps—Sure that girl loves you instead of your money?

Son—Absolutely. Why, she actually keeps count of the kisses I give her.

Old Grumps—Hum! That's bad. She may keep it up after marriage.—New York Weekly.

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*Daily †Daily except Sunday.

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No. 3—Portland and South (via Olympia)	*6:45 a m	*6:45 a m
No. 5—Portland,	*1:25 p m	*1:25 a m
No. 57—Local freight	†2:25 p m	†2:00 p m

EASTBOUND		
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	†9:45 a m	11:15 a m

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