

Discussing the possibility of a lynching party in the event the slayer of 10-year-old Charles Mattson is arrested and returned to Tacoma, John M. Potts, deputy sheriff recalled yesterday the lynching of two men in Ellensburg in 1896.

The men who were father and son, were charged with murder. The son had shot the town band leader to death and the father brutally stabbed another man in a quarrel over the charge against his son.

The accused slayers were arrested a Sunday afternoon and the afternoon of the following day was passed around word that a lynching party was planned for that night.

I was a young boy and remember how a man came to my father's ranch on horseback and informed him about the lynching party while we were working in the field. My father told the man he would have no part in the affair and after the man left my father told me not to leave the ranch that night. Lured by the promise of excitement I stole away from the ranch that night.

The lynching party gathered in the bandmaster's hall before converging on the jail in a body of more than 300 men. Ten armed officers were posted around the courthouse which housed the jail. Noticing me lingering in the vicinity the sheriff told me I had better go home. I pretended to leave but when the mob arrived demanding the prisoners I was nearby, watching.

Not wishing to carry rifles while standing guard around the courthouse the officers had placed them on a bed in the sheriff's bedroom in

the jail and planned to run in and get them if the mob threatened to overpower them. When the mob arrived at 10 p.m. the leaders ordered the prisoners' release. The officers refused and ordered the excited men to leave but instead the men surged forward and the officers ran to get

lynched men.

The day after the lynching about 14 men, among them business leaders, prominent farmers and a deputy county treasurer were arrested for taking part in the lynching. They remained in jail six weeks without bail pending the opening of court. Numerous threats were made against the prosecuting attorney for issuing the warrants because public sentiment was in favor of the lynching of the two men who had criminal records.

The 14 community leaders were tried and acquitted with the late Henry J. Snively of Yakima as their attorney.

That was the last lynching in this district. For many years afterwards the tree on which the men were hung was known as the "tree of justice." Yakima Republic, Jan. 17 , 1937.



Joe Liggett was a Yakima police sergeant. He came here in 1887 and ~~seemed~~ ~~and~~ was on the police ~~for~~ ~~road~~ department when the entire force consisted of himself and a day marshal. He remembered summer and fly time in Yakima when he said that the only way to tell whether you were eating raisin or custard pie was to brush away the flies.

Much of Yakima's first police system was inaugurated by Capt. Marshal Scrafford of Seattle

Liggett shot prairie chickens in the sagebrush where St. Joseph Academy is now located and Jackrabbits "downtown."

he worked 12 to 16 hours a day as marshal and was paid \$75 a month. The night man's salary was \$60.

He became police sergeant in 1911 when the commission form of government was inaugurated.

One of his duties was to run to the fire bell near the city hall and ring ~~the~~ the bell for volunteer fire department whenever a fire was discovered.

No jay walking problems, unpaved streets, muddy , only places where they could be crossed was corners where board walks were built for pedestrians.

Sheriff Joe Lancaster, called before commissioners at special meeting to explain conduct of Monday night, October, 1910 when he shot up a resort on front street kept by Ruby Scott.

County attorney advised the commission they had no authority to ask for the resignation. The sheriff said he was merely trying to arrest a man who was in the room.

During the shooting the sheriff broke two cuspidors and threatened to shoot the keys off the piano.

The episode is not the first time that the Ruby Scott place was treated to an exhibition of the sheriff's marksmanship. She said the performances were periodical and that he had been there twice in the last three months and put 15 bullet holes on the floor and ceiling.

Not content with shooting up his favorite resort the sheriff has tried his gun on the furniture of his own office in the courthouse and the county jail bears the marks of holes on the floor and ceiling.



Then they commenced to torture the inmates. The father was taken to the fire and after refusing to tell where the money was hidden his feet were held in the flames until the flesh was burned to a crisp. Still he refused to reveal the hiding place of his wealth and becoming wild with anger, a knife was plunged into his bosom and in a few moments his agonies were over.

The mother, sister and two of the boys were treated in the same manner but while the horrible butchering was going on, the young man who had ridden to Tombstone managed to unbind the findings and mounting upon a black horse of one of the murderer's, made his escape.

Of course, as wrough as we were this story brought tears to our eyes and swearing revenge we gathered our forces, fifty strong, and with the boy for a guide started for the ranch, there to find that his story was only too true.

We held a short consultation and determine to hunt the villains to the death. The trail over which they departed was easy enough to follow and we located them that night in a deep gulch in the mountains.

After discovering their camp we concluded not to attack them

until midnight. The plans were well laid, the camp surrounded and at 10 o'clock every one of the murders was soundly sleeping, 'littledreaming of the awful fate that was awaiting them.

It seemed a long time until midnight but at last it came, and from the opposite sides of the camp there came the low screech of an

owl, which was the signal for the start. Silently and with cautious tread we entered the camp and as we approached the sleepers, themen by previous arrangement, paired off. By this time we were standing over the sleepers and at the word of command, we pounced upon them and after a short struggle they were bound hand and foot and strapped over the backs of the horses, and then themarch down the canyon commenced.



at a squaw camp waiting for something to eat.

Simmons told a plausible story about having been to Fort Simcoe for the Fourth and having lost his horses he was footing it back. The men were somewhat suspicious however and kept apart so Mr. Simmons could not get the drop on them. Going inside the cabin he watched the men through a crack in the door and when they came together he rushed out and ordered them to throw up their hands.

The younger man readily complied while the older one threw up one hand and reached for his gun with the other. Simmons sent a bullet whizzing past his ear which induced him to fully conform with the command. He then made them lock hands and line up while they were searched.

Only one gun was found and that in the possession of the largest man who gave his name as William Montgomery, aged 25. The other said he was John Milburn, aged 16. They informed Deputy Simmons that when captured they were planning to rob him and on giving up the money taken from the trainmen one of them remarked: "That's all right. You have a terrible sight of gall, but take it, we can get plenty more."

Simmons brought his men to the city on the next train and on Monday they waived extradition and were committed to jail in default of bonds in the sum of \$3,000 each. Montgomery is known to the public as "Jersey Bill" and his partner as "Kansas City Kid."

They are said to be desperate characters, but it will probably be years before they will do any more train robbing--Yakima Herald, July 10, 1890.

Bill got a fair load of Helena tanglefoot on board one day, not long after the pretty milliner had settled in Helena, and in the course of his remarks he referred in very warm and confident terms to the possibilities in the direction of Mme. Louise. He was promptly informed that he was wide of the mark in his calculations, as it had become an open secret at the hotel that the milliner was already in love with Al Worrall. This threw Bill in a terrible rage. He swore that the statement was a lie and made a big wager that he would come out ahead in the favor of the young woman.

"I'll get hunk with the milliner," he exclaimed, "or I'll make Al Worrall crawl."

"Al Worrall was a handsome young Philadelphian and is remembered yet as one of the best amateur athletes that had ever settled in the West. Bill Burr's bravado and boasting remarks soon reached the ears of both Mme Louise and Worrall. They amused the lady but made Al mad. He threatened in the event of hearing any further remarks of that kind from Bill Burr or any of his friends, that he would stand them on their heads.

The next day was a lively one in Helena for it was Saturday and miners had come in from all sides to make a day of it. Our engineering corps was at the International Saturday afternoon. Al Worrall came into the barroom to see some of the party with whom he was acquainted. Al was a strict teetotaler. While he was there Bill Burr walked in with half a dozen of his toughs and striding up to the bar, called all hands to step up and drink. A number of citizens knowing of the presence of Worrall in the saloon naturally supposed there would be a fuss and came in to watch the result. Worrall refused to drink because of his temperance habits. Bill worked himself into an ugly fit.

"Any one who won't drink with me" he shouted with an oath, "will weigh more than he does now when I get through with him."



again. The mountaineer had sent his bullet plumb between the wretch's shoulders. In less than three minutes from the time Bill issued the invitation to the crowd to drink with him, he and three of his gang were done for and two of the best citizens of Helena lay dead on the floor. Other citizens were badly wounded.

An inquest was held, the deliberations of which occurred just five minutes. The verdict was such that next morning several more of Bill Burr's friends were hanging by the neck from trees at different points surrounding Helena, none more than a mile away. On the back of each was pinned, in large handwriting, plain enough for the blindest man to see, this warning from the regulators:

"To All Friends of Bill Burr: Git."

The warning was heeded and that was the last of Jim Daily's notorious gang and the last rule of the desperado in Helena.

The leader of the regulators who accomplished the work was the same well known judge from the East who conducted the hanging of Daily. The mysterious milliner made a great show of mourning for poor Al Worrall for a time and then set Helena in commotion by marrying the regulator judge. This put her at the top notch of society in the town and no one ever bothered himself thereafter about who she was and where she came from, and nobody ever knew--Yakima Morning Herald, Washington Territory, North Yakima, July 11, 1890.



Blake \$200 to connect a silver tube with his windpipe.

When Harney P. Ruggles rode out of San Antonio the next day, all doubt had vanished from his mind and serenity and confidence were in its place.

Mr. Ruggles returned to the scene of his triumphs and took up his former work with a vigor which surprised both friends and vigilance committee alike.

He stole horses right and left and sold them openly in the nearest market.

After two weeks the committee again took him in charge.

They hung him to the cross arm of a telegraph pole and as he had escaped before, sat down and waited, beguiling the time with pleasant stories.

When he had hung thirty minutes they cut him down.

He got up from the ground, shook hands all around thanked them in a few brief but well chosen words, got on the leader's horse and rode away.

The committee was dumbfounded. They were powerless to render any assistance. They plucked up courage however to make another attempt a week later.

This time they allowed him to hang all night. The only complaint that to hang Ruggles made when cut down in the morning was that they had disturbed him before he had finished his sleep.

From that time till he was taken ill a week ago, Ruggles's history has been one of continued prosperity.

He operated all over western Texas, New Mexico and Arizona.

Over 100 different committees had him in hand at different times.

Their usual course was to lynch him after supper and then retire, the intention being to take him down in the morning.

Ruggles would help himself down softly after midnight, secure a few good horses and pass on to another community.



Most people say he died in the mountains of starvation but the Mexicans say not. They saw him again.

The night after Vasquez was hanged a white horse galloped up the street to the jail, stood a moment at the door and gave a neigh. The Mexicans heard in it a call to the dead Vasquez. There came no answer to the horse's challenge and he wheeled about and went as suddenly as he came.

Then he turned bandit and followed Vasquez's old trails. Once in a while a man would be found on the road with his body frightfully mutilated and his flesh bearing the marks of hoofs. Sometimes in the night a white horse would appear at the door of a Mexican cabin in the some lonely spot and neigh. If no answer came he would be off like the wind, but if a man dared show himself the horse would attack him with hoof and teeth and it was seldom the victim escaped.

Time and time again he was shot at, and one Mexican buck was foolhardy enough to try to rope him and met a horrible death. The horse bore a charmed life. He became almost as great a terror to the Mexicans as Vasquez had been to the rich Americans.

If by chance a Mexican's pony got out of the corral and wandered off in search of grass the white horse would find him and enlist him.

First he had one follower, then two, then half a dozen. No man could kill them and no man dared to attempt to capture them.

With no loads upon their backs they were fleet as the wind and could outstrip the best horse with a rider. The Mexicans named the leader the "White Devil" and said that Vasquez lived again in his horse.

As the years went by and Vasquez became a memory and his exploits the theme for children's stories, the White Devil (Blanca Diablo)



and it was not until two days afterwards that they were overtaken.

Three of them were surprised in the forest twenty miles east of Roslyn by a posse of thirteen men. A battle ensued but they all managed to escape.

Rewards were posted, \$1,000 by the bank and \$1,000 by the governor. Thiel detective agency put men to work.

When the encounter took place near Roslyn three of their horses were abandoned. Photographs of these animals were taken and sent all over the country.

It was in Gilliam county, Ogn. they were identified as belonging to a gang of thieves of the most desperate character.

Further investigation convinced the officers that the men who committed the robbery were Byron Bernard, Tom Kenzie, Cal Hale, George Zackey and Bill Zackery (copy) all of whom make their rendezvous in the mountains of Gilliam county, and with a number of others have for years kept the law abiding residents of that section terrorized.

They operated not only in eastern Oregon but in Washington and many ranchers attribute the loss of horses and cattle to them.

On Monday morning of last week a posse of 25 determined men from Oregon and Washington gathered at Portland and took the train to The Dalles. Their purpose was to invade the retreat of the Gilliam county bandits and effect their capture. Their plans worked without any material hitch and on Friday Cal Hale, Tom Kenzie and George Zackery were captured before they could offer resistance. Cashier Abernethy identified them as the bank robbers. Bill Zackery, another member of the gang, has been located and it is believed will soon be caught. The only missing man is Byron Bernard and Detective Sullivan thinks he was one of the Pullman car robbers. Others believe he is the man who was wounded by the sheriff's posse and is in hiding waiting for his wounds to heal - Yakima Herald. December 1, 1892.



which was in the mountains near Baker city. As soon as Mr. Snively had secured this information he obtained the transfer of the telegraph operator at Ephrata to another station and had J.H. Feer of this city substituted. Mr. Feer was provided with a cipher and kept Mr. Snively and his associates posted on every move made by Christianson who constantly had a horse under saddle ready for any emergency. He was recognized as a dangerous man.

Of Christianson's two companions, one of them was discharged and the other, Philo Summers keeps the leader company in the county jail at Ellensburg.

Large success was obtained with the Baker city division of the gang, in fact but for the arrest of George McCarty it would have been a fiasco pure and simple. The McCarty's, Tom, Billy and George were the principal ones wanted for the celebrated Walluke, Firefoot and Grape train and bank robbing fame, on whose capture there is more aggregate reward than for any other set of criminals.

They were charged with robbing the Summerville bank, the Enterprise bank of Nevada, various banks in Wyoming and Colorado, stage coaches and trains and Chief of Police J.F. Farley of Denver is now here to assist in their capture for he has positive information of their being the ones who secured \$21,000 from Banker Moffitt of this city.

A large posse was sent after the McCarty's but they were met where at the doors with cocked Winchester and a revolver until Tom and Billy, the leaders, could make their escape. Tom McCarty, when he broke away, was riding a grey horse, carried a Winchester and a revolver and was dressed in a brown suit, square cut; black slouch hat, white shirt without vest and black silk handkerchief around his throat. Billy McCarty was mounted on a sorrel horse with white points.



their rifles only to find that the night latch on the bedroom door had snapped on, locking them out so they could not get the rifles. I believe the fact that door had accidentally locked averted bloodshed. As it was, the officers were overpowered without firing a shot.

The mob tried to cut bars on the prisoners' cells with chisels and when they failed attempted to batter down the bars with a railroad rail but that did not succeed. After numerous attempts to break into the cells the men decided to give up the lynching, put on their coats and started to leave.

A blacksmith in the crowd had taken a chisel and started cutting the hinges on the cell doors and finding that the hinges were giving way to the blows he told the men to wait and they could get the accused murderers out of the jail inside of 20 minutes.

The mob returned to its task with renewed efforts and within a few minutes took the accused men outside and led them up the street. The doomed men were defiant and made no plea that their lives be spared as they were led to their death in the early morning.

They were taken to a place in front of the home of R.B. Wilson then a state representative, where the mob planned to hang them to a telegraph pole. When Wilson appeared and asked that the hanging be executed elsewhere because his wife was sick the mob agreed and took the prisoners to a tree on the property where now stands the Catholic church.

Asked if he had any last statement to make the son requested that his mother be notified of the hanging. The man who pulled the ropes by which the men were hanged offered \$1000 as provided by the stabbed man on his death bed for the man who hanged his slayer. The volunteer hangman refused the money and asked that it be turned over to some charity. It was given to the wife and mother of the

## Yakima Quake 1872

A correspondent at Yakima writes us that that earthquake at that place was quite severe. There were three distinct shocks. The Indians on Rock Island say the mountain at that place rolled down and killed three persons. On the Snoqualmie pass the shock was so hard as to shake a man off his feet. At Yakima City the people rushed out of doors in a great state of alarm, with clubs, revolvers and shot guns thinking the Indians had made a general attack and were tearing up things generally.

-- The Dalles Mountaineer, Jan. 4, 1873



Ellensburg, W.T. March 14, 1885. Ed Farmer.

On Friday morning at one o'clock March 13th, 1885 a mysterious fire began in the back kitchen of the Valley Hotel in Ellensburg, Kittitass valley, Washington Territory and in less than three hours time consumed the largest and best equipped hotel west of the Columbia river and east of the Cascade range, a hotel built to its prominent dimensions through the enterprise and public spirit of George F. French, brother and company and lately owned and claimed in litigation by several parties the chief of whom was Walter A. Bull.

It had recently been run on the European plan with a good restaurant in charge of Frank Forrest and wife who lose all their effects amounting to about \$700 in the culinary department alone not estimating their individual losses of money, clothing and room equipments, economically acquired through incessant and honorable labor.

Much sympathy is expressed for Frank Forrest and wife who are again necessitated to begin anew. They will open a new restaurant in the Mrs. D.J. Schnebly building this week aided by their old patrons and the traveling public.

The office parlors and bedrooms of the Valley Hotel were under the management of the former night watchman and an assistant.

John J. Harbin, a tie maker who it is rumored has a wealthy brother living in California took lodging in the hotel on Thursday night, his room being on the second floor over the kitchen. His charred bones were found next day among the ashes. If he gave any previous alarm no one knows it.

The Greeley family, a dramatic troupe lost money and clothing during the excitement of the fire alarm and their sudden escape from the burning building, and others lost more or less of personal

effects.

The following buildings were also consumed by the spread of the flames:

On the opposite side of the street, north, the blacksmith and wagonmaker shop of Jacob Becker, the oldest building in the town and the pioneer shop. All of the blacksmith tools were burned and loss of building and tools about \$900, no insurance.

The fine saloon building on the hotel block, east, property of the hotel, valued at \$2,000, no insurance.

The contents and fixtures were owned by Walter Keyes, who had \$500 insurance. It was known as the Board of Trade saloon.

The Kittitas Brewery and Beer Depot of John V. Bloomequist in the building owned by Rehmkne Bros and valued at \$700, insured for \$800 \$400.

Adjoining this was the new New England house valued at \$2,000, no insurance and owned by Martin Sautter, a carpenter and contractor..

Adjoining the New England House was the Arcade Chop house and next to it was the North Pacific saloon, both buildings being owned by Jack Lyons fully insured and jointly worth \$1,200.

The saloon was kept in the New England house by Hamlin, who loses lightly on fixtures and bedding.

Loss in all estimated at \$25,000

The morning hours being calm and mild the town was saved from entire destruction of all its business houses. ...Orin.

The Washington Farmer, March 21, 1885.



Stricken Seattle

The Business Quarter of the Queen City of the Sound in Ruins.  
The plucky Seattlites will Rebuild Grander than before--Noble response to the governor's call.

On Thursday afternoon, June 6th, a boiling pot of glue was tipped over in the paint shop of James McGough, at the corner of Front and Madison street, Seattle, starting the fire that swept from existence 64 acres of business blocks with their contents, valued at 15 million dollars. All that portion of the city from Union street, southward for the distance of a mile and from the waterfront eastward for a quarter of a mile is gone. Every building except the Boston block fell a prey to the flames. The wharves are all destroyed excepting three or four smaller ones in the north end of the city. All the principal hotels, including the Occidental, the Brunswick, Arlington and New England; every newspaper excepting the prohibition sheet, the Leader, every bank building the mills, coal bunkers, railroad property and in fact everything burnable within the area mentioned is in ashes.

No news was received here of the disaster until Friday morning and then the reports were so vague that its extent could not be appreciated. About eleven o'clock the following proclamation was received from Mayor Reed:

"The city of Seattle, the pride of Washington, is in ashes. A hurricane of fire swept over the queenly city and she is in ruins. thousands of her citizens are without food or shelter. Nothing can subdue the indomitable spirit of her people. She will rise again. In her desolation she is not suppliant but there are homeless people to be sheltered and hungry ones to be fed. I appeal to the great generous hearted people of this territory, who have generously responded to the cry of distress from Johnstown, to heed this appeal for aid to their own suffering fellow citizens. Subscriptions can be sent to the mayor, Rob

Robert Moran. Miles C. Moore, Governor (May 1900 reference at b3 and b6)  
evident at b3 and b6

In a very short time the members of the council were gotten together and on a petition signed by citizens, a relief fund of \$1000 was voted. Subscription papers were then circulated among the businessmen and enough money additional was subscribed to purchase a farload of flour and several tons of beef, bacon, butter and vegetables which were shipped that day. On receipt of the telgraphic notice of Yakima's contribution, Mayor Moran wired Mayor Reed as follows:

" Your noble response to the tidings of our affliction we can never forget."

The story of the fire as gathered from numerous sources is as follows:

The fire started in the Pontius block, a two story frame building. An alarm was turned in but before the department reached the scene the building was a mass of flames. It was clearly impossible for the building to be saved, but unfortunately it was not realized until much valuable time was lost. Wind was blowing from the southwest and 10:00 when the fire started and though it was comparatively calm when the wind increased in velocity as the time went on.

The flames extended down Front street, taking all the frame buildings between Madison and Marion on the west side of the street. On the opposite side stood Frye's block, a magnificent building four stories high and containing the opera house. It was now seen that it was in danger and attention was directed to it, but too late. There was no force of water and the streams did not reach up to the third story window. At about 3:30 it was seen that the building was irrevocably lost.



About the same time the Commercial mill, to the west of the Pontius block, which had previously been secure from the flames, owing to the direction of the wind, caught fire and the combustible material was in flame in an incredibly short space of time. From Commercial mill the fire extended down, taking in the commission houses along the water front. From Marion street it extended down to Columbia and thence to Cherry. Then came the San Francisco store, the handsome Union block in which Judge Lewis was largely interested the buildings of the Gordan and Seattle Hardware companies and all the fine buildings down to James street. Here the Yesler Leary block succumbed. A strong effort was made to save the Occidental hotel but the odds were too great. From that on clear through Commercial street and down to the bay the course was unimpeded and before many hours had passed by the entire portion of Seattle was nothing but a blackened stretch of ashes and ruins.

After the fire the city was placed under martial law. No liquors were allowed to be sold and the first regiment, N.G.W guarded the city. Tacoma contributed \$20,000; Spokane Falls contributed \$8000, Portland \$10,000 and San Francisco \$10,000 to the relief fund.

The first Seattle paper to reach the Herald after the fire was the Press. The Post -Intelligencer soon followed but both were of diminutive size as every press in the city was destroyed excepting the job presses.

The quarters of the prostitutes on Washington street were cleaned out by the fire. An effort is being made to prevent them from getting a new foothold in the city. Yakima Herald, June 13, 1889.

The Johnstown Disaster. The Greatest Casualty in the History of America--Thousands of Lives Lost and Millions of Property Destroyed.

The most terrible calamity in the history of the country was visited upon the people of Johnstown , Penn., and other smaller towns in that vicinity on Friday, May 31. The town of Johnstown is at the confluence of the Conemaugh and Stone rivers in the Alleghany mountains standing but a few feet above the level of the river and surrounded on all sides by rugged and precipitous country. About seven miles above the town of Johnstown on the Conemaugh river is situated the Lawrence reservoir, built to supply the Pennsylvania railroad canal, but since it has not been used for that purpose, has been looked upon as a summer resort. The lake is three miles long by one mile wide and is 150 feet deep. The lower end of the lake was dammed up by an exceedingly massive stone wall over 100 feet high, measuring 90 feet at the base and 20 feet at the top. At times when the waters have been unusually high, there have been slight overflows that caused the Conemaugh to flood the low lying country, but not sufficiently to cause much damage to property or endanger the lives of the inhabitants. There are two other reservoirs below the lake for the purpose of supplying the city of Johnstown and the towns of Conemaugh, Southfork and Woodsville that are situated on the banks of the river and are also stations along the Pennsylvania railroad. At the confluence of Stony creek with the Conemaugh river the combined waters take the name of Kiskiminites river, which flows into the Alleghany river and eventually into the Mississippi. A freshet in the mountains broke the big dam and the mighty , surging wall of water swept down the valley, carrying death and destruction before it. The population of Johnstown and the surrounding towns in that portion of the valley affected by the flood was from 50,000 to 55,000 and when a rushing torrent 50 feet deep swept down the narrow valley it carried cities and



villages before it like shavings on a mountain stream. The two great forces of fire and water, so often opposed, joined to make the succeeding nights and days a scene of indescribable horror and desolation.

The latest reports make the number of lives lost more than eight thousand while the loss of property is estimated at \$25,000,000. To add to the sickening horrors of the scene, the robbery of the dead seems to have been only too common and quite a number of persons who were engaged in that ghoulisn occupation were summarily dealt with. But against the dark background of the awful calamity many acts of heroism stand out in bright relief. First among the heroes must be placed the unknown man who rode on horseback down the valley to warn people to take to the hills, until he was swept off by the flood. Many other acts were done that make us think better of the race.

At last reports the unidentified dead number upwards of 3500. A thousand men are clearing away the wreckage in search of the missing but the hot sun, pouring down makes the stench unbearable and pneumonis, diptheria and other malignant diseases have made their appearance, adding to the horror of the situation. At this writing the cry is growing to fire the wreckage; that the cause of the living is greater than that of the dead, and in all probability before the Herald reaches its readers this wholesale incineration will have taken place--Yakima Herald, North Yakima, Washington Territory, Thursday, June 13, 1889.