

# YAKIMA DAILY DEMOCRAT

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

VOL. 1.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON, MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 21, 1904

NO. 48

## A HUMAN FEAST

### New Guinea Cannibals Capture British Sailors and Fatten Them For Eating Purposes.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 20.—News of the eating of twenty-five seamen by cannibals on Rock Island, off the coast of New Guinea, was received here today by a friend of Captain Reid, one of the survivors of the British ship Aigburth.

Tonight Thomas Ellis, a member of the crew of the steamer Astrakhan, arrived on that vessel and corroborated the tale. He was one of the seven men who escaped.

The seven reached Long Island, a few miles distant, where they later were taken off by a passing vessel bound for Australia.

While Ellis was a sailor on the British ship Aigburth, the vessel was wrecked by a tornado off the northeast coast of New Guinea. The crew reached the land in boats and were attacked by natives. Captain Reid and three men escaped (because Reid had a rifle, but Ellis and three other sailors were captured).

The captors placed the sailors in a warm, dry hut and gave them plenty of food. It was not until the end of several days that they began to realize the fate in store for them. Good living and little work was having its usual effect and they began to fatten. When they noticed this increase of flesh was appreciated by their captors they realized that the savages intended to have a feast, with sailors as the principal dish.

In the meantime other sailors had also been captured, but by another and more friendly tribe. This tribe offered to effect a rescue. They attacked the cannibals on the day set for the feast. The captors were taken by surprise and soon gave way. Ellis and his three companions were released with the aid of the friendly natives. A port was soon reached.

### Miss Fraser Entertains.

Miss Zelah Fraser gave a very pretty party at her home on north Natches Saturday evening. Card playing and dancing occupied the happy moments. Miss Hazel Williams and Harold Sampson were the prize winners. A menu was served consisting of oyster patties, olives, almonds, pickles, ice cream, cake and coffee. Those present were: Misses Mable Burlingame, Ida Sharkey, Edna Walker, Agnes Vanderarder, Hazel Williams, Marjorie Krutz, Helen Kinsey, Marion Whitson, Gladys Diteman, Nora Cox, Annie Erwin, Alma Lesa, and Carl Snaw, Ernest Pentz, Arthur Caseres, David Johnson, Arthur Baker, Herman Hatfield, Victor Hill, Emmet Brown, Willard Selleck, Lawrence Hays, Harold Sampson, Percy Greene.

## WAS HORSEWHIPPED

### Noted Kansas Editor Publicly Whipped at Topeka by an Injured Woman.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sunday, Nov. 20.—William Allen White, editor of The Emporia Gazette and one of the best known authors, was horsewhipped near his office yesterday afternoon by Mrs. Della Moffert, the divorced wife of Dr. L. A. Moffert, whom White has severely criticized in recent editions of his newspaper. White was witnessed by several Emporia people. The whipping administered to people, among them William Martindale.

It is said that Mrs. Moffert and the woman who was with her when the whipping occurred had been waiting several days to meet White on the street.

The stories of the affair differ. No report of it reached the public from Emporia last night. Today, however, the Emporia Republican, a rival newspaper, gathered up the facts to print a story, and White printed his version.

One report says that the attack on White is the result of a number of stories about Emporia women which have been printed in The Gazette and which are resented by the women.

This account says that White, who weighs more than 200 pounds, found hard work escaping the blows of the woman with the whip.

### Played a Short Engagement.

A young man giving his name as Connor strolled into town the other day and announcing himself as an experienced lineman was given employment by the Prosser Electric Co. Tuesday he was sent to the home of E. B. Williamson to do some wiring. Mr. Connor did the wiring all right and left the house. So, also, at the same time did a diamond ring and several other trifling articles of value, Mr. Connor considerably leaving a gold watch and chain lying untouched on the dresser. Later in the day the articles were missed and officers were put on the trail of Mr. Connor, who was found wrapped in the arms of Morpheus in one of the saloons. He was arrested and taken to jail, where he admitted taking the jewelry and incidentally added that he had it in his possession. A search of his person corroborated this statement. It was all found upon him. Wednesday morning he was tried, found guilty of petit larceny, and sentenced by Justice Wilgus to 33 days in the county jail, to which place he was taken by Deputy McNeil.—Prosser Record.

### Idaho Gets Second Prize.

BOISE, Idaho, Nov. 19.—News has been received from St. Louis that the Idaho agricultural exhibit has been awarded the grand prize at the exhibition.

## RUSSIAN WOMEN FUGITIVES

### Women Flee From Russia in a Starving Condition.

BERLIN, Nov. 19.—Over the Russian border of Prussia and Austria, the stream of reserist fugitives continues to pour. It has lately been joined through the stopping of the Polish factories, by thousands of women out of work, who have been offered situations in the Alsatian weaving mills. The Russian authorities, however, fearing to spread the truth about the people's condition, have refused permission to these unfortunates to emigrate. Many of these women, whose husbands are fighting in Manchuria, are now wandering through the forests and uninhabited lands in a starving condition. They arrive across the border in pitiable plight, and if captured, are imprisoned.

These fugitives are received in a friendly manner by the German population, and are not interfered with by the Prussian police, who, however, do not shrink from delivering over the reserist fugitives to Russia and to prosecute Prussian subjects that help them to escape.

### ROBBERS HOLD UP CIRCUS.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 19.—The pay wagon of Forepaugh & Sells Bros. circus was robbed of \$30,000 today at Tarboro, N. C. Every effort is being made by the circus people and the authorities of the town to apprehend the robbers and several arrests have been made, but no trace of the money has yet been found. The circus played in Greenville yesterday and arrived in Tarboro this morning over the Atlantic coast line. The pay wagon had been broken into and robbed during the transit or shortly after 5 o'clock in the morning, and efforts were at once taken to capture the thieves. Every man connected with the show was searched and put under surveillance. Several were locked up on suspicion, some of whom have been released.

You and your friends are cordially invited to the Christian Science Lecture this evening at the Yakima Theater. Admission Free.

### R. R. TICKET CAN OUTLAW.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, Nov. 19.—A decision as to the life of a railroad ticket which is attracting a great deal of attention, has just been rendered in favor of the Southern Pacific Company by the Civil Court of Appeals at San Antonio, Tex. The court has just decided that a railroad ticket, which is not used within a reasonable time after its issuance, is barred by the statute of limitation the same as a promissory note.

The case arose out of the sale of a ticket by the Southern Pacific on April 29, 1885. The ticket was for a trip from Houston to San Antonio. The man who bought it died without using it. Fifteen years after it was sold, late in 1899, it was offered to a Southern Pacific conductor. The latter refused to accept it and the man refused to pay his fare and was ejected. There was nothing irregular in the ticket or its purchase and transfer.

### RETIRE WITH THE YEAR.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Nov. 19.—Pension Commissioner Ware is to retire January 1. This announcement was made today by Secretary Hitchcock.

A. B. Wilcox came up from Toppenish Saturday and spent the day in town.

**The Orpheum**  
NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.  
The Orpheum Stock Company presenting tonight the Beautiful Two-Act Society Comedy  
"Stubborn Louise"  
Illustrated Song  
"Jennie Lee"  
Moving Pictures  
"Hero of the Battle of Liao-Yang"  
Thursday night  
Amateur Performances

## SHAKHE RIVER FIGHT

### Sharp Artillery Duel—Tokio Advice Say Russians Were Repulsed.

TOKIO, Nov. 20.—(1 p. m.)—Increasing activity along the Shakhe river seems to indicate the imminence of another great battle.

The Russian feints, evidently intended to draw a Japanese attack, are uniformly repulsed.

Army headquarters yesterday received the following report from Field Marshal Oyama, dated November 18:

"At dawn today a detachment of the enemy made an attack near Hsinglung-tun. They were repulsed by us."

"Since this morning the enemy in the vicinity of Shakhe village have indirectly bombarded our positions with mortars and field pieces. They have effected no damage."

"A body of the enemy's infantry was discovered at Hsiangya and Hsiaoyanzu. We shelled them and they fled in confusion to a neighboring village."

"The enemy have burnt Huanglashedzu and villages to the southeast of the right bank of the river Hun."

### HEAVY STORM ON COAST

#### Wind Blew at a Velocity of 100 Miles an Hour Along North Pacific Coast.

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 20.—A great storm is raging along the Pacific coast from British Columbia to the California line. Reports received by the Associated Press from many localities, even far inland, tell of the great velocity of the wind and of heavy rainstorms. In some places the wind attained a speed of 100 miles an hour, and few points report less than 85 miles an hour. At the mouth of the Columbia river the wind blew 90 miles an hour, churning the ocean into a foam and roughening the sea so that shipping was completely tied up, commanders fearing to risk their vessels in attempting to cross the bar. Like conditions are reported from all long the coast, vessels being stormbound at every port on the British Columbia, Washington and Oregon coasts.

The only marine disaster involving great loss of life and property that had been reported up to midnight was the San Francisco barkentine Makaweli, lumber laden from Tacoma for Mazatlan, Mexico, being lost on the west coast of Vancouver island, with all on board.

Mariners express the opinion that the disaster to the Makaweli will not be the only one recorded as the result of the great storm that has been raging along the northern coast for the past few days and that further reports of marine disasters will be received before the storm spends itself.

### BRECKENRIDGE IS DEAD.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 20.—Col. W. C. P. Breckenridge died last night. He was kept alive this afternoon and evening by vigorous applications of salt solution and oxygen. His doctors, however, had given up all hope hours before his dissolution.

William Campbell Preston Breckenridge was the son of Rev. Robert Breckenridge, and was born in Baltimore, August 28, 1837. His entrance into the arena of the Civil War was made as captain, and soon after he became colonel of the Ninth Kentucky cavalry regiment.

From 1884 to 1895 he represented the Seventh Kentucky District in the House of Representatives, being defeated for the renomination in 1894, following a court scandal in which he figured.

Col. Breckenridge was an orator of recognized ability and had a host of friends in and out of Congress.

### Turkeys On the Market.

The meat shops will open this morning with a full line of turkeys retailing at 20 cents per pound, dressed.

## REPORTS NOT CONFIRMED

### St. Petersburg Looks for Big Battle but Mukden Says There is Nothing Doing.

ST. PETERSBURG, Nov. 20. 1:40 a. m.—In the absence of official advises, press telegrams are regarded as evidence that important developments are in progress in Manchuria, and it is not improbable that a general engagement is going on. The war office is without details of the artillery duel in progress on the Shakhe river yesterday.

MUKDEN, Nov. 20.—Positive information received here contradicts previous reports and says the Japanese have decided not to begin a serious operation on Mukden before a definite result at Port Arthur, either a fall of the fortress or a necessity for the Japanese to bring up reinforcements from Japan and commence the arduous work of the campaign. Until then they intend to confine themselves merely to holding the Russians in check.

Opinions are divided regarding the possibility of the intention of the Japanese making a flanking operation. The desultory cannonading today did not signify anything.

In the absence of all reliable news the expectations regarding Port Arthur being captured have so far subsided that the possibility of making a stand against time at the Golden Hill and Tiger's Tail forts is discussed.

Officers who have just arrived here from the extreme right say that the fighting which has commenced there shows that the Japanese apparently are figuring on attacking both the Russians flanks in turn.

### VANDERBILT TO BE A DIPLOMAT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 20.—Cornelius Vanderbilt is to be appointed first secretary of the American embassy at Berlin. It is generally believed that this is but the first step on the road to a higher place in the diplomatic service. The appointment will bring Mr. Vanderbilt and his wife, who was Miss Grace Wilson, into closer social relations with the German court, where both were always welcome, having been frequently entertained by Kaiser Wilhelm and the empress. Mrs. Vanderbilt was distinguished during the visit of Prince Henry, three years ago, as being the only American hostess whose formal dinner invitation he and his suite accepted.

### May Make Extensions of Canal.

J. L. Murray, assistant land commissioner of the state, was in the city Saturday a short time. He came over to make a few corrections in the filings of the state selection of land in eastern Yakima county in accordance with the decision of Commissioner Richards of the interior department. Mr. Murray spoke very encouragingly of the Sunnyside canal extension project. He said that unless something unforeseen should intervene to block the way of the state there will be no question about the canal extension. If Secretary Hitchcock approves the land commissioner's action and signs the contract between the federal government and state of Washington the project will go through unquestionably, is the opinion of Mr. Murray.

A large scope of barren land, covering in all about 55,000 acres will be brought under cultivation by the extension of the Sunnyside canal.

Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Blake returned to their home in Portland Sunday after a weeks visit with Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Barnes.

## WILSON TEO IS CHARGED

### With the Murder of Emma Parker on the Yakima Reservation and is Now Lodged Behind Prison Bars.

As a sequel to the Daily Democrat's exclusive story of the murder of an Indian woman on the Yakima reservation last Monday night, November 14, Wilson Teo, an allotted Indian is charged with the crime and is now behind the bars of the county jail awaiting a preliminary hearing.

The murder was committed during a drunken row at a dance given at Teo's house. Developments in the case may implicate others.

The woman who was murdered, Emma Parker, was taken to Fort Simcoe by her husband and buried. The remains were exhumed, however, and brought to Toppenish for Coroner Frank to examine. The bullet had entered the woman's chin and came out above the right ear. Coroner Frank made out a complaint against Wilson Teo charging him with being responsible for the death of the victim. He was placed under arrest by Sheriff Grant.

Owing to the great number of witnesses who will necessarily be subpoenaed it may be several days before a hearing in the case will occur.

### Football Thanksgiving Day.

The Yakima high school football team and the Sunnyside eleven will play on the local gridiron next Thursday afternoon, Thanksgiving day. The Sunnyside team is a strong aggregation and will put up a first class exhibition of this favorite college game.

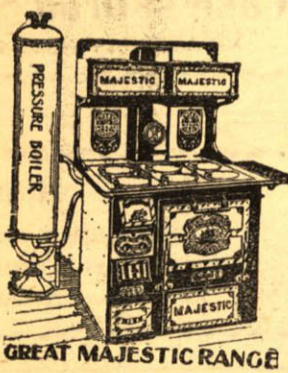
The two teams have previously played a match game with the result of a tie score, and next Thursday afternoon will find the two opposing elevens in the best of condition and with their best players, to decide the championship. A good crowd should turn out to see the game. Thirty-two thousand people saw Yale defeat Harvard Saturday. Now, the high school boys will be greatly pleased, and so will Sunnyside, if there are as many as thirty-two hundred people turn out on Thanksgiving day to witness the hardest fought foot ball battle central Washington will ever hear of. Following is Yakima's lineup: Huxtable, center; Pentz, quarterback; Dudley, fullback; Arendt, left half; Caeseres, right half; Jones, right guard; Strausz, left guard; Darr right tackle; Hauser, left tackle; Grover Green, right end; Earl Green, left end.

### Canvassing the Vote.

All of the detail has not yet been completed in canvassing the vote of Yakima county. It will be wound up today, however, The Daily Democrat expects to furnish its readers with the complete tabulated returns.

The total number of votes cast in Yakima county on November 8, last, was 5,054. In 1902 the total vote of the county numbered 3,125. Therefore, within the past two years the vote has increased 1929, and based upon these figures the population has jumped in two years from 15,625 to 25,270 or a gain of 9,645 in inhabitants. This is not such a poor showing.

Senator George H. Baker of Goldendale was in the city Saturday night and Sunday the guest of W. H. Hare. Senator Baker expressed the opinion while here that Charles Sweeney of Spokane would be elected U. S. Senator at Olympia this winter.



## 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 costs? How hard it is to keep clean? How much it improves the Cooking Quality of the Range?

## The Majestic Manufacturers

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

## Yakima Hardware Co. Sole Agts

### HOME GROWN TREES

## Yakima Valley Nursery

INGALLS & CAMPBELL, Props.

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

Address R. D. No. 4

### We've caught The Public

Taste. The phenomenal sale of our

## Gingerale

and Ironbrew Prove their popularity. Hundreds of homes have these beverages on their sideboard

### The year round Have You?

## Yakima Bottling Works

TELEPHONE 1931

WE have bought the entire stock of Sheet Music, Musical Instruments and Supplies of the Yakima Music company. We offer any piece of popular music at

10 Cents.

The McKinley edition, 5c per copy  
The Century edition, 5c per copy

Folios, 20% off.

Methods, 20% off.

We can save you money on anything in the line of Instruments or Supplies. A choice stock of Musical Instruments at 10 per cent off regular price. Full line of Strings and Repairs. Full line of High Grade Pianos and Organs. We carry the Chickering, Kimball, Hobart M. Cable, Pease and D. S. Johnson & Co. Pianos at prices that are right.

### See Our \$5 OUTFIT

Violin or Mandolin including case and instruction book

## THOMPSON MUSIC CO.

15 N. Second St.

## The Yakima Daily Democrat

By J. D. Medill

North Yakima, Washington

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### AS TO COUNTY DIVISION.

We are indebted to Saturday's edition of the Republic for the information that the leading citizens of Prosser, whose spokesman Col. Boardman appears to be, have another proposition to bring before the coming legislature to divide Yakima county. Col. Boardman says that he has taken the pains to interview twenty-five or thirty business men of North Yakima and is happy to find that there is no longer any opposition prevailing in the county seat to the Prosser idea. The proposed line of demarcation, he says, is just below the town of Sunnyside, which would leave the most of that excellent community in Yakima county. Representative Hare is said to be friendly to the scheme, providing, of course, that no serious opposition develops in North Yakima and the genial "Doc," let it be remembered, was intensely hostile to the same proposal. Even the phlegmatic and obstinate Col. Robertson is represented as assenting to the deal. Everything now appears to be lovely among the hitherto warring brethren and the goose hangs high. The county will be divided this time, saith the local prophets and we suppose that they ought to know.

The Democrat has been aware of the fact since before the late election that there was a deal on foot to divide the county. It is needless to state that the returns from Prosser, wherein that precinct gave the redoubtable Hare about seven times the number of votes that it did two years ago, and surrounding precincts doing nearly as well, rather gave the snap away. The amusing feature of the situation is that Hare's friends during the campaign were working just as zealously at this end of the line, using the argument that "Doc" could be relied upon in the event of his election, to defeat county division in any form, just as he did do in the legislature two years ago. It seems to have been clearly a case of working both ends against the middle.

The Democrat dwells on these facts, not in a spirit of prejudice, but with the feeling that the people, especially the people who pay taxes, should know the situation and they have a right to know it, no matter what the politicians say. Heretofore the prevailing sentiment against county division has been overwhelming when it came to a showdown and there is no evidence to show that there is any different feeling on the subject now. Perhaps there is, but a majority of the taxpayers will have to "be shown."

This paper has no desire to interfere with the legitimate plans of the people of Prosser to help along the growth of that enterprising little city. Yet, we doubt if there is or ever has been any considerable sentiment in favor of division outside of that town. In fact it is notorious that several communities that would be embraced in the proposed new county are bitterly opposed to division at this time and to include these people into a new county without their consent would be a gross violation of the basic principles of self-government. Then, too, there are other interests to consider, the paramount consideration being the effect that division would have in the matter of taxes. That county division would increase taxes is an inevitable conclusion, and the Good Lord knows taxes are ruinously high now in the county, so high in fact that hundreds of intending investors have been scared out when told the tax rate.

Yakima county is yet merely in the embryonic stage. Conditions are not yet fixed by a long ways. A new transportation system for the valley, now under serious consideration and likely to be built within two years, may and doubtless will change the situation very materially. Better wait a little while, gentlemen, before you rush this thing through.

### A PARTY WITHOUT A LEADER.

That Charles Sweeney (the millionaire mining man of Spokane) is preparing to put up a hard and strong fight for Foster's Senatorial toga is now a generally accepted fact among the politicians.

Mr. Sweeney heretofore has not taken what could be called a leading part in politics, as his time for years has been almost entirely occupied in the pursuit of wealth in which he seems to have been so successful that he is now credited with a fortune estimated at \$10,000,000. That he is now in a position to make a senatorial fight can readily be believed.

Sweeney, until the last year or two was regarded as the financial sponsor of John L. Wilson, the standing candi-

date. Latterly, however, Mr. Sweeney seems to have coveted the toga for himself. The first hint of this was given to the public a few months ago when Mr. Sweeney confessed to a newspaper reporter that he would like to be a senator, "because," said he, "it would be a nice thing for my family." About the same kind of reasoning that induced Levi Ankeny to fight so long and so bitterly until he had won a toga.

It is quite plain that John L. Wilson now regards his former patron as the chief obstacle in the way of his own deep laid plans to go back to the Senate. This is obvious from the fact that the ex-Senator's paper, the P.-L., loses no opportunity to cast a slur at the Sweeney candidacy. Gratitude for past favors cuts no ice in the Wilson program.

Sweeney is apparently backed in his fight by the O. R. & N. and Standard Oil interests. George Stevenson, the notorious lobbyist and political representative of the O. R. & N. railway is said to be the manager of Sweeney's campaign. Stevenson is the most astute political worker in the state in his line and the fact that he landed Ankeny two years ago gives him prestige in a senatorial fight. Backed with a heavy sack he is a power that is feared by the other candidates.

So far as known Sweeney has nothing to recommend him for the Senatorship aside from his sack. His nearest friends do not claim for him that he knows anything of statesmanship or that he even knows much, if anything about politics. He is merely a shrewd and lucky mining man, who expects to go to the Senate because he has the "dough."

The Republican party of this state, to say the least is unfortunate in its leadership. Truth to tell it has never had a leader worthy of the name since statehood began. The nearest approach to a real leader was the late John B. Allen, still, Allen failed woefully when it came to a real test. The party in this state for fifteen years has been in the hands mainly of pot house politicians, a part of whom are actuated mainly with the desire to secure high places for themselves, while others are interested mainly in making money out of the game. Really able and conscientious men who have aspired to leadership in that party in the past have been ruthlessly turned down by the smaller class, aided largely, of course, by the liberal use of corporation money. As examples of this, men like George Turner, Henry McBride and Harold Preston have stood no show whatever. Men with money or corporation pull, usually both, get the honors. In this fact lives the hope of the Sweeney candidacy.

It is really a pitiable condition of affairs, but a majority of the voters of the state seem to like rotten politics and to demand a continuance of the present regime.

### THE TIGER TURNS.

The Oregonian is generally more outspoken in expressing its real sentiments than are any of the railroad papers of this state. The "Thunderer," as it is frequently called, has been crowing a good deal over the late railroad victory in this state and in its overweening joy at the result is brutally frank enough to say:

"It is fun to hunt the tiger, but when the tiger hunts you—well, what happens then is a matter of history from the beginning of time. For years the McCroskeys, Andersons, Smiths and their numerous brotherhood of wheat kings have been hunting the railroad tiger in the state of Washington. They have been aided in the chase by as select a lot of unscrupulous politicians as ever disgraced any commonwealth, and also by a few anarchistic-populist-tax-dodging newspapers, like the Spokesman-Review. But the tiger has turned, and now promises to do some hunting on his own account. It is practically a certainty that the drastic political railroad commission issue, which has kept the state of Washington in a turmoil for the past four years, went down and out with the defeat of George Turner and the entire ticket which he headed."

"In lieu of this disturbing issue, the railroads are said to be planning a tax commission bill, which is intended to round up all kinds of tax-dodgers. The remarkable growth of the state of Washington in both city and country has never been reflected in the tax rolls. Men have become immensely wealthy from wheat growing, and have invested their profits in stocks, bonds and mortgages, only an infinitesimal proportion of which appears on the tax rolls, while the land that produced this wealth is assessed at very small figures. McCroskey, of Whitman who has fought the railroads harder than any man in eastern Washington, offers a good example of what may be accomplished by an honest measure that will reach all classes of tax-dodgers. The broad acres of the McCroskey farms reach well down into the town of Garfield, and some of them have recently been sold at prices ranging from \$133 per acre to \$175 per acre; but on the assessment roll the valuation of this land is placed at \$10 per acre."

### BOARDMAN'S CONVERSION.

The genial and versatile Col. Boardman while a resident of this city entertained very positive views in relation to the undesirability of county division. Now, the colonel being a resident of the metropolis of "Riverside," is very much in favor of "division" and in fact is the chief spokesman of the "Prosser idea."

There is scarcely a parallel in history for this remarkable conversion of Editor Boardman if we except the Biblical story of Saul of old, who saw a light and concluded to join the church. The Prosser idea must be something more than a mere sentiment, a hankering for a court house. It must be a disease.

Now that the senatorial campaign is on in earnest, John L. Wilson has become an extremely ardent advocate of the "appointive, regulative railway commission" idea, for, be it known, eastern Washington has a large block of republican legislative votes which Mr. Wilson needs in his business. Here is a recent utterance from Mr. Wilson's Seattle Post-Intelligencer:

"A republican legislature has been elected. To that legislature will be entrusted the task of creating an appointive, regulative railway commission that will completely divorce the railroads and legislative grafters."

This utterance sounds strangely when contrasted with what the same paper said on May 12 last, when seeking to justify the conduct of the Tacoma convention, which nominated Albert E. Mead for governor. On that occasion the Post-Intelligencer declared:

"At last the republican party of this state has had the courage of its convictions, and has frankly and honestly relegated the whole irrelevant plank on a railroad commission to the woodpile."

"Politician" in Spokesman-Review.

The Portland Oregonian, commenting on Charles Sweeney's candidacy for the United States senate, says:

"The announcement that Mr. Sweeney will be a candidate for United States senator in Washington will excite much interest in Portland. It's all right. We can't expect Mr. Sweeney to invest all his money here."

Judge Turner's plurality over Mead in Spokane county is 2977. This is a splendid vindication of Judge Turner by his home county, considering that Spokane gave Roosevelt a plurality over Parker of nearly 8000.

The canvass of the Stevens county vote shows that Martin Maloney, Democratic candidate for re-election to the legislature has scraped through with a plurality of eight votes. It is hard to down a good man.

### BRYAN, THE INEVITABLE LEADER.

The lesson of the election is obvious. Oil and water will not mix, neither will democracy and plutocracy. The party cannot stand for the people and for the enemies of the people at the same time. It cannot win by imitating republican policies. It cannot gain strength or recruits by retreating. It cannot arouse enthusiasm by selecting leaders who have been wearing republican uniforms. It cannot afford to abandon its aggressiveness in order to gain the hollow reputation of being "safe and sane." It cannot retain the confidence of democrats by bidding for the support of republicans.

Will the party profit by the lesson? It has been disastrously defeated but not annihilated. It can be rallied and it has the man to do it. The logic of events has made him the natural leader. He possesses the confidence of the rank and file. He has kept the faith and fought the good fight. He has been consistent, honest and loyal. Events have proved the wisdom of his advice. The people love him for the enemies he has made. The men who opposed his leadership have been repudiated at the polls. Inspired by his call the democrats will close up their ranks and again advance against the foe. He will be found in the thickest of the fight, and will never send out a flag of truce. He stands today head and shoulders above any man in the party, the truest exponent of the principles of Jefferson, Jackson and Lincoln; the ablest defender of the constitution and the ideals of the founders of the republic; the most fearless champion of the rights of the common people, the highest and best type of American citizenship. William J. Bryan, peerless orator, able statesman, greatest living democrat.

If the party will now turn to him, adopt his ideas, cease bidding for trust support, abandon any further attempt to placate the reorganizers, make an aggressive fight for "equal rights to all, special privileges to none," and nominate candidates whom the people know to be in sympathy with this doctrine, then the lesson of 1904 will not have been in vain.

Real democrats are sick and tired of having to waste their energies in making a fight every four years against half-breed republicans to hold the party in line for democratic principles. Rather than do it again they will abandon the name and organize under a new one.

The re-organizers almost wrecked the party by their leadership from 1892 to 1896. They knifed it from 1896 to 1900.

They led it to disastrous defeat in 1904. They should never again be entrusted with the command. To win the democratic party must be democratic. There is no room for two republican parties. Now is the time to purge the temple of democracy of the last taint of plutocracy, and unless it is done quickly and thoroughly, real democrats will begin to look for another political home.—Colfax Commoner.

### JOHN L. HAS A BUM SALOON.

This is a realistic description of John L. Sullivan's bar in St. Louis.

It is situated in a locality where gaunt hunger stalks red-eyed and grim, where the denizens wear shoes that are not mates, where doped hats and ragged clothing predominate, where there is filth and grime, and where human life is held at a very low price.

Truly hath the mighty fallen. Sullen and bleak-eyed the once champion of the world of pugilism sits in a chair at one end of the bar and holds his court. His subjects are the outcasts of the city. Crime and dissipation have left their imprint upon him. They tremble at sight of a policeman and their faces are familiar ones at the Four Courts.

Surrounded by such courtiers, John L. sits, bulky and swollen and sour, and looks distressingly unpleasant. One can hardly blame him, for it would take a cheerful person indeed who could manufacture a smile under the circumstances.

But John L. does not own the joint. He simply has a job and gets so much per for his services. The real proprietor is a foxy guy. His salon is a great barn-like structure near the corner of Sixth and Market streets. It is one square from the place of the late Tom Allen, the same distance from the bar of Dannie Daly, the ex-bantam champion, keeps, and is in a neighborhood of prize-fighting saloons. The patrons are accustomed to the scrap, and black eyes, bruised faces and generally disfigured countenances are to be seen on every hand.

The counter in the Sullivan bar stretches half way through the place, and at the far end sits John L. with his massive stomach in his lap and his hands on his knees. He is placed in this position so a patron cannot slip in and see the big fellow without at least buying a beer. The visitor must run the gauntlet of the baleful glance from the eyes of a half dozen as tough-looking barkeepers as one could dig out of an ashpit in a week. The casual patron is handed a cabbage cigar and the man behind the counter gives him such a cruel, unkind glance that he just hates to ask for his change.—N. Y. American.

### FOR THOSE WHO THINK.

Don't dally with your purpose. Character is the poor man's capital. Men call their own carelessness and inactivity fate.

The lucky man is the one who grasps his opportunity.

The largest room in the world is the room for self improvement.

We get out of life just what we put into it. The world has for us just what we have for it.

Don't brood over the past or dream of the future, but use the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

Stock taking every day is a great aid to advancement. Stop and add yourself up at the close of each day and see if you have anything to carry over. If you have nothing but ciphers to carry over something is wrong somewhere.—Success.

### Perished in Pursuit of Prey.

Among the curiosities of the Northampton (England) museum there is none more interesting than a glass case containing a smoked cat. In her lifetime puss was a respected resident in a hotel in the town and certainly paid for her keep by proficiency in mousing. One day, however, she disappeared—was searched for, lamented, forgotten—till years after a workman repairing a chimney in the hotel threw a sudden light on the mystery of her fate. She was discovered standing in an angle of the brickwork just as she now appears in the glass case, and clinched in each front paw was a smoked, dried mouse. Flying for their lives up the broad chimney, the mouse had led the way not only to death, but to unexpected immortality.

### Dickens' School Pets.

When Charles Dickens was a boy at Wellington House academy it was the secret pride of the students there that they owned more white mice, red polli and linnets than any other set of boys within their ken. These were kept in hat boxes, drawers and even in the school desks. A small but very accomplished mouse which lived in the corner of a Latin dictionary in Dickens' desk and could draw Roman chariots, fire paper muskets and scale pasteboard ladders fell at last into an overfull ink pot and lost both its white coat and its life. Dickens nevertheless won a prize for his Latin.

### The Absurdity of It.

Mrs. Skrapp—It seems to me to be so ridiculous to refer to a tugboat as "she." Mr. Skrapp—That's so; tugboats do actually accomplish some good in the world.

Mrs. Skrapp—Yes, and they puff and blow about it so.—Philadelphia Press.

### Under Water.

"What was the trouble?"

"He couldn't swim."

"What has that to do with his failure?"

"He got into a company where the stock was all water."—Exchange.

## 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 with drawing 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 from left to right, then th-r-r-r-r-r-r from right to left. Now stillness, now a distant grown, 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 these 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-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!"

"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 would 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.

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## THE INTERRUPTED FLIGHT

By S. L. TINSLEY

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"Tomorrow then at the latest, but it would be worth a thousand dollars more to you if you could leave on the midnight train."

Mr. Factore took up the roll of papers and started toward the door.

"If you change your mind so that you can manage to leave tonight, why, call me up, will you?"

Mr. Franklin Thickerton, who was opening and closing the drawers of his desk, turned around hastily.

"Yes, yes, I'll see, my boy, I'll see!"

Pierce Factore nodded his head, and was about to leave the room when Mr. Thickerton whirled around suddenly in his chair, with an expression of dismay upon his thin, smooth face.

"Eloise! What will I do with Eloise?"

Pierce Factore uttered an exclamation of impatience.

"Marry her to some one!" exclaimed Factore in exasperation, hardly knowing what he was saying. To his amazement Mr. Thickerton seized upon his idea with delight.

"By George, the very thing! Glad you thought of it. I'll attend to it at once. Perhaps, after all, I'll be able to leave on the midnight express." Then, whirling his chair around, Mr. Thickerton applied himself to work.

Having finished his letters, Mr. Thickerton hurriedly rang the bell and then impatiently awaited the arrival of his daughter, Eloise. Eloise Thickerton was a tall, slim girl, with a pale face, large gray eyes and short, curly, light brown hair. When she entered the room in answer to her father's summons, she looked about her with a frightened expression. A summons from papa meant something extra.

Mr. Thickerton was always too busy to say more than good morning or good night to his daughter. When Eloise had closed the door, her father began speaking.

"My dear, I must leave at once for Russia on business. I may be gone months, and I may be gone years."

Eloise grasped her father's arm in surprise.

"Papa!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, I must go at once. This deal means much money for me. Therefore I have sent for you to tell you that you are to be married at once—this evening by 8 o'clock at the latest. That is all, my dear. You run away. I am busy, very busy!"

Poor Eloise! The room swam before her eyes. She sank into a chair, because she could not trust herself to stand.

"Papa, dear—dear papa, what do you mean?"

Her voice was so pitiful that even her busy father found time to turn around and look at her.

"There, there, my dear, don't fret; it will soon all be over."

Eloise shuddered. "Papa, dear, you don't mean it, do you? You're just teasing me, aren't you?"

She clasped her hands. He did not look at her, but shook his head and drummed nervously upon the desk.

"There, there, my dear, run away now and don't bother me. I am very busy. But remember, be ready by 8."

Eloise walked sadly toward the door. Then she hesitated and looked back timidly at her father.

"Whom am I going to marry, papa?"

Franklin Thickerton did not understand his daughter's question, and he was too busy to ask her to repeat it. So he answered absently, "Never mind, my dear, never mind."

Eloise silently left the room.

One hour later Franklin Thickerton was sitting in Judge Wilton's office. The judge listened while Mr. Thickerton talked. The conversation concerned Judge Wilton's son.

"You have always favored a marriage between Eloise and Harry. As I start for Russia tonight and have no one with whom I could leave my daughter, why not let us have the marriage performed this evening? What do you say?"

The lawyer looked at the judge.

"What does Eloise say?" replied the judge.

"She will do what I say."

"Very well, Harry shall be on hand at 8 o'clock tonight."

The two men shook hands, and Lawyer Thickerton hurried away to make the final arrangements for his journey.

At a quarter before 8 o'clock the Thickerton household was in a state of excitement. Eloise was missing. The housekeeper was weeping in the sitting room. The lawyer had locked himself in the library. The servants were huddled together whispering in the kitchen.

Eloise had left the house an hour before, and her father had expected her to return in a few moments. She had not returned, and the housekeeper had found a note in her room addressed to Mr. Thickerton.

This note informed the lawyer that his daughter would not be married that night. She had gone away and would never again trouble her father's business arrangements. She expressed the hope that he would be successful with his Russian business transaction, then she bade him goodby.

When Eloise's father had read this note he seated himself before his desk and for fully ten minutes opened and closed the drawers in rapid succession. He seemed to be searching for something—perhaps Eloise. At this moment the door swung open, and Judge Wilton hurried into the room, his face pale, his hands working with excitement.

"Thickerton," he cried when he had

gained control of his voice, "my son has gone!"

Franklin Thickerton looked at the judge as, though he had never before seen him. "So has my daughter!"

Eloise Thickerton looked around the waiting room of the depot, a frightened expression in her large gray eyes. She held her muff tightly in both hands and watched the people coming from and going to the ticket windows. Eloise had not fully made up her mind just where she wanted to go.

When Harry Wilton, carrying his satchel, came into the waiting room, the first person he saw was Eloise Thickerton. The young man looked at her in amazement, then he slowly drew out his watch; it was 8 o'clock. Of course she must be looking for himself. Poor girl, the idea of being deserted was intolerable to her. Walking quickly across to Eloise's side, Harry touched her lightly upon the arm. The girl gave a little startled cry.

"Oh, Mr. Wilton, I'm so nervous. I—I—really am so glad to see you. I want you to buy me a ticket, will you?"

Harry was bewildered.

"Going away, did you say? Why, I understand that you—you—were to be married this evening. Why doesn't your—your husband buy the ticket?"

Eloise flushed scarlet. She turned her face away and looked across the room, then out into the train shed, where bells were ringing, smoke puffing and whistles screaming. Mr. Wilton was waiting for her answer. When she again turned her face toward him, Harry saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"I couldn't do it," she whispered. "I couldn't marry that horrid little Mr. Glade. Perhaps he is nice. Perhaps papa meant well, but he's old and, well—I hated him. So I just determined to run away."

Young Wilton was staring at the girl in silent amazement. "Why," he stammered, "why, when did your father change his mind? When did he tell you that you must marry that man, that Mr. Glade?"

"Papa never told me whom I was to marry. He said 'never mind' when I tried to question him, but I know that it was to be Mr. Glade. I know because he always looks at me so funny, and then he was invited to breakfast, and to lunch, and to dinner today. Anyway, who else could it possibly be? No one else would marry just poor, plain me!"

For a moment Harry Wilton was silent; then, drawing a step nearer, he looked down into his companion's face.

"Mr. Glade was not to be your husband. I was to be the man."

"You?"

"Yes, but when the time came I couldn't do it. I felt that I was being forced upon you, and—well, I just decided to leave you in peace and go away!"

"You?" Eloise repeated. "Why, I never thought that you cared about me!"

"Yes, I cared so much that I could not bear to hurt you. I supposed, of course, your father told you."

"No," Eloise fingered her bon nervously. "No; if he had perhaps I might have."

"Yes," Harry drew closer to the girl's side.

Her cheeks were flushed and she dared not raise her eyes to the young man's face, for she knew that he was looking at her. When she again spoke her voice trembled.

"What are we—that is—I mean, what are you?" But Eloise did not finish her speech. Her voice suddenly failed and she hid her face in her muff.

Nevertheless Harry Wilton understood her meaning. A moment later and he had settled her future.

"I am going to be married tonight," Eloise lifted her face. "Are you?" she whispered. "Who to?"

"You?"

"Me?"

"Yes." And together they walked toward the ticket window.

A Bet With a Sting.

"I had a friend," said a congressman to a group of listeners, "who was a cotton planter near New Orleans. One evening he boarded a Mississippi river steamboat bound north. Becoming lonesome, my friend began looking for a little game of draw. He was not long in finding it and sat in. He lost from the start, and as the game progressed the stakes kept getting higher.

"About 4 o'clock in the morning my friend began to realize that his chances of getting even with that game were slim, when just then the steamboat whistle blew loud and long. The planter pushed his chair back from the table and said:

"Gentlemen, I have played in this hyar game all night. I have lost and have nothing to say on that account, but I'll bet \$100 that I can holler louder than the whistle on this boat."

"The stakes were put up and one of the gamblers hastened to the engineer and bribed him to put on all the steam possible. The party repaired to the deck. The whistle was blown. The planter yelled, but his voice was not heard.

"Gentlemen," said the victim of the poker sharks, "in this hyar yellin' contest I lost my money fair and square, but I had a better chance to win than I had in that pokah game I sat in all night."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Not to Her Taste.

"Do you care much for Lamb?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle as she took a seat in the sumptuous library and picked up a fine edition of the "Last Essays of Elia."

"No," replied her hostess; "to tell the truth, I don't. Josiah does, but give me a good beefsteak any time."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## CURTAIN CALLS.

The Code in Germany Differs From That in This Country.

"There is an unwritten code of etiquette among actors in regard to curtain calls that appears to differ widely in different countries," says a St. Louis man.

"A friend of mine was recently telling me about the custom that obtains in this respect in certain theaters and opera houses in German cities, and from what he says it is exactly the reverse of what it is here. Over there the star or leading player takes the first curtain call alone. If there is a second curtain call the star and associate player of the opposite sex appear together on the stage to respond to it, and should a third call from the audience be given the entire company appears in answer to it. The customs of our stage generally reverse this procedure. Among us the first curtain call is responded to by the entire company, the second by three or four or five of the principal players, the third by the leading man and woman alone, and then if there are more by the star or leading player.

"This is of course dealing with the subject in a general way and considering the circumstances as those which may ordinarily obtain. Where two or three players only are concerned in the scene that brings the applause, why, naturally the other members of the company would have no part in the responses."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## STRONG ON CULTURE.

Polish and Erudition of a Notorious New York Character.

Tom Gould, the notorious New York politician, saloon keeper and all round crook, was a man of great physical strength. One of his favorite feats was to back under a piano and then rise, lifting it off its feet. He was once asked to a reception at the house of a member of the Four Hundred who was then in politics and wished for Gould's support. It is alleged that on being introduced to the ladies on this occasion Mr. Gould broke an embarrassing silence by observing:

"Ladies, I'll bet \$100 I kin lift the planner," which he then proceeded to do.

Another incident related of Tom Gould indicates that he was strong on culture. On one occasion he had left the Sans Souci earlier than usual, and the next day on meeting his nephew, whom he left in charge, he said:

"Well, did anything happen after I left last night?"

"Nothin' much," replied the nephew, "exceptin' there was a couple of fellers came in about 1 o'clock and kicked up a row, and we 'run 'em out."

"How many times have I got to tell you how to speak English?" demanded Gould impatiently. "Don't say 'run 'em out.' Say 't'rowed 'em out.'"

## A Rainy Day Costume.

The Japanese woman has solved the question of the rainy day. She tucks her robes up to her knees, puts on wooden clogs five or six inches high, and as her stockings are merely short socks the wet and the splashing only fall on bare ankles and legs. There is in consequence very little difficulty about the after cleaning, and the kimono is not marred by mud colored stains that will not come out. This custom may seem a trifle queer, but as no one in Japan notices it or even thinks about it and the little ladies do it quite naturally it is really not more queer than the custom which our ladies have of wearing décollete dresses in the evening, which the Japanese in turn think most queer, if not actually uncivilized. It is the old question of east and west.—London Tatler.

## Wasn't to Be Fooled by a Sign.

An old fellow from one of Portland's most remote suburbs, while passing a certain hardware store in that city the other day, noticed a sign which read, "Cast Iron Sinks." The old fellow chuckled softly to himself; then, gradually, as the absurdity of it dawned upon him more forcibly, he broke into a loud guffaw. A passerby, attracted by the apparently unseemly mirth of the old man, made bold to ask what amused him so. "Why, gol darn it," he sputtered between spasms, "ef some folkses air not gettin' ter be reglar durn folks. The idee uv hangin' up er sign tellin' people that 'cast iron sinks.'"—Lewiston Journal.

## Keep Your Temper.

The unwritten laws both of society and good manners are innumerable, but there is one that we cannot pass over in silence, and that is—never lose your temper. This applies especially when playing games. To lose one's temper in private is unpardonable. But to do so in public is unpardonable. It is a crime which no hostess can forgive, for it makes all the other guests feel uncomfortable and disturbs that outward calm which is the essence of all good society.

## Self Possession.

Without a tremor Mrs. Highmore preceded leisurely to open the black bordered letter. "If there were any bad news," she said, "it would have come by telegraph. It must be that something has happened to Mr. Highmore's rich uncle."—Chicago Tribune.

## Out Loud.

"Where's papa, Johnny?" "He's upstairs asleep." "Were you upstairs, dear?" "No, ma'am."

"Then how do you know he's asleep?" "I heard him doing it. He's sleeping out loud."

The belle of ancient India wore her hair tied by a jeweled band two or three inches back of her head and then braided into an enormous ball.

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## A DOG OF UTILITY.

The Pointer's Evolution From the Bloodhound Type.

The evolution of the pointer from what may be described as the bloodhound type to the modern English foxhound kind has taken, perhaps, close on 150 years. He is essentially, above all others, a dog of utility, and as the pointer has always been looked upon as one of the chief helpmates of the man who loves to take his pleasure behind a well broken brace of dogs, a pair of barrels and straight powder, it stands to reason that that man has called in all his ingenuity and all his knowledge of breeding to provide himself with a sporting dog that is best adapted for the sport that is provided for him. Therefore in some places in America, where the plains are so vast, a very fast and wide ranging pointer is required—one, too, with "bird sense."

Where true ranging, a good nose and stanchness on game are to be found embodied in one single dog, there, perhaps, have we found the perfect animal, and a retrieving pointer at that.

As in other breeds of dogs, there are all sizes and sorts of pointers. The short headed, cloddy shouldered and often weak thighed and cow hocked pointer has gone by the board. It stands to reason that, although the cart horse can gallop, he cannot gallop with the thoroughbred, the clean necked, oblique shouldered, deep hammed, live racing machine. Half a day of real going will knock up the heavy headed, loose throated pointer. He has had to give way to the more elegant quantity; but even such as he should not be too small.—Illustrated Sporting News.

## Evergreens.

The leaves of a green plant are chiefly useful as feeding organs, which utilize sunlight in building up plant substance from water, carbonic acid gas and simple salts. Deciduous forms and evergreens have been evolved on different lines as regards foliage.

On the approach of autumn the former withdraw all nutritious substances into their trunks and branches. A layer of cork is then developed across the base of each leaf, which afterward falls off, leaving a neatly covered scar, which excludes air and germs.

These changes do not take place in evergreens, for these possess tough, leathery leaves capable of resisting frost, which are shed gradually all the year round as they become old and effete. Such plants use sunlight year out, year in, while deciduous trees and shrubs do during the warm season only, though they work very vigorously in summer, getting ready the buds which open the next spring and storing up starch and the like to serve as food till the new leaves are unfolded and ready for work.

## BRUTAL COLT TRAINING.

How Farmer Perkins Used Strategy and a Bull Whip.

There is a right way and a wrong way of breaking a colt to halter. The latter method is described by Sewell Ford in "Horses Nine." Blue Blazes the colt in the story, was owned by a Michigan farmer. He had been frightened by the first attempt to bridle him and had broken away. He was promptly declared to be a vicious colt.

"We'll tame him!" said Farmer Perkins. Under his coat he hid a stout halter and a heavy bull whip. Then holding a grain measure temptingly before him, he climbed the pasture fence.

In the measure were oats, which he rattled seductively. Also he called mildly and persuasively. Blue Blazes was suspicious. Four times he allowed the farmer to come almost within reaching distance, only to turn and bolt with a snort of alarm just at the crucial moment. At last he concluded that he must have just one taste of those oats.

"Come, coltie! Nice coltie!" cooed the man in a strained but conciliating voice.

Blue Blazes planted himself for a sudden whirl, stretched his neck as far as possible and worked his upper lip inquiringly. The smell of the oats lured him on. Hardly had he touched his nose to the grain before the measure was dropped, and he found himself roughly grabbed by the forelock. In a moment he saw the hated straps and ropes. Before he could break away the halter was around his neck and buckled firmly.

Farmer Perkins changed his tone. "Now, you ugly little brute, I've got you! [Jerk.] Blast your wicked hide! [Slash.] You will, will you? [Yank.] I'll larn you!" [Slash.]

Man and colt were almost exhausted when the "lesson" was finished. It left Blue Blazes ridged with welts, trembling, fright sickened. Never again would he trust himself within reach of those men; no, not if they offered him a whole bushel of oats.

Good Watch Stands Hard Knocks.

"The knocks a good watch may be subjected to and yet come out uninjured are most remarkable," said the jeweler as he attached his glass to one eye and peered into the workings of a timepiece. "This watch is supposed to have fallen a distance of more than a hundred feet, and I can detect not the slightest disorder. A few days ago a countryman brought a watch to me which he wished examined. He had lost it in a field, and it had lain out there, exposed to the elements, for six weeks, part of the time being submerged in water. It was in perfect condition, not even a speck of rust in the case."—Columbus Dispatch.

## What the White House Is.

To the American people the White House represents the personality of the president of the United States. To the politician the magic words may stand for the goal of an ambition too often associated with the deepest and most poignant disappointment, while to the historian the name may typify decisions that have marked epochs in the affairs of nations. In the mind of the people, however, the official character of the building has always been subordinate to its domestic uses. Popularly speaking, the White House is the place not where the president works, but where he entertains.—Charles Moore in Century.

## A Mistake Somewhere.

"Is it true, Miss Gertie," he said "that there are just two things a woman will jump at—a conclusion and a mouse?"

"No," she answered; "there is a third, Mr. Philip."

After thinking the matter over a few moments he tremblingly made her an offer, but she didn't jump at it. He was not the right man.

## Not Appreciated.

Hjens—It certainly seems to me that a man like Bjackson, who has worked hard all his life and brought up a family of sixteen children, deserves a great deal of credit.

Bjones—No doubt. But he can't have it at the stores.—Somerville Journal.

When you have eaten one apple dumpling, you feel like another. Wait a little, and the desire will disappear.—Schoonmester.

## Animals' Love of Sweets.

This love of sweets is very common in our animal neighbors, from the bee to the horse. If you want to please a horse try giving him two or three lumps of sugar. Not only the bees, but the wasps, flies, butterflies and indeed nearly all insects, are conspicuously attracted to sweets, and it is this sweet tooth which leads the insect to visit flowers and thus help them to produce seeds.—St. Nicholas.

## Thought.

"But you can't make a machine that will think."

"No," replied the inventor, "and I wouldn't if I could—if I thought it would think as some people do."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A bad memory often enables us to remember the things we should forget.

"When something is very difficult to understand," said the distinguished professor of biology, "it is called science; when it is impossible, it is called philosophy."

20 PER CENT OFF

20 PER CENT OFF

SAVE THE 20 PER CENT

How's Your Blankets and Comforts

IT'S GETTING COLD. A pair of our long nap Pendleton Fleece Wool Blankets are full of cozy warmth and good cheer—solid comfort.

There's no long nights full of shivers and that tired feeling in the morning, when using the Sanitary guaranteed Pendleton Blankets.

Until Dec. 1st Will Sell Blankets at 20 per ct. Off

**LOMBARD & HORSLEY FURNITURE CO.**  
HOUSE FURNISHERS

## LOCAL AND PERSONAL

T. E. Ridgway was in town Saturday from Parker Bottom.

M. N. Knuppenberg of Spokane was registered at the Pacific Sunday.

W. N. Granger of Zillah came up Saturday to transact business in this city.

A. W. Douglass and Charles Wescott of Zillah were business visitors to this city Saturday.

F. S. Jackson of Ellensburg spent a few days here last week returning on Sunday morning.

Mrs. F. E. Craig of Ellensburg is visiting for several days with Mrs. J. T. Foster of this city.

Mrs. Joseph Ponti of Prosser and Mrs. Nellie Roberts of Kiona spent Saturday in the city shopping.

Mr. and Mrs. Jonas Hillyer spent Sunday in this city with Mrs. Hillyer's mother, Mrs. Bivens.

P. A. Bounds left here last night for Pendleton, Ore., to be gone a week or ten days on some business matters.

Joe Meloy will be given a hearing this morning at 10 o'clock before Justice Taggard, for the alleged cutting with a knife, of H. F. Renn, during a personal difficulty between the two men.

Oh! Oh!! Oh, My!!!

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure

DON'T WAIT TOO LONG

An Awful Toothache

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



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

**Yakima Dental Parlors**  
Rooms 14 to 17, Sloan Building

Libby cut glass at Keene's. 40tf

Paul Kruger went to Kennewick Sunday on business.

H. A. Webber, late Republican candidate for sheriff, is preparing to open a meat market in Sunnyside, according to the Sun.

Mrs. F. J. Lemon left here Sunday afternoon for Toppensh to spend a short visit with her son Dr. Frank Lemon and his wife.

Fred Cleveland has begun the erection of a 12 room house on his lots at the corner of Yakima avenue and Seventh street.

Robert Hamilton, the well known sheep man from Kittitas came down from Ellensburg Sunday afternoon and is in the city today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Nichols who reside at Parker arrived here Saturday from a visit in Tacoma. They brought back with them a little son which was born to them in Tacoma on October 21st.

Mrs. Mary Ann Terryberry, sister of Mrs. Sarah Foster, of 516 south Second street, arrived here Saturday afternoon from Connecticut on a long visit to the latter. They have not seen each other for 30 years and Mrs. Terryberry's arrival was a complete surprise.

George Vance returned from the Sound Sunday afternoon. He went over with A. N. Short Friday morning as a guard in charge of prisoners for McNeill's Island. Mr. Vance said that when he left Tacoma the rain was pouring; when he reached the summit snow had fallen 28 inches; but when he struck the Yakima valley the warm sunshine looked just like home.

## Girls to Play Ellensburg.

The Yakima high school girls basketball team will leave here next Friday afternoon for Ellensburg to play the state Normal team that evening in the "Windy City." A good crowd of rooters will accompany the team.

The Ellensburg girls have made arrangements to entertain the visitors and the game will be followed by a dance. Yakima succeeded in defeating the Normal team last week in this city and they are going in to duplicate the previous feat with strong determination. The following are names of those who compose the team: Leah Lampson, captain and center; Coral Doust, guard; Clementine Prior, guard; Aline White forward; Emma Cornwell, forward; Georgia Carpenter, substitute.

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

## Sunnyside Notes.

Elza Dean returned yesterday from Tacoma and Seattle, where he had been for the past week on railroad business.

Walter N. Granger and George P. Eaton were in town last night attending a meeting of the directors of the Sunnyside railroad.

N. J. Carpenter of North Yakima will assist in Henderson's drug store while Mr. Henderson is away on his annual hunt.

Miss Fay Collins of Indiana arrived Sunday and is now the guest of her sister, Mrs. John E. Fisher. She will remain and accompany Mrs. Fisher and children back to their former home in that state.

At the meeting Tuesday the organization of the Sunnyside Creamery association was perfected and the following officers elected: S. J. Harrison, president; J. H. Newkirk, secretary; S. H. Miller, treasurer; O. L. Smith, manager. It was decided to operate a pasteurizing plant and isopose of the cream to the Hazelwood company—at last for a limited time—and temporary quarters will be secured for the plant in the Wakefield building. Steps were also taken to purchase cows and let the same out to patrons on contract.

Drainage operations in district No. 1 have been progressing very satisfactorily. The main ditch is very nearly completed from Fred Allen's to the point where the Washington Irrigation company meets it. The commissioners expect to receive soon the Tjossem ditcher, and work of laying the covered boxes will be begun. This box, or flume, will be 20 inches in diameter each way on the inside, open at the bottom and will be buried to an average depth of five feet. The branches will be smaller.—Sun.

## Adjudged Insane.

John Yount, a man who says his age is 24, but who looks to be 30, was adjudged insane by a board of medical examiners Sunday afternoon, and last night Sheriff Grant and Deputy Jack Kauffman left with him for the Medical Lake asylum. He has been a resident of the Sunnyside country for some time. His particular form of insanity was termed by the examining physicians to be "melancholia."

If you want to buy something you don't see, if you want to sell anything, if you want help or if you want employment try an "ad" in The Daily Democrat.

School Fund Apportioned.  
County School Superintendent Dickey has apportioned the school fund of Yakima county among the various districts throughout the county upon a basis pro rata according to the attendance. The amount received from the state was \$4,660.18 and from the county \$199.72, giving a total of \$4,859.90, distributed as follows:

Dist. No. 1	\$ 36.78
Dist. No. 2	66.59
Dist. No. 3	21.30
Dist. No. 4	49.53
Dist. No. 5	48.52
Dist. No. 6	103.99
Dist. No. 7	1901.31
Dist. No. 8	20.23
Dist. No. 9	29.01
Dist. No. 10	30.03
Dist. No. 16	233.41
Dist. No. 17	102.40
Dist. No. 18	15.47
Dist. No. 21	26.09
Dist. No. 25	47.44
Dist. No. 26	35.14
Dist. No. 27	39.29
Dist. No. 28	112.36
Dist. No. 31	64.56
Dist. No. 32	115.20
Dist. No. 33	31.07
Dist. No. 34	91.14
Dist. No. 36	43.38
Dist. No. 37	52.38
Dist. No. 39	134.11
Dist. No. 40	38.17
Dist. No. 43	27.75
Dist. No. 45	20.96
Dist. No. 49	112.23
Dist. No. 50	45.82
Dist. No. 51	86.16
Dist. No. 52	22.65
Dist. No. 54	60.65
Dist. No. 55	16.29
Dist. No. 56	72.04
Dist. No. 58	44.84
Dist. No. 59	28.87
Dist. No. 63	380.30

All the rest of the districts received \$14.60 each.

## Further Operation Necessary.

James Curtiss who resides up the Natches, the young man who least fall had his leg broken and afterwards amputated above the knee, will have to submit to another operation upon the same limb. He has gone to the hospital in Tacoma and Dr. Bean, formerly of Ellensburg, will amputate the leg, taking it off this time close to the hip. Dr. Bean has a state reputation as a fine surgeon.

## 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.	12½c @ 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

All kinds of fresh fish, Olympia and Blue Point oysters can be had now at Puget Sound Fish Market. Phone No. 625. 14-tf

Plum pudding, glazed nuts and fruits and latest novelties for Thanksgiving made only at Johnson's Candy Factory. 46-3t

## Notice to Fruitgrowers.

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

J. M. Brown,  
Secretary.

Don't let the traveling fakir sell you a watch at two prices. Its being done. Buy at Keene's. 40tf

## CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

## WANTED

Fat geese and turkeys at the Ice Plant to freeze for the holidays. 48-5t

## FOR SALE

Twenty acres of improved land in the Natches, 8 miles from town. Cheap and on easy terms.  
DAVID LONGBON,  
R. D. No. 3. 43tf.

## 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 get knocked out of one plan you want to get 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 lilies lifted their tall heads by the margins of streams and rivers.—Edinburgh Review.

## Limited Desire.

The Sunday school class was singing "I Want to Be an Angel," and the teacher said to one little fellow, "Why don't you sing louder, Johnny?"

"I'm singing just as loud as I want to be an angel," answered the incorrigible Johnny.

Advertise your wants in The Daily Democrat's classified "Ad" column. It brings results.

## Inland

## Commercial Company

## DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries

FRUITS A SPECIALTY

DENVER BLOCK

WEST YAKIMA AVENUE.

## We do

the BEST WORK and at a more reasonable price than any other

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in the city. GIVE US A CALL and be convinced.

J. B. Williams

113 South Second Street

Near New Post Office

## J. M. PERRY &amp; CO.

Wholesale

## Fruit and Produce

Hay, Potatoes and Apples a specialty.

## Fruit Growers Supplies

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

Warehouse on N. P. Track  
Opposite N. P. Depot

## New Meat Market

123 N. Front St.

ALL KINDS OF FRESH MEATS AND FISH, BEST PRICES PAID

FOR HOGS, POULTRY AND GAME.

W. M. DAVERN, Prop.



## TIME CARD

OF TRAINS

NORTH YAKIMA.

\*Daily †Daily except Sunday.

WESTBOUND ARRIVE. DEPART  
No. 1—North Coast Limited via Seattle... \*2:27 p m | \*2:37 p m  
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... \*6:00 a m | \*6:00 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... \*6:45 a m | \*11:15 a m

Get Permit at Ticket Office for Trains 57 and 58.

## VESTIBULE TRAINS—DINING CARS

## PULLMAN FIRST-CLASS

## TOURIST SLEEPING CARS

M. S. MEYER, Agt. | A. D. Charlton, A North Yakima, Wn. | G. P. A., Portland

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THOMAS LUND, Prop.

Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

Finest Sample Room in Central Washington.

Sole agents for Seattle Brewing and Malting Co's., "RAINIER BEER"

Corner Yakima Ave., and Front Street. OPPOSITE DEPOT. Phone 131.

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Licensed Embalmers, with Yakim Furniture Company, corner 3rd St. and Yakima Ave., opposite Hotel Yakima.

Day 'Phone 484

Night 'Phone 591.

Calls attended day or night. Lady assistant. Shipping a specialty. We have the only White Hearse in the city. Elegant Hearse Teams and Carriages.

## THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF NORTH YAKIMA.

W. E. Ladd, President.  
Chas. Carpenter, Vice Pres.  
W. I. Steinweg, Cashier.  
A. B. Cline, Asst. Cashier.

Directors—W. M. Ladd, Charles Carpenter, Henry B. Scudder, W. B. Dudley and W. L. Steinweg.

Capital..... \$50,000.00  
Surplus..... \$80,00.00

A General Banking Business Done  
Savings Department. Interest credited semi-annually. Foreign Exchange bought and sold.

## YAKIMA NATIONAL BANK

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

George Donald..... President  
L. L. Thory..... Vice President  
J. D. Cornett..... Cashier  
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Capital..... \$50,000  
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Transacts a general banking business. Foreign and Domestic Exchange. We solicit correspondence.

## HOTEL YAKIMA BAR

Best Liquors &amp; Cigars in City

Yakima Hotel Building.

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