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The largest irrigated district
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YAKIMA VALLEY

The Washington Irrigation Company offers for sale, lands suited to the production of high grade crops of diversified character, comprising fruits, grasses, hops, vegetables and garden truck of all kinds. A country of intensive farming and beautiful homes.

Raw land \$60 to \$90 an acre
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Furniture and
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**Cook Stoves,
Ranges and
Heaters.**

Headquarters for
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Goods.**

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Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

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J. M. HAWKINS, - - - PROPRIETOR.

Wines, liquors and cigars. Only
first class goods handled

Whiskies and wines for medical
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possible prices. Kennewick, Wn.

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Front street,
KENNEWICK.

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Of all kinds.

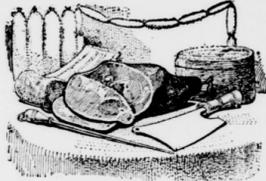
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Always on hand.

Sylvester & Roseman, - Props.

Kennewick Market



WILLIAM DIRCKSEN, - Prop.

Fresh Meats of kinds—Pork, Sausage, Veal, Mutton, Etc.
Poultry, Eggs and Fresh Vegetables.
Fresh Fish every Friday.

Second Street, Kennewick.

The Kennewick Club,

C. C. Powell, - - - - - Proprietor.

Cigars Tobaccos, Candies Fruits
and Soft Drinks. Ice cream and soda water in season.
All the popular magazines and periodicals always on hand.

Fine Billiard and Pool Tables.

KENNEWICK, WASH.

MY LOVER'S A ROVER

My lover's a rover; he roams the world
over;

He fears not a whit all the tricks of
the sea.

His heart is aye burning new lands to
discover.

New dangers to brave and new faces
to see.

With a kiss on the cheek, or a slap on
the shoulder,

He greets all the maids and the men
he may meet.

All burdens seem lighter, all spirits grow
bolder

When Dick is heard whistling his tune
down the street.

I sit at my window and dream in the
gloom,

When Dick's far away and 'tis lonely
am I;

But my heart follows, too, where my
lover is roaming.

Though I seem to be watching the folk
passing by.

Oh, my lover's a rover, he roams the
world over

(The sail-whitened harbor is all I can
see)—

God grant you fair winds and bright
fortune, my lover—

And may the next ship bring a letter
to me!

My heart's a bit weary of roaming and
roaming,

I long for a rest—but a wild bird is
he!

Though lovers may wander, true mates
must be homing;

I am proud of my Dick—but the poor
heart of me!

—Boston Transcript.

Her One Accomplishment

OLD MR. BROWN stood in his
private office, with his back to
the fire and his coat-tails bal-
anced on either hand. He was a bald-
headed old gentleman with a ruddy
complexion, keen, black eyes, and leg-
of-mutton whiskers which were white
as snow.

And Miss Nelly Torrance sat look-
ing at him timidly from the depths of
her big armchair in which he had
beckoned her to seat herself.

"So you are my Cousin Adrian's
daughter?" said he, after a long
pause.

"Yes," said Nelly, wondering what
was in all those mysterious tin boxes,
and whether the monster iron safe
was full of gold and silver pieces.

"And you want something to do?"

"Yes, please."

"Humph!" said Mr. Brown.

Nelly glanced shyly up into his face.

"But," she added with some spirit,

"I am not asking for charity. I am
willing to work."

"You mean you would like to daub
canvas, or sew yellow sunflowers on
green plush screens," satirically ob-
served the old gentleman. "I don't
call that work."

"Nor I, either," retorted Nelly.

"Then what do you mean?" said Mr.
Brown.

"I mean that I shall be glad to do
any sort of honest work by means of
which I can earn my own living."

"Humph!" again interjected Mr.
Brown. "Can you cook?"

"Yes," Nelly answered.

"I don't believe it."

"But I can."

"Very well," said Mr. Brown, releas-
ing his coat-tails and sitting down at
his desk, as if the question were defi-
nitely disposed of. "My cook went
away this morning. I haven't engaged
any one in her place. You may come
this afternoon, and see what you can
do for me."

Mr. Brown fully expected that his
young cousin would recoil indignantly
from his proposal, but she did nothing
of the sort. She simply said, "Yes,
Cousin John," and asked for his private
address.

"Mind you're punctual," said he, as
he handed her the penciled card.

"I am always punctual," calmly re-
torted Nelly.

Mr. Brown watched her out of the
office with a quizzical twinkle in the
corner of his eye.

"She won't come," he said to him-
self. "I've seen the last of my fine
relative."

Nelly Torrance went home to a little
second-floor room, the cheapest the
widow and her daughters could find.

Mrs. Adrian Torrance was dressed
in black. She was a fair, delicate
piece of human china, who had been
like the lilies of the field in that she
"toiled not, neither did she spin."

Lucetta, the elder daughter, was trying,
unsuccessfully enough, to trim a black
crepe bonnet, by the window.

They had come up from the country
at Lucetta's suggestion, to appeal in
their poverty, to this rich cousin of
the dead father and husband, but none
of them anticipated any very satisfactory
results from the experiment.

"These rich people are always miser-
ly," said Miss Lucetta.

"And I've understood," sighed the
gentle little widow, "that he was not
pleased when Adrian married me."

"Well?" cried Mrs. Torrance, eager-
ly, as Nelly entered.

"What does he say?" questioned Lu-
cetta, dropping the folds of crepe
which she was vainly endeavoring to
fashion into what the fashion-plate
called an "oblong bow."

"I have seen him," said Nelly, un-
tying her bonnet-strings, "and I'm go-
ing to his house in Grandover Park
this afternoon."

"You don't mean," cried Mrs. Tor-
rance, with a spasmodic catching of
her breath, "that he is going to adopt
you?"

"Not in the least," said Nelly. "Now,
mamma, don't jump at conclusions.
Just hear my plain, unvarnished tale.

I went to Cousin John. I told him I
wanted something to do. He asked
me whether I could cook. Then he
told me that his cook was gone, and
asked me whether I would come to his
house this afternoon, and take her
place."

"And you?" gasped Mrs. Torrance.
"I said yes, of course."

"Eleanor," cried Lucetta, "I am
scandalized by your conduct! Yes, per-
fectly scandalized! You will do noth-
ing of the sort."

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Torrance,
developing hysterical symptoms. "If
your Cousin Brown intends to im-
pose on us—"

"But he doesn't," pleaded Nelly.
"He intended the offer in good faith,
and I accepted it in the same spirit."

"You surely do not mean to de-
grade yourself," cried Lucetta, "by
turning—cook—for any living man?"

"I don't see," argued Nelly, "that it
is any more degrading to cook for
Cousin John than it would be to em-
broider slippers for him, or to read
the newspapers aloud to him of an
evening."

"Eleanor never had any proper
pride," said Mrs. Torrance wringing
her hands.

"Never!" echoed Lucetta.

"And," added Nelly, "my cousin
would have every reason to believe me
an impostor if I told him I wanted
work and then refused the offer he
made. It will be useless for you to
remonstrate, Lucetta, and I hope mam-
ma will not place any obstacles in my
way, for I am quite determined to go
to Grandover Park this afternoon."

It was 6 o'clock exactly when Mr.
Brown let himself into his house with
the latch-key which always depended
from his watch-chain. The gas-jet
burned softly behind the rose-colored
shade in the hall, and the fire clicked
cheerily in the grate of the parlor be-
yond.

"Humph!" he muttered; "she hasn't
come. Thought so! There is no such
thing as a practical woman nowa-
days."

At the same moment a light, white-
aproned little figure came out of
the dining-room beyond, and Nelly Tor-
rance's voice uttered the words:

"Dinner is ready, Cousin John."

The old man smiled. He had a
pleasant expression on his face when
he smiled, and Nelly wondered that
she had not noticed what a handsome
man he was.

"Oh," said he; "you did come,
then?"

"I always keep my engagements,"
said Nelly. "Punctuality is the soul
of business, isn't it, Cousin John? At
least, that's what I used to write in
my copy-books."

Mr. Brown patted her hand as she
helped him with his overcoat.

"You are a good girl," said he.

And in his secret mind he deter-
mined to put up with any deficiencies
in the cooking of a girl who had such
excellent business principles. But to his
infinite amazement there were no de-
ficiencies to overlook. He ate and re-
lished and wondered by turns.

"My dear," said he at last, when the
cloth was removed, "all is very nice.
I'll concede you are a tip-top house-
keeper. But, of course, you ordered
all of this from Monerato's restau-
rant?"

"But of course I didn't, Cousin
Brown," said Nelly, decidedly. "I
cooked it myself."

Mr. Brown closed his eyes, and made
a hasty calculation. His life had been
"worried out of him," to use a com-
mon expression, by capricious house-
keepers, inefficient cooks and untrain-
ed servants. At last here was a gate-
way out of all his tribulations.

"My dear," he said, "I should like
to have you come and live here."

"As a cook, Cousin Brown?"

"No; as my adopted daughter and
housekeeper. I need some one to take
the helm of my affairs."

"But my mother," hesitated Eleanor,
"and my sister, Lucetta."

"Let them come, too, there's plenty
of room in the house. Can they cook,
too?"

"No, Cousin Brown," confessed
Nelly.

"Well, perhaps it's just as well,"
said Mr. Brown; "there can't be more
than one head to the household."

So the Torrance family found a com-
fortable refuge for the soles of their
feet, and Nelly's despised accomplish-
ment proved the sword wherewith she
opened the world's oyster. Lucetta
sighed, and wondered why she too had
not taken cooking lessons.

"Nelly is the old man's favorite,"
said she. "He'll leave her his money
when he dies. And all because she ac-
cepted the ridiculous offer of turning
cook for a living!"

Mr. Brown, however, looked at the
matter in a different light. He said:
"Nelly is not like the typical young
lady, so lazy to work and too proud
to beg. She does with her might
whatever her hands find to do."
—Woman's Journal.

It Was No Dispute.

While Senator Pettus was strolling
around the plantation of a friend in
Alabama he came upon one of the old
field hands engaged in a violent alter-
cation with his wife.

"Come, come!" exclaimed he. "This
won't do—this quarrel must cease
right away! Tell me the cause of your
dispute; I may be able to settle it for
you."

The dusky husband, awkwardly dof-
fing his cap to the Senator, replied:
"Dis ain't no dispute, Senator."

"No dispute!" reiterated Mr. Pettus,
perplexed.

"No, sah," rejoined the darky con-
vincingly. "It ain't no dispute. It jest
dis way. I see jest been paid off an' has
\$10. My wife heah she thinks she ain't
gunner git it, an' I know she ain't. No
dispute at all, sah!"

IDAHO NEWS.

It is not improbable now that the ex-
tension of the Spokane & Inland to
Lewiston is under consideration.

John McKenna, a rancor in Fourth
of July canyon above Cataldo, died
last evening from the drinking of wood
alcohol by mistake.

"Portland Whitey," who was ar-
rested at Coeur d'Alene, charged with
the robbing of the postoffice at Wal-
lace, will be given a lively examina-
tion.

After being confined in the hospital
for several months, L. N. O'Dell, the
aeronaut who fell about 150 feet from
a balloon at Wallace last March when
he and V. Middlekauf were giving a
double ascension, which resulted in the
death of the latter, has left the insti-
tution.

The Heyburn oratorical contest be-
tween the students of the University
of Idaho was won by Thomas R. Jones
of Wardner. The Heyburn prize for
oratory consists of \$20 in cash, and is
given by Senator W. B. Heyburn to
the student representing one of the
two debating societies organized from
among the students.

YANKEE SHIP IS LOST.

Russia Says She Knows Nothing of
the Steamer.

St. Petersburg, May 31.—Nothing is
known at the admiralty of the report-
ed sinking of an unknown American
steamer off Formosa by Vice Admiral
Rojestvensky. It is recognized at the
admiralty as quite possible that Roj-
stvensky may have been compelled
by military necessity to destroy a neu-
tral. If he feared that to allow it to
proceed and report the whereabouts
and direction of the Russian fleet,
would endanger his strategic plan, he
had no other alternative except to take
off the crew and sink the ship. Such
an incident is unfortunate, but every
naval officer must admit that the risk
in such a crisis is too great to take
any chances. If this ship was un-
justifiably sunk from the standpoint
of international law Russia, of course,
will have to foot the bills; but any
cost is cheap if it furthered Roj-
stvensky's mission.

SPOKANE.

Wholesale Produce Prices.

Potatoes, \$1.10 cwt; onions, Aus-
tralian, \$6.25 cwt; cabbage, \$2.50 cwt;
asparagus, 6@7c lb; rhubarb, 2½@3c
lb; oranges, 33@35c case; California
strawberries, \$1.75 crate; local straw-
berries, \$4.50 crate; California cher-
ries, \$2 box; Snake river cherries,
\$1.50 box; Newton Pippins, \$1.50@
2.25 box; best apples, \$2.25 box; Ben
Davis, 50@70c box; navel oranges,
\$3.25@3.50 box; radishes, 25c dozen
bunches; peas, 10c lb.

Wholesale Feed Prices.

Bran, \$13 ton; bran and shorts, \$19;
straight shorts, \$20; white shorts,
\$21; corn, \$1.35@1.40 cwt; whole corn
\$1.30 cwt; timothy hay, \$14 ton; al-
falfa hay \$11 ton; oil meal, \$2 cwt;
grain hay, \$12@13 ton; rolled barley,
\$1.25@1.30 cwt.

Prices Paid to Producers.

Vegetables and Fruits—Potatoes,
55c cwt; apples, 75c@1.50 box; sec-
ond grade, 75c@1 box; Ben Davis
apples, 40c box.

Live Stock—Steers, \$3.85@4 cwt;
sheep, 33@35 cwt; hogs, \$5.50 cwt;
veal, \$7 cwt.

Poultry and Eggs—Chickens, hens,
13c lb live weight; roosters, 8c lb live
weight; geese, 11c lb live weight; tur-
keys, 18c lb live weight; ducks, 12c
lb live weight; eggs, \$5.75@6 case.

Creamery Products, f. o. b. Spokane
—First grade creamery butter fat,
20½c lb.

Hay and Grain—Timothy, \$11@12
ton; alfalfa, \$9.50 ton; oats, \$1.30@
1.35 cwt.

If a man never speaks harshly to his
wife he is either considerate or cau-
tious.

May Graze All This Year.
Grazing regulations will not be ap-
plied this season on forest reserves
created since May 1. The season is
well advanced and all stock which
was occupying the range at the time
of the creation of the reserve, or which
was grazed thereon during the past
season, will be allowed to graze dur-
ing the season of 1905, with the un-
derstanding that such reduction in
numbers as may be found necessary
will be made in the allowance for the
season of 1906.

To Hunt Japanese Poachers.
Horace A. Taylor, assistant secre-
tary of the treasury, has reached Se-
attle from Washington, and states that
orders have been issued for the
revenue cutter Perry to start immedi-
ately for the Aleutian islands to dis-
cover if Japanese fishermen are poach-
ing in American waters. If found that
it is so, Mr. Taylor asserts, the depart-
ment of commerce and labor will take
the matter in hand and endeavor to
stop the operations of the fishing fleet.

Mother Found Dead.
Returning to their homes in Pueblo
the two sons of Mrs. Guiseppe Carme-
chi found her dead body lying across
the bed in an entirely nude condition.
A search is being made for the wo-
man's husband, who apparently has
disappeared.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

William Pallister,
Physician and Surgeon,
Surgeon N. P. Ry. Co.
Office on 3rd street, Kennewick, Wash.

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Physician and Surgeon.
General Practice.
Special attention given to all
diseases and operations in the
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Glasses accurately fitted.
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Attorney at Law.
KENNEWICK, WASH.

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Notary Public,
Real Estate, Insurance.
KENNEWICK, WASH.

MODERN WOODMAN OF AMERICA
meets every first and third Tuesday of
each month. Visiting brethren welcom
J. N. Scott, V. C.
W. A. Morain, Clerk.

Local...
Time Card
KENNEWICK

West Bound.		East Bound.	
No. 1*	11:57 A M	No. 2*	7:09 A M
No. 3†	3:45 A M	No. 4	5:17 P M
No. 5	10:22 A M	No. 6†	1:45 A M
L. Frt	7:45 A M	L. Frt	5:15 P M

* Trains marked * do not stop.
† Trains marked † stop when flagged.

CHAS. W. WIESELE,
Agt., Kennewick.

A. D. CHARLTON,
A. G. P. A. Portland.

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A complete line of drugs, patent medicines, druggist's sundries,
Toilet articles, toilet soap, brushes, perfumes. Books and station-
ery. School supplies. Palm candies, chocolates and bon bons.

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