

### SOLACE IN NATURE.

When fortune had no smile for you, and joy seemed out of reach,  
And you and happiness, alas! were very far apart,  
Did you ever stand at twilight on some quiet, wave-washed beach,  
And let the sea's soft monotone speak comfort to your heart?

When life had lost its savor and chill disappointment fell  
On the cherished plan or project that you had gladly made,  
Did you ever bend your footsteps to some green and tranquil dell,  
Where the trees grow leaves for healing and birds sing unafraid?

When death had cast its shadow, and a loving voice was still  
That had been as tender music to the sunshine of your day,  
Did you ever take your sorrow to the moorland or the hill,  
And let the whispering breezes charm your bitter tears away?

For nature, sweet in silence and passing sweet in speech,  
Has a word for every trouble and balm for every smart;  
But to find her gifts of solace, which are well within our reach,  
We must come as trustful seekers and draw ever near her heart.

### A SINGULAR SITUATION.

**L**OST, by thunder!" exclaimed Godfrey Barrett.  
And as though in corroboration of his dismayed remark, there resounded from the lowering heavens a crackling, long rumbling, crisp as the canonade from a battery of artillery. The man stood still on the country road and looked around him, trying to decide in what direction lay the town from which he had started out that morning on a trip of exploration.

"Mighty tropical scene for Illinois," he muttered. "One can't see a house for vegetation. Hallo! Those are red gables showing through the trees!" He turned off briskly in the direction of the house. He would ask shelter until the coming storm was over, and then make his way back to the village.

The day had been hot. Even now sultriness hung like a palpable thing over the land. To the south and east the sky was deeply purple. Through its serrated cloud banks tridents of fire pitchforked their glittering way.

The cottonwoods at either side of the path up which the stranger walked were moving restlessly. The pale, inner lining of their green leaves made an uncertain shimmer in the premature dusk that was settling down upon all things. Now and then a bird chirped—a tiny, fluting note of prescient agitation.

The house upon which Barrett came was not large, but it was built in colonial style, and conveyed the impression of comfort. The door, standing wide open, revealed a square hall, with rugs on the polished floor and dwarf bookcases let in under the stairway.

"O!" cried a soft, excited voice, "it is you! You have come—at last!" Godfrey Barrett's hand dropped from the bell. A lady appeared at the end of the hall. She seemed shy, but rejoiced. And, as she came out of the semigloom in the light from the doorway, her appearance gave Godfrey something of a shock. There was something uncanny about her. And yet, she was unusually handsome.

"Why did you not write me to expect you?" she asked. A spasm of pain contorted her features, and she laid her hand clutchingly upon her bosom. "Come—you are welcome, dear!" She held out her arms in expectant greeting.

It was the fact that her face, hair, attire, all were white, Barrett decided, that gave her such a ghostly look. And yet the face was youthful, despite its coronet of white, soft hair. But there was something in the eyes that he had never seen before. It was an expression, vague, wistful, longing, that at once attracted and repelled him. Most of all, it aroused in him an inexplicable sense of compassion.

He went forward and took her hands. He had an idea that this was the proper thing to do, though he could not have told why.

"If you will be good enough to let me stay here until the storm is over," he began, and a rushing torrent of rain confirmed his request.

"Ah, longer than that," she said. She smiled—a slow, sweet smile, inexpressibly sad. "Now that you have come at last you must stay until it's time to go away on your next voyage."

"But, perhaps," looking at him with hazel eyes grown suddenly brilliant with hope, "perhaps you will not have to go on another voyage. Perhaps you can remain at home—now?"

Barrett was at a loss for a reply. She took him for someone else—someone dearly loved at that. And she looked so fragile. If it were suddenly to undeceive her as to his identity would the shock seriously affect her? He had noticed the instantaneous agony the sight of him had caused her.

"I think—maybe—" he began to stammer. Under the pretense of putting away his hat he released himself. He had jerked it under his arm when he went forward to take her hands. Now as he turned toward the hall rack he saw in its mirror that another woman was coming swiftly across the drawing room behind him—a younger woman.

He swung around quickly. "I beg your pardon for this intrusion," he said.

She looked apprehensively at the woman in white, then up at the straight, athletic young stranger, with the fine broad-based brow and frank, fascinating blue eyes. And he, in turn,

was conscious of profound relief at meeting her gaze. There was nothing bordering on the supernatural in this fair girl. Her house dress of pink lawn was daintily coquettish. And her eyes, the clear, unembarrassed eyes of a sunny-souled maiden, gave assurance of sanity and composure.

"You were overtaken by the storm, I presume. Will you not come into the library and wait until it is over?" She closed the door, for the rain was beating in at the threshold, then indicated the room at the left. "Aunt Alice," she said, coaxingly, to the woman in white, "will you not come to your own room and rest? You look very tired. Come, darling!"

She spoke as she might have spoken to a little child—entreatingly and with affection. But the other pushed her away with a sudden, nervous gesture.

"I don't know what you can be thinking of, Bertha," she said impatiently. "Why should I go away—now? Don't you see that Henry has come back?"

She moved closer to Barrett and put her thin hand on his arm with an air of possession.

"O, merciful heaven!" murmured the younger woman. She clasped her slim, pretty hands with a swift gesture of despair. Barrett met her appealing glance and nodded. She scanned his features slowly from brow to chin with keen, scrutinizing gaze. Then she, too, nodded comprehendingly.

"I see the resemblance. It is astonishing," she said. Then, with the same beguiling gentleness she turned imploringly to the woman at Barrett's side. "Dear," she pleaded, "come with Bertha. Come with me."

"You lied to me!" cried her aunt sharply. "You told me—all of you—that Henry was dead. You said he was drowned at sea. But he is here. He has come back. I always knew he would come back. Dearest," she turned to Godfrey, her clinging fingers tightening their hold upon his arm, "you will not go away—ever—again!"

He was beginning to understand the singular situation in which he found himself. He knew now what that distant look in her eyes meant. He patted her hand tenderly. He spoke in



"THERE WAS SOMETHING UNCANNY ABOUT HER."

a lowered voice. "I am very tired," he said. "I have walked far. You will go and try to rest a little. You will let me rest also. And then—perhaps—we will talk—later."

"O, I am not in the least tired," she cried, joyously. "I am only happy, happy. And was sometimes afraid I was never going to be happy again. But, of course, if you have traveled far, I will leave you alone until you send for me. You have not kissed me, Henry," she said, reproachfully.

He looked hastily at the girl. Her sweet eyes were dim with tears. She hurriedly bent her head. He stooped and touched his lips to the pallid cheek of the elder woman. She flushed at the touch. She smiled—gladly, exultantly, and without further protestation went away.

When the girl returned she closed the door behind her. She struck a match and lighted the fire laid ready in the grate for just such a rainy afternoon as this and pointed to a chair.

"I have looked again," she said, "at the picture in the room of my poor aunt. You are very like her lover of many years ago. He was a naval officer and went away on his last voyage before his marriage. When she heard that his ship, with all hands on board, had been lost, her mind gave way. And when Henry Allison, who had been supposed dead, returned—a rescued survivor—she did not recognize him. Why—what is it?"

Godfrey had risen excitedly to his feet.

"Henry Allison was my mother's brother. That accounts for my resemblance. He has been dead many years."

"Yes, I know. You have noticed how frail Aunt Alice is? Your coming has made her so content. What was that?" She had risen. "Quick, Rosa!" to the maid, who had burst into the room. "Aunt Alice has fainted, you say? Send Tom for the doctor. These fainting fits are serious with her."

She ran from the room and up the stairs. Barrett hesitated and followed her. A sobbing cry came to him as he reached the landing. He needed no explanation of its cause when the woman seated near the window, an old photograph clasped in her stiffening fingers, would never more look and long and listen for the step and the voice that might not come.

But Godfrey Barrett returned to the scene of his strange adventure again, and yet again. Nor could Bertha Craigs

long withstand the ard. of his wooing.

"I think I began to care for you," she admitted, "when I saw how kind you were to poor Aunt Alice."

"But I," he hesitated with lovely bravado, "cared for you before I really saw you. I think I fell in love with the little anxious face I saw reflected in the mirror."—Utica Globe.

### ONLY ONE SUIT FOR FIFTY.

But the Garments Made It Possible for the Indians to Vote.

"Talking about voting under difficulties," remarked Representative J. Adam Bede, of Minnesota, a few days ago, "I remember out in my State in former times there was a popular law that Indians who wore clothes could vote. The woods were full of Indians, but suits of clothes were mighty scarce around there, especially with the Indians. Whenever there was no special interest in the election or it was all one way the ingenuity of man was not stirred up sufficiently to put two and two together in such a way as to get those Indians to vote, but one day votes were mighty valuable and an energetic worker set out to get Indians."

"The red men were as thick as flies, but every last one of them had a blanket wrapped about him and very few of them had ever used on the clothing of civilization. The proposition to let them vote if they wore clothes was made in order to encourage them in the ways of civilization and also with the idea that a man who had on clothes would be a pretty intelligent Indian."

"Well, the demand for votes stirred up one of the ward workers, and he got an old suit of clothes and took it to a hut near the voting precinct. One by one Indians were brought in dressed up in the clothing of civilization and voted. As soon as an Indian had been voted he was hurried back to the hut and his clothing was transferred to another Indian. The idea spread and other enterprising political workers set up the same kind of business. The number of Indians that could be voted with one suit of clothes was merely limited to the number of changes that could be made. Each suit of clothes was easily good to vote 50 Indians. The lightning change acts that were performed by the Indians would be an object lesson to lightning change artists on the stage."—Washington Star.

### FLAMINGO AT HOME.

Observation Has Proved That Both the Male and Female Incubate.

Apparently two factors enter into the flamingos' type of architecture, writes Frank M. Chapman in "A Flamingo City." They must build where there is mud, and at the same time erect a structure high enough to protect its contents from any normal rise in the water due to tides or rainfall.

After watching a nesting colony of flamingos in the Bahamas for "nearly an hour," at a distance of 150 yards, Sir Henry Blake stated that the females sat upon the nests while the males stood up together, evidently near by. My dissections, however, showed that both sexes incubate, while continued observation from the tent revealed the presence of only one bird of the pair in the rookery at the same time. The bird on the nest was relieved late in the afternoon and early in the morning. The one, therefore, which incubated during the day fed at night, and his or her place was taken by another which had been feeding during the day. Or, as Peter put it: "I do think, sir, that when de lady fillymings leave de nest, den de gen'l'man fillymings take her place, sir; yes, sir."

Morning and evening, then, there was much activity in the rookery. Single birds, or flocks of as many as fifty, were almost constantly arriving and departing, coming from and radiating to every point of the compass.

Flamingos in flight resemble no other bird known to me. With legs and neck fully outstretched, and the comparatively small wings set half forward between bill and toes, they look as if they might fly backward or forward with equal ease. They progress more rapidly than a heron, and, when hurried, fly with a singular serpentine motion of the neck and body, as if they were crawling in the air.—Century.

### Insured.

The old story of the man who said accident insurance was a humbug, because the day after he took out a policy he fell down stairs, is capped by an incident related in Smith's Weekly. It concerns a woman who entered a London shop and, displaying a prosperous-looking pocketbook, said, "I want a good plan for me daughter."

"What style of instrument do you prefer?" asked the salesman, leading the way to an upright.

"Niver a happorth do I care about style, so long as it's a strong case. Have yez anny wid iron cases?"

"No, ma'am, but all our cases are made extra strong."

"How much is this planny on the hire system?"

"The price of this piano is forty pounds," answered the clerk. "The installment would be a pound a month."

"Insure the planny, and I'll take it."

"Well, really, ma'am, the purchaser usually insures the instrument; but, to close the bargain, we'll insure this piano, and agree to take all risks."

### Humorous

Elle—What nice hair Bella has. Stella—Well, a woman is a fool to buy an inferior article.—Town Topics.

The Lady—That isn't the same story you told me before. The Beggar—No, lady; you didn't believe the other one.—Ex.

He—Can't we just quietly separate without getting a formal divorce? She—But I'm already engaged to another.—Life.

"Is your wife economical?" "Very. She can fix over a ten-dollar hat for \$15 so it will look just as good as a new one."—Puck.

Big Brother—Now, Willie, you must give me the larger half of the apple, because mamma says we mustn't be greedy.—Harper's Bazaar.

"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?" "Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—Detroit Free Press.

Uncle Josh—Most every official that amounts to anything has to file an annual report. Uncle Hiram—Yes; an' I guess that's about all some of 'em do.—Puck.

Tourist—I say, guide, what does that memorial stone commemorate? Guide—I put it there. It was upon that spot a tourist once gave me five francs.—Tit-Bits.

Meekly—Yes, we're going to move to Swamphurst. Doctor—But the climate there may disagree with your wife. Meekly—It wouldn't dare!—Philadelphia Press.

Nell—Mr. Krammerer is so kind. He said I took a very pretty and very artistic picture. Bell—Indeed? And whose picture did you take, dear?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Lady—Very healthy place, is it? Have you any idea what the death-rate is here? Caretaker—Well, mum, I can't 'xactly say; but it's about one apiece all round.—Punch.

Mrs. Smith—I'd like to sell you a ticket, sir. We're getting up a raffle for a poor sailor. Mr. Krusty—Not to me. I wouldn't know what to do with a sailor if I won him.—Ex.

"Most divorces are caused by a very common mistake." "What is it?" "Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."—Life.

Clarinda—Aren't you allowed to keep a dog in your new flat? Florida—No, we had to give Fido away; but Jack had his dear little bark put in our phonograph.—Journal Amusant.

Ida—Are they really so rich? May—I should say so. When they slipped several spoons and saucers into their grips the hotel clerk said it was merely the souvenir hobby.—Chicago News.

"Heavens!" exclaimed the first moth, "here's a fine prospect of starving to death!" "How so?" inquired the other one. "There's nothing in this box we're locked up in but a bathing-suit."—Ex.

Miss Passay—You may sneer at pet dogs, but they're faithful, anyway. I'd rather kiss a good dog than some men. Mr. Sharpe—Well, well, some men are born lucky.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Edith—Is it true, Dolly, that Larkin kissed you before he picked you up in that runaway? Dolly—Yes, dear; you know he is studying to be a doctor, and that was first aid to the injured.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Photographer—I would suggest that you relax the features a little and assume a more pleasing expression. Mrs. Vick-Senn—I suppose I can do it if you insist, but I can tell you right now it won't look like me.—Chicago Tribune.

"What," asked the female-suffrage advocate with the square chin, "has become of our manly men?" "Some of them," replied the meek and lowly citizen, "have married womanly women, and are now engaged in raising childish children."—Chicago News.

Uncle George—I have read your article over, and I must say it shows a great deal of originality. Arthur—Thanks, I'm sure! I flattered myself there were some ideas in it. Uncle George—I was not speaking of the composition, but of the spelling.—Boston Transcript.

It was on the old camp ground. "Pass de hat," suggested Brudhad Wheatly. But the parson raised his hand. "No, sah," he shouted, "dere'll be no hats about it. Pass a tin box wid a chain to it. De last time a hat was passed around heah it nevah came back, and I had to go home bareheaded."—Chicago News.

"I must have a new gown and coat at once." "Great thunderation, woman, how can you ask for a gown and coat when you have to testify in my bankruptcy hearing next week?" "I simply have to have them. Do you think I can face the people in the courtroom when I am wearing my old clothes?"—Indianapolis Sun.

Fond Mother—You will be 5 years old to-morrow, Willie, and I want to give you a real birthday treat. Tell me what you would like better than anything else. Willie (after thinking earnestly for five minutes)—Bring me a whole box of chocolate creams, mother, and ask Tommy Smith to come in and watch me eat 'em.—Youth.

Mr. Uggy—Don't you remember, dear, when your father forbade me the house? Mrs. Uggy—Yes, and when mother wouldn't let me out of her sight for a moment? Mr. Uggy—And I made up my mind to go off and die? Mrs. Uggy—Yes, and I scared father into thinking I was in a decline? Both Together—Weren't those happy days?—Tit-Bits.

# SUNNYSIDE

The largest irrigated district in the beautiful and fertile

## 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** according to location. **With water right.**

TERMS: One-fifth down, balance in five years at six per cent. These lands are watered by the great Sunnyside canal. . . .

For particulars, inquire of, or write to  
**WASHINGTON IRRIGATION COMP'Y, ZILLAH, WASH.**

## J. J. Reed & Co.,

Hardware ::  
Furniture and  
Undertaking.

We carry a full line of  
**Cook Stoves,  
Ranges and  
Heaters.**

Headquarters for  
**Ammunition  
and Sporting  
Goods.**

Also Sewing Machines.  
Get our prices before buying elsewhere.

## The Merchant

J. M. HAWKINS, . . . PROPRIETOR.

Wines, liquors and cigars. Only first class goods handled . . . . .

Whiskies and wines for medical purposes always in stock at lowest possible prices. Kennewick, Wn.

## The Stag

Front street, KENNEWICK.

Choice line of . . .

**Liquors**  
Of all kinds.

Imported and Domestic  
**Cigars**  
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.