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THE TEST OF MEN

Acquisition of Fame Dependent Largely on Circumstances.

The nature of every man is mysterious, so immeasurable and unfathomable, that what seems to others the narrowest mental organization may contain within itself unexpected resources. This is the hidden cause of the invariable appearance of great men in times of national trial and disturbance. At such times, quiet, unpretending individuals come to the front by the forces of nature that formerly lay concealed within them, and they win fame, perhaps immortal fame, like Cromwell, Grant, Lincoln, for qualities that would scarcely have attracted notice in common life and in ordinary times. The fact of such appearance of great men ought to warn us all against the presumption of setting bounds to the future of any one, except in matters where technical excellence is a necessity. If a man can not play the fiddle at thirty years of age we may safely predict that he will never become an accomplished violinist, but when there is no technical obstacle the limits can not be fixed.

Scott fell into novel-writing accidentally, and a very trivial circumstance (a search for fishing-tackle that made him stumble upon the unfinished manuscript of "Waverley") caused him to resume it after a first abandonment. George Eliot spent her time in translating German philosophical books, not at all suspecting the existence of her own gifts as a novelist, until Lewis urged her to make experiments. A possible external cause in either of these cases would have left the gift dormant forever. If Byron had not appeared Scott would have remained the first poet, so that he would not have turned to prose; for Shelley and Keats counted for hardly anything in those days, and Wordsworth was unpopular. If Miss Evans had married a rich ordinary man the intellectual side of her nature would have overshadowed the artistic, and she would never have been any thing more than a student and expounder of philosophy. Unthinking people express an astonishment at examples of this kind, which is in itself unreasonable. They think it very surprising that any one should succeed in a pursuit for which he has not been trained, but that never happens.—P. G. Hamerton, in Scribner's Magazine.

POINTS FOR SMOKERS.

How to Carry the Fragrant Havanas Without Bending Them.

Here is a point for smokers: It is given by a man who not only smokes cigars very frequently, but sells them. He says if you will carry your cigars in your waistcoat pocket with the mouth end down there will be less likelihood of the tobacco becoming broken or the wrapper being unrolled than if you carry them with the match end at the bottom. Here is a second point: If you are a billiard player, don't put them in the pocket on the right side, for the constant moving of the arm in the manipulation of the cue will wear upon that side, and, if it does not result in crushing the tobacco, will so loosen the wrapper that the smoking of the cigar will be an annoyance rather than a pleasure.

And here is a third point: If there is a slight feeling of nausea, take a drink of water to clear the throat, and if you would be sure absolutely of preventing any serious sickness, throw your cigar away and stop smoking altogether for an hour or so. Another point which a gentleman who heard these three advanced suggestions is that if by any cause it becomes necessary to let a cigar go out, it will be a good scheme not to take a final puff, but to make a blow and expel the smoke from the burning end. This clears the roll of tobacco from the smoke, and even if the fire dies out, it will be found upon relighting that the cigar is of good flavor. In fact, an expert has said that if a really good cigar will be improved by letting it go out, following this plan and then lighting it again.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

A Hint That Was Understood.

The story is told of Rev. Canon Melville, who has just resigned the rectory of Great Witley, Worcestershire, which was presented to him by the late Earl of Dudley in 1857; that at the time the living became vacant Mr. Melville was attached to the household of the deceased nobleman in the capacity of chaplain, and having to preach at Witley before his noble patron, he boldly declared his desire to become rector of the parish in a sermon founded on the text: "Lord, remember David." (David is the Canon's Christian name.) He repeated that text again and again with muchunction. There was no mistaking his desire expressed in it; and Lord Dudley gave him the living.—N. Y. Independent.

—The most egotistical of the United States, "Me"; most religious, "Mass"; most Asiatic, "Ind."; father of States, "Pa."; most maidenly, "Miss"; best in time of flood, "Ark."; most useful in haying time, "Mo."; decimal State, "Tenn."; State of exclamation, "La."; most astonishing State, "O."; most unhealthy State, "Ill."; State to cure the sick, "Md."; State for students, "Conn."; State where there is no such word as fail, "Kan."; not a State for the untidy, "Wash."—Youth's Companion.

—One advantage of a small cottage, says a writer on building, "is, that it is easily heated." This is very true, a small cottage in the middle of July is warm enough for anybody who is not wholly unreasonable.

—The report of Adjutant-General Drum places the numerical strength of the New York State militia at 18,532, the greatest in the Union. Pennsylvania is second, with 8,351, and Ohio third, with 5,627. The fourth in line is South Carolina, which has 5,305, or only 322 less than Ohio, although the unorganized militia of the two States is 115,000 and 450,000 respectively. Massachusetts comes next, with 5,162, but the six States might lead to some random guessing, as it is Georgia which surpasses Illinois by a few hundred. Little New Jersey, always an enthusiastic military State, follows, having 4,184 organized militia, against 4,219 of Illinois, with Chicago to help. The next is California.

SECRETS OF HYPNOTISM

The Strange Force Which is Puzzling the Scientific World.

When a person has become thoroughly hypnotized he is but an automaton, moving, acting, thinking at the will of the operator, who can produce any sensation that he may desire. He can destroy sensation and complete anaesthesia. The fingers of a subject can be sewed together, drawing thread through the flesh, and the victim will remain an amused spectator. You can render any sense hyperaesthetic, so that intense pain will be felt at the slightest touch.

Every sense can be intensified, though no other person in the room can be heard save the operator, yet the faintest whisper by him will be heard distinctly across a wide room. A watch in his hand can be heard at a distance of thirty or forty feet distinctly, and located, even when the subject is blindfolded.

Memory is made exceedingly acute, so that things in a normal state which are forgotten are easily remembered and recalled. A young man who had lost a small article was made to remember where he had it last, and was sent for it, and returned with it as a matter of course, though he had searched long and painfully for it when in a normal state of mind. It is impossible to hypnotize an idiot, but not impossible to hypnotize a feeble-minded person, and there is a use of it indicated in that respect which promises development to such in acuteness and mental strength.

It can be made the instrument of many crimes. At the request of a physician present I suggested to a young lady whom I had hypnotized that she was suffering with a sore throat and pneumonia, and that she had a high fever and was ill. Her pulse increased so rapidly that in the space of five seconds the physician said that the increase was at the rate of forty beats to the minute. It is my opinion that I could have killed her by increasing the heart's action, and that a physician would have signed a certificate of death by pneumonia or paralysis of the heart.

She was of a gentle, kindly disposition, and yet, hypnotized, would commit murder at the operator's direction as readily as she would eat an apple. A paper dagger was placed in her hand, and she was instructed to kill a person present, and she stabbed him with but little hesitation, and on being awakened had no remembrance of doing the deed. She would have committed suicide with the same indifference as she committed the murder, and make no plea against it. The story that comes from France that such a thing was done, and that the operator who commanded the suicide is to be hanged for murder, is all a probable thing, whether the story published is an invention or a fact. A business man who could be hypnotized would write a check at the command of the operator and then forget ever having done it.

The whole phenomena of faith cure and so-called Christian science lie in the domain of this new science. Whatever there is in thought transference is here.

A physician of some prominence, in an interview on the subject of hypnotism, said to a reporter: "From time to time I am using hypnotism, or suggestion, where the conditions warrant it, among the sick. I do not claim for it any supernatural power, nor do I lessen the faith of our people in God as the healer of our diseases, but I tell them that there are certain diseases proceeding from the nervous system that can be modified or healed, and I use suggestion as a remedy. Whether I can effect a permanent cure by the means I do not know yet, as there are complications beyond the reach of this agent.

The physicians of this country should come up to the use of this, and I will cheerfully resign all encroachment upon their art when they do. Men of strong perceptions and dominant wills often see life where others prognosticate death, and bring back, by the infusion of their own strong wills, those who else might give up the struggle and die.

"No man who has had a wide experience among the sick and the dying but what can substantiate this with ease upon case. The grosser forms of materialism are giving away before some of the subtler forms of matter, and these fall out of our hands in the presence of psychic forces, of which all matter is but a varied manifestation. The secret of life is still the secret of God. The knowledge of Him in the domain of either morals or physics is the increase of the knowledge of life."—N. Y. World.

They Were Both Queer.

A young man with a bad scalp-wound called at the office of a Lafayette avenue doctor yesterday to have it dressed, and the doctor queried: "Have him arrested for it?" "No." "Got away, eh?" "No." "Won't you have him arrested?" "No." "You must be queer." "I am. So is my wife. We have been married only six weeks, and she gave me this because I couldn't give her three dollars."—Detroit Free Press.

—American Indians use rising smoke to give signals to distant friends. A small fire is started, and as soon as it burns up, grass and leaves are heaped on the top of it. Thus a large column of steam and smoke rises. By covering the fire with a blanket, the Indians interrupt the rising of the smoke at regular intervals and the successive clouds are used for conveying messages.

—Telegraph poles are preserved in Norway by making an auger hole about two feet from the ground, in which four or five ounces of sulphate of copper in course crystals are placed and plugged in. The chemical is gradually absorbed by the wood until its whole outer surface turns a greenish hue. The sulphate requires an occasional renewal and is said to be a perfect preservative.

FAILURE IN A GARDEN.

Before I made my garden, I was a happy man. I read seed catalogues and joyfully would plan.

How lots of luscious vegetables I easily could raise.

And signed up the profits that, they say, a garden pays.

Of patent fertilizers, fancy garden tools and seeds I bought about as many as a Western farmer needs;

I hired men that wouldn't work, and, rising with the lark, I dug till time for business and finished in the dark.

After I made my garden, Oh! I was a woful man, The chickens scratched my pretty beds, the dogs upon them ran.

The cats pitched battles on them fought, the cows ate all my corn.

And a hog that tried to bite me always rooted through the train.

Then came a drought that burned to dust my garden; then a flood.

And pelting hail and hurricane turned every thing to mud;

Then, like the plagues of Egypt, swarmed upon me flies and bugs.

Inch worms, moles, cut worms, locusts, caterpillars, crows and slugs.

With Paris green, tobacco, sulphur, soot and hellebore

I dosed that insect army, but they only cried for more.

I spoiled my clothes and patience in the blazing sun and rain,

And got myself so dirty that I always missed the train.

All summer long I wrosted, while my perspiration drops

I think would fill the barrels I had ready for my crops.

And though I wasn't able to supply one dinner's needs,

I took the prize of champion for raising famous weeds.

Before I made my garden, Oh! I was a happy man.

But afterwards my troubles and experience began.

Now, if some city greenhorn like myself would care to reap

The profits of a garden, I will sell out very cheap.

—H. C. Dodge, in Detroit Free Press.

NEW NAVAL TERROR.

England's Latest Supply Ship a Quick Fighter and a Fast Sailor.

A new acquisition to England's navy was launched recently and christened the Vulcan. She is designed as a twin-screw torpedo-depot ship, but is a fast protected cruiser and a formidable fighting craft as well, and represents an entirely novel type.

The construction of the Vulcan was begun on June 16, 1888. She is of 6,620 tons displacement—larger—in short, than any of the large Indian troopships and three times as large as many a cruiser. She is built of steel, her hull alone weighing 3,170 tons, and her principal measurements are as follows: Length, 350 feet; beam, 68 feet; mean draught, 22 feet. The vertical keel is of an unusually heavy and substantial character and is 3 feet and 6 inches high. The cast-steel U-shaped sternpost is extra strong, weighing five tons. The vessel is divided into numerous water-tight compartments, and is protected by a continuous steel deck 6 inches thick in the slope and 24 inches elsewhere. The engines are of the triple expansion type and will give a collective indicated horse power under forced draught of 12,000. They will drive the ship at a speed of 20 knots (23 miles) and 18 knots (20.7 miles) at sea. There will be storage for 1,000 tons of coal, an amount sufficient for 3,000 miles at 18 knots an hour. She will have a balance rudder similar to that fitted to the Spanish cruiser Reina Regent and to the Inman steamer City of New York. This will enable the new war ship to turn a complete circle in not more than 400 yards in diameter in little over three minutes.

As a torpedo-depot ship she will be admirably adapted for the work. She will be a floating factory, full of forges and workshops for the repair of torpedo boats and torpedoes. She will carry an immense supply of torpedoes, submarine mines, and all the necessary gear for submarine work on a large scale, and she will also have upon her decks a small flotilla, probably eight in number, of second-class torpedo-boats of the largest size. These she will be able to hoist on board and dispatch in all directions at a few minutes' notice. The Vulcan will also have a torpedo armament of her own, consisting of six launching tubes, some of which are to be under water. Regarded more particularly as a cruiser, she will possess qualities which entitle her to rank among the most formidable unarmored cruisers of the world. She will have weapons which at close range will be capable of penetrating armor up to nearly sixteen inches thick. The quick-firing armament will be the most powerful of any ship in the world. It will enable her to discharge on each broadside a storm of eighty to one hundred and fifty projectiles a minute; and should she ever be attacked by unarmored cruisers or torpedo-boats, she would be able to give them a warm reception.—N. Y. World.

Pictures Made by Electricity.

The latest novelty in which electricity plays a part is one of the put-your-money-in-the-slot-and-see-it-go style. It is higher priced than its predecessors, but you get more for your money. This one costs a quarter. You put yourself in a satisfactory position, cook up a proper smile, look steadily at a spot designated, drop in your two-shilling piece, wait about five minutes, and a snap-shot photograph comes out complete. In military parlance the whole's done in one time and two motions. The machine can't make any change, but you can make it give you two pictures for one price if you and your girl are sufficiently well acquainted to stand very close together when the quarter goes down the slide.

Neatness in Girls.

Neatness is a good thing for a girl, and if she does not learn it when she is young she never will. It takes a great deal more neatness to make a girl look well than it does to make a boy look passable. Not because a boy is better looking than a girl, but his clothes are of a different sort—not so many colors in them; and people don't expect a boy to look as pretty as a girl. A girl that is not neatly dressed is called a sloven, and no one likes to look at her. Her face may be pretty and her eyes bright, but if there is a spot on her cheek, and her fingers' ends are stained with ink, and her shoes are not laced, and her apron is dirty, and her collar unbuttoned or her skirt torn, she can not be liked. Learn to be neat, and when you have learned it, it will almost take care of itself.—Baptist Weekly.

CURRENT ITEMS.

—After being totally blind for fifteen years, Mrs. Todd of Bronson, Mich., was suddenly cured. The first person that she saw was her daughter, and her first remark was, "My! how you've grown."

—In the United States there are 70,000 lawyers, about one lawyer to every 90 inhabitants. In France there is only one lawyer to over 6,000 people. In Germany the proportion is about the same as in France.

A VENTURE IN CHICKENS.

Extracts from the Diary of a Reformed Poultry Enthusiast.

Ever since I was a small boy and the proud owner of a bantam hen, which suffered an untimely end at my hands by being squeezed to death, I have been possessed of a deep desire to own a number of chickens. We had moved, the year before, into a small suburban cottage, and during that summer, when I had seen the neighbors' fowls calmly scratching up our back-yard, the old thought grew within me, and by the next season I had prevailed over the counsels of my wife, and purchased as many chickens as lay within my modest means. I was a happy man when I saw the flock gather about the doorstep for the first time, as they anxiously awaited their evening allowance, and for fear that some unprincipled being might avail himself of the opportunity to replenish his roost by depleting mine, I secured a watch-dog. I also subscribed to a number of agricultural papers that devoted a column or so to the interest of fowls, and purchased books on the care of chickens, which I read devotedly. How my heart swelled with pride when a hen proclaimed with unnecessary reiteration the advent of an egg! and after I had searched for half an hour for it, how triumphantly I bore the warm object to my wife, remarking: "Now, my dear, we can have fresh eggs every morning for breakfast, and all you need in addition for cakes and puddings."

But, alas, the heart of man is often centered upon things of vanity, and it is not well to put your trust even in chickens. Perhaps a few extracts from my diary may best serve to show the sequel:

"May 1.—It being the first pleasant day, the doors and windows were left open, and my wife, going down-stairs about noon, found two ambitious roosters upon the piano, while a third was industriously picking at the beads on the sofa cushion. In order to prevent a repetition of the scene No. 3 was converted into stew."

"May 3.—My dog has suddenly developed a fancy for playing with the fowls, and spends most of his time in chasing them around the yard; at any rate, it keeps them out of mischief."

"May 7.—One hen is missing. I suspect the dog."

"May 9.—I found a nest of eggs today in the back of the garden, and in carrying them to the house in my hat, I stumbled—eggs and hat ruined."

"May 10.—Another hen missing."

"May 11.—When coming from the train to-day I noticed a couple of hens looking very much like mine in a neighbor's yard, but unfortunately the fowls have no distinctive mark of individuality."

"May 15.—Wrong as regards the hens. Both have been found sitting in a corner of the garden; were not disturbed. Prospects of two fine broods."

"May 18.—The newly-planted flower bed has afforded my flock much amusement, to the ruination of the plants; loss, five dollars."

"May 19.—Another nest found. This time I carried the eggs to the house one by one."

"May 20.—The sitting hens have deserted their nests. Can the dog have frightened them off?"

"May 22.—The roosters seem to be troubled with insomnia, as they awake us at all hours of the night with their crowing. No remedy mentioned in books or papers."

"May 24.—All the fowls came into the front hall to-day, and enjoyed themselves by picking at the bright carpet tacks, which are usually considered very indigestible; hope they swallowed none."

"May 26.—The dog must go; he was found to-day eating eggs."

"May 28.—My wife declares that the chickens must follow the dog; but a reprieve was granted, as I found two nests of eggs."

"May 29.—A number of fowls missing. As the dog has been disposed of, it must be some other agency."

"May 30.—Their fate is sealed. The old rooster was rather tough eating, but my wife says that the next butcher's bill will be considerably less than usual."

"June 15.—The last pullet eaten. I have decided that my forte is not chickens."

"June 16.—The fowls that were missing a couple of weeks ago returned to-day, but gave no account of themselves. They seemed rather lonely."

"June 17.—Two weeks' diet on chickens is enough; so Mitchell, the colored man who does chores about the place, was presented with the prodigals. Thank Heaven! no more."

Total loss, including flower bed, hat and dog, thirty-eight dollars.—*Placed S. Mines, in Harper's Weekly.*

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