

MIGHTY TRIFLES.

A Chapter on the Noted Accidents of History—Great Events Determined.

Warriors, Statesmen, Discoverers and Poets Forced into Active Life by Circumstances.

M. Fournier wrote a book on events which never took place, and Lord Beaconsfield's father was the author of a learned essay on history which might have been enacted. An equally curious volume might be penned on trifles which have determined great events. It was but a trifle which gave Spain for so many generations the lordship of the New World, and enabled her by the wealth which she derived from that resource to become the most powerful nation in Europe. It is well known that Columbus, dispirited by the refusals which he met at so many courts, dispatched his brother Bartolomeo to ask aid from Henry VII of England. But on the way the messenger

FELL INTO THE HANDS OF PIRATES, and by the time he reached London was so destitute he had to try and earn the money to clothe himself in proper style before he could be presented at court. But by this time it was too late. Even the fact that Ferdinand and Isabella supplied the funds to equip the expedition was mainly due to the accident that Juan Perez de Marchena, the queen's confessor, happened to be passing at the very moment when the weary mariner was knocking at the door of the La Rabida monastery to beg a little bread and water for his boy Diego, and was struck with the noble face of the dusty pedestrian. Had Bartolomeo Colon reached London in time, had Christoval been by any chance a little later or a little earlier at the monastery door, the fate of Europe might have been changed and the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race altered.

ALMOST REVOLUTIONIZED.

Three centuries later it was again nearly revolutionized, for in 1806 the English held Buenos Ayres, and it is no secret that Napoleon was almost persuaded to abandon Europe as a field for his ambition, and try what he could accomplish in the way of carrying out an empire among the dissatisfied provinces of South America. When citizen Bonaparte seemed little likely to sit on the throne of Louis Capet he was on the point of offering his sword to the sultan, as at a later period Von Moltke actually did. It is curious to speculate what would now have been the present state of the Eastern question had Napoleon carried his intentions into effect, or supposing that Moltke had remained in the Turkish service whether the Danish war would have been fought, or Prussia's supremacy established at Sedan or Fezan.

The cropping of Louis VII's chin brought on three centuries of bloodshed, and a sarcastic remark of Frederick the Great on Elizabeth Petrovna, of Russia, roused that virtuous empress to take such a vigorous part in the seven years' war that at one time Prussia seemed well nigh stricken unto death. Even Catherine II—profoundly suspicious of Potemkin after the scandal about

QUEEN ELIZABETH—carefully examined her husband's correspondence before she concluded an alliance with the royal letter writer. It is hardly forty years since Louis Philippe threatened war against the Texan republic because an irate citizen had shot the trespassing pigs of the French ambassador. As it was he prevented the Lone Star sovereignty from floating their European loan, and thus the king and the pig combined hastened the annexation of Texas to the United States. The Dutch are said to have "jockeyed" us out of Malacca in exchange for Java by representing on the map, which our simple minded envoys took for granted, the one territory as large and the other as small, and among the most firmly rooted traditions of American diplomacy is one which represents the English commissioners as agreeing to the

SUBVERSION OF CROCODS, "because a country in which a salmon does not rise to the fly cannot be worth much." Laws have been altered through accidents the queen's printer's boy forgot to deliver Lord Beaconsfield's amendment to a bill, leading to vocations. But if trifles have determined the fate of laws and nations, accidents equally small have caused men to follow pursuits the results of which have been not much less momentous to culture and civilization. Father Mabebranche devoted himself to philosophy after reading Descartes' "I, Thomas;" Cowley became a poet owing to his personal Spencer's "Fairy Queen," and Sir Joshua Reynolds had never thought of painting until Richardson's "Treatise" fell into his hands. Shakespeare might have ended his life as a prosperous night woomer had he been a prudent young tradesman; Corneille showed no liking for literature except the law until he

FELL IN LOVE,

and felt himself compelled to tell the lady so in poetry; and Moliere might have remained making trestle had not his grandmother settled his pride by wishing that he could be an actor like Montrose. Balboa might never have discovered the Pacific had he not been unsuccessful as a shopkeeper in Hispaniola, and found it necessary to flee to the mainland, concealed from his creditors in a cask on board Duclos's vessel; and it is certain that had Cortes become a well bred lawyer in Salamanca he would never have lived to proudly tell Charles V that he had given him more provinces than his father had left him cities. Ignatius Loyola was a soldier, and the order of Jesuits might never have been founded had he not accidentally beguiled the tedium of inaction necessitated by a wound with reading "The Lives of Saints." Gibbon determined to write his famous work after listening to the monks' singular vapors in the temple of Jupiter, at Rome; and La Fontaine was stimulated to cultivate literature after hearing some verses of Matherba.

An Maha Wonder.

John Tomlinson, of Bannock, Idaho, has told a reporter of the San Francisco Examiner that there is a real floating island on Henry's lake, Idaho. The lake is situated on the dome of the continent, at a depression in the Rocky mountains known as Targee's pass, in honor of the trapper who discovered it. It is oval in shape and has an area of 40 square miles. "On first appearance," said Mr. Tomlinson, "the lake, the waters of which are as clear as emeralds, seem to have no outlet. It is surrounded by solid ground, on which are groves of pine and luxuriant mountain grass. On the western edge, lies what appears to be a hollow pool connecting it, and from this, obscured in a growth of brush, rises a small creek, the source of the north fork of the Snake river.

"Now, on this lake, and sometimes seen on the north side, and sometimes on the other, is this curious floating island. It is about 300 feet in diameter, and has for its basis a mat of roots, so dense as to support large trees and a heavy thicket undergrowth. Decayed vegetation adds to the thickness of the mat, and forms a mold several feet through. "On the edge of the floating forest, in summer time, may be seen a luxuriant growth of blue joint grass, the roots of which form so compact a mass as to support the weight of a horse. Any number of men have no difficulty in walking all about on it.

"Farther back, among the trees, you might build a big house and make a garden, do whatever you please. You would be just as solid and as safe as though there were not 50, 100 or 200 feet of water under you.

"There is a willow thicket near the center of the island, and scattered among these willows and contiguous to them are a number of aspens and dwarf pines.

"These catch the breezes which float over the island and act like the sails on a boat, moving the 300-foot body hither and thither over the forty miles square of water. This shows why you may one day see the island on one side and the next day on the other.

"It is the queerest thing I ever saw. You pitch your tent some evening on one side near the island and are pleased with the beautiful prospect. There is the island only a few rods from you, covered with trees and grass. The next morning you wake up and the island is gone. You look far away to the other side and there it is, its trees bending gracefully in the wind. Along in the afternoon it returns, or it may take an easy jaunt off at an oblique angle from you.

"Henry Lake is exceedingly picturesque. Around it rise snowcapped peaks, among which are some of the highest of the continent's backbone, partly covered with a verdure of forest and grass and showing here and there formations of granite and unique basaltic columns. During the hunting season the waters of the lake swarm with wild fowl. There are beaver there, too, and plenty of big game may be had in the adjoining mountains.

"Tough Year on Wams."

Old Uncle Moss went to Levi Schaumburg's store, on Austin avenue, says the Galveston News, to buy a silk handkerchief, but was almost paralyzed on learning the price. Levi explained that the high price of silk goods was caused by some disease among the silk worms. "How much does yer ask for dis heap piece ob tape?" asked the old man. "Ten cents," was the reply. "Ten cents! Jewhilkins! So the tape has ris, too. I 'spose de cause ob dat am because dar's sumfin de matiah wid de tape wams. Dis seems to be gwine ter be a mighty tough yesh on wams, anyhow."

Man's Relative Height and Weight.

Five feet one inch should be 120 pounds. Five feet two inches should be 130. Five feet three inches should be 133. Five feet four inches should be 136. Five feet five inches should be 142. Five feet six inches should be 145. Five feet seven inches should be 148. Five feet eight inches should be 155. Five feet nine inches should be 162. Five feet ten inches should be 169. Five feet eleven inches should be 174. A man six feet high should weigh 178.

North Yakima.

Correspondence Tacoma Globe: I come again with a few items after a few weeks' delay. We are still enjoying fine weather, no snow, cold enough to be healthful, and very little wind. By the way, we never have any wind here compared with some of the Sound cities. This is noticeably one of the many attractions of this place. Another move was made in the direction of tree culture by our "city dads" at their last meeting, when an order was passed instructing the city marshal to purchase and have set on various streets 1200 shade trees, the trees to consist mostly of box elder, locust and silver poplar. These, in addition to those already growing, will number upwards of 5000 trees which, with the beautiful shade they furnish and running streams of pure water on either side of every street—will surely attract many who are looking for permanent homes in the great northwest empire—any person with the least taste for the beautiful, can readily imagine the charming views this will afford in a few months, as they take in at a glance one of our 100 feet wide streets, for a distance of three or four miles on a dead level. We ask visitors here to compare this city (in appearance) with any city of its size, not only in Washington, but with any city of its size in the United States, and the result would be favorable to North Yakima. So many new buildings projects and business enterprises are on hand—that we cannot enumerate them this time. A canning establishment and a cigar factory, are assured facts; and correspondence is now being carried on with eastern parties to build a stocking factory here. We have all the elements to make it a success. Cheap wool, water power

and building site (free), cheap living for laborers and ready markets. A merchant tailor from Rochester, N. Y., is about to open up a large merchant tailoring house here. Another large and well stocked lumber yard and sash and door factory is about to start. One firm of builders will advertise next week for bids for 500,000 brick, to commence operations with.

Captain J. H. Thomas, the efficient and popular register of the United States land office here, visited your city this week. Nominations have been made by President Cleveland, of parties to succeed both register and receiver here. That is all right; one big democrat can make a whole lot of nominations—but it takes a whole lot of big democrats to confirm one nomination.

It is rumored that the Northern Pacific railroad is to remove the present depot and build us a new one, in some place where it will not block up our principal street as it does now.

Have you seen our new paper? The YAKIMA HERALD? It furnishes lots of "skookum-wah-wah."

The Small Boy's Explanation.

It was Sunday evening. Angelica had invited her "best young man" to the evening meal. Everything had passed off harmoniously until Angelica's seven-year-old brother broke the blissful evening by exclaiming:

"Oh, ma' yer oughter seen Mr. Lighted the other day, when he called to take Angle to the drill. He looked so nice sittin' long side of her, with his arm—"

"Fred!" screamed the maiden, whose face began to assume the color of a well done crab, quickly placing her hand over the boy's mouth.

"Ye oughter seen him," continued the persistent boy, after gaining breath and the embarrassed girl's hand was removed, "he had his arm—"

"Freddie!" shouted the mother, as in her frantic attempts to reach the boy's articular appendage she upset the contents of the teapot in Mr. Lighted's lap, making numerous Russian war maps over his new lavender pantaloons.

"I was just goin' to say," the half frightened boy pleaded, between a cry and an injured whim, "he had his arm—"

"You boy!" thundered the father, "away to the woodshed."

And the boy made for the nearest exit, exclaiming as he waited: "I was goin' to say Mr. Lighted had his army clothes on, and I'll leave it to him if he didn't!"

And the boy was permitted to return, and the remainder of the meal was spent in explanations from the family in regard to the number of times Freddie had to be "talked to" for using his fingers for a ladle.

Washington territory's standing in educational matters summarized: In the average monthly salary paid teachers it excels Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, Georgia, Iowa, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, New Hampshire, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, Texas, Vermont, Virginia, West Virginia, Dakota, New Mexico and Wyoming. In the number of teachers employed: Delaware, Nevada, Alaska, Utah, Wyoming and District of Columbia. In the number of pupils enrolled in public schools: Wyoming, New Mexico, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, Alaska and Nevada.

Judge Alyn has decided that it is not necessary to take out "first papers" for naturalization of alien citizens. All that is necessary is to establish good character and five years' residence to become full-fledged lords of the realm by a nod of the court.—Olympia Standard.

"I threw this off in ten minutes," softly said the poet, placing a manuscript on the editorial table. The editor said that when it came to speed no long-haired poet should distance him, and he threw it off in less than ten seconds—off the table into the waste-basket.

"See here," he said to his clerk, "I don't mind telling you off a day, now and then, to attend your grandmother's funeral; but I think you ought to have the courtesy to send a few of the fish around to my house."

A Baby.

If there is one human being more important than another it is a baby—at least that is how it is in our family. When there is a baby on hand, I am nowhere. mortals may talk about heads of families and lords of creation and all that sort of folks, but Susan Agnes can turn the marble out of all their philosophy, take the swarms of families bottom side up, and put the head where the tail ought to be. You may be a young man and not posted on the ways of babies. But when you roll up twenty years of sleeping on the outside bed rail, because the baby must have room; when you've got up one thousand nights and broken your shins an equal number of times over rocking chairs and other chairs, and when the lamp was lighted, have carried the baby until he got over a fit of the cholera, and that in the cold for a right sharp baby never has cold except on cold nights; until you can rise in the dead of night and pour out three and one-half drops of paracoric and keep dreaming all the time; when you can make a dose of catnip tea on a cold stove and warm a cloth on your shivering body; when you can humbly submit to have everybody say of the croonest baby you ever saw: "Ain't he just like his daddy?" When you have bought flannel and "domestic" enough to stock a young store, just for a little mortal; when, by practice, you can beat a quarter-horse running for the doctor; when you can give up all the soft pillows to the baby, and can make a meal out of stale bread and ice cold coffee—then, after all this and more, you may begin to realize the importance and blessing of that appurtenance to married life—a baby.

The Natchez orchards are now on sale at Goodwin, Strobach & Puzley's. These five-acre tracts adjacent to the city are offered at a very low figure and with terms to suit.

HISTORIC HOAXES.

Incredibilities Eagerly Swallowed by the Multitudes. A Talented Tulip.

Clearing St. Helena of Hais—The Swiss Mountain Flyer—Interesting Reminiscences.

During the tulip mania in Holland an advertisement extensively circulated through the Low Countries lured hundreds to the place noted in it, which we are sorry to say, for decency's sake, was the cesspool into which the filth and garbage of the village was emptied. The prospectus stated that a certain Herr Ghabelkramme, of the town of Grendingen, a gentleman gardener, had an accident at the full of the moon, in the month of October, on a night when several stars fell at once, been attracted into his garden by a species of faint and unearthly music. This he found to be caused by the passage of the wind through the petals and pistils of an enormous tulip which had grown up since sundown in the middle of the chief flower bed. The marvelous flower in question was of a variegated scarlet, blue, green, black and yellow tint, and its hues were phosphorescent, illuminating the vicinity like a powerful lantern. By day it assumed the semblance of a cabbage, but as the sun sank to rest it bloomed regularly into supernatural glory.

SO DIOTIC.

Was the popular belief in this apocryphal flower, that thousands of letters, offering the most lavish prices for the floral treasure, flowed in on Ghabelkramme. Most of them are preserved to this day in the museum at Delft. But a volume would scarcely serve to contain the list of similar examples.

In August, 1815, just before Napoleon I. started on his exile to St. Helena, a quantity of handbills were distributed through the city of Chester, England, in the direction of a very respectable, Quakerly looking sort of a personage, informing the public that a great number of genteel families had embarked at Plymouth to proceed to St. Helena, which, the bills stated, was cursed with a plague of rats, and the British ministry had pledged itself to clear the island of those noxious animals for the benefit of the resident citizens. Accordingly, all good Britons were called upon to furnish their quantum of grown cats or driving kittens for the carrying out of this purpose. The government was willing to pay the piper, and in addition to free transportation in a vessel to be specially chartered for the purpose, offered for each "athletic, full-grown tom-cat" 10 shillings; for each "adult female puss" 10 shillings, and half that sum for every vigorous kitten that could

"SWILL MILK."

The result can be imagined. Within three days over 3000 cats were collected in Chester. The city was a pandemonium and one street in which the cat merchants had been directed by the bill to assemble, was the scene of positive and bloody riots. Meantime some mischievous boys let the cats out of their bags, and a colossal hunt had to be organized among the hoaxed spectators. In one day 500 of the obnoxious felines had been thrown into the river Dee, and Chester for months was afflicted with swarms of stray cats as the result of the freak.

Eleven years later more than 20,000 people were drawn together at Norwich, England, by the following advertisement: "St. James' Hill, Back of the Horse Barracks." The people are respectfully informed that Signor Carlo Gromi Villercrop, the celebrated Swiss Mountain Flyer from Geneva and Mount Blanc, has just arrived in this city, and will exhibit with a Tyrolean pole, fifty feet long, his most astonishing gymnastic flights, never before witnessed in this country.

SIGNOR VILLECROP.

Begs to inform the ladies and gentlemen of this city that he has selected St. James Hill and the adjoining hills for his performances, and will first display his remarkable strength in running up the hill with his Tyrolean pole between teeth. He will next lay on his back and balance the same pole on his nose, chin and different parts of his body. He will then climb upon it with the astonishing swiftness of a cat, and stand on his head at the top; on a sudden he will leap three feet from the pole without falling, suspending himself by a shenese cord only. He will also walk on his head up and down the hill, balancing the pole on one foot. Many other feats will be exhibited, in which Signor Villercrop will display to the audience the much-admired art of topping peculiar only to the peasantry of Switzerland. He will conclude his performance by repeating flights in the air, up and down the hill, with a velocity almost imperceptible, assisted only by his pole, with which he will frequently jump the astonishing distance of forty and fifty yards at a time. Of course Signor Villercrop did not turn up, and after a furious row, which resulted in many arrests, what were left of the 20,000 fools went home to nurse their bruises and get ready to be fooled again.

Rheumatism

that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis. "Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried."—T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Pills for a number of years, and have never found anything equal to them for giving me an appetite and imparting energy and strength to the system. I always keep them in the house."—R. D. Jackson, Wilmington, Del. "Two boxes of Ayer's Pills cured me of severe

Headache,

from which I was long a sufferer. —Emma Keyes, Hubbardston, Mass. "Whenever I am troubled with constipation, or suffer from loss of appetite, Ayer's Pills set me right again."—A. J. Kiser, Jr., Rock House, Va.

"Ayer's Pills are in general demand among our customers. Our sales of them exceed those of all other pills combined. We have never known them fail to give entire satisfaction."—Wright & Hansell, San Diego, Texas.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

ordinary construction, being made of pine sash and nine by fourteen or possibly ten by fourteen glass. The putty had dropped off in places, and the fastening at the top of the lower sash was partially broken off, as if it had been hastily raised by inserting an axe or soap ladle at the bottom and prying upward. This might have been done in a moment of forgetfulness by the unborn haired and contemplative domestic, who was employed at a stipend of three and one-half dollars per week to do the cooking and look after the house.

The young woman who sat in the chair was neat sighted and wore steel rimmed glasses. She was not handsome, but there was an expression about her sallow face, with its square jaw, an aquiline nose, slightly reddened at the tip, that sometimes caused persons who met her to look at her a second time.

"Mother," she said to an angular matron who entered the apartment, "I am impressed with the conviction—or perhaps I should say I at times dimly conscious of an impression—that this life of excitement is making me slightly nervous."

And she put away the yarn stocking she was darning and picked up a late New England novel by Jerry Hames.

"Peninsula," said her mother, after a pause, during which she had been vaguely watching the uneasy slumbers of a dejected cat that lay limply on a rug before the fire, "I think you had better spend a few months in Italy. What shall we have for dinner?"

CHAPTER II.

Three weeks later. Rome. Vatican. Catacombs. Pigeons. Gloomy sunshine. Oppressive feeling of ennui.

"Mother," said Peninsula, as the two stood in front of the Panphillia-Doria Palace, "isn't that aged horse terribly lame? Ah, me! What is life good for, I wonder, anyhow?"

"My daughter," replied the mother, with a dreary yawn, as she aimlessly looked at her watch and remembered she had not wound it since she had left Dismalton, "we will go to Venice."

CHAPTER III.

Gondolas. St. Mark's. Pervading dampness, odors of garlic, and pesnive memories of Venetian days. Continuation of ennui.

"Mother, I yearn for my New England home. Life here is so intense, so aquatic, so—"

"I know it, my daughter. And the eggs are too Oriental. I want you should not become too much excited. Remember how the story of Annie Quillburn worked upon your sensitive nature."

"Mother!" exclaimed Peninsula, in a voice of hopeless melancholy, "we will return home."

CHAPTER IV.

Dismalton. Another ordinary New England day. The mother and daughter alighted from the two seated carry-all, had their trunks carried into the house, paid the man and went in. They had returned home. A few more chunks of putty had fallen from the second story back window, and the cat was rather thinner than formerly. Otherwise the place was unchanged.

"What time is it, mother?" "I think," said the mother, looking at the sun, "it must be about eleven o'clock. Or half-past," she added, reflectively.

CHAPTER V.

The evening shades had fallen, but a faint odor of boiled cabbage still pervaded the quiet New England home. There was a knock at the front door. The bell, it should be explained, was out of repair.

The caller was shown into the parlor. "I have called, Peninsula, to—"

The young village doctor paused a moment to suppress an involuntary spasmodic action that looked like a yawn, but may have been a hicough.

"I have called, Peninsula, to ask if you will marry me."

"Fotheringay," she answered, looking at the hickory wood fire in the grate with painful incertitude, "I can not say whether I will or not."

THE END.

Rich and Poor,

Prince and Peasant, the Millionaire and Day Laborer, by their common use of this remedy, attest the world-wide reputation of Ayer's Pills. Leading physicians recommend these pills for Stomach and Liver Troubles, Costiveness, Biliousness, and Sick Headache; also, for Rheumatism, Jaundice, and Neuralgia. They are sugar-coated; contain no calomel; are prompt, but mild, in operation; and, therefore, the very best medicine for Family Use, as well as for Travelers and Tourists.

"I have derived great relief from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with

Rheumatism

that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills." Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis. "Ayer's Pills have been in use in my family upwards of twenty years and have completely verified all that is claimed for them. In attacks of piles, from which I suffered many years, they afford greater relief than any other medicine I ever tried."—T. F. Adams, Holly Springs, Texas.

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North Yakima

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