

# THE YAKIMA HERALD.

Volume I.

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## THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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### A NOCTURNE.

The man is deemed unfortunate Who, in the winter wild, Must wait the floor at night to hush a child. But greater misery knows he Who, just as he begins To dream, must rise and do the same With twine.

### YOUNG LOCHINVAR.

Oh, young Lochinvar has come out to the west; On all the wild bronchos his seat was the best; He was counted a whooper, well skilled to lift his heels—

A wild man from Wayback was young Lochinvar! He would crush a wild cayuse with a grip of his knees; He was boss o'er the rest of the cowboys with ease;

There was nothing could face him, for nothing could scar! Such a roarer and shooter as young Lochinvar! He's come out of the west, to the city he's come; He's walked into the bar-room, and suddenly

Are the drinkers; they whisper: "Twere better by far To keep clear of such terrors as young Lochinvar!"

Oh, young Lochinvar has made patent his gait; He's announced he's a killer from Killerville straight! And he's called them all up in a line to the bar; "You'll drink with me, fellows!" said young Lochinvar.

Oh, a pallid young man declined to take more, And the young Lochinvar has demanded his gore! He proposes with bullets the body to mar Of the reckless insider, does young Lochinvar!

Oh, young Lochinvar has had no time to draw When something has caught him just under the jaw— And it's forward he's gone with a sickening jar, Knocked out in two seconds is young Lochinvar!

There is hustling and bustling and opening a door, And the cow-boy is dragged o'er the sawdusty floor; He's out on the sidewalk, and much below par Is the stock of the terrible young Lochinvar!

### The Gate Servant.

Among the best of the many arithmetical ingenuities is that of the dishonest servant. His master had bought thirty-two bottles of wine, which he caused to be placed in the cellar by the servant in such a manner as to count nine bottles on every side, counting on the line of the sides of the bin thus:

|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| 1 | 7 | 1 |
| 7 | 7 | 7 |
| 1 | 7 | 1 |

But the servant managed, despite this precaution, to steal twelve bottles—that is, four on three separate occasions; and yet, when the master counted he found nine bottles on each side, according to his original plan of detecting the fraud.

Now, how did the ingenious thief rearrange the bottles so as to stand the test?

He rearranged them in the following manner:

| First Visit. | Second Visit. | Third Visit. |
|--------------|---------------|--------------|
| 2 2 2        | 3 3 3         | 4 1 4        |
| 5 5 5        | 3 3 3         | 1 1 1        |
| 2 2 2        | 3 3 3         | 4 1 4        |

### COLONEL BILL BLAIR EN ROUTE.

A Journalistic Narrative.

(From the Tombstone, A. T., Epitaph.)

Colonel Bill Blair, our well known country, departed this morning for the back country, on a brief sojourn. Bill was accompanied by a well filled valise and a quart bottle, and will doubtless have an enjoyable trip. Bon voyage, Bill.

[From the same paper, next day.] Colonel Bill Blair will not leave until to-day. He had intended to start yesterday, but, as was announced in the Epitaph last night, but—well, he did get outside of the fire limits, but he fortunately discovered that his bottle was empty and returned to town for supplies. Bill's friends will bid him farewell to-day.

[From the Phoenix, A. T., Bazaar.] We enjoyed a pleasant call to-day from Colonel William Blair, the popular corner of our neighboring city of Tombstone. There is plenty of fun in Bill, and if he were to sit on our corpse we would surely come to life again. Bill was given a wet reception last night at Sillperv Jim's. To the credit of Tombstone, he out drank every man in the place. This included General Hillblogger, and our readers know that the general is no slouch himself.

[From the Prescott, A. T., Broomer.] The up town stage last night from Phoenix brought into our midst Colonel Bill Blair, coroner of the town of Tombstone. Colonel Blair was on our streets to-day, meeting some of the leading citizens in friendly converse. He is not in the best of health, we are sorry to learn.

[From the Yuma, A. T., Howler.] Bill Blair, of Tombstone, coroner of that place, is in town for a brief sojourn. He was sick last night, but was able to meet a few friends at the Miner's Retreat this morning.

[From the Gila, A. T., Sycacher.] Old Bill Blair, of Tombstone, was in town yesterday. Bill is coroner de facto, and we would advise him to sit on himself.

[From the Tombstone, A. T., Buzster.] Cross-eyed Blair, a tough cit. of Tombstone, passed through Tucson last night on his way home. The vigilance committee was at the depot.

[From the Tombstone, A. T., Epitaph.] Bill Blair is back. He is a little of color, having slept in the jug last night, but will be able to resume his duties as coroner to-morrow. Our readers will find Bill at the old stand, ready to pass judgment on able-bodied stiff with neatness and dispatch.

### WATERSON'S GOOD WORDS.

Kentucky's Democratic Sage Approves Harrison's Nominations.

The Diplomatic Selections Highly Commended—The President Getting in Astute Party Work in the Way of Appointments.

Henry Waterson, the democratic apostle of Kentucky, and the editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, says editorially of Harrison's diplomatic appointments:

There is no denying that the administration is getting in some very astute political and party work in its appointments to office. With the exceptions of Wainwright and Tanner, Mr. Harrison, while selecting active and orthodox republicans, of the most pronounced description, has shocked no popular or moral sensibility, but has rather impressed the country with the idea that he is a clear headed, well intentioned man, working with great intelligence within his own party lines.

The batch of DIPLOMATIC NOMINATIONS sent to the senate yesterday completes the list of foreign places of importance to be filled, and though containing some surprises it will on the whole give pretty general satisfaction. The nomination of Robert Lincoln as minister to England is at once a surprise and a stroke. Taken in connection with Fred Grant for Vienna, it conveys an appeal to the young republicans of the period which cannot fail to have its effect. Both these sons of illustrious sires are American gentlemen without reproach and fully qualified personally and officially to represent the country handsomely and adequately in the old world. In bringing the journalism of the party to the front and stimulating that important branch of the party service, the president shows both wisdom and sagacity.

NO BETTER MINISTER TO FRANCE could have been found in any walk of life than Whitelaw Reid, and no fitter consul general to London than John C. New. Now we have Murat Halstead to Germany and Thorndyke Rice to Russia. Mr. Rice is the editor of the North American Review, a man of many accomplishments and large fortune, whose knowledge of European life and affairs is very great, and has not been obtained by the sacrifice of Americanism. The selection of Mr. Halstead for Berlin is a particularly happy one. He is already well known to Germans. In the Franco-German war he was the companion and guest of Von Moltke, met the great chancellor familiarly and often, and will be no stranger to the court to which he is accredited. He is personally both a handsome and brilliant man, and will appear nowhere without distinction.

THE REST OF THE APPOINTMENTS are all in the same line, particularly that of Patrick Egan, which at this moment must be very gratifying to the Irish on both sides of the water. It costs us nothing to say these things. The contest between the democratic and republican parties for years hence will turn upon irrefragable antagonisms of opinion. In the meantime it is of interest to all men to have the business of the country, particularly our representation abroad in the hands of capable and good men, as it can never be of interest to any party to raise false personal issues or deny politically that measure of justice which socially no one would think of withholding. All the appointments we have named are individually excellent, and from a purely partisan standpoint made with admirable discretion and keen foresight.

Burly of Man.

The Paeco Headlight has been shining with an especially effulgent gleam of late which gives bankable reasons for believing that Col. Muncey has at last knocked out his dread adversary—rheumatism—and is himself once more. His latest tentative, which is entitled "Destiny of Man," is given below:

Man that is born of woman is of but few days, few dollars and many debts. He riseth up to-day like a mushroom, and to-morrow the undertaker has him in an ice box.

He goeth to Yakima and they assure him that the capital will be located there, he buyeth considerable real estate and Pasco getteth away with the prize.

He is noted for his obscurity and his heart overfloweth with emptiness. He putteth on good clothes, and they say "behold the dude."

He putteth on modest clothes and they say, "behold, poverty abideth with him."

He enumerateth the advantages of his town and they say, "he lies and the truth is not in him."

He dwelleth in the house of a sinner and borroweth 50 cents of his neighbor to take in the festival.

He goeth out in the morning warbling like a lark and meeteth the bank teller with a sight draft for \$74.

He goeth to take his best girl to the lecture and behold the sister wasteth to accompany them.

His creditors do not forget him and his mother-in-law boycotteth him not.

The banister of life is full of splinters and he slideth down it with great rapidity.

He investeth \$7 in Ellensburg railroad stock and the scheme faileth to materialize.

He would live in a brown stone house

### and keep a colored coachman; but ah! he is not built that way.

He would run away from his creditors, but the train he is on runneth into a big bridge pier and is derailed.

He getteth on the train without a ticket and telleth the conductor to carry him to hell, and he is put off at Wallula.

In the autumn he putteth on his winter breeches, and a wasp that abideth in them filleteth him with woe.

He goeth to the fair and betteth his money on the gray horse, and the brown mare with one white hind foot winneth.

He goeth to Walla Walla to see a friend, requesteth a tune on the piano, and getteth put out the other door.

He runneth seventeen blocks with two heavy grip-sacks to catch the boat, and it pulleth out as he reacheth the dock.

He giveth \$46.35 for a watch dog, and when he cometh home late from the lodge the dog treeth him and sitteth beneath him till rosy morn.

He marieth a rich heiress with a wart on her nose and the next day her paternal ancestor goeth under with few assets and great liabilities and cometh home to live with his beloved son-in-law.

He cometh to Pasco, buyeth 17 lots, is appointed janitor of the capitol building, and liveth in peace and happiness.

### THE ACCEPTED STORY.

A Tragedy in Two Acts.

Dramatis personae—Narcisse Boulanger, a writer; Mrs. Boulanger a widow; Mr. Spader Chuvvel, an undertaker; Postman.

ACT I. (Time, February, 1889. Place, New York. Scene, a poorly furnished room down town. Mrs. Boulanger at wash-tub. Enter Narcisse Boulanger, aged 20, her fawn-like eyes hopping gaily in the sockets.)

Narcisse—Oh, mother, mother, its accepted, its accepted!

Mrs. Boulanger—What's accepted? Narcisse—My story. Listen. (Reads.) "Your story, 'How Mary Spent St. Patrick's Day,' has been accepted for the Merry Sprites, and a check will be sent you on publication. With thanks for your courtesy, we are, Eds. Merry Sprites."

Isn't it splendid? And of course they'll print it next month, because it is about St. Patrick's Day! I suppose I'll get fifty dollars for it.

Mrs. Boulanger—Heaven be praised! We are saved. (Embraces Narcisse. Curtain.)

ACT II. (Fifty years are supposed to have elapsed. Scene, interior of a hotel in Three Hundred and Forty-Eighth street, New York. Miss Narcisse Boulanger, an old woman, lying on a rude cot. Enter Undertaker Chuvvel.)

Undertaker—Good morning, Miss Boulanger. You sent for me, and I am here. Narcisse (feebly)—Oh, you've come at last! As you see, I'm at death's door; but too feeble to push it open, or better still—I'm too poor to pay the admission fee. (Laughs faintly.) What's your lowest price for a funeral?

Undertaker (kindly)—I can't do it for less than three dollars, ma'am.

Narcisse (despairingly)—Alas! then I must linger on. I have but twenty-five cents.

Undertaker (turning to go)—I'm sorry, ma'am; but "business is geeschaft." (Moves toward door.) (Knock at door. Enter postman.)

Postman—Here's a letter for you, ma'am. (Exit postman.)

Narcisse—Oh, wait, Mr. Chuvvel, until I read this letter. It may be what I'm expecting. (Undertaker comes back.)

Narcisse (opening letter and reading)—"Dear Miss Boulanger: Your story, 'How Mary Spent St. Patrick's Day,' sent us some time ago, and unavoidably crowded out until now, is printed in the St. Patrick's Day issue of the Merry Sprites. We inclose check for three dollars, and with thanks are, yours truly, Eds. Merry Sprites." It's come at last—what there is of it. Take it, Mr. Chuvvel. Now I can afford to die. (Dies.)

Undertaker (wildly)—By heaven, she didn't inhale it! (Stabs himself—dies. Curtain.)

### Bury the Croaker.

Bury the croaker out in the woods in a beautiful hole in the ground, where the woodpecker pecks and the bumblebees buzz and the straddle-bug straddles around. He is no good to this city of push-too unpractical, stingy and dead; but he wants the whole earth and all of its crust, and the stars that shine overhead. Then hustle him off to the bumble bee's roost; and bury him deep in the ground; he's no use to us here—get him out of the way, and make room for a man that is sound.

### A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or, in case of failure, a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of throat, lungs or chest, such as consumption, inflammation of lungs, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at C. B. Dushnell's.

—Alhaha seeds at the I. X. L.

—Remnants in embroideries at the I. X. L.

### OREGON'S SEA SERPENT.

Result of the "Herald's" Research in Zoology.

A Fabulous Hydra of Which Oregon Boasted—A Realistic Description From the Pen of a Graphic Correspondent.

CORVALLIS, OREGON, March 24, 1889.

EDITOR HERALD:—I have received your zoological communication desiring special information regarding the fabulous hydra that now reclines on its ventral section in a carbohydrate solution in an arsenal on that part of Commercial street, in the city of Corvallis, which is nearest the Occident.

Hercules hibernated a happy man; his last somniferous condition was one to be admired. He passed from this mundane sphere to the abode of the gods with the greatest composure imaginable. His terrestrial existence might well be compared with that of a Newfoundland puppy only eight days old. He had the belief of the entire populace concurring in his views in the idea that he had extinguished the hydra—the terror of the land-lubber as well as the old tar of those colonial days. But, ye gods and little fishes! were he to come down from the ethereal fields to-night and open his eyes to-morrow, in the ninth day of his probationary state, in Henkle & Bier's ammunition parlors, he would certainly will like a cabbage plant that had been attacked by a grub worm, in the hot sun. I am confident he would return to his old friend, Neptune, and demand an immediate settlement—or else he would sneak off to Canada for a vacation.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene The dark, unshaken caves of ocean bear; Full many a soul, with instinct ken, Is daily seeking this sea-serpent rare. (Anon.)

To the ancient toilers of the deep, this fabulous acanthopterygian monster was a holy terror. In the minds of the imaginative Greeks, many conjectures were made regarding its immensity. Many had attacked it and been immediately digested; but when it assaulted Hercules, it soon found out that it had bit off more than it could chew. One glance at its assailant's eyes, and its alimentary canal was immediately inverted, and the flow of gastric and pancreatic juice paralyzed it, so to speak, for the time being.

But the serpent of to-day is not so easily influenced in its actions towards genus homo. It does not flee from the wrath to come like a hen coop in a cyclone, probably because we have no Hercules to bring into the arena, and since Sullivan's ignominious defeat, we are at a loss to find one who can adequately compromise with its royal highness whether it shall be Marquis of Queensbury or the American Club that shall predominate in a set-to with soft gloves and bare knuckles. But I am begging the question. Rats is a phrase common to all Americans; but the very name of a sea serpent startles the natives round about quite a scope of country, varying directly as the square of the distance, and the one now in position for the public to feast their eyes on is a treat, and don't forget to mention it. He (?) is a monstrosity, the length thereof being about four cubits and the height at rear of head being about one and one-half heads, little more or less be the same. His age is unknown, but judging from the number of teeth which are in his mouth, he must be a few days younger than Noah or Sham were at the time of their departure. The head resembles that of the antiquated mud cat, and, as the ice of many winters has settled on his brow and eye-lashes, his eyes have become deep seated, and when he appears to look at you, his gaze is not unlike that of a condemned game-cock after the tournament above referenced. His optical organs have not their youthful vigor, owing probably to the effect of his present bath. The ears have not yet produced an effect on me, as they are incompetent, irrelevant, and not of the issues of this case. The characteristic of his acanthopterygian nature extend from the brow of his cranium to the extremity of his posterior appendages; at intervals, midway between his ventral and dorsal segments, there extends a row of indentations which resemble the port-holes on the Spanish armada. These rays of light which are visible on his sides are the greenish-gray of the spectrum, but the belly is without color.

Words are inadequate to delineate the wonderful combinations of this mass of flesh, bone and cartilage. You have but to see to believe, and if you will believe what you see, you are O. K. I have conferred with the owners of this saline monster, and they say that a million has been refused for it. Now, I am not a "Count of Monte Cristo," so when he said million, I said out, for I was busted, and did not wish to exhibit my financial incapability.

Yours truly, E. E. WILSON.

P. S.—The fact of the business is that this fowl, best of burthen, or whatever it is, resembles the common fresh H-2-O mud felle. Just imagine the last named article to be about six feet long and with a head six inches through, the body tapering off from the head to the tail, with a hideous death-like look, and I think you will have a pretty fair photograph of the said sea serpent. If you are really in earnest about purchasing it, I will find out the market value of the thing and inform you. I suppose the price will be pretty high, as you know there is no competition in that line of groceries.

E. E. W.

### A Revised Tariff.

It seeming likely that the senate tariff bill may fail of passage, the following is submitted as a substitute measure:

English comedians, \$500 per lb. English noblemen (improvised and matrimonial) . . . \$500 per lb. 1 per cent. ad valorem.

English accents. . . . .Free. English swells (gen-u-ine) . . . . .Free. English swells (cockney and Prince of Wales set) . . . . . \$500 per lb.

English men's garments (milit and other) . . . . .Prohibited. English trained servants . . . . .Prohibited.

Italian laborers . . . . . \$20 per thousand. Italian laborers, dirt on . . . . . \$3 per lb. 10 per cent. ad valorem.

Italian organ-grinders . . . . . \$500 per lb. Italian organ-grinders, monkeys of . . . \$2 per lb. 20 per cent. ad valorem.

Italian counts, marquises, popes, and dogs . . . . .Prohibited. Russian novels . . . . . \$600 per volume. Russian names and titles . . . . . \$80 cts. per mile.

Jews, Polish . . . . . \$1 per head bounty. Jews, English and re-imported . . . . . \$5 per lb. Jews, diamonds on . . . \$1 per lb. Irish agitators . . . . .Prohibited. Irish domestic servants (Castle Garden brand) . . . . . 1000 per cent. ad valorem.

Irish male cousins of same . . . . .Prohibited. Irish willing to run American politics . . . \$10 per head bounty. German limburger . . . . .Prohibited. German beer . . . . .Free. German Wagner musicians . . . . . \$3000 per lb. German Frankfurters . . . . . \$10 per yd., 10 per cent. ad valorem.

German street bands . . . . .Prohibited. German dogs . . . . . \$3 per yard. Immigrants, ignorant \$10 per head bounty. Immigrants, pauper \$10 per head bounty. Immigrants, insane . . . \$10 per head bounty. Immigrants, ignorant, pauper, and insane . . . . . \$100 per head bounty.

Immigrants, anarchistic and socialistic . . . . . \$100 per head bounty. Immigrants, clergymen, actors, artists, and skilled laborers . . . . .Prohibited. Foreign reprints of American books . . . . .Free. Works of Art . . . . . \$500 per sq. in., \$500 per oz., and 2000 per cent. ad valorem.—L. J. F.

Fashionable Fallias.

In Paris gowns of nettle green are worn with dull blue sashes.

Very "loud stripes and plaids are now permissible where striking effects are desired.

A new tint of crushed strawberry promises to be a great favorite. It is softer in tone than the original shades.

With empire and directoire gowns Marie Antoinette fuchsia of white or colored linen will be worn this summer.

The most stylish handkerchiefs are finished with a deep hem, above which is a dainty device in drawn work or an insertion of real lace.

The newest tints in millinery are English rose, magnolia, amonone pink, winter lily, lily-green, oak heart, summer sky, and opal.

London costumers indulge in daring color combinations. Such combinations as green and tan, turquoise and amber, old rose and pale green, lily leaf and black, peach and amethyst, are frequent.

Dress shoes are slightly