

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

Volume I.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1889.

Number 15.

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Advertising Rates Upon Application.

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Fire Wood & Draying.

I have a large quantity of excellent pine and fir wood and am prepared to do hauling at reasonable figures. JOHN REED.

An Economical Fence.

I HAVE now the sole right for Yakima County for one of the best wire fences ever patented. It is very durable and cheap. Wire and machine for making on hand. Those wishing to build fences should call on me. J. H. STOUT, West side of Track.

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NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

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I am now prepared to furnish families with Pure Milk from the Ahtanum Dairy.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

My delivery wagon has a canvas cover, which prevents the sun from heating down on the cans and souring the milk. W. H. CARPENTER.

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16 Quart Tickets for \$1.00.

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Hotels and Restaurants furnished at Special Rates, by the Gallon.

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UNDER THE LEAVES.

A carpet all of faded brown. On the gray couch a dove that grieves: Death seemeth here to have its own, But the spring violets nestle down Under the leaves.

A brow austere and sad gray eyes. Locks in which rare her silver weaves: Hope seemeth tumbled no more to rise, But God he knoweth on what wise Love for Love's sunshine waiting lies Under the leaves. —Scribner's.

W. A. J. Sparks as a Reformer.

Washington letter: I hear that "General" William Andrew Jackson Sparks, ex-commissioner of the land office, is just now torn by conflicting emotions. He can't make up his mind whether he would prefer to come back to congress or to Europe. At one stage of his career when the doughty land commissioner was unsettling titles all over the country, President Cleveland was earnestly besought to give him some place where he could do no harm. The consulate at Cairo was suggested and seemed to strike the president favorably. He casually intimated to a congressman who knew Sparks well what his intention was. The congressman promptly vetoed it.

"It wouldn't do at all," he said to Mr. Cleveland. "Do you know what would happen? Sparks won't be there three months till he will be questioning the title of the Khedive to the Pyramids and ordering the Egyptians to file a quit-claim deed to the Sphinx. He'll get us into a grand international row."

This reasoning was so forcible that Mr. Cleveland kept his land commissioner at home and subsequently kicked him down the back stairs without any sort of a cushion to fall on.

"General" Sparks deplored his enforced retirement to private life, but soothed himself with the promise of a trip to Europe and the pleasure of the continental travel. His plans were all arranged when a vacancy was made in his congressional district by the death of Representative Townshend. His enthusiastic neighbors, who knew that "General" Sparks had a fat pocket-book and would put up liberally for campaign expenses, suggested his name. But the "general" majestically put away the tempting suggestion and declared that nothing could induce him to forego the pleasures of his European trip. He had served his country, had been abused for it, and he was going to linger among the old world despotisms and leave it to its fate. His neighbors, however, knew the weakness of Sparks. Again they made the proffer of a nomination. Again it was declined, but with less positiveness than on the former occasion. Recently a third tender was made and it was put away more gently, but still it was put away just as Caesar refused the crown. Now the fourth offer is soon to be made and everybody out in Southern Illinois knows that if Sparks don't snip it up, the able political workers who want a good campaign fund won't bother with him further. Hence the ex-commissioner's painful indecision as between congress and Europe.

Should Sparks return to congress, a wicked representative threatens to have him investigated. One evening recently this member stood in the lobby of the Ebbitt House as the majestic form of the ex-commissioner disappeared from view. "Sparks is a reformer," he said sarcastically. "I don't doubt it, because he says so himself. But I'd like to know what he's doing eighteen months after he goes out of office that entitles him to use government stationery." Saying this the member pulled out several letters of recent date from Sparks, all written on "Extra Superfine" paper which bore the impress of the general land office.

Speaking of Battles.

Not long since the friends of a popular wicker matron decided to give her a surprise party. Her husband was let into the secret in order that madam might be gotten out of the way while her friends took possession of the house. "My dear," said hubby on the evening in question after supper, "let us take a little walk."

"No, I can't," said madam, thinking at once of her personal appearance. "I haven't my bustle on. Never mind," she smiled on second thought, "I'll just put it on over my dress and under my cloak, and no one will know the difference."

So they started on their walk. When the proper time had elapsed Mr. Husband led the way home. On arriving Mrs. Wife was becomingly surprised, and her thoughts immediately flew to the enjoyment of her guests. Apologizing for her absence, she threw off her cloak, and there was the bustle. Of course everybody saw it and laughed, and the mean things never told her what they laughed at! When all had gone, and the wife and the other half of the firm had gone to their room, she congratulated herself on the merry time every one had had.

"Wasn't it nice?" she exclaimed. "They all enjoyed themselves so much!" And then she saw the bustle—*Buffalo Express.*

Reminds Her in One Particular.

"I am told that I resemble your wife a good deal." "You do, in one particular, Mr. Quimby." "What's that?" "My wife is no gentleman."

ELECTRICITY ON WARSHIPS.

How Modern Men-of-War Utilize Late Valuable Inventions.

One Result of This New Force is to Put a Vessel into the Hands of One Man—Electric Wonders.

Electricity on ships of war is purely an American idea, and was first tried on the United States steamer Trenton in 1883. Soon after the system had been tested the vessel sailed on a three-years' cruise, and attracted much attention as the first war vessel aff to be lighted by electricity. The success of the Trenton's experiment practically settled the question in naval circles. Through the exertions of Lieut.-Commander R. B. Bradford, who was the Trenton's executive officer, electric lights were placed on the Vermont, New Hampshire, Omaha, Dolphin and Chicago. The Baltimore, Charleston, Yorktown, Bennington and Concord will be supplied with the latest improved plants, and there is nothing afloat that can excel the system. Each cruiser has about five hundred lights, and the gunboats two hundred and fifty, with sufficient supplies to last three years. All the cutouts and switches are made water-tight and tested by turning a stream of water on any part of the circuit.

There are innumerable devices by which electricity is made useful on board ships. The value of the search-light cannot be estimated, as scouting parties, torpedo boats or swift steam launches can be detected a mile away on the darkest night. As a motive power for small machines it is invaluable, and on the Chicago will be brought into play for training the huge guns of the main battery. It is used also for discharging the riddled ordnance and the entire system is under the absolute control of the commander from his position in the fighting tower. He requires no uncertain assistants to place him in communication with the various departments of the complex machine. Electrical devices perform all the duties, transmit the orders and control the movements with far greater accuracy and safety than would be possible by the old methods.

The simple pressure of a button endows the huge monster with life and activity, causing 10,000 tons to glide smoothly through the water at a speed of twenty knots. At the touch of a second button the great shields swing noiselessly aside and the huge apertures are disclosed, filled the next instant by powerful rifled breech-loaders. There is a hush, a moment of expectancy, as the commander peers through the little slot on a level with his eye in the tower, touches a third button, and the cruiser vomits forth sheets of flame. The long steel shot dart through space at the rate of 2,000 feet in a second; bow, stern and broadside respond in one terrific roar, and a crash the fabric trembles 'neath the simultaneous explosion of 6,000 pounds of powder, and 12,000 pounds of metal are sent whizzing through the air by means of the electric slave of the dynamo.

The merest motion of the little polished lever directly in front of the captain brings the powerful search-light into action and sends a dazzling beam through the dark void. To the left protrudes still another concave inlaid-appearing globe, which controls a silent, though potent, and death-dealing auxiliary. A slight click is heard, a puff of white smoke and the Whitehead torpedoes glide from their smooth tubes and are driven through the water at the rate of thirty miles an hour. An electric bell signals the officer in charge of the quick-firing and machine guns when to play his part and ere the gong has ceased to vibrate, thousands upon thousands of explosive projectiles are flying through the air at the rate of 1,900 feet per second.

The latest electric appliance is a system of engine room telegraph, invented by J. B. Wallis, an Englishman. It has been thoroughly tested in the royal navy and adopted on her majesty's ships Camperdown, Rodney and Aurora. It is also being fitted to the Magicienne and the Marathon, two second-class twin-screw cruisers. The Wallis system comprises an engine room telegraph, a revolution order telegraph and a steering telegraph, the principle being the same in each case. The engine room telegraph consists of a combined transmitter on a pedestal. The engine room telegraph consists of the orders to be transmitted are distinctly marked, and a handle at the back turns a pointer to the desired command.

The moving of the handle or lever gives the "attention" signal to the engineer. The engineer putting his lever over causes a bell to be sounded on the bridge, which calls attention to the fact that he is acknowledging the order and repeating it back. The revolution telegraph is a simple means of transmitting to the engineer the number of revolutions at which the commander wishes the engine to run. The admiral may signal to the fleet that he is going at seventy revolutions, which signal has to be repeated to the engineers, in order that all the vessels may keep in line with the flagship. The steering telegraph is another application of the same principle. The transmitter and receiver are similar to those of the engine room telegraph, the latter being ingeniously attached to the rudder, which makes the record automatically.

In connection with the steam steering

wheel, which in the fighting tower of an iron-clad is directly under the commander's control, he has at his disposal a terrible and decisive weapon once it is put in motion. Projecting a number of feet in advance is the ram attachment, its proportions and deadly qualities concealed under water. Emerging from whirling clouds of battle, guided by the will of the commander, the great fabric, impelled by the combined strength of the immense engines, with furnaces glowing and steam hissing, the cruiser rushes straight onward prepared to crash into its opponent.

A single hand guides the modern engine of the war that the next instant may be tearing and rending solid oak and steel plates that have afforded protection and a home for hundreds of brave men. To inflict such a blow involves the life or death of the entire ship's company, and with the destruction and sinking of the iron-clad hundreds of human beings are ushered into eternity. It is a fearful responsibility to assume, a tremendous power to be vested in the hands of one man, and well may the commander of a modern cruiser pause, weighing all the mighty considerations involved, ere he immerses himself in his fighting tower, wherein lies life or death only to be let loose at his will and bidding.

CHINOOK LARE.

The Battle of the Mountains—A Scientific Investigator Whose Hopes Were Thwarted.

Not a few writers and others at different times have made diligent inquiry for the traditional lore of Washington territory, but invariably with unsatisfactory results. Several narratives purporting to be Indian traditions have from time to time been published, but they were simply the fruit of fertile imaginations, with little or no foundation. That they have some traditions, however, is beyond question, for no people have yet been found so low in the scale of intelligence as to be entirely destitute in this respect.

Among the traditions of the Indians of this territory is one to the effect that many moons ago (perhaps several thousand) two mountains, which Ranier was one, engaged in a terrible battle, during which they discharged at each other great masses of fire, and vomited forth smoke and ashes in immense volumes, which shut out the light of the sun. One of the mountains was annihilated; the other remains to embellish one of the grandest pictures of mountain scenery on the face of the globe.

Now, this is a rational and plausible tradition, for Ranier affords to-day ample evidence of having once been a volcano in active eruption. The extinct crater is clearly defined, and was plainly visible to all who have succeeded in reaching the summit. Nor is this all; for steam incessantly issues from crevices in the crust that covers the mouth of the defunct volcano, thus proving conclusively that fire are yet smoldering in the bowels of this majestic mountain.

Some time prior to 1860, Mr. George Gibbs, a scientific gentleman attached to the United States Boundary commission, then locating the boundary of the British territory on our northern side, sought to possess himself of some Indian traditions, if any existed among the aborigines of that period. He finally encountered an Indian that he thought likely to afford the desired information, and interrogated him somewhat after the following manner in Chinook, which is rendered in English for the comprehension of the general reader:

"Did you ever hear your father or any of the old Indians speak of any great event that happened here long before their time?"

"Oh, yes," replied the Indian.

"What was it?" asked Mr. Gibbs.

"Many moons ago, I have heard them say," replied the Indian, "this whole land was covered by water by a big rain, and all the people except one tye (or chief) and his family were drowned."

"What was the name of the tye?" asked Gibbs, now quite hopeful of getting a veritable tradition.

"His name Noah," was the answer.

"Another missionary story!" exclaimed Gibbs, thoroughly disgusted with the result of his inquiry, and now convinced that the only traditions of the Indians hereabouts were bible stories obtained from the missionaries.

The New System of Medicine.

The Bichem's system of medicine is fast pushing its way to the front in the United States. These remedies may be found at Allen & Chapman's, C. B. Bushnell's, and C. J. Taft's.

Every one should read the pamphlet on the "New Treatment of Disease."

Horse Restaurant.

Dr. C. J. Taft has purchased the Hughes livery stable, and it will be run hereafter under the management of Volney Taft as a boarding and pay stable. Horses will receive the best of attention.

MacLean, Reed & Co. have \$100,000 to loan on improved farm lands. Applications for loans will receive prompt attention.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood; therefore, external treatment affords no permanent relief. To eliminate the poison and make a thorough cure of the disease, nothing else is so efficient as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Give it a trial. Worth \$5 a bottle.

SUPPERS FOR SYLPHS.

The Expanse Varies According to Grade in their Professional Standing.

What the Bald-Headed Old Gentleman Knows About one Kind, and the Young Man of a Romantic Turn Knows About Another.

EDITOR HERALD:—It is best for susceptible people who go to the theatre to be content with the seats they occupy and never wander behind the scenes. When one of the tender and emotional artists walks off from the glare of the footlights and says, in a purely dramatic way, that she is going out into a garden of roses, or that she is going to meet some Romeo or Adonis in an arbor, where the cascades are creamy and the birds are on the wing, give the girl a chance and believe all she says. Sit still where you are and never doubt; weep for the female as she waxes, and go with her, in your mind, when you retire. It is sweet to be lured to slumber by the thought that the fair young thing is being bathed in dew-drops; it is comforting to think, as you turn over, that she is thumping the guitar in some Arcadia, and that a cavalier is dying to win her affection.

But if you are not content to do this, and insist on going out with her in person don't feel disappointed if you come back raving about blasted hopes and dissipated visions. Now there are

THE PRIMA DONNAS of the Coliseum. "How they move like the Graces before the eye, while the stage jewels flash upon their symmetrical limbs. The "bloom of youth" stands out upon their faces, and they smile as sweetly as though they were scaling the walls of the New Jerusalem. As they move away the susceptible mind follows them into a realm of delight. The man "who has been there" knows better. He knows they have gone back to raise the devil with the "snide thing" who received more scores than they; to tell her as she sits on a dilapidated trunk that she had better get out and jump into the lake; then they tell the "stage manager" that he is a "d-d nice man," because they are not programmed as their talent demands. At this juncture they tackle the "ham-fat man," who is the lackey, and tell him to get out and get a pitcher of beer, or they will "everlastingly sit on him" until his mother wouldn't know him. They wait his coming and "guzzle" it down in a way that would harden the softest heart.

What one of them comes on again. Here a transformation scene! The words fall from her lips like the notes of a lute, and the smiles lurk about the penciled lines upon her face until it becomes radiant. Now is the time to

PLANT BOUQUETS.

When the curtain has been rung down and the lights are out, and the "gardens" and the "cascades" have been knocked "helter-skelter," and the "manager" has had a row with five or six of the "stars," the "queens of song," the "aerial artist," and the "leading lady" stuff their tickets and "trunks" and tinsel in the little traveling bag and march away—not to walk the floor and "study their lines" in the watches of the night, or pine over sentimentalities, but go over to the Tivoli and the Toledo. The bald-headed man goes with them and carries their baggage. There are few sights in this great world so full of tenderness, so calculated to wake up the emotions of the heart, as that where an old man toils along under the gas-lights with the "traveling-bag" of one of these sprites in his hand and her shawl on his arm, while she leads the way to a lunch stand. If there is any one thing in which the artiste excels it is in her appetite.

THE BALD-HEADED MAN

who has been doing the amiable for "so long," and who is now losing flesh, and is commencing to think he has been "left at last," has unbosomed himself to the Herald representative in regard to the exact amount necessary to satisfy the hunger of one of the "queens." He says he ordered soup three times and got it every time she ordered; he thinks he would have been gainer if he had purchased a meat-stall and stock, and had the whole amount prepared; he knows that an ordinary confectionery wouldn't have satisfied her desire for "sweetness," and the red star wine, and the "salads," and the beer she surrounded amazed him until he threw up his hands in despair.

And then when the hour for closing the restaurant had arrived, she put her hand confidently in his, and looking up into his face, asked in a pleading tone if he couldn't have the waiter put up a pan of cold pork and beans for her lunch in the room before she retired. The bald-headed man says he might have stood this from one, but when it came to settling the bill for four or five of the "gang," he felt a dizziness in his head. Most of these "STARS" KEEP FOOLISH DOGS, or canary birds or parrots, and it costs something to feed them. The bald-headed man avers he has spent as much money on one of these dogs as would pay a crown board. And not to love the poodle is a crime. He says no man can expect to "snash" one of these "stars" until he has "snashed" the dog first. And he thinks it would have been money in his pocket if he had "snashed" the poodle of his affinity on the head with a club at the start. The bald-headed man said further that he was getting tired of hack bills, and he was growing thin over the

thought that these women had to have washing done, and the laundry bill would come in next.

The young man who attends the Adelphi has not been any more successful in his dreams or his "work" than the old codger of the Coliseum. In fact he is worse off. There is a great and impassible rivalry between the "queens" of the Coliseum and the "talent" at the Adelphi. The latter consider themselves several octaves above the former, and say with some pride that they don't have to work in a "beer saloon" where

AN "ASSIGNATION HOUSE"

is run in the gallery. They point to the fact that the "old Adelphi" is crowded with the "boys," and that twice a week the first families of the town come to see them. Hence it is that the Adelphi "queen of song" and the "dameuse" et al., are toney in their desires. They go from the theatre to their rooms, and from the rooms to the restaurant. Maybe the young man who has "been in the business" doesn't have to pay for so much cold meat and vegetables, but he has confessed that the wine account is heavier than it was on the "avenue." And the Adelphi queen never accepts anything less than a diamond ring. But she will sigh over her troubles with the incorrigible managers, the same as the Coliseum fairy. She has no dog.

But for "fun" that hasn't any nonsense about it take a West-side car and go into the "dives" scattered along the way. The "Paris," the "Centennial," the "Pacific," the "Metropolitan," Temples of Theatricals! Tights that haven't seen the laundry for weeks. There the "star" stands on her head in the wire room; if some duffer will put up the beer; she will snook, she will chew, she will swear, and if provoked she will fight. When the "uproar" is over with her she hies with the "snide" to a beer saloon over the way, where sausage and cheese are good enough for her. She carries her "wardrobe" on her back. When her appetite is toned down, she is ready for anything that may be suggested. Thus do the "stars" twinkle in other heavens and in other ways than those of which the susceptible mind oft times dreams.

Patents for U. S. Lands.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T., May 6th, 1889.

Patents are at this office for the following persons, who may have them mailed to their address upon surrender of their final receipts; and in case of loss thereof by making proper affidavits as to such loss:

YAKIMA COUNTY.

Bounds, Thos L. Brown, John G. Cato, Heman Clancy, Thomas Darling, Jas M. Denton, Elijah Foglesong, Will Hubbard, Sam J. Jones, Wm R. Kemp, Ezra Kingsbury, John T. Kirby, Robert Miller, Wm P. Morrison, Abram W. Murray, David Percival, Alvard Rice, Lewis M. Rollins, Arthur D. Ross, Wash N. Schneer, Henry Shaw, John W. Stair, David W. Thorp, Bayless T. Tigard, Robert Taylor, Katharine Wallace, Joseph Wilson, Robert.

DOUGLAS COUNTY.

Clausen, John Day, Mary Clancy, Thos E. Clancy, Thos E. Griffiths, Lewis Gable, Justice D. Hadley, Eben W. Kirby, Robert Long, Geo W. Murray, Joseph Neely, Frank W. Neely, Chesley O'Neil, John Poppel, George Scully, Wm Stafford, Chas H. Wilson, David

OKANOGAN COUNTY.

Jewett, John W. N

KITITAS COUNTY.

Allen, Ephraim Amlin, John L. Anderson, H S. Bales, Keebley Barnhart, F C. Beers, Wm F. Blomqvist, John Brush, John B. Burge, Andrew J. Cahoon, Marcus M. Costes, Jas K. Coleman, Chas C. Cook, Chas F. Crumbo, G M. Cox, Sam T S. Dermott, Jas Doak, Thos M. Elliott, Thos E. Fowler, Chas Y. Grewell, Elijah J. Hodges, Andrew E. Johnson, Wm M. Leonard, Frederick McCausland, T F. Major, Thos-man Mason, Eleazar B. Mason, Alanson T. Merrill, Wm S. Montgomery, J M. Olding, John G. Olmstead, Sarah F. Richards, Michael Thomas, Wm H. Voice, John E. Wilkin, Frank H.

IRA M. KRUTZ, Register.

The New Discovery.

You have heard your friends and neighbors talking about it. You may yourself be one of the many who know from personal experience just how good a thing it is. If you have ever tried it, you are one of its staunch friends, because the wonderful thing about it, that when once given a trial, Dr. King's New Discovery ever after holds a place in the house. If you have never used it and should be afflicted with a cough, cold or any throat, lung or chest trouble, secure a bottle at once and give it a fair trial. It is guaranteed every time or money refunded. Trial bottles free at C. B. Bushnell's drug store.

Remedy for Purifying Feet.

Dr. John Morgan writes: "By applying boric acid thoroughly to the feet, particularly about the nails, between and under the toes, and to the soles, as the case may be, dressing them while there is a good coating of powder on the skin, sweating of the feet may be effectually relieved. The application is easily made and will prove satisfactory." Washing before and after night help.—Medical Record.

A WOMAN'S HEART.

It Responds to Lochinar Methods of Courtship—Mme. De Barrios' Life of Romance.

Mme. de Barrios, widow of the South American dictator, is 33 years of age, the mother of seven children, a beauty and worth \$7,000,000. She is one of the prettiest women in New York, of a dark, rich South American type, and despite the seven children has not lost the hint of her freshness and charm. Her story is a romantic one. At 14 years of age she had reached that sudden development to womanhood which comes to 8th American girls almost as soon as they turn into their teens; the Dictator Barrios, who was then nearly 40, caught a glimpse of her one day, and being inspired with a sudden passion, demanded her hand. Very naturally the girl rebelled at being turned over to a man old enough to be her father, and her parents objected to the match also, not only on account of disparity in the years, but on the ground that the position of a South American dictator is not one of sufficient security to insure the future happiness of the woman who marries him, so the young lady was whisked off to a mountain convent and General Barrios' offer was respectfully but firmly declined. The dictator, however, was not of the stuff of which rejected suitors are made. His only answer was to clap the lovely senorita's father into jail and to inform him that he would remain there until his pretty daughter became Mme. de Barrios. The old gentleman stood it heroically for awhile, but prison life and fare not agreeing with him, the senorita reappeared as suddenly as she had gone, and was wedded with great pomp and ceremony to her hardy wooer. There is some quality in the feminine heart which responds promptly to these Lochinar methods of courtship, and in a very short while the pretty girl was more fond of her rugged and imperious husband than of all the young fellows who had been playing madolinos under her window ever since she turned 12. He, on his part, was passionately enamored of the little girl he had married, and at once began investing large sums in the United States and France against the coming of any damp day, so that when he was suddenly taken off in an uprising his widow found herself not only the mother of several children, most of whom came in pairs, but also the sole owner of over \$7,000,000, invested in the solidest fashion. She is a very prominent figure in society and usually spends her summers at Newport, a devoted mother to her little dark-eyed brood, and so far seems to have no intention of replacing her soldier husband, though the fortune-hunters say no pains to persuade her to do so. One of her curious fancies was to have herself painted by a famous miniature painter in a picture which showed only her beautiful Spanish eyes above the edge of a crimson fan. This grew quite a rage for a while, and all the women with pretty eyes had themselves painted in like manner. It was she, too, who started the fashion of having her beautiful hand photographed and giving it to her friends in place of pictures of her face.

One on Nelson Bennett.