

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

Volume I.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1890.

Number 16.

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

REED & COE, Proprietors.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

Advertising Rates Upon Application.

E. M. REED, Editor and Business Manager.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

GEORGE TURNER, W. J. MILROY, L. S. HOWLETT, R. B. MILROY.

TURNER, MILROY & HOWLETT,
Attorneys at Law,
NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

L. S. Howlett, ex-Receiver of Public Money at the U. S. Land Office, will give special attention to making out papers for Settlers, and to Land Contracts.

W. T. CATON, Sprague, L. C. PARRISH, North Yakima.
CATON & PARRISH,
Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Territory. Office on First Street, opposite the Court House, North Yakima, W. T.

H. J. SNIVELY,

Prosecuting Attorney for Yakima and Kittitas Counties, and

Attorney at Law.

Office with County Treasurer, at the Court House, North Yakima. Will practice in all the courts of the Territory and U. S. Land Office.

J. B. REAVIS, A. MIRE, C. E. GRAVES.

REAVIS, MIRE & GRAVES,
Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all Courts of the Territory. Special attention given to all U. S. Land Office business. Offices at North Yakima and Ellensburg, W. T.

EDWARD WHITSON, JOHN A. ALLEN, FRED PARKER, North Yakima.

ALLEN, WHITSON & PARKER,
Attorneys at Law.

Office in First National Bank Building.

S. O. MORFORD,

Attorney at Law,

Practices in all Courts in the Territory. Especial attention to Collections. Office up stairs in Hill Block, North Yakima.

WM. G. COE, M. D. E. HENR, M. D.

COE & HEG,
Physicians, Surgeons and Accoucheurs.

Office Hours—4 till 10 a. m., 2 till 4 p. m., and 7 till 8 o'clock p. m.
Office on Second street, near Allen & Chapman's.

O. M. GRAVES,

DENTIST.

All work in my line first-class. Local anesthetics used to extract teeth without pain. No charge for examination.

Office on First National Bank.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fire Wood & Draying.

I have a large quantity of excellent pine and fir cord wood and fir slash wood for sale cheap. I also run two drays, and am prepared to do hauling at reasonable figures. Apply to 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. M. STUBBS, West Side of Track.

U. KEPPLER,
City Scavenger,
NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.

Headquarters at Tucker's Livery Stable, on Front street. All orders promptly attended to. Charges moderate.

Ahtanum Dairy.

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 beating down on the cans and souring the milk.

W. H. CARPENTER.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of North Yakima.

DIRECTORS: J. B. Lewis, Wm. Ker, Chas. Carpenter, A. W. Engle, Edward Whitson.

Capital \$100,000. Surplus \$15,000.

J. B. Lewis, President. Edward Whitson, Vice President.

W. L. STRIENGO, Cashier.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Buy and Sell Exchange at Reasonable Rates.

PAY INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Joe. J. Appel,
DEALER IN—

FINE WINES and LIQUORS,

The Best Brands of

Imported and Domestic Cigars.

South Side Yakima Avenue.

THE DRUMMER'S PLEA.

Warmly press his jeweled slipper.

Ask him how he fares to-day.

Speak to him in accents chipper.

List to all he has to say.

Greet the envoy from the center.

From the mats of every land—

Lo, behold the drummer enters

With his simple case in hand!

For you will not see him ever.

Some day he'll be laid away.

With his little yarn together.

Hidden far from light of day.

Then remove your peers will scatter.

If you ever did give him pain.

And you'll miss his merry chatter

When the robins nest again.

Harken, then, oh merchant Croesus,

To his merry little tale:

Think of home joys that he misses

In his life upon the rail.

Think of what you would do without him.

And his grip and sample case—

What a charm there is about him.

From his toes to smiling face.

He it is that ever brings in

All the latest and the best.

Makes you buy the very things in

Which you know you'd never invest;

Calls you "Tom," or "Dick," or "Jimmy."

Tells you all the latest news;

If you're not in first-rate trim, he

Quickly drives away the blues.

Greet him, then, with welcome cheery

And when he has his race he runs.

When at last of life he's weary

And his last yarn he has spun.

Plant him 'neath the weeping willow—

Sign of all that's real and new.

With a grip-sack for a pillow

And a rock upon his cheek.

The Dimensions of Heaven.

Captain J. B. Sharkey, measurer of Ves-

sels in the surveyor's office, Boston cas-

tle house, has made the following calcu-

lation as to the dimensions of Heaven:

"And he measured the city with the reed,

12,000 furlongs. The length and the

breadth and the height are equal."—Rev.

xxxi, 6. Twelve thousand furlongs—

7,920,000 feet, cubed—497,832,088,000,

000,000,000 feet. Reserving one-half of

this space for the throne and court of

Heaven and one-half of the balance for

streets, we have 124,198,272,000,000,000

feet cubic. Divide this by 4.96 cubic

feet in a room 16 feet square, and there

will be 30,321,843,750,000,000. We will

now suppose the world always did

and always will contain 900,000,000 in-

habitants, and that a generation lasts 33½

years, and that the world will stand

1,000,000 years, or 10,000 centuries—29,

700,000,000,000 inhabitants. Now, sup-

pose there were 1000 worlds like this,

equal in number of inhabitants and dura-

tion of years, a total of 2,970,000,000,000,

000 persons, there would be 10,000 miles

square for each and every person.

Money Plenty and Cheap.

Cheap money is now abundant in this

country and in Europe. The city of New

York recently accomplished a notable

financial achievement in the placing of

the bulk of the \$9,000,000 of new bonds

issued to pay for new park lands at the

low rate of 2½ per cent. The bonds are

to run forty years, but are redeemable

in twenty years, at the option of the

Sinking Fund Commissioners. They are

available for the investment of funds

in the hands of trustees. The price at

which they were sold varied from par to

101½. In London, the open market rate

for money is only 1½ per cent., although

the Bank of England rate is still 3 per

cent.

Giving Her the Kaziz-Daziz.

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find

you weeping? Have you bad news from

your husband?" "Oh! worse than that!

My Arthur writes me from Karlsruhe that

he would write me with ardent longing for

me, were it not that he could gaze affection-

ately at my picture and cover it with a

thousand kisses every day." "That is

very nice of him; and pray is it that you

are crying for? I would give anything to

have such a poetic and tenderly loving

husband as you have!" "Ah! yes, my

Arthur is very poetic; but let me tell

you that just to try him, I slipped my

mother's photo into his traveling bag in-

stead of my own before he started!"

An Unbiased Opinion of Yakima.

Cashier Samuel Collyer, of the Mer-

chants' National Bank of Tacoma, on his

return from a trip through Eastern Wash-

ington, said: "Money is easy in Spokane

Falls. It is the only city in Eastern

Washington of which this can be said.

At other points there is a big demand.

The fast development of the country is

the cause. The rate of interest is 1 per

cent per month. On my way back I

stopped at North Yakima and Ellens-

burgh. Both cities are growing and each

is confident of being the future state cap-

ital. Yakima presents the best appear-

ance of any city I saw on my trip. They

have good streets and good buildings

there."

Another Wonderful Invention.

A unique invention called the writing

telegraph is being put into practical use.

It is on the same principle as the tele-

phone except that a message is written

instead of spoken. The sender of the

message takes a pen, and as he writes a

pen at the other end of the line, possibly

miles away, duplicates it, producing a

copy of his written characters. The in-

struments are automatic and started and

stopped from a central office. Should the

subscriber be absent he finds on his re-

turn a message written out on paper on

his instrument.

Beware of These Tricks!

The Little Games the Bunco Men Try to Work on You.

Sergeant Schmittberger Describes a Few of the Swindles the Innocent Confidence Men Practice.

N. Y. World: "The town is safer than it ever was," said Sergeant Schmittberger. "The panel game isn't worked any more. There couldn't be a panel-house in this town without the connivance of the police. The first swindler who was haled and squealed would break the place all up. So with the badger game. There isn't one and there can't be one, except for a day or two, inside the jurisdiction of the authorities. No Centennial visitor has anything to fear, in my judgment, from either of these old dodges. Of course, a man can blow in what he pleases under the inspiration of lovely woman's society, but that can't count in law, you know, unless some overt act is committed. And yet one might give pointers to the visitors we expect in town. One might say, for instance:

"Beware the casual glove on the sidewalk. When a gentleman from the rural regions is clapped upon the shoulder by a slick looking chap in a silk hat and a red necktie and is asked if he has lost a glove—a plain, every-day brown or tan kid glove—the chances are he'll say he has not lost one. Oh, of course! But when the smooth chap holds out a gold ring and tells how he found it in one of the fingers of the glove and insists, moreover, that the glove dropped out of the stranger's pocket the chances are ten to one that the Jew will say that if the glove doesn't belong to him at least he ought to go back on the find. To this the finder agrees. But, says he, while I'm waiting you should go to the pawn shop and price the ring. I want your coat left here as security, because I don't know you. Well, that seems fair enough; and the stranger leaves his coat until he can get the value of the ring. When he comes back he still has the ring—the other fellow has the coat and keeps it.

"Beware the soap-box! is another label which ought to be pasted in every visitor's hat. The artist usually has a handcart on two wheels and stocked with packages of soap for a dime. He squirts the carbonic acid of excitement into the business of purification by showing a one or a five dollar bill which he pretends to twist into some one of a dozen soap-boxes just under the cakes. But he doesn't. Not much. By an easy sleight-of-hand trick he changes the real bill he showed for a green stamp, which is big and likewise is green. After he has put the beer stamp in a box he shows the crowd the bit of green paper, and they at once assume it to be the treasury bill he showed before. So when he throws that particular box into the pile every body makes a grab for it—at \$1 a grab. While the grabbers go off to one side to examine their find the capper, who is always on hand, shouts 'Police!' and the fakir runs his wagon off before the one man who has found the beer stamp has detected the fraud.

"Beware the man whose hands pass gently down your leg on your way up from the ferry, and who holds up a pocket-book as you look around. If you're honest you'll say it isn't your pocket-book, though the man who picks it up shows it to be full of bank-notes. But, after all, findings is keepings, he says, and when he says you can have it all for a small percentage of what is in it, say \$50 on \$500, you will probably, if a stranger, fish the amount out of your clothes, especially if a respectable looking man happens along and tells you that is the proper thing to do. If you find the bills to be Confederate money or patent medicine advertisements when you come to examine, nobody in particular is around to be blamed. The other fellows have lit out.

"This is a wicked city," continued the sergeant, sighing, "and may be that's why men who come in from the outlying regions think they have a license to be wicked, too. It must be so to account for the success of the picture book game. A countryman who has heard but never seen anything of illicit literature is almost certain to be struck by a fellow who has a book to sell, which, if exposed, would bring down Anthony Comstock and Judge Duffy's righteous sentence. But that only makes it more valuable in the stranger's eyes, and when he gives up \$5 for a sealed volume which he finds at the next doorway to be a moth-eaten copy of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' he may kick, but he doesn't talk about it. Lots, oh lots are taken in by the picture book game.

"Beware, I should say, too, of all the fancy trick games of the street fakirs. The law can't touch them except indirectly, but they are patent swindles. Try, for instance, to throw a ring over a lot of knives stuck on a board. The chances are that you won't ring a knife, but if you do it's certain to be a wretched, two-bladed, bone-handled affair, worth about the price of half a dozen straws. The fine pearl-handled knives are always stuck on the board with all the blades open, and it can be proved that no ring can be found to go around them. You might as well try to win at three-card monte, which fastinating pastime, by the way, will doubtless be cast in the road of the stranger. So will the old cane board, the red and white table, the per-

ambulating faro bank and the loaded dice box. There's no money in any of them for the gentleman from the interior, however full he may be of sporting blood.

"Since the court of appeals affirmed the sentence of that fellow I had the distinction to convict of the swindle I suppose the dealers in decayed and doctored horses won't try to do up any would-be speculators in horseflesh. The old gag of selling to an innocent party on the pretense that another man stood ready to buy at an advance has been worked often and successfully, but its day is about over, I guess. The old fashioned but ever fresh confidence game, with the bunco lottery attachment, is played every day; and maybe it will number a full quota of victims next week. There's really no protection for a man who lets himself be buncoed. He can get plenty of revenge, but the only certain protection is to refuse to know and particularly to go around with anybody you are not certain of."

Stage Crowds.

M. Franquise Sarrey, combatting the theory of the Saxe-Meininger Dramatic Directors respecting the training and importance of the theatrical crowd, recently emitted the following opinion: "The crowd on the stage can perfectly well be represented by five or six supernumeraries, or even by a single one, which last would probably be the best if such a thing could be allowed, as the part could then be allotted to a genuine actor." Thereupon one of M. Sarrey's colleagues immediately pointed out that rather absurd remark, and gives an account of an imaginary drama with copious extracts therefrom, in which M. Coquelin, on his return from America, will personate, all alone, the usual throng. It is rather too long to give in its entirety, but here are some of the more amusing details:

SCENE—A terrace in front of the palace. The prince is seated in the foreground, with his confidant, Astolfo, beside him. M. Coquelin is drawn up in good order in the background.

Prince—Astolfo, call my brave subjects to me. [M. Coquelin advances.] Come, my good friends, and do not be afraid. I want to see you around me. [M. Coquelin forms a hollow square and surrounds the prince.] Come, come, no pushing. There is plenty of room. [M. Coquelin ceases to push himself.] It is very pleasant to see you thus beside me. For you I am not a sovereign, but a friend—I might almost say a father. The names of all of you are familiar to me. Good-morning, Beppo. Glad to see you, Pietro. As pretty as ever, Picciolo. And you, my good old Leonardo—still robust and vigorous, I see. Ah, I love you all—! [Murmurs of gratitude from the interior of M. Coquelin.]

Astolfo—What a touching scene. Friends, stout with me long live our prince! But, there—enough—enough—these cries fatigue me. Moreover, I have something serious to say. I have taken a resolution to retire to a cloister.

M. Coquelin—Is it possible? No, no! We can not permit it! Stay with us! For pity's sake! No—no—no! [While uttering these cries, M. Coquelin is grouped in a variety of picturesque attitudes. With one hand, he wipes away his tears, with the other, he embraces the knees of the prince.]

Prince—My old companion—at arms, you will, I hope, never forget me?

M. Coquelin (voice of the queen-at-arms)—We will never forget you.

Prince—And you, young girls, will you not pray for me?

M. Coquelin (voice of young girls)—We will always pray for you.

Prince—And you, little children, the future hope of my principality, will preserve a remembrance of me?

M. Coquelin (voice of little children)—We will keep your memory sacred.

Prince—That is well. Leave me now. I would be alone. [Exit M. Coquelin in mournful silence, half at the right and half at the left.]

Astolfo—Never have I seen so many noble souls assembled together.

A Good Man in Any Place.

Judge Nash is Col. Nash now, and Col. Calkins is Judge Calkins. The change took place at Sprague, Monday, May 6, where Judge Nash rendered his final decision and Judge Calkins began to hear cases. Many of Col. Nash's friends would have liked to have him go to the constitutional convention, but he would not allow his name to be used. He is a candidate, however, for chief justice of the state when Washington joins the galaxy of states that are represented in the blue field of the national flag. If the office is elective he will undoubtedly be the democratic nominee, if Eastern Washington has any voice or influence in the state councils. If it is appointive he will hardly ask Governor Ferry to overlook his political disqualifications, however, I presume.—Seattle Budget.

Loiter Than Words.

"Well, Ned, I proposed to Miss Jenkins last night, and she has accepted me."

"Did you though? Why, I never for a moment thought you had the slightest idea of marrying."

"I didn't, but Miss Jenkins won me so completely by her beautiful tact and delicate forthrightness."

"In what respect?"

"Why, when I called, she walked up to the mantelpiece and stopped the clock."

THE BIG BEND COUNTRY.

Care