

Tale of a Shaved Man.

A poetical editor thus sings: "There was a man in our town and he was wondrous wise, for when he marked his price down, he then did advertise. And when he saw his trade increase, with all his might and main, he lower still marked every price and advertised again. And when he advertised again his rivals loudly swore, to see folks rush with might and main, to patronize his store. And while they sat in solitude, and saw his custom win, that man behind the counter stood and raked the shovels in. And when he raked the shovels in, he saw his fortune rising; he took a goodly lot of tin and kept on advertising. Each day a generous sum he'd sink, and demonstrated plain, the more one pays for printer's ink, the greater is the gain."

From the Musty Past.

Many Superstitions Rooted in the Old Pagan Beliefs. Obliging to the ignorance of the Past as well as to the Wisdom of the Unlucky Day. I want now to look with a little more particularity into the origin of some of our superstitions. I have already told you, in a general way, what I now wish to emphasize, that the largest part of them are modern survivals of old nature-myths and pagan religions. That the old world is still vital in us we are giving evidence every day of our lives. Our common speech is full of traces of old beliefs, just as the race under our feet are full of fossils and tracks of creatures long since extinct. Our carnivals, Mardi Gras and Lent; our Christmas trees, yule logs, gift making, mistletoe boughs and evergreens; our New Year and Mayday festivals; our Easter rejoicings, Easter eggs and carols; all of these are thousands of years old and have their sources in all nations and all religions. The peasants of England still kindle their Bell fires which, across the darkness of the centuries, flame out an answering signal to the old Phœnicia; and they were kindled at the still more antique fires of the older Persians; and even these last are only modern representatives of the old first fires of the first worshippers, who, in far off dimness of the years, first made on earth a fire in honor of their heavenly god, the sun. The past, then, where is it? It is all about us and in us; its wisdom not only, but its folly. We clothe ourselves in its robes of wisdom, and we still gather about us the tattered and grotesque rags of its ignorance. We will now particularize just a little. Why should Friday be now regarded as an unlucky day? Nobody ever proved it so. As many facts against the notion can be found as those that favor it. Only if people get a fancy in their heads, they always forget the times when their fancy misses fire, and only remember when it hits. Is there anything in the nature of one day in the week to make it different from others? Nothing. All days equally are caused by the turning of the earth on its axis, and thus bringing its different sides successively toward the sun. Suppose we should begin a new count, and call Wednesday Monday, and so on, would Friday, when we got to it, still be unlucky? No, friends, the reason is here. In one of the old forms of paganism—this relic of which has still survived—Friday was dedicated to Freya, the Pagan Venus. Christianity naturally cursed the day and its worship, which was corrupt and corrupting. So poor Freya's day was given up to a fish diet and ill fortune. I wonder they kept the fish, for it was sacred to Freya, and this is the reason why Friday is fish day still. Saturday used to be the unlucky day—Saturn's day, and hence the name. And as Saturn was always a gloomy and malignant god it came to be thought unlucky to begin anything on his day. And did you ever think of it? This is the old Jewish Sabbath or day of rest. And beyond question here is the origin of the Sabbath. First it was unlucky to do anything on that day, because they were afraid of the god who ruled it; then, as the conception of the god changed, they refrained from work, because, for some reason, they supposed he wanted them to. Our Sunday is still Saturday, Saturn's day, to thousands, and they still keep it, because they are afraid of the god who is supposed to have made it his own.

Beliefs of Former Times.

Undoubtedly there is much idle talk about the wonderful extravagance of the ladies of the present day, their pursuit of consistently changing styles and the luxuries demanded by those who can, or think they can afford the expense. One would be led to suppose, in the absence of knowledge to the contrary, that these were things of modern growth. But just look at the style they used to put on in early ages and their enormous extravagance. We are told that the ladies of Læoæ slept on roses whose perfume had been artificially heightened. And in those times court maidens powdered their hair with gold. Marc Antony's daughter did not change her dress half a dozen times a day, as do the Saratoga graces, but she made the lampreys in her fishpond wear earrings. The dresses of Lollia Paulina, the rival of Agrippina, were valued at \$2,000,000. This did not include her jewelry. She wore at one supper \$1,500,000 worth of jewels, and it was a plain citizen's supper. The luxury of Hippocleia, beloved by Nero, was equal to that of Lollia. The women of the Roman empire indulged in all sorts of luxuries and excesses and these were revived under Napoleon I, in France. Mme. Tallien bathed herself in a wash of strawberries and raspberries and had herself rubbed down with sponges dipped in milk and perfumes. Ovid says that in his day girls were taught to smile gracefully. The beauties of ancient times were just as vain as modern belles, and spent the greater part of the day at their toilet. The use of cosmetics was universal among them. Aspasia and Cleopatra (models of female beauty, it is said) both used an abundance of paint, and each wrote a treatise on cosmetics. Cleopatra used bear's grease to keep her hair from falling out. Roman ladies were so careful of their complexions that to protect them they wore masks. The Athenian women of antiquity were very studious of their attitudes and actions, and thought a hurried and sudden step a certain sign of rudeness. We have certain styles of beauty nowadays; so had the Greeks. They would wear the "ideal chin"—neither sharp nor blunt, but gently undulating in its outline and losing itself gradually and almost insensibly in the fullness of the neck. The union of the eyebrows was esteemed by the Romans a beauty. It is said they admired the air of dignity it gives to the face. An Albanian belle of to-day presents a rather striking appearance. She is, as a rule, gaily coiffed with seed pearls and coins and enveloped in a black ermine pelisse. She uses paint on her cheeks profusely, and her taste runs to cherry lips and cheeks and jet black eyebrows strongly drawn. An Albanian bride disdains paint for a while, and if wealthy wears a suit something like this: Rose-colored underboots, with an overrobe of dark green velvet, the idea being taken from a roebuck half folded in its leaves. Thus arrayed, the girl of handsome features is said to look really bewitching. The Tartar despises prominent nasal appendages, and the woman who has the smallest nose is esteemed the more charming, but to outside barbarians she is a perfect fright. The women of Egypt, India, wear tunics and trousers of woolen stuff, with large boots, partly of leather, partly of blanket, which come up to the knee, and which they are fond of taking off at any time. In order to get greater warmth they often put in a quantity of flour in these boots beside their legs. Their taste in regard to ornaments runs much to all kinds of rings, including nose-rings. A typical woman in the interior of Africa is thus described: "Her native negro skin is leathery, coarse and wrinkled; her figure tottering and knock-kneed; her thin hair hangs in greasy locks; on her wrists and ankles she had an arsenal of iron, brass and copper, strong enough to bind a prisoner in his cell. About her neck were hanging chains of iron, strips of leather, strings of wooden balls, and beaded necklaces that tinkled more."

FROM THE MUSTY PAST.

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I want now to look with a little more particularity into the origin of some of our superstitions. I have already told you, in a general way, what I now wish to emphasize, that the largest part of them are modern survivals of old nature-myths and pagan religions. That the old world is still vital in us we are giving evidence every day of our lives. Our common speech is full of traces of old beliefs, just as the race under our feet are full of fossils and tracks of creatures long since extinct. Our carnivals, Mardi Gras and Lent; our Christmas trees, yule logs, gift making, mistletoe boughs and evergreens; our New Year and Mayday festivals; our Easter rejoicings, Easter eggs and carols; all of these are thousands of years old and have their sources in all nations and all religions. The peasants of England still kindle their Bell fires which, across the darkness of the centuries, flame out an answering signal to the old Phœnicia; and they were kindled at the still more antique fires of the older Persians; and even these last are only modern representatives of the old first fires of the first worshippers, who, in far off dimness of the years, first made on earth a fire in honor of their heavenly god, the sun. The past, then, where is it? It is all about us and in us; its wisdom not only, but its folly. We clothe ourselves in its robes of wisdom, and we still gather about us the tattered and grotesque rags of its ignorance. We will now particularize just a little. Why should Friday be now regarded as an unlucky day? Nobody ever proved it so. As many facts against the notion can be found as those that favor it. Only if people get a fancy in their heads, they always forget the times when their fancy misses fire, and only remember when it hits. Is there anything in the nature of one day in the week to make it different from others? Nothing. All days equally are caused by the turning of the earth on its axis, and thus bringing its different sides successively toward the sun. Suppose we should begin a new count, and call Wednesday Monday, and so on, would Friday, when we got to it, still be unlucky? No, friends, the reason is here. In one of the old forms of paganism—this relic of which has still survived—Friday was dedicated to Freya, the Pagan Venus. Christianity naturally cursed the day and its worship, which was corrupt and corrupting. So poor Freya's day was given up to a fish diet and ill fortune. I wonder they kept the fish, for it was sacred to Freya, and this is the reason why Friday is fish day still. Saturday used to be the unlucky day—Saturn's day, and hence the name. And as Saturn was always a gloomy and malignant god it came to be thought unlucky to begin anything on his day. And did you ever think of it? This is the old Jewish Sabbath or day of rest. And beyond question here is the origin of the Sabbath. First it was unlucky to do anything on that day, because they were afraid of the god who ruled it; then, as the conception of the god changed, they refrained from work, because, for some reason, they supposed he wanted them to. Our Sunday is still Saturday, Saturn's day, to thousands, and they still keep it, because they are afraid of the god who is supposed to have made it his own.

Take one more illustration. It is still a bad sign for the dog to bark at night under the window. It portends a death in the family. I haven't time to go into this at length, but this is a remnant of the old myth of Odin, the wild huntsman. John represents Jesus as saying that he would come for his disciples at death and receive them to himself. In all ages and in all religions it has been believed that at death the father of the tribe as the god of the dead came for and led away his followers to the land of the departed. This faith has assumed a thousand shapes. Odin used to be the god of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors. Under the name of Woden we still have his name in our day of the week, Wednesday—Wodan's day. In the dark nights when the storm was up and a rushing of winds could be heard through the groaning tree-tops, the frightened peasants fancied they heard the rush or the Wild Huntsman's troops, accompanied by shrieking trumpets and hurrying horses and baying dogs. To pick up one of the horseshoes was lucky, for, as the lightning doesn't strike twice in the same place, he wouldn't be likely to pass that way again soon. But to hear the barking of one of his dogs meant that the death-call had come. Odin is forgotten except by scholars; but his horseshoe is remembered for luck, and his dog's bark at night still makes us all tremble. Another origin of many superstitions is to be found in fanciful analogies or ignorant interpretations of nature, or mere coincidences of color or form. For instance, why cut the hair or nails on the increase of the moon? A mere fanciful connection with the idea that as the moon grows so other things would grow also. The witch supposed that as her wax figure melted and wasted away before the fire, so the man it represented would waste away. Here is the origin of the famous cure for warts: use to know as boys; rub a bean on them and throw it away, and as the bean decayed the warts would go away. Or if another boy picked it up he would pick up the warts along with it. All the other cures are of a like kind. The middle ages were full of such medicine as this, even among grave and learned men. It still survives among old nurses. Because the mandrake root was forked, and supposed to resemble a man, it was conceived to possess remarkable curative powers.—Rev. M. J. Savage, in Boston Globe.

A Prose Poem.

As the sound of his retreating footsteps died away, I threw myself down upon the spot of pale green grass under the forsythia bush, which spread its yellow spray above me, like some gorgeous Oriental fan. As I glanced up at it, it seemed to me that those graceful and delicate branches, reaching high above the sparse grass of spring, had caught the first light of the coming summer, whose radiance was still hid below our horizon.

And yet in no haste for summer, I would welcome her when she came, indeed; but the timorous breath of her younger sister was on my cheek, and my whole heart went out to the tender spring. It was past the first freshness of the morning, for as I lay down, I heard the clock in the white spire of the village church strike eight, and I had listened intently till the last faint vibration died away, and the robin's chirp alone struck the country silence with life. Yet something of the vague and delicious hours of dawn remained in the dewy warmth of the air, and even in the dream-like tint of gray, which still softened the blue of the distant hills—not a mist, perhaps, but something like the gentle, clinging ghost of a mist, softly hovering about those rugged hills as a memory of youthful love might embrace a strong man's soul in its shadowy sweetness, half-felt, half-unrecognized.

But as I watched, the sun came up, the light of active life; the hot flame which frees men's blood with the ardor of conflict and enterprise and the ghost of the mist melted away, even as vague memories may vanish from the heart of man. I laid my head upon the ground and slept. It was high noon when I awoke. The sun had crawled around the forsythia bush, and fell warm upon my face. I drew back into the golden shade, and taking my simple repast from my pocket, I ate while I gazed out upon the hot earth, whose bosom seemed to pant under the midday glow. I could almost have thought that the grass had grown while I slept, so dull seemed its verdure in that hour when only the cricket sang and the little grasshopper flashed his bright green as he leaped high in the hot, shimmering air.

A man passed by, walking along the road; a man bent with age and labor. His clothes were faded; his eye was dim; his burned face was scarred with a thousand wrinkles. "Such it is to move," thought I; "he toils, he struggles, he moves on unceasingly; and at the end of it he is faded, and wrinkled, and burned with the unyielding sun. For me this yellow shadow of the forsythia; for me to rise from sleep, to eat my bread and meat, to look out upon the world with the sun on it, and then to sleep again. Under the forsythia bush is happiness." And I lay down and slept once more, and in my sleep, dreams came to me; sweet sounds and sweet scents were all about me, and in my ears the voices of women laughing, as women laugh in dreams, and the eyes of young girls looked into my eyes which were sealed in slumber.

And so I slept until the hushed time of growing shadows came upon the earth, and awaking from my dream, I heard the roar and shriek of a far-off train, the first one which came from the great city in the afternoon.

And then I arose, and took my spade, and dug hard and fast. For I knew that in an hour the gentleman who had hired me to dig those garden beds would come home from town, and I had but that hour in which to make them look as though I had spent a whole day on them.—Puck.

An Old Hero's Son.

Spokane Falls Review: The newly appointed postmaster at Olympia, Val. A. Milroy, is a son of General R. H. Milroy, the old "Gray Eagle of Indiana." The general was Indian agent at the Yakima reservation under the last republican administration, having been transferred there from one of the agencies on the Sound. He is now a resident of Olympia, and is one of the most respected citizens of the territory, as well as one of the most distinguished in the military history of his country. He was a captain in the Mexican war and was distinguished for bravery and for his exceptionally fine military bearing and knowledge of military science, he having previously graduated in military tactics at the university of Norwich. Now that he will have an opportunity to look on as Washington forms a state constitution it is interesting to reflect that General Milroy was himself a member of the constitutional convention of Indiana in 1849. Having been admitted to the bar and entered upon a course of practice he rose in distinction as a lawyer and became the judge of his district in that state prior to the war.

It is also interesting on this day that is devoted to recollections of soldiers living and dead to recall the fact that General R. H. Milroy was one of the prominent figures of the Union army during the trying times between 1861 and 1864 and did some of the most gallant fighting of the war. Starting out as a captain of volunteers raised by his own call, he rose rapidly until he became a major-general. In the course of his advancement he served under McClellan, Rosecrans, Sigel and Fremont. On becoming major-general of volunteers he had charge of the second division of the Eighth army corps and was stationed at Winchester. Here it was he was attacked by nearly the whole of Lee's army, then marching toward Pennsylvania. By heroic fighting against great odds he held Lee for three days and was finally compelled for want of ammunition to cut his way out in the night with great loss of men. But he yielded at the first attack the battle of Gettysburg would perhaps never have taken place, but the decisive battle would have been fought further to the north and possibly under circumstances less favorable for the Union forces.

General Milroy has two other sons who are promising young attorneys at North Yakima.

FAME IS EARNED.

Not Merely by the Evidence of Things Written.

But by the Arduous Greatness of Deeds Accomplished—A Record of Unprecedented Success.

Seattle, Washington. Five years ago I took down with rheumatism, gravel and inflammation of the stomach. I was two years on my back and could not turn over. I had the best medical aid of Seattle that money could procure, but I received no benefit. I was shipped to San Francisco, stayed there five months under expert medical care, and I received some slight benefit there. All that time I suffered excruciatingly in my stomach and kidneys, and my left leg was almost the size of two legs and as hard as a rock its whole length. I could hardly eat anything and was falling fast. I gave myself up to die, in fact, I thought it was only a matter of days. About that time all the country round me rang with the praises of Dr. J. Eugene Jordan and his new Histogenetic system, of which he was the author. He took no cases unless they were given up as incurable by other reputable doctors. He charged nothing for services and medicine and his object seemed to be to show to the world the coming revolution of the medicine. I had myself conveyed to him at the Brunswick Hotel, where his office is. In one day after taking his medicine the terrible pain in my stomach, that stayed with me for so many years and that doctors said was incurable, and every school and no school, could not dialogue, vanished. My bodily health came back to me. I threw away my crutches, and if it were not for a remaining stiffness of my knee I would be a young man again. This does not begin to tell the sufferings I endured; a volume could not do justice; a pen could not convey it. It was sleepless nights and days of torture. Rest was foreign to me. All this transformation to health has now been in a year and I have no recurrence of the trouble. I am 68 years old and have lived 30 years near Seattle, and my many friends never expected to see me about again. I am still taking the medicine and have hopes to get the use of my knee back. I am positive that had I known of Dr. J. Eugene Jordan and his great Histogenetic system before I was practiced on for years by all the big and little doctors, I should not have spent years of unutterable misery and thousands of dollars in money. In my opinion, having tried all kinds of doctors, there is but one rational system of medicine, and that is the Histogenetic system, and having seen so many other so-called incurable cases, like Bright's disease and blindness, etc., of my neighbors get well, I conclude that the Histogenetic system of medicine is the coming system of the world, and all other schools will have to give way to it, as darkness to light. F. McNATT.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF KING. The Affiant, R. S. Colvin, says: Two years ago I had a compound fracture of the leg, and it was set by Dr. Smith, of Seattle, but was not set even and was painful. It subsequently formed into a running sore and pieces of bone were continually coming out. I had Dr. Bagley for eight months, who concluded that it was curable of the bone, but his medicine did me no good. By that time I could barely dig myself on a crutch. I could not sleep for pain, could do no work and was in despair. I heard a great deal about Dr. Jordan's new system of medicine, and I asked Dr. Bagley what he thought of it. He said he did not know as to Dr. Jordan's skill as a doctor, but he did know that his medicines produced unprecedented good results. Encouraged by those remarks I went to Dr. Jordan, and the result is that in one month after taking the medicine I was able to discard my crutch and go to work, which I have continued ever since, my leg constantly improving. When I came to Dr. Jordan my leg was fearfully swollen and black and gangrenous with a running sore as big as a hand. I am now practically well, there being but a small abrasion—no bigger than a finger nail.—R. S. COLVIN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of May, 1888. JENUS ROCHESTER, Notary Public in and for Washington.

Lynden, Washington. My wife was taken sick with what the doctors pronounced typhoid fever. She continued coughing and vomiting for four weeks; she was getting lower every day, and at last we concluded that she could not live long. She could not keep a thing on her stomach, and was distracted with piercing pains in head and stomach. We did at last call Dr. Jordan, who, when he saw my wife, said that she would begin to improve just as soon as she took the Histogenetic medicine; and that is just what she did. She began to improve at once, and was up in three days. She is now a believer in the Histogenetic system. THOMAS THOMAS.

CAUTION.—The Histogenetic medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

C. B. Bushnell has been appointed sole agent at North Yakima for Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicines in place of C. L. Gano. Depot of supplies changed from May's drug store to Bushnell's drug store, North Yakima.

Hope Restored.

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

Notice of Dissolution.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of I. H. Dills & Co. has this day been dissolved by mutual consent, the business having been purchased by M. H. Ellis. I. H. DILLS. HARRY HAMPTON. April 30th, 1889. my9-5c

Bushnell's Arnica Salve

Is the best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by C. B. Bushnell, druggist. —Go to Redfield's and examine those steel glasses with gold nose-pieces—a new patent. They never rust nor wear out. *

Fire Wood & Draying.

I have a large quantity of excellent pine and fir wood and fir slash wood for sale cheap. I also run two drays, and am prepared to do hauling at reasonable figures. JOHN REED.

Harvey & Biggam, Blacksmiths & Wagonmakers

NORTH YAKIMA, WASH. Having purchased the entire stock and tools of C. McLean, North Yakima, we have taken charge of the old shop on Front st., and we ask a share of public patronage in the repair of all kinds of machinery and horsehoes done to perfection. HARVEY & BIGGAM.

M. PROBACH, THE LEADING

MERCHANT TAILOR.

Domestic and Imported Goods made up in the latest styles and at reasonable prices. ALL CLOTHES GUARANTEED TO FIT. Cleaning and Repairing a Specialty.

JUST OPENED!

Lee's Boot and Shoe Store,

OPPOSITE THE GULLAND HOUSE. Boots and Shoes Made to Order. Repairing a Specialty.

He would respectfully solicit the patronage of the people of North Yakima and the surrounding country.

The Celebrated French Cure,

WARRANTED TO CURE "APHRODITINE" or many other diseases. It is sold on a POSITIVE GUARANTEE to cure any form of nervous disease or any disorder of the generative organs of either sex whether arising from the excessive use of stimulants, tobacco or opium, or through youthful indiscretion, over-indulgence, etc., such as Loss of Brain Power, Wakefulness, Headache, Nervous Prostration, Neurasthenia, Emaciation, Lethargy, Distress, Weakness, Loss of Power and Impotency, which if neglected often lead to premature old age and insanity. Price \$1.00 a box, 6 boxes for \$5.00 Sent by mail on receipt of price.

A WRITTEN GUARANTEE for every \$5.00 order, to refund the money if a permanent cure is not effected. Thousands of testimonials from old and young, of both sexes, permanently cured by APHRODITINE. Circulars free. Address THE APHRODITINE CO., WESTERN BRANCH, BOX 27, PORTLAND, OR. SOLD BY ALLEN & CHALFANT, Sole Agents, North Yakima, W. T.

Northern Pacific R. R.,

VIA CASCADE DIVISION. The only line running Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars, magnificent day coaches, etc. Elegant Emigrant Sleeping Coaches, with Berths Free of Cost. FROM OREGON AND WASHINGTON POINTS To the East. VIA ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS. The Only Transcontinental Line Running PALACE DINING CARS (Meals, 75 Cents). Fastest time ever made from the Coast, over the NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. To Sioux City, Council Bluffs, St. Joseph, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Burlington, Quincy. ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, And all points throughout the East and South-east, via St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Pullman Sleeping Accommodations

Can be secured in advance. EMIGRANT SLEEPING CARS Are hauled on regular Express Trains over the entire length of the N. P. R. Connection made at St. Paul and Minneapolis to all points East, South and Southwest. Through trains leave Yakima for St. Paul at 2:27 p. m. Through trains for Portland and all points on Pacific and Cascade division, at 8:00 p. m., connecting at Tacoma with boats for points on Puget Sound. Tickets on sale to all points in the United States and Canada. For routes, rates, etc., apply to H. C. HUMPHREY, Ticket Agent, North Yakima.

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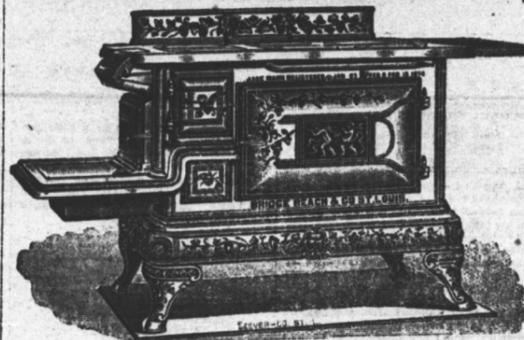
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S. J. LOWE COOK & HEATING STOVES,



HARDWARE,

etc., which he is prepared to offer at remarkably low prices. Also in stock a fine line of Tinware, Sheet Ironware, Graniteware, Guns, Pistols and Farm Implements. Corner Yakima Avenue and First street. W. T.

New Store! New Stock! and New Prices!

HENRY DITTER'S

Large and Well-Selected Stock of

New Goods,

—Comprising all the Latest Novelties in—

Ladies' Dress Goods,

Gents' Furnishings,

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, &c.,

Have Now Arrived,

And are offered for sale, at a Close Margin of Profit, in the elegant Brick store building of the First National Bank.

CALL AND EXAMINE GOODS AND GET PRICES.

Summit View!

Now on Sale by

Goodwin & Pugsley.

This Addition, platted into Acre Lots, affords the finest view in or about North Yakima; the best of soil; plenty of water.

FOR TEN DAYS!

at Low Prices and on very Easy Terms.

Special terms and prices to builders.

Goodwin & Pugsley,

OVER FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Spinning & Robertson,

Real Estate,

INSURANCE.

Have choice Business, Residence and Acre property listed. It is conceded that now is the accepted time to make first class investments.

GIVE US A CALL

North Yakima

LUMBER YARD!

G. O. NEVIN, Proprietor.

LUMBER, DOORS, SASH AND BLINDS, LATHS, SHINGLES, AC.

Agent for the Celebrated Averill Paints, the best Paints on the Market, AND A LARGE SUPPLY ALWAYS ON HAND.

Office and Yard, West Side of Railroad Track, North of Depot, North Yakima, W. T.

GULLAND HOUSE

FIRST STREET, NORTH YAKIMA.

D. Guiland, Prop.

Conveniently located. Finely furnished. The very best fare and accommodations in the City. RATES, \$1.50 TO \$2.00 PER DAY, According to Room. Special rates to regular boarders.