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I have a large quantity of excellent pine
and fir wood for sale, also sawed for sale cheap.
Also run two saws, and am prepared to do
draying 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 pat-
ented.

IT IS VERY DURABLE AND CHEAP.

Write and describe for making on cheap. Those
wishing to build fences should call on me.

J. M. WILSON, West Side of Track.

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

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

My delivery wagon has a canvas cover, which
protects the milk from heating down on the cans
and souring the milk.

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South Side Yakima Avenue.

A ROGUE.

Grandma was nodding, I rather think:
Harry was sly and quick as a wink:
He climbed on the back of her great arm-chair,
And nestled himself very snugly there.

Grandma's dark locks were mingled with white,
And quick this little fact came to his sight:
A sharp twinge soon she felt at her hair,
And with a start to find Harry there.

"Why, what are you doing, my child?" she said:
He answered, "I've pulled a heating-tread!"
—Wide Awake.

A KISS.

Somebody's lips were close to mine;
Thus tempted I couldn't resist:
Roughish and rosy, a sweet little mouth
Was suddenly, softly kissed.

Somebody's eyes looked up and frowned
With such a reproving glance:
"If kisses were wishes I asked my pet:
Then the eyes beams in dance.

And, smiling, my little girl answered:
"They must be a little bit naughty,
Or they never would be so sweet."

Centralia Wants the Capital.

Centralia puts in a bid for the capital
of the state of Washington; claims it to
be central in name and position; declares it
absurd to think of locating the capital
east of the Cascade mountains, and in
particular thinks Ellensburg won't do,
because of want of dignity in the same
—that is that no "Nancyville," Ellens-
burgh" or "Susanville" should be thought
of for capital honors.—Ex.

A Reporter's Prayer.

"I would see from the city's rule and
law—from its fashions and booms that
loose—and go where the strawberry grows
on its straw, and the gooseberry grows
on its goose; where the canary tree is
climbed by the cat as the catfishes for her
prey—the guileless and unsuspecting rat,
on the rattan bush at play. I will watch
at ease the old man and the cow and the
chicken in their place, as they leap from
bough to bough on the top of a cawling tree;
and list while the partridge drums his drum,
and the woodchuck chucks his wood, and
the dog devours the dogwood plant in the
primitive solitude. O, let me drink from
the moss grown pump that was born
from a rural stump, from fern and
mushroom vine, and milk from the
milkweed sweet—with fuscious phlegmas
from the pipe! Such food as the gods
might eat! And then to the white washed
dairy I'll turn, where the dairy-maid hasten-
ing, her ruddy and golden red better
to churn from the milk of her butter-die;
and I'll rise at morn with the earliest bird
to the fragrant farm yard pass, and watch
while the farmer turns his herd of grass-
hoppers out to grass."

Lesser Beasts.

Pendleton is beginning to wear pants,
as it were, and is glad that it is big enough
to wear them, and that they fit snugly
and neatly.—East Oregonian.

Now, then, gentlemen, let us be careful
and in the future studiously refrain from
alluding to Pendleton as "our sister city."
—Baker City Reville.

We don't know as the "panta" business
should make us go back on the old "gal."
There's too much modesty in this world
anyhow.—Times Mountainier.

This paper draws the line at this.—
Mercury.

These breeches of modesty should re-
ceive condign punishment at the hands of
a sensitive public.—Oregon Oracle.

We don't suppose it makes much differ-
ence to Pendleton whether the pants are
masculine or feminine gender; but if it
gets very warm in Umatilla county, and
as the pants "fit snugly and neatly," we
think it would be better to have them cut
femininely.—Paseo Headlight.

The Herald believes its brother journal-
ists are having to much of a picnic at the
expense of Pendleton's pants. If it isn't
stopped soon they will have them trimmed
with tucks, lace and insertions, and be
stating that the wearer is no better than
she ought to be.

Sir Galahad of Okinawa.

"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"
Let those whose only stock in trade in
this poor miserable life is a rigid obser-
vance of the proprieties, smile; and those
who are ever ready to believe evil of their
fellow-men, sneer. They should not read
what follows.

It happened the other night, the
young fellow who, a week ago, drove the
stage, but now owns a lot, like rest of
them, has just blown out the candle in his
tent and thrown himself on his cot in the
corner, when he hears a voice outside in
the rain. It is the voice of a woman. He
turns back the flap of the tent and a
figure enters. In the dark he can barely
discern its outline, but he knows it is
that of a woman—and a young woman at
that.

"You want shelter for the night?"

"Yes."

"But I'm here all alone, and I have but
one cot."

"Haven't you a blanket to spare? I'll
lie down on the ground."

He feels himself blush in the dark, but
he rights his candle and by its flicker-
ing flame discovers a girl, not much more
than eighteen, dressed neatly, with a
trim figure, and a face every feature of
which bespeaks not only innocence, but
gracefulness of character as well. She has

taken as well a moment, and then she
adds:

"I have lost my way among the tents.
My father's is somewhere off yonder," in-
dicating the direction.

"Don't you know any one around here?"

"No, we only got here this afternoon."

"Well, I'll give you my cot and see if I
can't sleep somewhere else."

"No, I won't do that—that wouldn't be
fair."

"But you can't sleep in my tent—
with—"

"If you take the mattress off the cot,
and place it on the floor it would give us
more room."

The situation is becoming decidedly
embarrassing to the young man. The
girl seems to think it the most natural
thing in the world. She throws the mat-
tress on the ground; she fixes the pillows
and spreads the blankets; she takes off
her shoes; she unlatches her hair; she
blows out the candle—

And then—yes, let cynics smile, and
so-called men of the world look incredul-
ous. That girl is a type. Her courage,
her self-reliance, her contempt for forms
may smack of the far west. It certainly
has no eastern flavor. But only here, I
admit, under conditions like those which
now exist, could such a type grow up. You
wish to obtain a true conception of
characters such as you would meet in
communities like this? Set yourselves
aside and paint them as you find them.
This is one. Young women like
that—proof-reader employed by the *Ore-
gonian Monthly*, who turned up her nose at
"The Luck of a Roaring Camp," because
to her it appeared "indecent, irreligious
and improper," will turn up their noses
at this Oklahoma girl, if perchance they
should read of her. But, let me tell them
that as pure, no more innocent woman,
rose the next morning from her bed than
did this very same girl. And so, once
more, I say:

"Honi soit qui mal y pense!"—*Oklaha-
ma Corr. New York Tribune.*

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

"John, when you go to town, just step
in at Bartolet's and get me some of that
elegant salt pork. It is delicious."

—M. Probach has received one of
the finest lines of spring and summer
goods in the city for gentlemen's suits. He
has also secured one of the best journeymen
tailors, who makes up the garments at
home, and is much more beneficial to the
community than peddler tailors.

A FIGHT TO THE DEATH.

The Encounter of a Brave Indian Boy With a
Bloody-Thirty Cougar.

Last week a party of Yakima Indians
were encamped on the Tietan catching
and drying fish for their winter supplies.
One of them, a lad of 15 years, had wan-
dered up the stream about a mile and a
half from the camp and was busily en-
gaged in wading the trout when he heard
the snapping of a twig behind him.
Startled, he looked around to have his
undivided fears take a frightful shape for
there not fifteen feet away was a huge
cougar crouched in that attitude that
preludes the leap. With a presence of
mind beyond his years the lad kept his
eyes on those of the immense brute, try-
ing to evolve in his mind some means of
escape. He had no gun or weapon of
any kind so he decided the only thing he
could do was to take his chances with a
rock but the minute he took his eyes
from those of the cougar to pick up the
rock the cat made a spring and was upon
him, and then commenced a fearful en-
counter. How long it lasted it is impos-
sible to say, the boy claiming that it was
of an hour and a half's duration but prob-
ably his terror over the awful situation
in which he found himself made the min-
utes seem of interminable length. Twice
did the boy break from the clutches of the
beast and jump into the stream only to be
dragged out and forced to go through the
struggle again. Worn out and terri-
bly lacerated he spurred himself up to
make one more attempt for his life.
Again he broke away and dashed into the
stream, this time rushing out into the
deeper water. The cougar, thirsting for
the blood it had already tasted, boldly
plunged in and grappled with the brave
lad but this time he was at a disadvan-
tage. The boy caught him by the ear, en-
gaged his head under the water and held
it there until the cougar ceased to
struggle. Then he made for the shore.
Tired and faint it was some time before
he was able to travel and then only by
the most wonderful exertion did he drag
himself back to the camp and relate his
thrilling experience. The father of the
boy and some other Indians went to the
point designated and took the cougar from
the water and stripped the carcass of the
skin. Charley Olney, an educated
Indian, related this story to a Herald re-
porter the other day, and Captain Priestley,
agent of the Yakima, corroborated it
so far as stating that the account was
current on the reservation, and that he
had seen the boy, who was in a sad
plight, his breast being shockingly torn
and lacerated and his left hand and arm
so badly injured as to be permanently
disabled, if it was not lost altogether.
In other ways the young hero showed
evidence of the superhuman struggle
through which he had passed.

—Spinning & Robertson have an un-
limited amount of money to loan on
firm and improved city property at pre-
vailing rates of interest. j615-4f

IS HE THE CHRIST?

More About the Illinois Christ Who is
Creating a Sensation.

A Fair Judas Tried to Seduce Him
With a Kiss, and is Converted—
The Awful Wrath to Come.

It were better for him that a millstone were
hanged about his neck and he cast into the sea.
—Luke xvii, 2.

The eyes of a large portion of the civi-
lized world are turned at present toward
Rockford, Illinois. Christians are looking
there with peculiar interest. Jesus Christ,
the Messiah and son of God, is said to
have returned to earth in the body and
spirit and to be living there after the dis-
belief, shouting "Crucify him!"

A modern Judas Iscariot, in the form
of a tempting and beautiful woman, has
been there with the treacherous kiss,
but she failed to betray the master.

He is followed now, as in the days of
Pontius Pilate, by a small band of disci-
ples. They cry, "Behold, Jesus, the
son of God!" He is surrounded, as of
yore, before Jerusalem, by a crowd of un-
believers, shouting "Crucify him!"

The big eastern papers have sent col-
umns of matter about the new Christ. A
disciple of the *Tacona Evening News*,
desiring to accomplish the same results
without the long journey to the modern
Mecca, has been watching the registers of
Tacoma hotels, and a few days ago saw
registered at the "M. Bruner, Rock-
ford, Ill." Mr. Bruner is a trading sales-
man for Henry W. Price, a glove manu-
facturer of Rockford. He has been on
the road for the house a number of years
and is one of the most active and reliable
men. Mr. Bruner was seen in room 54,
and asked for information concerning the
new Christ.

"Yes, we have such a person near
Rockford," said he, "or rather a man
who claims to be Christ."

"How is he regarded by the people of
Rockford?"

"As an impostor, and a very powerful
impostor at that. He is a handsome man
and seems to possess some irresistible in-
fluence over most of the people who ap-
pear before him. Women are particularly
and easily influenced by Christ, as he
calls himself, and several families in
Rockford and vicinity have been broken
up on account of the man. The people
have threatened to lynch him, but he re-
ceives the threats with an impassive
smile, and does not seem to fear. It is a
sort of an Onedia community, I guess.
The worldly name of the Christ is George
J. Schweinfurth."

"Have you seen him?"

"No, but it is said, and the report is
founded on the statements of those who
have seen Schweinfurth, that he is a holy
looking man, and bears a remarkably
exact and striking resemblance to the
face of the real Jesus, which has descended
to us in pictures. He is a blond. His
eyes are a light gray, and mild, soft or
penetrating, as he desires to use them.
His hair is long and it curls. There is,
beyond a doubt, something strange and
wonderful about the man."

"In what sort of a place does this Christ
reside?"

"On a farm and in a fine house. The
property is in his own name. He is sur-
rounded by every luxury."

The religious sect of which the Schwein-
furth community is the head and center
is located on a farm and in a church at
Byron, a village a few miles south of
Rockford. The sect has been in exist-
ence about fifteen years and Schwein-
furth was revealed to them as the Lord
about six years ago. They are called the
Beekmanites.

Mrs. Dora Beekman, the wife of a Con-
gregational minister, originated the sect.
She believed and preached that in her
own person were the attributes of the
risen Lord. She was the female Christ,
sanctified by his spirit. The number of
believers grew slow but steadily. The
Rev. Mr. Beekman did not believe in the
new faith. He is now in an insane asy-
lum. When Sister Beekman dwelt on
earth Schweinfurth was a young, popular
and promising Methodist preacher in
the country churches thereabouts. He
had a fine flowing blonde beard and a
brow as fair as a maiden's. It is said
that the rural lassies fattered around the
handsome young minister as butterflies
around a flower. He suddenly renounced
Methodism; joined the Beekmanites and
was made a bishop by the female Jesus.

But Mrs. Beekman had to come to the
end of those who are on earth, earthly.
She died. Her mourning followers kept
her body for a week, believing that, like
the son of God, she would arise and walk.
The body, which lay on a raised platform,
was worshipped hourly. It was never
left alone. The anxious believers watched
with a faith that never wavered. But no
resurrection came. Horrible as the fact
may be, in this connection, the body be-
came so putrid that the authorities had
to interfere and bury it. The Beekman-
ites were on the verge of disbandment.
Then it was that Schweinfurth jumped
into the breach. He vowed with a holy
expression that just as she was dying he
caught a glimpse of heaven "through the
windows of her soul," and from her pure
lips came the words:

"You are Christ, the Holy One. My
spirit passes into thine. Thou art the
only son of God. Thou shalt bring all
nations to worship thee."

Schweinfurth took up the Christly scap-

ter and has since reigned. Converts have
joined the community and given every
dollar and deeded all the property they
possessed to him. An old farmer named
Weldon deeded him 800 acres of land and
his house, and upon that farm the com-
munity flourishes. The women live in
idleness. The men are the drudges and
do all the work. It is said the
men sleep in the attic. Schwein-
furth has all the property and money in
his own name in various banks.

A New York Herald reporter obtained
an interview with the Christ. The fur-
nishings of the large house are described
as most elegant and magnificent. He
was met in the parlor by two pretty and
richly dressed young ladies, and in a few
minutes Schweinfurth, dressed in the
height of fashion, with a high collar and
a blue and gold striped necktie, appeared.
He hesitated when he learned that his
visitor was a reporter. The interview
occurred in Schweinfurth's library, a
well filled and conveniently furnished
and fitted up as any library could be.

The first question put to the man was:
"Are you Christ?"

"I am," was the firm and resonant
reply. "I am more than Christ. I am
the perfect man and also God. I possess
the attributes of Jesus the sinless, and
have His spirit. I am the Almighty
Himself."

"This, then, is your second coming?"

"It is. The time is not far away when
I shall make such manifestations of my
divinity and power as shall startle the
world and bring believers by the tens of
thousands. My name is 'I am that I
am.'"

There was no evidence of insanity
about the man. He was closely inspected
after the expressions delivered. There
was no nervousness or uneasiness about
him. He was calm, deliberate, self-pos-
sessed.

"Can you perform miracles?" asked
the wondering disciple of the press.

"Yes, I have unlimited power. I can
come into a room with closed doors and
disappear. I can raise the dead, cure
disease and do all things which the peo-
ple called miracles when I was on earth
before. I do not practice them often for
I wish to convert the world to the truth
without the use of supernatural powers—
by truth itself. One of the ladies who
saw down stairs was in the last stages of
bronchial consumption. Physicians of
the world had no hope for her. I brought
her back from the face of death by my
divine power, and without approaching
her. Physical infirmities are cured by
simple faith in me, and I can cure them
without the exercise of faith if I would."

"How long will you remain on earth?"

"I shall be here many years in the
present body, and the world shall see
wonderful sights before I cast off this
body. But I am incarnate. When this
body goes into the corruption of death my
spirit will enter another body and still
live on earth. In form and substance the
body I now possess is the identical one
that was crucified on Calvary. There are
many things in the gospels that are in-
accurate about my crucifixion and life on
earth. I am now writing a new and true
version of the New Testament that can
be accepted as the perfect and inspired
word."

"Can you tell me something of your
domestic life in this place?" asked the
reporter.

"You can say that we live as a large
family. There are several married couples
among us, but most are unmarried. The
evil charge that we practice free love
shows how little the world knows of the
purity and sinlessness of our lives. I am
the type of the Sinless One, and those
who live with me and believe become
pure, even as I am pure, and in them
there can be no guile. Our marriage cere-
mony is binding and there can be no
divorce. The sexual relations are entered
into by wedded ones for the purpose of
raising children. Gratification of passion
is sinful. I never experience the passions
of man, for I am God. I know that I
shall be reviled and persecuted, but I am
holy and the world shall yet know it."

"Where are the marks of nails in your
hands and the scars of the thorns upon
your brow if you have the same body
that was crucified?" asked the reporter.

"I do not claim that the body has no
new flesh, but my features are not
changed. This is the same body, in a
material sense, that rose from the tomb."
He has the Scriptures at his tongue's
end. He has people of learning and cul-
ture among his followers. Several clergymen
in various parts of the country, one in
Maine, who believe that Christ is still
on earth somewhere, and that his second
coming is near, have written to Schwein-
furth asking for his claims for being the
Messiah. Rev. S. L. Conde, pastor of the
Westminster Presbyterian church, in
Rockford, has been making a study of
Schweinfurth and his claims and states
that he believes Schweinfurth to be an
impostor and a very dangerous man.

He exercises control and influence over
women by some magnetic power when
their entire nature rebels against it,"
said Dr. Conde. A member of his church,
Mrs. M. M. Kinnehan, left her husband,
took her child and joined the Beekman-
ites, as they are commonly called. A Dr.
Wilkin nearly lost his wife on account of
the Westminister Presbyterian church, in
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