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THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

U. S. LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T., July 24, 1889.

BEFORE THE HON. REGISTER AND RECEIVER of the U. S. District Land Office.

Application of Aegidius Junger, Bishop of the Diocese of Nisqually of the Roman Catholic Church, for a Patent of the United States to issue to said Aegidius Junger and his successors in office as Bishops of the Diocese of Nisqually of said Roman Catholic Church, for the lands embraced in the said St. Joseph Catholic Mission Claim, the same being in Yakima County, aforesaid, and in the jurisdiction of said District Land Office and within the jurisdiction of the Diocese of Nisqually of the Roman Catholic Church.

Take notice, that I, Aegidius Junger, Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese of Nisqually (of the Roman Catholic Church) in Washington Territory, do hereby make application as such Bishop to the Hon. Register and Receiver of said District Land Office, to prove my right as Bishop of said Diocese of the Roman Catholic Church and of my successors in office to the tract of land herein described as that certain mission claim, commonly known as the St. Joseph Catholic Mission Claim, in Yakima County, Washington Territory; That said application and claim is made under and by virtue of the Acts, aforesaid, of the Congress of the United States of August 14, 1848 and March 2, 1853, and the rights therein and thereby conferred and vested.

The lands claimed by me, the said Aegidius Junger, Bishop as aforesaid, being and more particularly described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a point on the north bank of the Ahtanum River in Section Eighteen (18), Township Twelve (12) North of Range Seventeen (17) East of the Willamette Meridian, in Yakima County, W. T., 47 chains south of the quarter section corner on a line between Sections 7 and 18, and running thence north 47 chains; thence west 20 chains; thence south 26 chains; thence west 60 chains to a point 6 chains south of the quarter section corner on line between Sections 2 and 13, in Township 12, North of Range 16, East of Willamette Meridian; thence south 2 chains; thence west 40 chains to the west boundary line of said Section 13; thence south on said west boundary line of said Section 13 to the north bank of said Ahtanum River, and thence by the meanders of the said Ahtanum River down stream on the north bank to the place of beginning, containing Four Hundred and Seventy-seven (477) acres, more or less.

I hereby give notice of my intention to make proof and to establish the claim of the said Roman Catholic Church in and to the land embraced in the St. Joseph Catholic Mission claim, by proving the occupation and use of the same by the Fathers of said Church for missionary purposes as provided in said Acts so as to entitle a patent to issue therefor from the United States to me, Aegidius Junger, and my successors in office, as Bishops of the Diocese of Nisqually, in trust, for the uses, purposes and benefit of the Roman Catholic Church; said proof to be made before the Hon. Register and Receiver of the United States District Land Office at North Yakima, Washington Territory, on the 12th day of September, 1889, at 9 o'clock of that day, by the testimony of the following witnesses, to-wit: Eugene Casimere Chirouse and Louis Joseph D'Herbomez, of New Westminster, British Columbia; Edward Crate, of The Dalles City, State of Oregon; Napoleon McGillivary, of the City of Vancouver, Washington Territory; Peter H. Fox, of the City of Astoria, State of Oregon; Webster L. Stabler, Anthony Wehe and Daniel Lynch, of North Yakima, Washington Territory; Andrew Gervais, of Yakima City, Washington Territory; and Indian Enesa and Indian ——, of Simcoe, Yakima County, Washington Territory, and documentary evidence to be submitted on the hearing of the matter.

AEGIDIUS JUNGER,
Bishop of the Diocese of Nisqually.
IRA M. KRUTZ, Register

jy15 6t

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate.

NOTICE is hereby given that in pursuance of the orders of the Probate Court of the County of Yakima, Territory of Washington, made on the 3d day of June, 1889, and on the 14th day of August, 1889, in the matter of the estate of Mary L. Morrison, deceased, the undersigned, the administrator of the said estate, will sell at public sale and auction, to the highest bidder, for one-half cash, in gold U. S. coin, and the other one-half in six months' time, and subject to confirmation by said Probate Court on Monday, the 7th day of September, 1889, at 1 o'clock a. m. at the front door of the Court House, of Yakima County, Washington Territory, in North Yakima, all of the right, title, interest and estate of the said Mary L. Morrison at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has, by operation of law or otherwise, acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Mary L. Morrison, at the time of her death, in and to all those certain lots, pieces and parcels of land situating and being in Yakima County, and Territory of Washington, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

The se¼ of sw¼ and lots 2, 3 and 4 of section 30, township 13 north range 19 east, containing 157 and 78-100 acres, and lot No. 6 in block No. 31 in the city of North Yakima as the same appears of record in the auditor's office of said North Yakima.

And also the w½ of the se¼ and the e½ of the sw¼ of section 34 in township 13 north range 19 east, containing 160 acres.

Dated June 3, 1889.

WALTER F. MORRISON,
Administrator of the estate of Mary L. Morrison, deceased. ap1-4t

Summons.

TERRITORY OF WASHINGTON, COUNTY OF YAKIMA. } ss

MARTHA H. JARDINE, Plaintiff, vs. HENRY JARDINE, Defendant. } In the District Court of the Territory of Washington, and for the Fourth Judicial District thereof, holding terms at North Yakima, Yakima County, in said Territory. 768.

To the above named Defendant:

You are hereby notified that Martha H. Jardine, of Yakima County, Washington Territory, Plaintiff, has filed a complaint against you in the District Court of the Fourth Judicial District, holding terms at North Yakima, which will come on to be heard sixty days after the first publication of this summons, to-wit: sixty days after the first day of August, 1889, and unless you appear and answer the same on or before the first day of October, 1889, the same will be taken as confessed, and the prayer of the said complaint granted. The object and prayer of said complaint is to annul the bonds of matrimony and obtain a decree of divorce from the said Defendant, Henry Jardine, and for the custody of her two children, Mary and Esther Jardine, upon the grounds of abandonment and desertion for one year and more, to-wit: from the eight day of February, 1888, as more particularly set forth in complaint now on file.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court this 26th day of July, 1889.

[SEAL.] HARRY A. CLARKE, Clerk.
By GEORGE W. GARDINER, Deputy.
LEWIS C. PARRISH, Attorney for Plaintiff. al-4

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T., June 24, 1889.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the register and receiver at north yakima, w. t., on Thursday, August 8th, 1889, viz:

EDGAR T. STONE,

Desert Land Application No. 122, for the SW¼ NE¼, NW¼ SE¼, and E½ SE¼, Sec. 22, Tp. 13 N R 20 E., W M. He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of, said land, viz: William Steel, Peter D. Brook H. J. Hicknell and Andrew Kuntz, all of North Yakima, W. T. Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows any substantial reason, under the laws and regulations of the interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by said claimant.

jy4au8 IRA M. KRUTZ, Register.

Notice For Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T., July 24, 1889.

NOTICE is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before Register and Receiver of U. S. Land Office at North Yakima, W. T., on September 14, 1889, viz:

GEORGE KER

Of Moxee, W. T., who made D. S. No. 2 26 for the NE¼ of sec. 10, Twp. 13, north of Range 21 east.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George White, R. A. Cunningham, C. D. Holand and James Grover, all of Moxee, Washington Territory.

Any person who desires to protest against the allowance of such proof, or who knows any substantial reason, under the law and regulations of the interior Department, why such proof should not be allowed, will be given an opportunity at the above mentioned time and place to cross-examine the witnesses of said claimant, and to offer evidence in rebuttal of that submitted by claimant.

jy2-6t IRA M. KRUTZ, Register.

MUTE LIP LANGUAGE.

Of No Use in Soliloquy but Great In Dialogue---Some Facts

Regarding The History and Possibilities of This Ancient and Still Favored Method.

Indulgent reader, do you like to kiss and be kissed? Do you like to take in your arms a clean, sweet, chubby and rosy-faced baby, without regard to sex, and impress a paternal or a maternal kiss on its bright red lips? Do you like to kiss the modest boy and the demure and blushing little maid? Do you like to pluck the cherries, if you are a man, from the pouting lips of a pretty girls whose cheeks are suffused like the blush of a rose, whose breath is as sweet as all the perfumes of Arabia, whose air is one of expectant rhapsody? Or, if you are a young woman, do you like to kiss the moustache-adorned mouth of some handsome Adonis?. Do you like to kiss the gray-haired father or mother, grandfather or grandmother? Do you like to kiss the wife of your bosom? If so, you may find something in these silhouettes to interest you. If you do not like to kiss, you may as well turn your attention elsewhere for amusement and instruction. There is no substantiality in a kiss. It is as intangible as the baseless fabric of a vision. It is such stuff as dreams are made of; ergo, any article based on the kiss as a subject must likewise be unsubstantial and ephemeral.

Blessed be the man who invented the kiss. Who was he? Is there any stone raised to mark this great benefaction to humanity? We read of the kiss in the Holy Bible. We hear of it as far back as the beginning of the world. Although there is not on record the kisses exchanged between Adam and Eve, yet it is fair to presume that they did not fail to profit by their numerous opportunities. There was no one nigh to interrupt their felicitous discourse. The poet Milton writes in his "Paradise Lost:"

> Adam, the goodliest man of men since born,
> His sons, the fairest of her daughters, Eve.
>
> * * * * * * *
>
> Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
> In every gesture dignity and love.

Two such persons would not long remain together in the garden of Eden without indulging in an occasional kiss. So that, although their initial kiss may not be recorded, yet there is every reason to believe that it was given and enjoyed with a peculiar happiness.

No one can fix the beginning of the kiss. It must have begun with the world. It must have had an existence in chaos, for so heavenly a thing could not have sprung from mere earthliness. Orators have framed it in most rotund and glowing periods. Poets have sung about it in living rhyme. It has been the theme of the lover, the celibate, the benedict, the withered and the weary. Some say that the world was brought into being with a kiss, for did not the egg Night float on Chaos until Day kissed it and Love sprang forth? If we can not fix the beginning of the kiss, we can at least trace it to its earlier practices. The first recorded kiss is that given by Jacob to his deceived father Isaac. The next kiss and first kiss noted between man and woman is the kiss that Jacob gave to Rachel, which is portrayed in the twenty-ninth chapter of Genesis. It must have been a cold and clammy and altogether sorrowful affair, because we read in the eleventh verse of that chapter that "Jacob kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept." If there had been any peculiar joy in the encounter why should he have wept? Why did he lift up his voice? Was it because his joy was too great to hold back, and his voice asserted itself?

All kisses are not of the exhilarant kind. There are some that disgrace the name. Judas Iscariot gave his master a kiss. It is a pity that some other name was not invented by the wise men of that period. The kiss is fraught with too many sweet and tender memories in the minds of everyone possessing a spark of sentiment. Its realm should not be invaded by Judas Iscariot or any of his ilk. This is the only kiss on record which should be expurgated from the catagory of kisses. It is a foul outrage upon the name—a bestial ravishment on an act which is entirely lovely and sincere. A kiss without sincerity is like summer without sunshine. It is at best a barren reality—a sort of dead sea fruit that, while pleasing to the eye outside, is filled with fiber and fiber dust. Insincerity has no place in a kiss. Happily, the inventor of that delightful diversion so modeled the kiss that insincerity can at once be detected. There is a hollowness about an insincere kiss that at once shows itself. The lips become cold and dry and acrid. There is no magnetism in them, and a kiss of the kind is not only flat, stale and unprofitable, but it is positively blighting. A sensative nature feels one of those oyster like kisses just as a sensitive plant feels the harsh wind.

There are degrees in kissing, just as there are degrees in everything else. We will take the kiss of Judas Iscariot as the positive degree, the kiss of King Solomon as the comparative degree, and the degree that Christopher Marlowe describes in his drama, Dr. Faustus, as the superlative. I will not attempt to define that Judas kiss. It has won its own eternal damnation; for a Judas kiss is the meanest thing which the human mind can comprehend. It is a synonym for baseness, for perfidy, for treachery, for everything that is false and deceitful. With these words we can dismiss that kind of osculation and be done with it once for all. As an illustration of the comparative degree of the kiss we have only to turn to that exquisite anacreontic, the "Song of Solomon," to find it. That wise and pleasure loving philosopher wrote:

> Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine.—Chpter 1, verse 1.
>
> Thy lips, oh my spouse, drop as the honeycomb; honey and milk are under thy tongue.—Chapter 4, verse 11.
>
> His lips like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh.—Chapter 5, verse 13.

Solomon's kisses were of the inviting character, otherwise he would not have enjoyed them so much. Even in his rhapsody there is a method. But the great kiss, the climax, the apex of ecstatic bliss is to found in the superlative kiss of the dramatist Marlowe. He writes in "Dr. Faustus":

> Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
> And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?
> Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss.
> Her lips suck forth my soul; see, where it flies!

Beyond any and all question this kiss is the most powerful on record. What a vast stride there is betwixt this kiss of Solomon and the kiss of Marlowe! Solomon's is "like lilies dropping sweet-smelling myrrh," a very pretty figure of speech, by the way, and one that is very delicate. Compared with the affair of Marlowe, it is idyllic as a June morning in contrast with a December blast.

If there are degrees in kissing there is also an art in the kiss. It is not every one that can kiss properly. The kiss is born, not made. He may achieve greatness in his particular line, but it must be done according to artistic rules. There are some who could not kiss if they were to spend their whole lives in attempting to master the art. Grant it that most women like to kiss and be kissed. It is a part of their nature, as it is the nature of birds to sing and owls to blink. If they can't kiss a bewhiskered face they are satisfied with a smooth one. And if the smooth one is the face of one of their own kind the kiss counts just the same. But they certainly do object to being kissed brutally. But this I mean indelicately, forcibly, burglariously, furiously, muscularly. No woman wants to be bounced upon for a kiss as a falcon seizes upon its victim or a cat pounces upon an unfortunate mouse. A kiss to be enjoyable must be artistic. There should be the premonitory warning, the careful and delightful preparation. What a world of exquisite emotion there is in this! The arm gently encircling the waist and pressing the quivering form with a tender deep-sea meaning. Then comes the next stage, the placing of the finger tips on the rounded cheek, and its succeeding slight elevation. With this the lips of the fair one automatically pucker on the eyes close as if in the intoxication of the delirium that is so near. Then the realization. Heaven preserve us. The application of the four lips in a gentle desperate, fully realizing-the-importance-of-the-situation and soul-stirring style, comes the climax, the real soul of the kiss, its inner consciousness, its very living essence. This cannot be described, because it varies with the individual. With some there comes at the instant a long-drawn-out, symmetrical, and suggestive sound, something like drawing a bow over the mute string of a violin. With others there is the gurgling sound, which carries the idea that the pair are in the last stages of poignant frenzy. Last and best of all the game is the very choicest kind of a kiss—the kiss accompanied by the velvety, adhesive sound, that plainly says: Now we have got what we want, and would like to stay here forever. Goodness gracious! It sets one all over in a titilation, or a tintinnabulatation, as you please, just to think of it.

A kiss, to be thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed, should cause every nerve center in the physical organism to dance riotously in a series of transports. Such kisses go to the very roots of one's being. They are never forgotten. Even in the throes of final dissolution, I imagine that the memory of the sweet kisses of a lifetime steal over one like the recollection of something that is too lovely to be perishable. A kiss that is conceived in the pure fancy and executed with proper refinement and intelligence, accompanied with the necessary sentiment, ought to live forever.

Heaven preserve me, however, from the perfunctory kiss of two women. There is something about a kiss of the kind that is as dismal as the desert of Sahara. There is not even one oasis in it to mark the dreary waste. It is worse than melody measured out with yardstick or poetry doled out by the quart. There is no inspiration about it—none whatever of any kind. What a dull, sodden affair is the face of a pretty girl! How the same pretty face becomes illuminated with the fire of the soul when it is kissed by—well, perhaps this is getting to be an overdelicate matter, and something ought to be left to the imagination of the reader. However, there is no rhapsody in the kiss exchanged by two girls or two women. It is as uninviting as the fields in winter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

When a public man has lost his grip, says an exchange, he will not do so much hand-shaking with constituents.

Milton was once asked why in certain countries kings were crowned at fourteen but not married until they were eighteen. "Because," answered the poet, "it is more difficult to govern a woman than a kingdom."

MR. TRAIN TALKS.

The Great Citizen Gives Sunday Entertainments in New York.

His Pyrotechnic Capering on the Stage Causes a Great Deal of Merriment.

New York *World:* Instantaneous photography, if it were right spry about it, might do justice to George Francis Train's pyrotechnic capering on the stage, but nothing short of that. He is in all sorts of attitudes in every minute of recorded time, from standing on his head to sitting cross-legged, in perfect quiet in a chair. From repose he leaps through the air until his coat tails crack like a whip. These summer evenings always find him arrayed in pure white, and as the gas is lowered to produce his stereoscopic effects, the suggestion of a spectre gliding about the stage is sure to present itself to the mind. At Dockstader's theatre on Sunday evening, standing-room was at a premium. His entertainments are among the queer features of metropolitan life, and, although he is a hard man to report, we think Uncle Silas Bowersox has succeeded in reproducing a fair photographic impression of "An Evening With Train."

"Psycho is responsible for some curious things," said Mr. Train, as he steps on the stage carrying his overcoat, hat, papers, lorgnette, and various odds and ends. He walks across the stage in a catlike fashion, deposits his stuff, and continues in a conversational tone: "Just as I was leaving Madison square this evening a young man handed me this," producing a card. "It is an invitation to the Young Men's Christian association. I told the young man he had no further use for it and invited him to come and hear me preach at Dockstader's. And, by George, before we get to the theatre there is an alarm of fire and the Young Men's Christian association building is burning down. Now, how do you account for that?"

Then he suddenly leaps into the air, his whole aspect changes, and he yells with a fine frenzy:

"I hold the whole world right here in the hollow of my hand. I am everything, everybody, something and yet nothing. I am everywhere and you can't stop me. If you have a dollar in the savings bank take it out! take it out! or in forty-eight hours you can't get a red cent of it. I know what I am talking about. They can't down me. I can read the handwriting on the wall. This country is on the verge of the most gigantic financial crash the world ever saw, and I am the only man who can see it coming. Jay Gould has a grip of steel on the throat of commerce, and if I do not shake him off, all is lost! all is lost!"

Then dropping his voice to the entreating tones of a lover: "Is Lou Dockstader in the house? Will Mr. Dockstader please step on the stage and sing a song or tell a minstrel joke? Well, we have no time to lose. While Mr. Latham is adjusting his stereoscopic slides, Little Agnes will sing something. Ah, here she is." And one of the dozen little children on the stage comes to the footlights and sings "Silver Bell." And no one applauds any more enthusiastically than Mr. Train.

"What do you think of this entertainment, as far as you've got?" exclaimed Mr. Train, leaping to his feet and scurrying to the other side of the stage. "All who think this is a good show will signify it by saying aye."

There is a perfect thunder of ayes from all parts of the house.

"Let that hell-hound of a Gerry arrest one of these children while they are under my protection," screams Mr. Train, as he shakes an awful finger at an imaginary foe, "and, as heaven is my judge, I will shoot him down like a dog!"

There is considerable laughter at this, for no one believes that Mr. Train would do anything of the kind.

Then he makes an impassioned address in favor of New York and the world's fair, and leaves Chicago, Washington, Philadelphia and Cincinnatti badly in the soup. "Why," he concludes, "the whole caboodle of them put together couldn't hold a respectable quilting-bee, let alone a world's fair. All in favor of this sentiment will signify it by saying aye."

The roof rattles in the storm of ayes, and Mr. Train calmly announces;

"The ayes have it."

Another burst of invective against some of the abuses of the day, and before the color has time to come to his face he steps to the front and says:

"I see Jay Gould in the audience. Will Mr. Gould step on the stage and give us ten minutes of his time, and justify, if he can, his position before the people?"

There is no movement in the audience to indicate that Mr. Gould is there to accept the invitation.

"Well, confound you, if you won't give up ten minutes of your time, I will give you ten minutes of mine."

Still Mr. Gould did not materialize.

"All right. We've no time to fool away. Perhaps Mr. Vanderbilt would like an opportunity to come to the front and tell us something of this Chesapeake & Ohio deal? No? Very well. Don't say I didn't offer you an opportunity to square yourself. I see Mr. Rockafeller sitting out there in his shirt sleeves. Maybe he will be good enough to come on the stage and tell us how to take grease spots out of clothing? No? Very well. These men, I tell you," exclaimed Mr. Train, lifting his voice to a high pitch and striking a Sullivan attitude, "are afraid to meet me. It would not take seventy-five rounds for me to knock out the whole parcel of them, and they know it. This individual wealth is the bane of our country to-day, and I tell you again to get your money out of the savings banks while you can. I am the richest man in the world to-day. I own half of Omaha. I can check against it, but I don't want to. I built the Union Pacific railroad, and organized the Credit Mobelier, the largest financial project this country ever knew. While Mr. Latham is getting his slides ready tickets will be offered for sale for next Sunday evening. Buy your tickets now for 25 cents each, for next Sunday night they will be worth $5. I know what I am talking about. There will be 10,000 people who can't get in this theatre next Sunday night, and I know it."

Somebody asks a question, and Mr. Train makes a fierce onslaught on Mr. Gladstone, the queen, and the whole foreign outfit. "It is time for Irishmen in America to keep their money in their pockets and let Ireland, England and the whole ball of wax go to the everlasting bow-wows."

His voice drops again to gentleness, and looking at a memorandum in his hand he invites Mr. Rooney or somebody else to come on the stage and do an imitation of Pat Rooney or Danial Webster

"Those who think we have all the youth, beauty and talent of New York right here in this audience will signify it by saying aye," and the shingles rattled again.

And so it goes. One minute somebody is doing a song and dance and the next Mr. Train is hurling the battering-ram against the walls of injustice and wrong, only to stop short and exclaim:

"How do you like this as far as you've got? All those who think this is a good show signify by saying aye!"

In this way the fun is kept up till midnight, and everybody knows he has had a dollars' worth for every cent it cost him to get in.

A Few Choice Extracts from a Breezy Western Journal.

We would suggest to the postmaster general that he drop a line to the postmaster of this town reading: "Major Bil Perkins—Sir: Either attend to biz. or get, and I'd a little rather you'd get. So would the people of your town. Yours truly, and don't be over a week making up your mind what course to take."

Ever since Harrison's election Colonel Hank Taylor, of this town, has been sweating the color out of his blue suspenders in running after office. The office he wanted was boss to the custom house, and he has been figuring that if he got it he would raise asparagus in his front yard, turnips in the back, and put on all the style they do in Chicago. It was only yesterday that he suddenly became aware of the fact that we have no custom house here for him to boss. What he had always supposed was a government institution of the kind turned out to be Desnoyer's storage house for bones. Colonel Hank has our sympathy in this his hour of deepest trial, but that's the best we can do. We are in no situation to either lend him a shirt or trust him for groceries.

Mrs. Judge Shiver passed the *Kicker* office at eleven o'clock Tuesday night in a state of happy inebriation, being on her way home from a high lager beer given by Mrs. Prof. Westenhouse at her elegant mansion on Bronco Place. Mrs. Judge was dragging her new bonnet along the ground by the starboard tie, and softly singing about pansy blossoms. We were sitting on the front steps in the gentle moonlight, thinking of the past and gone, and the event saddened us more than we can express. We had a mother once. She was not beautiful, and splitting wood while our dear father talked politics at the grocery made her lop-shouldered, but she was good and temperate. Suppose she had been in the habit of getting slewed? Where would we have been to-day? Instead of being at the head of a great weekly paper like the *Kicker*, which also runs a harness shop, grocery, feed store and bazaar in connection, all under one economical management and the same roof, we should doubtless have inhabited a convict's garb in some prison. Veni, vidi, curanter, which, if we remember correctly, means: "The mother makes the man what he is."

We have nothing in particular against the government, neither do we wish Indian agent Babcock any harm. It seems to be our duty, however, to call the agent's attention to the fact he is making an ass of himself, and that he can resign any time within the next three weeks. If we were running this government we'd run him head first into the soil about the first thing we took hold of after breakfast Monday morning.

Inquirer—How does your protracted meeting proceed, parson? Parson—Oh, well, there's a great awakening at the close of every sermon.—*Omaha World.*

Mrs. Champagnon—I was sorry not to see you at our little dinner yesterday, Mrs. Porcine. Mrs. Porcine—Well, you see, our new cook sharpened the dinner knives, and my mouth was cut so bad that I couldn't have eat nothin' if I had went."

NO LONGER AN ASPIRANT.

Col. J. C. Haines Withdraws From the Senatorial Contest.

The Action was Taken for the Purpose of Securing Republican Unity and Harmony.

Seattle *Press:* Considerable satisfaction was expressed by the republicans of this city over the fact that Colonel J. C. Haines had withdrawn from the senatorial contest, not because it was thought that he would not honestly, ably and brilliantly represent Washington in the United States senate, but rather for the reason that it restored harmony in the ranks of the republican party.

Col. J. C. Haines was found in his office immersed in legal business, and was asked the following question:

"Col. Haines, the *Post-Intelligencer* announces this morning that you have withdrawn from the senatorial contest. Do you care to say anything about it?"

"My reasons are pretty well set forth in my letter published this morning. I will say, however, that the contest between the supporters of Watson C. Squire and those who favored me for United States senator had become warm and bid fair to become more so. The democrats of King county are very thoroughly organized and stand ready to take advantage of any contest or dissension in the republican ranks. King county is the largest and most important county in Washington, and one which the republican party would not care to lose through dissension or any other cause. The election is a very important one from a national standpoint, as I understand that the plan of the democrats is to capture half of the congressmen of the four new states. If this is done it will rob the republican party of the advantage which it expected to derive when it admitted them to the sisterhood of states. As a lack of harmony is to be feared, under such circumstances, above all things, I felt that I owed it to my party to withdraw from the contest."

"I feel very grateful," continued Col. Haines, "to my friends for their warm support of my candidacy, and sincerely hope that the action I have taken will secure unity in the ranks of the republican party in King county."

"Was your action the result of a combination?"

"No sir; my action did not grow out of a combination. It is simply my own action, and it has been warmly endorsed by my best friends."

"What effect will your withdrawal have on ex-Governor E. P. Ferry's gubernatorial aspirations?"

"I am unable to state what effect it will have."

Ex-Governor Watson P. Squire was found and asked:

"What do you think, Governor Squire, of the withdrawal of Col. J. C. Haines from the senatorial contest?"

"From what has been said to me by the friends of Col. Haines," replied Governor Squire, "I think that he and his friends will heartily support my candidacy for United States senator. I think Col. Haines' action will result in the best interests of the party. I have felt for some time past that Col. Haines had every reason to be my friend and that his natural preference would be for me should he conclude to lay aside his own ambition. I will be greatly pleased to have the support of his friends."

"What effect will Col. Haines' withdrawal have on ex-Governor Ferry's prospects for the republican nomination for governor?"

"I think the effect will be decidedly favorable," said Mr. Squire.

Self-Explanatory Correspondence.

PODUNK, IOWA, July 18, 1889.

To the Hon. Jerry Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.:

SIR—Will you please inform me why the pestiferous insect which is causing such serious damage to the crops in the west is called "The Mormon Fly?"

E. J. SPUTTERKINS, Agriculturist.

REPLY OF THE SECRETARY.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, WASHINGTON CITY, July 21, 1889.

E. J. Sputterkins, Podunk, Iowa:

SIR—Because it is so prolific.

JERRY RUSK, Sec.

Odds and Ends.

Even men who always do right get left sometimes.

Beating a retreat—jumping a board bill at a summer resort.

Lot's wife was the first to suffer by the Salt Trust.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Haven't you noticed that weak-minded people are nearly always headstrong.

An observer says it is the sins of other people that self-appointed reformers make the most fuss about.

"Now we've got a Sugar Trust," said old Simmerdown, "what we need most is a Best Sugar Trust."—*Detroit Journal.*

Somewhat Otherwise: She—I wouldn't marry you for $20,000. He—But I have $50,000. She—Oh, well, that's different.—*Terre Haute Express.*

The Chinaman's desire to have a fine funeral has the approval of the Pacific coast people, but they want the funeral to begin right away.—*Courier Journal.*