

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

VOL. 1.

NORTH YAKIMA, WASHINGTON, THURSDAY, NOV. 21, 1889.

NO. 43.

THE YAKIMA HERALD.

Official Paper of Yakima County.

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

L. S. HOWLETT, ex-Receiver of Public Monies at
the U. S. Land Office, will give
Special attention to making out papers for
Settlers, and to Land Contests.

N. T. CATON, Sprague, L. C. PARRISH,
North Yakima.

CATON & PARRISH,
Attorneys at Law.

Will practice in all the Courts of the territory.
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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. MIREX, C. B. GRAVES,
REAVIS, MIREX & GRAVES,

Attorneys at Law.

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

EDWARD WHITSON, JOHN B. ALLER,
FRED PARKER, Walls Walla.

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. Es-
pecial attention to Collecting, U. S. Land
Office up stairs in Hill Block, North Yakima.

W. G. COE, M. D. E. E. HEG, M. D.

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Office Hours: 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. and
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Has had five years' practice—over year Assistant
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Special attention given to Surgery, Obstetrics
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Office over Bushnell's Drug Store. my-4f

O. M. GRAVES,
DENTIST.

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

Office over First National Bank.

J. T. KINGSBURY,
(City Engineer.)
Civil Engineer.

Office: Room No. 1, Kingsbury Build-
ing, North Yakima, Washington.

HALL & GARDNER
Civil Engineers.

Mining Claims Located and Grades Established.
Office in Kingsbury Building, Yakima Ave.

MISCELLANEOUS.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
of North Yakima.

THEODORE WITSON, Wm. Ker, Chas. Carpenter, A. W.
Eagle, Edgar, Whitson.

Capital, \$100,000
Surplus, \$24,000

EDWARD WHITSON, A. W. ROBERTS,
President, Cashier.

W. L. STEINBERG, Cashier.

DOES A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

Buys and Sells Exchange at Reasonable Rates.

PAYS INTEREST ON TIME DEPOSITS.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.,
October 21, 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 be-
fore the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land
Office at North Yakima, W. T., on December 12,
1889, viz:

JOHN S. EOLIN,
who made Homestead Entry No. 223, for the
SE $\frac{1}{4}$ of NE $\frac{1}{4}$ and NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 8, T. 12 N., R. 12 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his con-
tinuous residence upon and cultivation of said
land, viz: J. T. Stone, Henry Warren, William Reed,
F. T. Carter, H. A. Smith, E. Roberts and Thorpe
Rosen, all of Klondike, W. T.

IRA M. KRUTZ, Register.

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the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land
Office at North Yakima, W. T., on December 5,
1889, viz:

JOHN C. MACCRIMMON,
who made Homestead Entry No. 1271, for the
NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of NW $\frac{1}{4}$ Sec. 15, T. 12 N., R. 12 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his con-
tinuous residence upon and cultivation of said
land, viz: J. H. Needham, N. T. Goodwin, Peter
Leonard, G. H. Mitchell, all of North Yakima,
W. T.

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Office at North Yakima, W. T., on December 4,
1889, viz:

WM. T. WILSON,
who made Homestead Entry No. 317, for the
NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 22, T. 12 N., R. 12 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his con-
tinuous residence upon and cultivation of said
land, viz: J. T. Stone, H. H. Carter, Z.
Fletcher and John Reed, all of North Yakima,
W. T.

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the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land
Office at North Yakima, W. T., on Nov. 22, 1889, viz:

MAJOR B. MORRISON,
who made Homestead Entry No. 144 for the
NW $\frac{1}{4}$ and SW $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 22, T. 12 N., R. 12 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his con-
tinuous residence upon and cultivation of said
land, viz: J. T. Stone, H. H. Carter, Z.
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BENJAMIN M. ROUSNAVELL,
who made Homestead Entry No. 743, for the
NE $\frac{1}{4}$ of Sec. 24, T. 12 N., R. 27 E.
He names the following witnesses to prove his con-
tinuous residence upon and cultivation of said
land, viz: F. T. Carter, H. A. Smith, E. Roberts and Thorpe
Rosen, all of Klondike, W. T.

IRA M. KRUTZ, Register.

Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.,
November 2, 1889.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE
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intention to make final proof in support of his
claim, and that said proof will be made before
the Register and Receiver of the U. S. Land
Office at North Yakima, W. T., on Saturday, the 21st
day of December, 1889.

He names the following witnesses to prove the com-
plete irrigation and reclamation of said
land, viz: J. T. Stone, Henry Warren, William Reed,
F. T. Carter, H. A. Smith, E. Roberts and Thorpe
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Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, W. T.,
October 21, 1889.

COMPLAINT having been entered at this
office by George Finn of Prosser, W. T., against
Alvah Churchill for failure to comply with the
law as to Timber Culture Entry No. 356, dated
December 12, 1888, upon the NW $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 8,
T. 12 N., R. 12 E. in Yakima County, Wash.
Tet., with a view to the cancellation of said en-
try, contestant alleging that said Churchill has
failed to break or cleared to be broken five acres
during the first year or at any time since, and
that he has totally abandoned the same—the
said parties are hereby summoned to appear at
this office on the 18th day of November, 1889, at
10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testi-
mony concerning said alleged failure.

IRA M. KRUTZ, Register.

YAKIMA PIONEER DAYS.

Another Interesting Sketch From the
Pen of M. G. Wills.

The Campaign of '66—A Number of
Close Calls—Death of Captain
Hembrey—A Ride for Life.

Gen. Geo. L. Curry made the second
call for volunteers Feb. 22, 1856. I started
out again under Capt. Wm. A. Cason,
company E, Clackamas county, with W.
G. Moore, first lieutenant; Wm. Mitchell,
second lieutenant; Geo. Reynolds, first
sergeant, and A. Holcomb, second ser-
geant. Leaving Portland March 3, 1856,
we reached the Cascades on the 6th, and
on the 8th we were ordered to The Dalles,
arriving there late in the afternoon.

On the morning previous to our arrival
quite a number of freight teams started
to Fort Walls Walla, laden with provisions
for the troops, and seventeen of our
company, including myself, under Sergt.
Reynolds were detailed to overtake and
guard them to Fort Henrietta. We did
not reach them that evening, and as we
had started with nothing to eat but flour
and coffee, I killed a steer to stay our
appetites. The yearling belonged to Nathan
Olney, and he should have been paid for
it, but it is doubtful if it was ever re-
ported.

Next day our company caught up, and
we camped about half way between the
John Day river and Willow creek. Early
next morning some Indians made a rush
on the guards and cut off about eighteen
head of our horses, stampeding them.
About twenty of us gave chase, following
the Indians almost to the mouth of Wil-
low creek and came on to them in camp.
The boys shot on them at long range, and
Mr. Dewey fired and crippled a squaw,
who fell, then jumped up, picked up her
baby playing near the fire, and ran into
the willows along the creek. Part of our
crowd went down the creek and some to
the Indians' camp, while others waited
on the hill to pick off the Indians as they
ran. I was looking after the horses, and
a comrade named Groshon asked me to
look after the animals in his charge, as
he saw a swish in the brush. He then
crawled up and hid behind some grass-
wood within twenty paces of the willows,
and had not got settled in his position be-
fore an Indian, about thirty yards away,
fired point-blank at my head. The ball,
or slug of iron, shaved off a lock of hair
just above my right ear, and that member
has been, though perhaps ornamental, a
useless appendage ever since. Just as the
Indian let drive at me, Mr. Groshon fired
at him, and his aim was good, for the
blood spurted all over the brush. We
looked for him, but the Indian jumped
into a pool of water, dyeing it with his
blood, and disappeared.

In a few days our command was must-
ered out of service, thus ending my ex-
perience as an active campaigner against
the wily red man.

These incidents, and those recorded in
my first paper a short time since, will be
recalled by many of my old comrades,
several of whom now reside in Yakima
county, and members of Multnomah
Camp No. 2, Indian War Veterans.

M. G. WILLS,
North Yakima, Wash., Nov. 19, 1889.

IT WAS A PILOT.

A New Version of an Ancient Swindling Scheme.

A stranger entered a well-known saloon
on Woodward avenue the other day while
a reporter for the Detroit Free Press was
in the place, and after imbibing a weak
drink he said to the proprietor:

"I want to wait here a few minutes for
a man who borrowed some money from
me."

"He was motioned to a chair, and when
an hour had passed away he was asked:
"Are you a stranger in the city?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you lend money to a stranger?"

"I did."

"How much?"

"Forty dollars."

"Hum! Under what circumstances?"

"Said he had a freight bill to pay and
couldn't get into the bank. He gave me
this check for \$300 to hold as security.
Said he'd meet me here at 11 o'clock."

"My friend, you have been bam-
boozled."

"No!"

"Yes, you have. This is the old freight
bill dodge. That check is worthless, and
you'll never see the man again."

"But I can't believe that. He looked
honest and talked straight."

"So they do. Sorry for you, but you
must read the papers."

"Say! I don't pretend to be so awfully
smart, but I bet you that that chap was
honest."

"You will! What'll you bet?"

"Even twenty! I do honestly believe
he will come here by 11 o'clock and pay
the money."

The bet was taken, the money put up,
and the greenhorn sat down to wait. At
five minutes to 11 a man came in, handed
him \$40, expressed his thanks, and took
the check and placed it in his wallet.

"I told you he was honest," said the
greenhorn, as he reached for the stakes.
They were handed over, but half an
hour later, after much serious thought,
the bartender suddenly slapped his legs
and exclaimed:

"I see through it now. They were pals,
of course."

HOW JOCKEYS TRAIN.

The Work They Undergo in Knocking
Down Their Weight.

A Jock Who Could Not Ride in an
Important Race on Account
of Eating Dinner.

New York Sun: Of the thousands of
racegoers who wildly applaud a successful
jockey after a brilliant piece of work in
the saddle there are very few who under-
stand, or, understanding, realize fully the
great privation and self-denial a success-
ful jockey of the middle-weight class
must practice in order to keep at the
greatest amount of patronage. This bat-
tle of the flesh is incessant and lasts for
almost eight months of every year, and
those who imagine that men like Mc-
Laughlin, Fitzpatrick, Hayward, Mur-
phy and Garrison do not earn their money
should try reducing their natural weight
from twenty to thirty pounds, and keeping
it there for a period of six months or so.

James McLaughlin, who is now about
through riding, this being his last season
in the saddle, and who does not ride less
than 125 pounds at present, has had a
greater struggle than any of the other
jockeys, during late years. When in the
employ of the Dwyer Brothers, in whose
red and blue colors he achieved his great-
est triumphs, he was under contract to
ride at 112 pounds, and frequently got
down as low as 110. This he did not find
a very hard task until he had reached his
majority, when, as his frame grew larger
and heavier, he was compelled to train
down finer and get rid of a corresponding
amount of adipose tissue. Year by year
his labors became more and more severe,
until his pinched face and sunken eyes
were sufficient to excite the compassion
of even those who did not know of the
sufferings he was enduring. Last winter
nature added a few more pounds of bone
to McLaughlin's frame, and last spring
when he had been reducing he found that
all his old time tactics were of no avail.
He could not reach the 114 pounds he had
contracted to ride at for the Chicago
stable, and realizing that he would never
be able to get below 125 pounds again
and be strong, he determined to eschew riding
and follow the footsteps of Matt Byrnes,
Charley Littlefield, Jimmy Rowe, Billy
Lakeland, Frank McCabe and other old
timers, and when Mr. Pierre Lorillard
approached him with a view of obtaining
his services as trainer and overseer in
general of the horse department at Ran-
cocas, the prince of jockeys and one of
the most popular and trustworthy riders
that ever sported silk or pressed the sides
of a thoroughbred in America, accepted,
and next year he will be found behind
the cherry and black connoisseur George
Taylor, who will be first jockey for
patron of Tuxedo.

Gentlemen and ladies in every walk
of life are troubled by the dread and burden
of adipose, and one often hears the query:
"How shall I reduce my weight?" Ma-
trons sigh for the waist of their girlhood,
and the man of middle age would give
a good deal if he could run upstairs without
becoming very warm and out of breath.
They know that the kind of food they eat
and the drinking they do are not con-
ducive to leanness, and there are few
who have not tried at least one remedy
for their bugaboo. Listen to the way
McLaughlin trained when riding daily.
The jockey who is under engagement for
the balance of the season to ride for Mr.
J. B. Haggin was seen at Gravesend
Thursday.

When asked how he kept himself at
weight, McLaughlin, whose face is now
round and ruddy, and whose eyes have
the snap and brilliancy that go with
health, replied:

"Oh, by the hardest kind of work—
plenty of running and very little to eat
and drink. It was my custom to rise
very early in the morning, put on the
heaviest suit of underclothing and top
clothing, including sweaters and great
coats, that I possessed and run from five
to seven miles at a brisk gait. On my
return to the quarters, reeking with per-
spiration, my valet had a bath ready for
me. I was rubbed dry and weighed. If
I scaled what I should, all well and good,
but if not, I had to put on dry clothes
and do it all over again. You will read-
ily understand what child's play this is
on a hot summer morning.

"Sometimes Fitzpatrick and I ran to-
gether and that made our work easier.
As I had to ride in the afternoon, break-
fast, in the word, was out of the question,
that meal usually consisting of a piece of
dry toast, washed down by strong tea or
water. When my last race for the day
had been ridden I lost no time in getting
to the supper table. This is the only
substantial meal a jockey can partake of,
and those who talk about large appetites
should see a crowd of hungry jockeys at
their evening meal. It might be said
that I lived upon one meal a day, and
my experience is only that of others. I
have frequently gained seven pounds in
a day, and the next morning found me
at work getting it off in order to be at
weight."

"How about drinking? It has been
said frequently that jockeys, as a rule,
drink a great deal of champagne and
other wines to sustain their strength."

"I can only speak for myself. Water
was always my training beverage. I
should think that wine would produce
fat."

FIFTY YEARS HENCE.

What an Added Half-Century Will Bring
to This Country.

How and Where a Dense Population
Will Have to Look For Its
Food Supply.

That is but a short time. The aged men
and women of the present day look at
the passage of the last half-century as a
dream that is past. And yet what changes
have been made in the political and
domestic economy of the United
States. But what are to be the lessons
and results of the next fifty years? The
population of the United States will then
be at least 150,000,000. Where are they
to live and what are they to eat? At
present it takes about six bushels of wheat
per capita to feed the inhabitants, requir-
ing now about 300,000,000 bushels. Fifty
years hence, with a population of 150,000-
000, at the same rate, it will take 900-
000,000 bushels. Where is it to come from
and where is it to be raised? Wheat is a
desolator, and leaves barrenness in its
track. While the wheat area is being
pushed northwest and into the valleys of
the mountains the area behind it is being
closed up. The Genesee country, the
western reserve, the Washah valley and
the grand prairies of Illinois, so celebrated
in their several periods as prolific of wheat,
have long since been abandoned as feasible
fields for wheat raising. Illinois, Iowa,
Missouri and Wisconsin are now following
suit.

Then where are the 900,000,000 bushels
to come from annually to feed 150,000,000
inhabitants? There are no new worlds to
discover. The entire face of the world is
known. But the United States has
nothing to dread. It has the great corn
field of the world, which produces the
most nutritious human food. Its roots do
not desolate the soil. By proper care and
wise farming equal crops can be raised for
1000 years in succession, and the human
race may never feel a lack of food.

The population of the world may be
three times larger than at present, and
the corn area of the United States can
produce enough of this rich and nutri-
tious cereal to feed the world.—Des
Moines Register.

A Million and a Half in Bills.

Two men walked rapidly down Wall
street yesterday afternoon, says a New
York letter to the Philadelphia Press, and
entered one of the prominent banking in-
stitutions. They were sturdy, heavy-set
men. Both kept their eyes roaming from
side to side. I followed them into the
bank. The man with the satchel sat
down and dropped the bag on the floor.
The other went to the receiving teller's
inclosure, reached down in his breast
pocket and extracted a package of
bills. These were hastily counted, and
the strangers left. The teller jammed the
bills into an envelope, sealed it and
pitched it into the safe, afterwards closing
the door in a perfunctory manner. The
entire transaction occupied less than two
minutes. Then the teller turned to me
and said:

"How much do you think was in that
package?"</