

HENDERSON'S HEAD IS OFF.

The Regular Session of the City Council Praught With Stirring Event.

Colonel Cook Succeeds Henderson as Marshal, and John G. Boyle is Again City Attorney—Answer to the Firemen.

To the roll call at the regular session of the city council Monday evening Acting Mayor Cox and Councilman Carpenter, Chapman, Needham and Vaughn answered present. The minutes of last meeting were approved and a communication was read from the mayors of New Whatcom and Fairhaven asking the council to join in securing the passage through the legislature of desired laws and measures for the government of cities of the third class, and enclosing a copy of the proposed changes, with request for suggestions.

The following report was read and adopted without dissent:

NORTH YAKIMA, Feb. 23.

To the Honorable Mayor and City Council:

Our committee on fire and fire limits beg to report on the petition handed in to the council at the last regular meeting by the firemen of the city. While we recognize the fact that something should be done in the way of remuneration to disabled firemen while in active duty, also for their time while fighting fire, yet at the same time it is evident that the city has at all times allowed bills which have been incurred by the company, and citizens have always been prompt in making up private subscriptions to the department when they have been pressed into service. We your committee are willing that something should be done in such a form so that they would know what to depend on. But owing to the amount demanded, think that it would be advisable that it should be submitted to the taxpayers before any final action should be taken, and hereby recommend that it be referred back to them with the suggestion that they have a petition circulated among the taxpayers stating what they desire and present the same to the council at some future time for their consideration.

Respectfully submitted,

W. H. CHAPMAN, B. F. VAUGHN.

The following resolution was read and adopted, Councilman Carpenter being the only member voting against its adoption:

Resolved, That it is apparent to the members of the city council that the police department of the city has been and is now being conducted in a very lax and insufficient manner, and is apparently due to the deficiency of executive ability, general unfitness and incompetency of the chief of said department, and we desire it for the best interests of the city that a change be made in said department; therefore be it resolved by the council, that the office of city marshal be and is hereby declared vacant.

Bills approved by the finance committee, amounting to \$142.82, were passed and warrants ordered drawn for the respective sums.

Ordinance No. 192, providing for a city attorney at a salary of \$50 per month, which is to include all compensation, was passed.

Colonel H. D. Cook was placed in nomination by Chapman for the office of city marshal. There were no further nominations, but when the ballots were counted two votes were found to have been cast for N. H. Yeates and three for H. D. Cook. Mr. Cook was declared elected.

For the office of city attorney John G. Boyle was placed in nomination by Needham. Mr. Boyle was elected, receiving four votes and W. L. Jones one.

Paragraphs From Prosser.

The snow has disappeared in and around Prosser, and this is being made the feeding ground for about 3000 sheep.

Messrs. Vessey and Ross have decided upon engaging in the butcher business here and will open a meat market.

Work on the flume at Yakima falls is still being pushed along.

A new barber shop is among the recent indications of the steady growth of Prosser.

There is a good prospect that the Prosser school will be continued for an additional three months. This will meet with much favor here.

X. Y. Z.

One Small Blue Bean every night for a week cures Torpid Livers. 25c per bottle.

The new freight rates which have resulted from the efforts of President Hill of the Great Northern, have been promulgated. There is a general reduction of west bound freights by car lots, of from 12 to 47 cents. The only east bound reduction is a 40 cent rate made on lumber which it is thought will instill new life into that languishing industry. The tariff is issue jointly by the Northern Pacific, the Union and the Great Northern and took effect on Wednesday.

Their increase operates, purify the whole system and act on the liver, Blue Beans Small.

Majo Brown, a sporting man, had a disagreement with the police, on Saturday last, and was arrested for using loud and profane language on the street. His fine and costs amounted to \$23.50 which he paid.

Put up in neat watch-shaped bottles, sugar coated, Small Blue Beans. 25c per bottle.

The U. S. senate has voted to issue \$50,000,000 of 3 per cent bonds.

Visit Curran's grocery store and see how far a little money will go.

Curran will supply your wants in the grocery line as cheap as any dealer in the city.

HUGH McNEIL'S HEN.

By ALFRED R. GALTHOUN.

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CHAPTER I.



He made a dive to recover the paper.

General O. M. Mitchell, although past middle age in 1862, was one of the most romantic soldiers of the war. He was an able, patriotic man, and if he had any failing as a commander it was in perfecting more plans than a dozen armies could execute. Among these plans was one for the capture of Chattanooga by advancing a force rapidly along the right bank of the river, the feasibility of which was subsequently demonstrated by the brilliant expedition under General Negley.

To learn the nature of the country between MacMinnville and Chattanooga a mounted force of sixty men, made up of detachments from the Seventh Pennsylvania, First Tennessee and Fifth Kentucky, with a number of men from the hills of north Alabama, recently mustered into our service, all young, eager and well mounted, left Stevenson for the Cumberland mountains to the north of the Tennessee.

Having just taken in perfect safety a trip down the mountains from Kentucky with six men, all in uniform, I was sent with this expedition.

Lin Moore was the man on whose knowledge of the mountains we relied chiefly during this scout. Before starting he assured General Mitchell that he "knew the Cumberland mountains from end to end as well as if he had built 'em by days' work," and the result showed that he was not a braggart.

On this scout six of us, under Lin's guidance, cut loose from the main body and pushed toward the east, till one midnight we dismounted on the crest of a hill from which we looked down on Meccassin point, subsequently to become famous, and could see the white tents of the Confederates gleaming like opals in the moonlight from Lookout mountain to Chattanooga.

Satisfied with the outlook, we moved back from this elevation to a little stream at the base, where we threw ourselves on the ground to rest while our weary horses were grazing.

As I had planned to examine, so far as I could do so with a field glass, the position and extent of the Confederate defenses on the following morning, it was understood that we should remain where we were for the night; and as the little ravine was out of the way and as much secluded as if we had been in a cave, Lin Moore thought it would be perfectly safe to lie down, and he showed his confidence by wrapping up his boots in his coat, putting the bundle under his head and dropping off to sleep in no time. The rest of the party followed Lin's example.

All the men were asleep, and I was about to pull off my boots to ease my feet, when up on the hill I heard the notes of the whippoorwill. I had known this bird from my childhood, and I had heard it many a time before in the mountains, but never after midnight and but seldom after dark, yet the sound was too accurate and distinct to be an imitation. While I was wondering at this an owl, seemingly perched in the gray limestone rocks directly above where we lay, began:

"Hoo-hoo-hoo, hoo-oo!" ending with the shrill whistle peculiar to the white owl.

This seemed more in keeping with the time and place, and I was again about to pull off my boots, when suddenly a rivalry started between the whippoorwill and the owl, and they dashed along "neck and neck," the hooting and the whistling increasing in rapidity till the rocks rang again, and very much perplexed I rose to my feet and walked back to try and get a view of the cliff, but as the full moon was sloping westward it was in shadow.

Gradually the contest died out, as if the feathered rivals had become exhausted, but there was still an occasional faint "hoo-hoo" and "whippoorwill," when suddenly a dog—a dog with the voice of Cerberus—began laying up the hill. Then the baying changed to the angry barking of two dogs—one a savage monster and the other a pugnacious "flee."

I crept over to Lin's side, and bending down so as not to break in needless on the sleep of my near by companions, I whispered for him to get up and step back with me.

Drawing Lin back, so as not to disturb the others, I told him of what I had heard, but before he could frame a reply the noise began again. This time it was the bellowing of a distant and evidently a belligerent bull.

"Doggone hit, who'd 'a' thought hit?" was the guide's comment.

"Thought what?" I asked in surprise.

"Why, that he'd 'a' come ova' har."

"Who'd 'a' come?" I asked, unconsciously dropping into the mountain vernacular.

"No, I don't think I ever have, and if that's a hen it's the most extraordinary bird I ever heard."

"Oh, Hen ain't a bird; he's a nat'ral," said Lin Moore with the manner of a man who, in his own opinion, has given a full and satisfactory explanation. But I was more perplexed than ever.

Seeing this, Lin Moore whispered:

"Hen—that's Hugh Neil's son; he's a plum cejit."

"Who, Hugh McNeil?"

"No, Hen, that's him a-makin' believe up thar that he's a hull string of tree toads. Oh, him and me's ole friends, and often slept together in these hills afoah the war. No one wouldn't think a nat'ral could be so known as Hen. He'd corner a lawyer axin questions, and as fo' mockin any sound he evah hears, he can't be beat. Why, hit's mos' surprisim. There, that's the crunk of wild goose, and we uns, of so be we uns didn't know 'twas Hen, would believe them

birds was a-flyin' right straight ova' head, and we could most see 'em formin' a triangle, as they most all does, 'way up in the sky. But I'll fatch him down, fo', bein a nat'ral, thar ain't no hahm into him."

The guide placed two fingers in his mouth and emitted a long, low whistle, ending with the musical cry of the quail, "bob white."

"Bob white! bob white! bob white!" was echoed quickly from the rocks. Then came the crash of a loosened stone that went hurling dangerously close, and a minute after an athletic figure, with something like a knapsack on its back and a long rifle in its right hand, stood before us. But it was too dark to distinguish the dress or features.

"Hello, Hen!" was Lin Moore's salutation, as he extended both hands, "whar yo' bin and whar yo' gwine?"

"Bin hellenback; nawthin teat. Who's you uns?"

This is what Hugh McNeil's Hen rattled off in a far away ventriloquial voice, and as he asked the question he laid his hand on my shoulder.

"This is a blue sojer, Hen, and my friend," said Lin. Then in a whisper, "Any grays nigh har?"

"Oh, lots, lots, lots," replied Hugh McNeil's Hen.

"Whar is they, Hen?"

"Ovah yo'," and he pointed in the direction of Chattanooga.

"Oh, yass," said Lin, evidently much relieved, then adding, "Wa'al, Hen, of you uns'll lie down and not open yer lips till daylight I'll gin yo' breakfast, eh?"

For answer, Hugh McNeil's Hen laid his pack on the ground and his head on the pack, and began snoring so soon that I was sure he was either playing one of the tricks of which we had so recently had a sample, or that he was so eager to get into our good graces by pretending to comply instantly with Lin's request.

After this I lay down, and I must have slept for at least three hours, for when I awoke it was broad daylight and the men were rubbing down the horses' backs with bunches of dry grass, preparatory to saddling up.

Whether Hugh McNeil's Hen went to sleep instantly after lying down I think very doubtful, but when I got up and went over to look at him there could be no mistaking the fact of his being as dead asleep as one of the fabled Seven of Ephesus.

As we were about to partake of the cooked rations we had brought with us, Lin Moore woke up the "nat'ral," who at once sprang to his feet, as to the great amazement of those who had not heard him the night before, he clapped both arms to his sides and began to crow so much like a cock that it only required turning the back on him to be entirely deceived. One of the scouts described the deception perfectly when he said:

"If I was to hear that crowing in the dark I'd never stop searching till I found a henroost, and my stomach would be sot for fried chicken next day."

We shared with him our cooked rations, but did not give him all he wanted to eat. I doubt if we should have had any left had we done so. He seemed to realize that I was the leader of the little party, for as soon as he saw that there was no more to eat that morning he opened his ragged knapsack—it was full of bits of cloth and bright pieces of quartz crystal—and from a recess he drew out a newspaper and handed it to me. It was a copy of the Chattanooga Rebel of the previous day, and this told me that Hugh McNeil's Hen had either been in the Confederate camp across the river the day before or had met some one who had come from there.

I could not conceal my delight at getting this paper, for it not only gave in its local news a clew to the forces then in and about Chattanooga, but it also contained an account of the movement of Bragg's army, which was being transferred by rail to Mobile, from which point it was to be forwarded to Chattanooga. Commenting on this roundabout movement of the main army of the Confederates in the west, the editor said, "This means that Bragg will transfer the fighting from northern Mississippi, Alabama and Tennessee to the banks of the Ohio before the summer is over." And the editor was so entirely correct that Bragg would have been quite justified in hanging him without further evidence.

I folded the paper and was putting it carefully away in an inside pocket when Hugh McNeil's Hen began making signs of disapproval. His face became livid, and he muttered and made a dive to recover the paper. As he did he threw back the matted hair from his forehead and I saw for an instant a purple, crescent shaped scar running from temple to temple about half inch below the hair, and I concluded that this was the reason for the poor fellow's demerita.

"Hold up, Hen!" cried Lin Moore, and he laid his hand restrainingly on the idiot's arm, "the cap'n'll pay you for that."

Acting on the hint I offered Hen a dollar, but he refused it; then I recalled that I had in my saddlebags a barlow knife, which I had used for cleaning out my horse's hoofs; this I gave him, and he received it with a whole covey of bob white calls.

In a direct line we were not a mile from the enemy's camps across the Tennessee; indeed, while I was glancing over the paper, I could see rising above the trees to the southeast the smoke of the little steamer which the Confederates used as a ferryboat. The position was delicate, and it was necessary to act quickly. The men were distributed to examine the river below the bend and above the town, with orders to meet for the return at noon in the same place.

Lin Moore accompanied me to a point which he promised would give me a good chance to note the extent of the western and river defenses of the little city.

To my great discomfort Hugh McNeil's Hen kept close to our heels, whistling the splintered gunstock with the Barlow knife.

"Thar ain't no dainjah from Hen," said Lin Moore in response to the muttering, "If so be he was to see blood hit'd drive him plum wild with fear. Come up har, Hen." The guide halted till Hen, still intent on testing his knife, stood before him. "Just look thar, cap'n, now w'd do you uns think that is?"

He pushed up the matted hair from the idiot's forehead and discovered the purple crescent I had noticed before.

"That was a terrible wound when first made," I said, "and I presume it is the cause of the poor fellow's present condition."

"Wa'al, yass," drawled the guide, as he let the hair fall and we resumed our tramp up the hill, the summit of which

was not five hundred yards from the river, and within rifle reach of the nearest Confederate camp. "But that wound wasn't made on Hen's head, but on his father's. If you uns ever see Hugh McNeil—and hit's mos' likely yo' will, if so be we uns git into Marion county, fo' he lives in the hills nigh to Jasper—notice his forehead, and yo'll see the skull kinder carved in a circle like that scar on Hen's. Hit all happened 'bout foah months afo' Hen was bawn. Hugh—he was a powahful drinkin' man in thim days—got into a fight with a blacksmith down to Jasper, and the blacksmith fatched him a clip on the head with a twenty pound sledge hammer and hit laid him out. Sue McNeil heard her husband was dead and she come down to the town, where she found a doctor peraphrin to fix the wound, and when she see hit she fell right ova' in a faint. That's why Hen's got the mark and is as he is, and can't abide the sight of blood."

This was said in the guide's low, careful tones, and he might have kept on for Hugh McNeil's Hen was evidently a congenial subject with him, had we not reached the rocky crown of the hill, from which we could see the sunlight flashing on the arms of the Confederates and distinguished the uniforms of the men from those of the officers, who at that time were in the saddle, and in the saddle and in the saddle.

Lin Moore prevailed on Hen to sit down in the shadow of a rock while I examined the splendid panorama of river, mountain, town and camp spread out to the east, though the aesthetic aspect of the view had no attractions for me at that time.

Before starting out on this expedition I was furnished with a number of outline maps of the region to be traversed and examined on the scout. My instructions were to note in detail on this outline all the elevations, valleys, streams, roads, farms, bridges, fords, everything indeed that might be of use to an advancing army. After making my examination by means of the field glass, I set down, and with pencil, paying any heed to Hugh McNeil's Hen I used a map and began penciling in the points of importance before me.

I became so intent in my work that I forgot all about my companions, and I might have kept on for another half hour had not the guide, who had kept along the hill and closer to the river, come hurrying back. With more nervousness in his voice and manner than I had yet seen, he said:

"I reck'n, cap'n, we uns had bettah be lightin' out."

"What's up?" I asked.

"Thar's a lot of Confeds come ova' this side of the rivah," he replied.

I folded up the map, put it carefully away with my pencils, then turned to pick up my field glasses, but to my amazement they were gone and so was Hugh McNeil's Hen.

I found no comfort in the guide's statement that the idiot "did not do this for bad." But more important matters than the loss of my valuable glasses now attracted our attention. I could distinctly see with the unaided eye, for they were now not a quarter of a mile away, a body of cavalry, at least a troop in strength, coming on a smart trot, like men who had an important objective point ahead.

"I hope the rest of the boys'll be a-waitin' fo' us," said the guide, as at a run we dashed down to where our horses were grazing and we had made camp the night before. To my great relief I found the men waiting and at the horses saddled. They, too, had seen the danger and were nervously awaiting our return.

CHAPTER II.



"By Jove, Mtn, you are a brick, and I like you."

I think I can say without vanity that I saw some trying service in the west on scouting expeditions, and at a good opportunity to study the men selected for this very essential and very hazardous work. They were, and I cannot recall an exception to this, the pick of our cavalry force. When not detailed for the work, because of their familiarity with the country to be traversed, the scouts were men of marked intelligence and self control.

We were well mounted, except that our horses were rather thick about the girth, owing to their having to subsist entirely on grass, which at that time was rich and abundant in all the valleys in this part of Tennessee. I was very sure, from the strength of the enemy's cavalry and the manner of their advance, that my own little party had not attracted their notice, but the chances were that we were being followed by General Ledbetter, then in command at Chattanooga, to surprise the main body of our detail scouting through the country between "the coal mines" and the village of Jasper at the junction of the Sequatchie and the Tennessee.

Acting on the advice of Lin Moore, our guide, we rode for the north instead of making for the west in advance of the Confederates. After we had placed a ridge between us and the enemy, we brought our horses down to a trot and again turned westward, so that we were traveling in the same general direction as the Confederates and not more than two miles apart. About two hours after our start from the camp of the night before we halted our panting animals on the crest of a ridge that commanded a magnificent view of the undulating, heavily timbered country sweeping down to the Tennessee. But what most attracted our attention was the flashing of the sunlight on the arms of men and the trappings of horses.

More than once I cursed in my heart Hugh McNeil's Hen, who had stolen my field glasses, but the veriest recruit could tell that there was more than one troop of the enemy marching for the west, and the sight of a number of canvas covered wagons coming over the slopes from Chattanooga convinced me that the Confederates were not out on a mountain raid. I had no reason to believe that the main force, under Lieutenant Arthur and Bgwyn, was not quite so yigi-

lant as we had been. They certainly, with fifty-four men, were better able to care for themselves if it came to a fight, yet I felt nervous, thinking they might be surprised, and well knowing that by this time their whereabouts and purpose were known to the enemy, for at that time every southern sympathizer within our lines felt it to be his religious as well as patriotic duty to play the spy for his own side. On hearing of my fears Lin Moore said, with the quiet drawl that distinguishes the southern mountaineer even more than it does the New England Yankee:

"I reckon, cap'n, ez how yo' mont be right. Now, do you uns think yo' knows the road to the coal mines, leastwise that you uns ken get thar, fo' thar ain't no road?"

I assured him that I had no doubt about my ability to reach the point named, or to get back with my men to Sill's brigade, which had been advanced before our departure in the direction of Bridgeport. Then I asked him why he put this question. I recall his response as if it were uttered a minute ago:

"If you uns ken get through, hit'll be better fo' me to light out and go hit alone. I ken travel afo' ova' these har hills bet'er'n any critter that ever wore hoofs, and ef so be them Confeds ken git ahead of me or ketch me, I'll give 'em lead to hang me and be d-d to 'em."

I felt that my six men and myself could get through, though we might have to kill our horses, a loss which, under the circumstances, was not worth a consideration, but I knew that the main force could neither move so fast nor hide so readily. It did not take me long to decide. I told Lin Moore what I wished him to say to the officers, and I made him repeat it over twice. He wanted me to write a letter and to instruct the maps to his care, promising to give them to General Sill or General Mitchell, but though I had implicit faith in him, I knew that if he was taken with such papers in his possession he would be hanged as a spy, and therefore I declined.

Five minutes after his proposition was first made, Lin Moore, with his rifle on his shoulder, was running down the western slope of the mountain with the long, tireless spring that no horse could have kept up with for half a day.

Before the guide was out of sight we had resumed our march and kept steadily on till the middle of the afternoon. We passed a number of cabins and saw an occasional mountaineer hoeing in his corn patch, but refusing the signals to stop for a chat we made no halt till it became necessary to feed our dripping horses.

While the animals were grazing, our vigilance was not abated, but each man took a position from which he could look out for the enemy, the orders being to report any unusual sight or sound, even if it did not indicate danger. With my carbine thrown across my lap I sat down on an elevation to write up my itinerary, but I had not been at it for many minutes when I was startled by hearing quick breathing and the rapid beating of unshod feet behind me. Starting up with an alarm that I would have been slow to acknowledge at the time, I found myself face to face with Hugh McNeil's Hen.

"Hello, you thief!" I called out, and I raised my carbine threateningly.

"Where are my glasses?"

He muttered something I could not understand and covered his eyes with his big freckled hands, and I could see that he was trembling. Ashamed of myself, I lowered the piece and slung it at my back. Looking through his fingers, the idiot saw this, and with a cry of joy that suggested the pleased barking of a dog, he reached out his hand in greeting and I took it.

On the instant Hugh McNeil's Hen laid on the ground his harmless old musket and his battered knapsack. When he began to open the latter I bent over him, for I felt sure that the glasses would be discovered there, but no, there was nothing in it but the scraps of cloth and the pieces of quartz crystal I had noticed there in the morning, but from the depths he fished out two newspapers and held them up while he laughed and skipped about in great glee.

The papers proved to be old copies of the Memphis Appeal and the Cincinnati Enquirer, neither of any use except as they illustrated the unity of feeling that existed at that time between those people north and south who were most bitterly opposed to the methods of President Lincoln. It was evident that Hugh McNeil's Hen had been in some Confederate camp, and quite possible that he had exchanged my glasses for the papers, thinking to please myself or Lin Moore, or perhaps to secure another reward.

"Been to Chattanooga?" I asked, and shouted my words as if he were deaf and unmoved to the fact.

"Yes, yes. Over dat. Right smart grays. Whar's Lin?" and he pushed back his matted hair, again revealing the scar, and looked eagerly about him.

"Gone," I replied.

"Nevah come back?"

"Oh, yes, I hope so."

"Where Lin go?"

"I can't say."

Having no more use for this strange creature, I gave the order to saddle up, and within a few minutes we were again on the march. Hugh McNeil's Hen was not so easily shook off. He motioned that he wanted to sit in the vacant saddle, but I shook my head and motioned him away. Not at all discouraged, however, he strode ahead with a tireless swing that I envied.

I felt there was no danger in the fellow's presence, yet it made me uneasy and I wanted to be rid of him. I was on the point of calling him to me and telling him as best I could that Lin Moore had gone in the direction of the river, hoping that he would take the same course and free us of his presence; but before I could put my plan into execution he vanished amid the trees in front, which suddenly resounded with the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks and the cries of other animals, interspersed with sounds like "Boom! boom! boom!"—intended, no doubt, to represent the firing of guns.

Gradually the sounds died out far in front, and I congratulated myself on seeing the last of this afflicted creature, but I was mistaken.

Just as the sun was setting and I was looking about for grass along the margins of the many streams that beset our course, a tall, powerfully built man, with reddish hair and a villainous looking face, appeared on the trail before us. Our sudden appearance did not seem to affect him any more than the sight of his own shadow. He took off his rag of a hat, pushed up his hair, and in

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