THE YAKIMA HERALD.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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PROFESSIONAL NURSE,
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State, City and County Warrants bought and other papers handled. Office, Yakima avenue.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
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ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Practices in Federal and all State Courts. Office over Yakima National Bank.

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Office over Postoffice. Yakima avenue, North Yakima.

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RGEON AND PHYSICIAN.
Office in Eshelman Block. Residence, cor. 3rd Pine streets; 3 houses south of Hotel Yak-

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Office over Yakima National Bank, North Yakima. Will practice in all the courts of the State and U. S. land offices.

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Over First National Bank, North Yakima, Wash

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office in First National Bank Building.

L. S. HOWLETT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Land Office business a specialty. For seven years in United States Land Office, having been both Register and Receiver.

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Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
NORTH YAKIMA, WASH., Dec. 3, 1894.

Complaint having been entered at this office by John E. Ryan against Charles M. Parkhurst, his heirs and legal representatives for failure to comply with law as to Desert Entry No. 290, dated Aug. 19, 1891, upon the ne¼ and nw¼ section 12, twp 12 n r 20 e, in Yakima county, Washington, with a view to the cancellation of said entry; contestant alleging that said Charles M. Parkhurst, his heirs and legal representatives, have wholly failed to expend on any portion of said tract the required one dollar per acre yearly or any portion thereof during the time since the date of said entry, and that the said tract is entirely in its original desert condition, no part or parcel of the same having been reclaimed or improved in any manner between or on the dates of August 19, 1891, and August 19, 1892; August 19, 1892 and August 19, 1893; or on or at any date or dates since that of entry, as required by the desert land laws of the United States, the said parties parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 13th day of Feb., 1895, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged failure.

A. F. SNELLING,
Register.

46-6

The
Richelieu
This new and handsomely equipped Restaurant in the Terry building, on Yakima avenue is now ready for business.
Private Boxes for Ladies and Family Parties.
All the delicacies of the season on hand. Call and see us.
THE RICHELIEU RESTAURANT.

Do You Want a Good Meal?
IF SO, CALL ON
Kay, Fay & Yung,
RESTAURATEURS
Have opened their Restaurant in the new brick next door to Johnson's Saloon, and will be pleased to welcome old patrons.
MEALS 25 AND 50 CENTS.
Open all Hours, Day and Night.

A little wine for the stomach's sake–St. Paul

WE HAVE JUST OPENED
"The Mascot"
In the building formerly occupied by Col. Taggard, where we will keep the finest brands of Domestic and Imported Wines, Brandies, Whiskies and Cigars. Give us a call and test our goods. Everything first-class.
Imsland & Johnson.
Yakima Avenue. North Yakima

A. SCHINDELER,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
FRED R. REED BUILDING.

SEPTRIS PATAHANUM.

How the Painted Rocks at the Natcheez Gap Derived their Name.

A VERY INTERESTING BIT OF LOCAL ROMANCE.

A Wild Ride On a Christmas Night Back in the "70's," and What Became of Two Young Lovers—A Halfbreed and His Treachery. The Haunted Canyon Still has Terrors for the Timid and Belated Yakima Pedestrian.

As for the rocks themselves, jutting from the sheer precipice away up in the blue sky above—cold and emotionless though they are, they sometimes weep for the very sadness of it. But they do not often appeal to the passer-by in this womanly fashion, because that erases the garish paint which tells, in Indian hieroglyphics, the story once fresh in the minds of the early settlers of the beautiful Yakima valley, but now forgotten in the busy rush of tilling and garnering the sheaves of the harvest time. Yet there was never a monument so grand as the Septris Patahanum, which tower in granite magnificence above the seething waters of the Natcheez, where poor Jack Munroe met his fate; never tears so sympathetically shed as are those pearly drops that trickle down the sides of the wall, seeping through the crannies and chinks of the rocks, in mourning for poor Bess Edson—who lost hope and love and life at the base of the boulder now standing in lonely grandeur at the foot of the crags. And even to this day, in the smiling, fertile valley, though peopled with a progressive yeomanry, advanced in all the arts of husbandry, the early history of its pioneers forgotten—the belated farmer passing around the frowning brow of the rocks sometimes hears in the whistle of the chinook a mournful wail, fancies the perpendicular walls echo in gutteral tones the voices of invisible warriors, sees before his eyes the painted, dancing figures on the stones blazing in phosphorescent brilliancy, and, with a muttered, half-frightened prayer for the soul of Gambler Jack, he puts spurs to his horse and gallops hurriedly out of the wierdness and blackness of the canyon.

Churchill's saloon was a blaze of tallow candles that night. Even old Joe Bowser (who told everybody that he had traveled all over the world, and backed his statement with violent flourishes of a "Colt's six" when he found a man inclined to doubt him) said he "never seen the beat!"

"'Taint jes ezactly like Monty Carlo," said Joe; "but it's tarnal near! tarnal near!"

But then, Joe was feeling pretty middling tight at that particular moment, and the inverted beer kegs around the old deal tables in the corners perhaps took on upholstering bizarre to his spirituously hypnotized eyes.

Churchill himself was well content. Churchill never said much, "never spread himself any," as the boys said; yet when he did "spread" it was high carnival for all concerned. To-night he had fairly outdone himself. And why not? Was it not Christmas eve? Hadn't the dust fairly rolled in for six long days, until the canvas bag four feet underground in his cellar was trying to burst the thongs which bound it? Could he forget that hundred head of cayuses that Umtuch had wagered and lost to him, but one short day before, on a great poker play? So Churchill smiled, puffed out his well-filled paunch, beamed hospitably upon the heterogeneous crowd that lined the walls of the shanty—and in his mind's eye counted the "yellow boys" he was soon to jingle in his capacious pockets.

And yet—one thing troubled him. He couldn't understand what it was that kept that drunken and shiftless Edson so long in conversation with Umtuch; and—where had he gotten the money he had that night been spending? Umtuch wasn't given to wasting time; he usually demanded a cash consideration from the victim of his oily tongue and deft fingers. Half-breed though he was, the white in him predominated—yet with it he added the cunning of his Indian mother. "A bad lot" was Umtuch, in the opinion of every stock man, gambler and miner in the Old Town camp. Heaven alone knew how many steers he owned—and they weren't a circumstance to those he didn't own, yet claimed. Woe betide the luckless rancher whose increase strayed beyond the confines of his pasture land; for Umtuch and his redskin cronies were always on the look-out, and it took but a moment to heat the iron and fix the crossed arrows to the quivering flank of a "slick-ear." As he numbered his cattle he numbered his wives; at least, that was his reputation. Coy indeed the dusky maiden whose blood did not tingle and whose heart did not throb more violently when Umtuch chose to trill his love lore into her ear; and did he find one whose heart was given to another, or who could not sanction the ungodly practices of this modern Blubeard—then to the father would Umtuch go; and an hundred horses or a band of cattle soon made a bargain "willy nilly," so far as the young klootchman was concerned.

But, away down in the heart of this Indian Don Juan, a mighty revolt was forming. Even that half of his precious carcass devoted to his mother's nature had long since cried out against his multiplicity of Indian maiden conquests, and it was variety his whole being craved. And why not? He had many acres of pasture land and grain, many head of hardy cayuses and much cattle. He was feared by every man in the valley save (and he scowled as be confessed it to himself) Jack Munroe—and he would take good care that shouldn't trouble him long. Arrows fly swift and all unseen by night, and a rifle cracks but indistinctly over a cheerless, moonlit plain. That part of it was easy; but how about Bess? Never mind! Old Edson's pockets were always empty, his elbow ever crooking over the Churchill bar. *He* was "easy game—" and the wily half-breed began to put his plan into practice.

Truth to tell, Edson fell all too easily from feeble remonstrance into intoxicated and oblivious acquiescence. Bess was always "dootyful," Bess "loved her derned old dad." And if she woludn't agree, if she preferred a husband of her own choosing, why, "—— her, I'll show her," quoth he; and so it was all arranged.

"Great hand!" ejaculated Cherokee Jim, as he leaned over Jack's shoulder and watched the deal which won for his sworn protector a neat little shifting heap of yellow dust. Churchill took his eyes off Edson and Umtuch for a moment to note the play, then ambled back to the heavy bar to set out a long-necked jug for the thirsty crowd who hastened to "liquidate" at Jack's expense. Umtuch motioned to a vacant keg, near a table, and Edson followed his example as the half-breed seated himself. That sack of gold dust blistered the old man's pockets; the fire of bad whisky burned in his veins. What though Umtuch was an inveterate winner at draw; hadn't he himself many a time raked high stakes from the center of the table when the toughest sports of the great northwest had been his opponents?

"Hyar, Jack Munroe," he called; "where's your sand? Me an' the Injun aire lookin' for gore; does you want any?"

Jack fell indifferently into the play. Truth was, he was not himself that night. Visions of a quiet home over on the banks of the Columbia, with a dark-haired girl to cook his game and call him "Dear old boy," as she had only that afternoon, when she had promised——and here the big-hearted fellow smiled tenderly, vowing all sorts of wild things, including wealth untold, to "Bess, my girl." Indeed, he would probably have dreamed on indefinitely, had not a lusty kick which forced him to rub his injured shin brought him to a realization of his surroundings and made him aware that the hand the half-breed had dealt him was fairly working Cherokee into an agony of fear lest he shouldn't play it. Play? He didn't have to. Every deal brought him luck, every hand won a "pot." And why shouldn't they? He must win at all times now; for Bess had told him——and off he would go again into a perfect ecstacy of air-castle building.

As for Cherokee, he watched the game like an eagle watches her young. He saw Jack's indifference, yet couldn't account for it. Never, since the day he had helped in his foolhardy way to dash into a band of howling redskins with Jack and a party of miners, to rescue what were only the dead bodies of three women and two men (tenderfeet) when the smouldering camp-fire was reached, had he seen his companion so quiet. There were tears in Jack's eyes when they buried those women; hot tears, that trickled into the burning sand scooped from the level of the Yakima plain as the bodies were lowered. There were no tears now, Cherokee told himself; but he could not understand what "made 'em so watery like," as he termed the humidity which, in spite of himself, would creep between the cards in Jack's hand and his usually steel-cold, blue eyes. This sort of thing couldn't last forever, Cherokee thought—and it did not.

Just how it happened Cherokee never knew. He saw Jack "face" his hand, reach for the money and pull it toward him after a spiritless play; he heard the quick, hissing exclamation: "Damn! white man cheat!" He saw Jack leap to his feet, heard a sharp report—and felt the full weight of his friend's body as it fell across his shoulders, while skurrying foot-steps edged toward the door and a loud, blood-curdling "Whoop!" which only Indian throats could voice filled the little room and made the blaze of the candles flicker and flare as it shook the walls to which they were attached. Then silence.

"Jack! O, Jack!" called Cherokee, as he raised his friend to a chair and opened the buck-skin jacket, through which the blood was flowing. "Jack! Have you got it, old boy?" And never was sound so mournful e'er so dear as the groan with which his friend and comrade answered him. A hasty examination of the wound which showed that the ball had glanced off a rib and done no serious damage; a glass of whisky down the throat of his reviving partner; a quick jump to the door and back again with the statement that the gang was heading for the Natcheez gap—and then the lights at Churchill's went out and a squad of hurrying horsemen rode down the single street of Old Town and out upon the plain; Jack Munroe—hatless, his hair blowing about his face, the fire of hate in his eyes and vengeance in his heart, in the lead.

"Boston man heap memaloose," Umtuch savagely told Edson, as they galloped to the head of the retreating Indians. Therein was the half-breed mightily mistaken, though Edson could not contradict him. The cavalcade stopped at the door of his cabin, and Bess answered her father's call. Then, without warning, a redskin buried his hatchet in the old man's head, Umtuch threw his arm around the girl's form and drew her to his saddle—and the wild ride began again.

Not soon enough, however, to drown the frenzied scream which came from the lips of the horrified daughter; not soon enough to silence the echoes of it, which floated into the still, December air, back over the plain, through the clear moonlight, and brought a heart-broken "My God!" from the breast of the man who led the pursuers.

That was all. Never a sound broke from the steadily galloping crowd of determined men, never an answer to the fiendish yell which at times came back from the fleeing band far ahead. Only Joe Bowser, as the horsemen dashed by the body of Edson, lying white and still near the roadside, muttered: "Damn sich caryon!" While Churchill remembered his fears of the early evening and nodded grimly to himself.

Down the trail went pursuers and pursued. And even when they felt they were gaining on the painted devils, they knew they dare not shoot. Strategy must be prevail—yet how? That worried Jack more than the sting of his wound. He ground his teeth in anguish as he thought of Bess' fate should he fail to liberate her. Fail? He'd die at her very feet, though a thousand howling redskins surrounded her, before he would fail! And so the chase went on.

Meantime the girl was suffering a thousand tortures as she felt herself borne along by the flying horse Umtuch bestrode. Grief for her father's death was mingled with a thousand attempted excuses for his apparent duplicity and baseness. Her Indian captor frequently addressed her, yet she preserved an obstinate silence, which only served to irritate him. He taunted her with her lover's death, her father's wickedness, and he dwelt at length upon the fate in store for her. Glorying in her despair he rode forward—past the site of the present beautiful city of North Yakima, up the trail to the northwest, out over the valley now watered by the Hubbard ditch, into the little walled fertile basin beyond the Cowychee, and spurred up the narrow path cut in the base of the Painted Rocks, the Septris Patahanum—only to be met at its ending with a rushing, swirling, boiling torrent of water which effectually blocked his passage, telling him the ford was impassable, and that his race was run!

There had been a chinook the day before; and the waters of the Natcheez had been fed by heaps upon heaps, drifts upon drifts of melting snow in the lower summits of the Cascades. A mountain streamlet is ever treacherous, and the Natcheez is a mighty river at its lowest. When it rises in its might it sweeps all natural barriers before it; and at no point in all its sinuous wanderings, whirlpools and cataracts is it more tempestuous than at the base of the grand cliffs at the gap, famous over Washington and known to every pioneer as the Painted Rocks. On this Christmas night the great waves were capped with foam and hissing with the swiftness of their motion. Huge logs tumbled over and over in the mad torrent, parts of shattered buildings tossed their broken planks high in the air—only to fall back again to be swallowed up by the flood of waters.

Umtuch was affrighted, appalled. He wheeled his horse at the very brink of the rapids, which threw their cooling spray over his scowling, angry face, and turned to retrace his steps. Fear gave him prudence in this act, however. He ordered his men to gallop back over the trail, while he followed in the rear, and scarcely had the foremost riders reached the basin at the Cowychee bridge, just beyond the turn where the Septris Patahanum begin, when the sharp crack of rifles and the loud barking of heavy revolvers warned him that the settlers had overtaken their enemies and that a battle of extermination had begun. And it was soon over. The foothills of the Natcheez meet their fellows of the Cowychee in one close, triangular point at the place where the conflict was being fought. A narrow trail leads, back of the foot bridge over the smaller stream, into the Cowychee fishing grounds, and through this a few of the redskins escaped. The others—fronted by the merciless settlers, flanked on the one side with a precipitous height which only a goat could safely ascend, and at their backs the raging Natcheez—were soon dispatched, fighting stubbornly to the last.

Umtuch, alone with his prize, gazed at the skurrying, fleecy clouds, gleaming silver white in the pure light of a glorious moon; listened to the roar of the mighty river, mingled with the sounds of the conflict but little distant from him; cursed his unlucky though richly deserved fate—then slipped from his horse and, half carrying, half forcing the girl before him, began a slow ascent of the crags. Creeping from boulder to boulder; hoping against hope that the white men below would forget him and his victim in the lust of war; stealthily, silently and with great difficulty he climbed up the rocks. Half way, two-thirds, almost at the top—and Jack saw him. Rapidly skirting the fighting men, leaving them to finish the work so well begun, the lover rushed to the rescue of his sweetheart. Fire, he dare not; curse, he could and did. Yet, unimpeded by burden—as was the redskin—spurred on by love and hate and fury and revenge, aching to get his powerful fingers upon the throat of the half-breed, unheeding the shots discharged from the Indian's revolver—although one of them broke his wrist and brought a murmur of pain to his lips—up and up he toiled, gaining slowly but surely. At the very top of the rocks the Indian paused, drew a great breath of relief from utter exhaustion, smiled a fiendish, gloating, sneering, hellish smile, almost in the face of the pursuing climber—then plunged a knife to the very hilt in the bosom of his fair victim, and jumped from the rocks.

That was the scene the breathless watchers below saw, as they looked upward with straining eyes. That was the horrible catastrophe which, while it seemed yet impossible of occurrence because of its devilishness, was capped by a climax still more thrilling, more desperate than itself. For Jack Monroe, pausing upon the brink of the precipice over which had vanished all that he held dear on earth, gazed for a moment back toward the forms of his friends, and then—with a cry that rang in their ears all the length of their lives, a great, wailing, heart-broken sob of utter despair—the body of the gambler shot over the cliff and was lost to sight.

They buried the man and the maiden in one wide grave, those saddened pioneers, weeping tears of genuine sorrow when the simple service was read. Cherokee swore that only the coyotes should have possession of the broken body of the Indian, and he had his way. The Indians on the reservation came, in time, to see the sadness and the sorrow of the end of these two loving beings, and one—long after, and with the Indians' own and unknown craft—wrote it out in never fading characters upon the sombre sides of the Septris Patahanum, near the spot where the tragedy occurred. And it is said that the spirit of Umtuch guards the canyon where his bones were left unburied; and that is why the belated farmer, passing near the rocks on dismal, cheerless nights, utters the prayer for the soul of Gambler Jack, and fancies he is pursued by the wailing ghost of Umtuch, as he hastens from the unhallowed spot.

L. E. SPERRY.

A Common Mistake of Americans.

Atlanta *Constitution:* When Robert Louis Stevenson was last in New York the society people of the 400 circle took charge of him, and he was bored to death by a crowd of brainless fops and a number of silly women who vainly tried to talk up to him. The result was that he went away with a distaste for New York society, and ever afterward he made it a point to shun Americans.

We are always making just such mistakes when literary lions from Europe come over here. Men and women who are in society simply because they have money seize upon a famous writer, hurriedly learn the names of his books, and their general character, and then proceed to talk about matters concerning which they are almost absolutely ignorant.

A man like Stevenson would have enjoyed himself in New York with a set of bright Bohemians, journalists and story-writers, but he did not understand the common herd of rich people and they did not appreciate him.

Society should change its program in regard to the entertainment of distinguished strangers. There is no sense in forcing a visitor to spend his time with a mob of uncongenial people. If it is really the purpose of his entertainers to make his visit pleasant, he should be protected from bores, and bright men and women who will interest him should be introduced. Stevenson, of course, went away thinking that the New York society people were superficial or stupid, and yet there were plenty of people in the metropolis who could have impressed him very differently.

Some time ago Mr. Simon Goldbaum, of San Luis Rey, Cal., was troubled with a lame back and rheumatism. He used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and a prompt cure was effected. He says he has since advised many of his friends to try it, and all who have done so have spoken highly of it. It is for sale at L. V. Janeck's Pharmacy.

TERSE TALES OF TOWN

Paragraphic Pencilings of North Yakima and Her Environments.

THE HARVEST OF BUSY REPORTERS

If You Want the News Read "The Herald," and here it is Spread Before You in an Attractive Form.

Born, at Kiona, December 31, to Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Shaw, a son.

George Butler won the suit of clothes raffled on Saturday night by White, the tailor.

W. D. Scott has been very ill for two or more weeks with heart disease, but is now convalescent.

E. D. Parrot, of Klickitat county, has invented an airship and a company has been organized in Goldendale for the purpose of floating it.

A. W. Engle, of Seattle, treasurer of the state fair commission, spent a couple of days in Yakima this week looking after his business and property interests.

W. H. Wilcox, who has been in the city for two months on a visit with his parents, returns this week to Tacoma, to re-enter the office of Mr. Paul Schulze.

Frank Oplistil and wife left on Sunday for Tacoma where the latter will endeavor to secure medical aid, the condition of her health being very unsatisfactory for some time past.

At Ellensburg, on Friday night last, thieves entered the office of Henry McGrath, state treasurer of the Good Templars, and after blowing open the safe with nitro-glycerine, rifled it of $628 belonging to the order.

John Stone, who was kicked in the side by a vicious horse on Thursday last, will be compelled to remain in bed for perhaps two weeks, two of his ribs being broken and his body otherwise bruised. He is also suffering from a bad eye, in which he has taken cold. His injuries are not serious, however.

I. H. Dills will shortly remove his stock of gents' furnishing goods to the Ward building, taking the rooms soon to be vacated by Jeweler Kuechler. The move is made in order to secure more room for the large stock which Mr. Dills carries, his present quarters being too small. It is not known who will occupy the store room to be vacated by M Dills.

Attorney X. N. Steeves, of Portland, who was tried on the charge of being implicated with "Bunco" Kelly in the murder of George Sayres, was on Saturday last found guilty of manslaughter. Steeves was charged with having hired Kelly to put Sayres out of the way and, while the evidence was entirely circumstantial and not of the strongest character, it is understood that several of the jurors voted in favor of finding the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree. In Yakima where the circumstances of guilt are fully as strong the suspect is not even brought to trial.

I. H. Dills and T. H. Fisher, while returning from a hunting trip on Saturday evening, ran against a wagon partially covered with snow, near Old Town, broke a runner, one of the thills and the harness into bits, and were thrown from the vechicle several feet, alighting in a snow bank. It is reported that one of the guns went off accidentally, just as the hunters flew through the air, and the charge struck a rabbit, who was grinningly watching the tangle, full in the eye. This animal was the only valuable trophy of the hunt; and was, also, the only injured party—for which Messrs. Dills and Fisher and their friends are duly thankful.

The commissioned officers of Washington's cavalry battalion assembled at the armory in the city on Saturday evening and elected Fred R. Reed major to succeed James M. Ashton, who on January assumed the office of brigadier general, to which he was elected some time since. The officers present were Captain Griggs, Lieutenants Best and LaFarge, of Troop B, Lieutenants Scudder and Hiscock, of Troop C and Lieutenant Chapman, aid-de-camp on the staff of General Ashton. The election of Saturday will result in still another election to fill the vacancy caused by the advancement of Captain Reed. It is conceded generally by members of Troop C that Lieutenants Scudder and Hiscock are entitled to promotion on account of meritorious services and that the former will succeed as captain and the latter as first lieutenant. In the event of this arrangement being ratified the position of second lieutenant will remain to be filled.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cures of bad colds. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. If freely used as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the severity of the attack and has often cured in a single day what would have been a severe cold. For sale at L. V. Janeck's Pharmacy.

We have just received another shipment of overcoats. Look them over before buying. I. H. Dill's. 38-tf