

# THE WORLD AT LARGE

Miscellaneous Bits of Information,  
Gossip and Fancy.

## TO MAN AND HELPER.

THE MEANING OF A FAMILIAR ITEM  
WELL KNOWN TO WOMEN.

How Sam Patched the Wall Paper and  
Fan Acted as Helper—Adam and His  
Agricultural Pursuits in the Garden of  
Eden Painted by a Modern Eye.

That too familiar item on our plumb-  
er's bills, "To man and helper," is ex-  
pressive of so much in our daily do-  
mestic relations that one almost forgives the  
plumber the gift of the phrase.

"I'll patch up that paper on the wall;  
you leave it," says Sam. And then Sam  
appears on a day when you are in the  
thick of some particularly absorbing  
household task and he says: "I've come  
up early to mend that paper, and if  
you'll just make some paste for me,  
I'll go at it." You sigh, but do it  
cheerfully, thinking, if it is early in  
your married life, that that will be all.  
Presently, however, there is a demand  
for rags, step ladder, pail and whisk  
broom. These also you get out and re-  
turn to your work.

"Fan," calls Sam, "where have you  
hidden my brush? It was in the toolbox  
right in the left hand corner, and it is  
gone. Some one must have taken it."  
Again you leave your task and go up  
stairs or down stairs to the place whence  
cometh the plaint and behold the brush  
a little to the northeast perchance, but  
quite in the visible neighborhood of that  
little left hand corner. Without even a  
blush of shame he takes it, and you re-  
turn to your own work. You have bare-  
ly begun again, when Sam appears at  
the door: "Where can I find a box the  
right size to set on the stairs, so that I  
can put some boards across on which to  
stand the step ladder?"

You think a minute, and you know  
that the only box available is one filled  
with odds and ends of needful kitchen  
things, but you resignedly lay them all  
out on the floor and give Sam the box,  
catching at the same moment a look  
which reveals that he is about to ask  
you for the boards. There are only two  
long boards on the premises, and those  
form a walk in the backyard. Still they  
can be taken up, and they are—but it  
entails vigorous brushing and cleaning.  
Then for a time Sam vanishes, and all  
is serene, but not for long. There are  
a clutter of boards and notes of masculine  
trouble, which you ignore, until, finding  
that it is not a day for taking  
hints, Sam calls again: "Fan, will you  
please come and steady this thing, or  
I'll break my neck." Of course you go,  
and of course you find that he has not  
already broken it. You get odds and  
ends of things together to even up and  
strengthen his rickety scaffolding, and  
then you sit on a step with your head  
up between the boards to steady the lad-  
der, except when you vary it by hand-  
ling a rusty rag, or a brush, or a match  
for the pipe. This is the time you say,  
"To man and helper, three hours," and  
get your revenge, for Sam really sees  
the point.

Now, it is a strange thing that it is  
always "man and helper." If a woman  
undertakes anything, as a rule she goes  
ahead and gets her things together and  
does it all by herself, but if a man starts  
any task not in the line of his ordinary  
business he will manage to draw you  
himself the assistance of every woman  
within call. If it is driving nails, some-  
one must hand the nails to him; a woman  
would keep them in her pocket or  
mouth. If he is riveting something, the  
woman must hold the other hammer on  
the under side and get in her arm the  
jar of the stroke. If he even mends his  
fishrod or ties his flies, she must hold  
the waxed thread or turn the rod with  
both hands. I do not see how any mar-  
ried woman can doubt the truth of the  
Scriptures. Why, to her, the fifteenth  
and eighteenth verses of the second  
chapter of Genesis set the seal of truth-  
fulness upon the whole. When man was  
made and put in the garden of Eden to  
tend it, he hadn't been there a day be-  
fore woman had to be made to help  
him. He couldn't get along alone at all.  
Fancy him starting out to sow his radish  
seed and having nobody to ask how  
far she thought he ought to put the rows  
apart, so he could put them some other  
distance. It must have been awful!

Poor Eve! For of all conditions of  
"helper" that of the gardener's helper  
is the worst. It is easy to imagine her  
her day's work over, as she supposes—  
planning for a quiet rest upon a cool  
green bank through the long summer  
weight. Along comes Adam, be-lated  
in his work, because he had been cast-  
ing his line from shady nooks into deep,  
mossy pools, where the speckled trout  
are lying, and he says to Eve: "My  
dear, won't you come along with me in-  
to the garden? I haven't seen anything  
of my darling all day. You can sit on a  
nice soft stone in the path while I  
work." And poor, easily beguiled by  
love Eve gets up and follows right along,  
but, alas, the stone has not changed its  
nature any more than Adam has. It is  
not soft, and perhaps that is the reason  
why Adam does not keep her sitting  
there long. Good, kind Adam! He  
wants the rake, and it is down at the  
house, or maybe it was a bower, and she  
may as well bring along a measuring  
line, of which also she may hold one end  
when she gets back. And then as Adam  
gets absorbed he absents more and more  
of Eve. She rakes up the weeds which  
he has hoed out. She holds up the vines  
which he ties to the trellis. She trots  
back and forth for the primitive imple-  
ments, and she smiles, as if she enjoyed  
it, but it is a weary woman who, as  
dusk yields to darkness, accompanies  
Adam to the house, hugging numerous  
odds and ends. It is her compensation,  
as she greets Abel and his wife, or when  
waiting for her, to hear Adam telling  
his son, "I've done a lot in the garden  
today. I think I'll lay off in the mid-  
dle of the day tomorrow and take a try  
for those trout in Cain's meadow brook."  
—New York Times.

At Hammerfest, in Norway, the polar  
night lasts from Nov. 18 to Jan. 23.

## DISLIKE NEW CLOTHES.

Trainers of Animals Run Risks in Appear-  
ing in Them.

"It is a strange thing," said a well  
known trainer of animals, "how many  
outbreaks and accidents have resulted  
from a trainer wearing a strange coat-  
ure. Quite recently a lady performer  
who had made some alterations in her  
dress had a narrow escape. The tiger  
with whom she usually appeared turned  
sulkily from the start, and at last ab-  
solutely refused to do one of the tricks.  
Its mistress urged and threatened to no  
purpose, and finally attempted to use  
the whip. The moment she attempted  
to do so the infuriated animal flew at  
her, and if it had not been for a board-  
and-whisk which was performing with  
her, Miss S. would probably have lost her  
life. The brave dog snarled at the tiger  
and distracted its attention until his  
mistress had succeeded in making her  
escape. Unfortunately he was injured  
by the tiger's claws."

"How do you account for such out-  
bursts?"  
"The tiger evidently did not recognize  
his mistress in her change of costume.  
As a rule, very few alterations are made.  
The same dog always appears in the  
same act, and so on, the idea of ac-  
quaintance and familiarity thus being  
maintained. Why, even if a hat or  
a wrap happens to lie within reach out-  
side the arena the animal is sure to see  
it at once, and if it can get at it will  
promptly tear it to pieces."

"Have there been many such ac-  
cidents recently?"  
"About a year ago a lion tamer in  
New York wore a full dress suit instead  
of his usual military costume at one of  
the performances. As soon as the lion  
saw the change of clothing he made di-  
rect at him. Now lions do not, like  
tigers, try to kill instantly, but strike  
out with their paws to knock their en-  
emy down. In this case the lion's claws  
caught the trainer's face, inflicting se-  
vere injuries. But he is still at the busi-  
ness, though the scars of the struggle  
are very plainly visible."

"Do these outbreaks ever have fatal  
results?"  
"Sometimes. Another lady performer  
made an alteration in her dress that dis-  
pleased the tiger with whom she was  
acting, whereupon the savage beat  
ponned upon her, killing her instantly.  
This animal has never been allowed to  
perform since."—Nineteenth Century.

**The Young Ladies of the Ballet.**  
The young ladies who have acquired  
from long practice the faculty of stand-  
ing about unconsciously and imperiously  
in drafts with bare legs, arms and  
shoulders do not charm the gentlemen  
of today as they fascinated their fathers.  
The foyer lives upon its ancient fame,  
and is still curious to look at, but it has  
fallen from the high place which once  
belonged to it in the life of Paris.

When I first saw it, the gathering was  
in its full glory. Almost miserable as  
was the room, with its dirty, sloping  
floor (corresponding with the incline of  
the stage), its low ceiling, and its air of  
general discomfort, the scenes that went  
on in it, the words that were spoken in  
it, and the people that frequented it,  
were absolutely apart; nothing like  
them was to be found elsewhere. The  
mixture of brilliancy, of elegance, of  
dance, of sparkling talk (on the side of  
the men), of loveliness and of laugh-  
ter was prodigious. Neither natural  
nor experimental chemistry has ever  
produced a more intimate compound of  
fantastic elements. It was social and  
moral synthesis in its intensest form.  
At that time the habitues of the foyer  
were convinced that they could not live  
without it; it had become necessary to  
their lives. The present generation man-  
ages to subsist away from it.—Black-  
wood's Magazine.

**Abraham Lincoln's Peach.**  
A young lady sends to the Chicago  
Tribune a little anecdote of Abraham  
Lincoln. She says that a good many  
years ago, when her father was a small  
boy, her grandfather brought Abraham  
Lincoln home one night to supper. He  
was then a poor young man practicing  
law in Woodford county, Ills.

It was a cold, stormy night, and  
grandma hurried around getting supper.  
To have something nice, she opened a  
jar of preserved peaches. Lincoln spent  
a long time over his peach and finally  
left it on the plate.  
Grandma noticed this, and as soon as  
she and grandma had gone into another  
room she went to look at the dish. Then  
she saw that instead of a peach she had  
given the visitor the little muslin sack  
which contained the peach kernels and  
the spice. She hastened into the other  
room and began an apology, but Mr.  
Lincoln said:

"That was all right, Mrs. Perry. My  
mother used the same thing, and it was  
so good that I wanted to get all the  
juice out of it."

**Not a Mere Clerk.**  
Wealthy Parent—What! Engaged  
yourself to young Teapester! Ontrageous.  
The idea of a Van Juneberry marrying a  
mere store clerk!

Daughter—But he isn't a store clerk  
now, papa. He is a gentleman of leis-  
ure.  
"Eh?"  
"Yes, he's been discharged."—Salina  
Herald.

**Procrastination.**  
How mankind defers from day to  
day the best it can do and the most  
beautiful things it can enjoy, without  
thinking that every day may be the last  
one and that lost time is lost eternally!  
—Max Muller.

When Meaux was surrendered to  
Henry IV, clemency was promised to  
the population if six of the leading de-  
fenders were "given up to justice."  
These six were surrendered, and four of  
them were beheaded.

The good things which belong to pros-  
perity may be wished, but the good  
things which belong to adversity are to  
be admired.—Seneca.

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## DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS OUT.

The Surprise Which Struck an English Pu-  
blisist in Chicago.

He was a lightweight—at least he  
said he could fight at 133 pounds, al-  
though he looked as heavy and clumsy  
as a Sussex pig. He hadn't been over  
the water very long, and his h's were  
omitted and inserted on a system that  
left no doubt of his origin and ancestry.

The fighting game wasn't very good  
in Chicago when he arrived, and he had  
to cool his heels in idleness until his  
eyes had a chance, inquiring look and  
some of the surplus beef began to dis-  
appear from around his waist band.

One night he managed to hypnotize a  
saloon keeper who frequently brings off  
little affairs of the kind the English-  
man wanted, and the boniface agreed to  
"get him a go." It seemed quite a long  
time to the Briton, but a match was  
finally arranged. He and a French Cana-  
dian gentleman of some little fame were  
to furnish the "wind up" at the next  
Monday night's carnival of the Cormo-  
rant club.

The hotel never went so slowly as  
they did during the week that the Eng-  
lishman waited for the night that was  
to bring him glory and a settlement of  
his board bill. At last the fateful even-  
ing came, and the man from across the  
sea hid him to the saloon where in a  
big back room the mill was to be de-  
cided.

He stood up in the center of the ring  
and bowed gracefully as a seasick ele-  
phant. The master of ceremonies be-  
lowed, "Mr. Bill Lambing, of Birming-  
ham, England," and then, "Mr. Henri  
Pijette, of Montreal." Somebody hit a  
gong, and the carnival was under way.

The Englishman swung his right  
aloft, but it never landed. There was a  
duck, a swirling fist flying upward. The  
man from Birmingham sprang straight  
up into the air as if lifted by a dynam-  
ite explosion. Then he fell and lay  
very quiet on the padded floor.

"Lovely appearance," said an aldeman.  
"Shortest knockout I ever saw," said a  
building inspector. "Eight, nine, ten—  
out!" said the referee.  
They took him back to the dressing  
room and sat him on a chair. His eyes  
opened, and he rose to his feet.  
"Hi say, hisn't hit time Hi was goin  
to th' ring?" he queried.  
There was a snicker.

"No, you're through for the night,"  
grinned his second.  
"What 'Ave Hi been boxin'?"  
"No, you — cockney! T'other  
mug's been boxin'."

"Why? What 'appened? Wat 'ave  
Hi been doin'?"  
"Ah, g'wan! You've been doing a clog  
dance on some ground on a lofty tum-  
blin," growled his second. The English-  
man looked around him in a dazed, un-  
certain way and mechanically took the  
money—the loser's end—which was  
handed to him. Then he dressed and  
went out into the night, shaking his  
head and thinking many things.—Chi-  
cago News.

**Duchess and Fishwife.**  
An old fishwife, one of the order that  
was more frequently seen a dozen years  
ago than today, and who, as usual about  
barrelleged in a very brief tartan petti-  
coat, with a creel of fish upon her shoul-  
ders, had been often promised by an ally  
in the servants' hall that she should  
some time see the young duchess in her  
own home. She was therefore posted  
one day in a distant corner of the hall,  
from which she looked out in obvious  
discontent as the lady and her guests  
filed in to dinner. When the dining  
room had closed behind them, she was  
asked what she thought of the  
duchess.

"The duchess!" she repeated in the  
shrill tones of supreme disdain. "Dinna  
ye try for to make me believe my ain  
liddy was there. I saw a muckle braw  
wives tricked out in shining stones and  
feathers, each with her moon by her side,  
but my bonnie duchess wad by them.  
Na, na, dinna ye try for to mak me be-  
lieve that."

It then transpired that she was look-  
ing out for a tall, willow form, clad  
in simple homespun, with a sailor hat  
poised lightly on a dainty head, such as  
she saw when she trudged to the rear of  
the castle with her creel, and that she  
would not have the tiara and satin train  
at any cost.—Madame.

**Trick in Making Change.**  
A curious incident occurred in a Paris  
restaurant the other day. A high official,  
happening to be in the Montmartre dis-  
trict about dinner time, walked into a  
restaurant frequented much by foreign-  
ers, and took his dinner there, his bill  
amounting to 8 francs. When calling  
the waiter to pay for his meal, he hand-  
ed him a 20 franc goldpiece, which the  
waiter put into his mouth, as is the cus-  
tom of the Paris waiters. Making  
change, he only gave him 2 francs. The  
gentleman looked up and said: "Beg  
your pardon, I want 18 francs and not  
2 francs." "Excuse me, sir," said the  
waiter. "You gave me a 10 franc piece.  
See?" And therewith he took from be-  
tween his lips a smaller gold coin,  
"showing it to the gentleman. The offi-  
cial, considerably wrought up for being  
taken for a fool, without any warning  
gave the waiter such a slap in the face  
that the 20 franc piece given him fell  
out of his mouth and rolled across the  
room. The gentleman got his change,  
and purposely forgot to tip the waiter,  
who had received quite a setback by the  
"striking" argument of the guest.—

## Restaurant Nonconformity.

The waiter's vocabulary is constantly  
being enriched. Pigs' feet will be  
"Tribbles" forevermore, just as surely as  
frogs' legs are "song and dance men."

German waiters, as a rule, are not  
accustomed to use slang, but they have  
a few abbreviations that are very ex-  
pressive.

As every one knows, there can be no  
greater breach of etiquette or more sor-  
rowful admission of weakness than to  
order a glass of water in a German place.  
The restaurant has water to be used in  
case of fire, but it is never offered to a  
customer. If he wishes it, he must ask  
for it. Then the waiter frowns at him  
and exhorts, "Ein schickino!"

In one of the oyster houses a man or-  
dered two deviled crabs.  
"Do you want them hot or cold?"  
asked the waiter.  
"Hot, of course."

The waiter went to a rear counter and  
roared, "One plate of hot devils!" and  
a clerical looking gentleman not ten feet  
away from him nearly fell out of his  
chair.—Chicago Record.

## Salaries of Heads of Nations.

The Presse has drawn out a table of  
what—for the want of a better word—  
may be described as the salaries of the  
heads of the reigning houses of Europe.  
The president of the French republic re-  
ceives 1,200,000 francs, the American  
president 250,000 francs, while the presi-  
dent of the Swiss republic has only  
15,500 francs. Dealing with the govern-  
ment of Europe, it gives the allowances  
of the queen of England and her family  
at 50,000,000 francs, the king of the  
Belgians at 4,000,000 francs, the little  
queen of Holland and her mother at  
2,500,000 francs, the emperor of Ger-  
many at 11,700,000 francs, the king of  
Italy at 14,250,000 francs, the king of  
Spain and his mother at 7,450,000  
francs, the king of Portugal and his  
mother at 3,800,000 francs, the emper-  
or of Austria-Hungary at 23,225,000  
francs, the king of Sweden and Norway  
at 6,500,000 francs, the king of Den-  
mark at 2,400,000 francs and the king  
of Greece at only 1,300,000 francs.—  
Galignani's Messenger.

## Where Corncob Pipes Are Made.

Many towns have little dingy estab-  
lishments where cob pipes are made as a  
side issue. But in this town cob pipe  
manufacture is the leading industry. In  
round numbers 12,000,000 cob pipes ev-  
ery year are manufactured by two firms  
in this city. That means one pipe each  
year for every voter in the United States.  
All other cob pipe factories in the United  
States are one horse affair when com-  
pared to the two concerns here.

These pipes are famous and dear as  
well to every pipe smoker on the con-  
tinent. The briar root is to the Missouri  
meerschaum what a stoga is to a per-  
fect. Throughout the year 140 persons  
are daily employed at Washington in  
manufacturing corncob pipes. One big  
addition, the handsome in the town, is  
known as the "corncob addition." It  
contains the palatial homes of the men  
who have grown rich in manufacturing  
corncob pipes.—Washington (Mo.) Let-  
ter in St. Louis Republic.

## A Curious Coincidence.

James Payn relates a curious coinci-  
dence: "A young engineer was describ-  
ing to the occupants of a railway car-  
riage a late experience on an engine:  
"We were making up time between two  
stations, and going at a great rate, when  
we suddenly sighted an old gentleman  
walking quietly in front of us along the  
line. We screamed and whistled, but  
he was very deaf, and we could not at-  
tract his attention." An old lady, horri-  
fied by the situation, and hoping there  
was some way out of it, here exclaimed,  
"But you didn't hurt him?" "We were  
down upon him, ma'am, like 1 o'clock!  
Hurt him indeed! Did you ever hear  
such a question, sir?" addressing a young  
man in deep mourning, who had main-  
tained a melancholy silence. "I have  
heard the story before," he replied in  
explanation of his want of interest. "It  
was my father."

## French Boys Taught Fencing.

In all the large schools of France  
nine-tenths of the boys are taught fen-  
cing, many beginning as young as 7 years  
of age. The soldiers are drilled to use  
the foils as conscientiously as other ex-  
ercises, and on an average there are two  
or three duels every month in each regi-  
ment. The men have to get the colonel's  
leave to fight, and no one can go out  
until he has served six months. A promi-  
nent French fencing master strongly  
advocates dueling, as the fear of conse-  
quences keeps down quarrels, and the  
fighting teaches men calmly to face a  
cold, sharp steel.—Paris Letter.

## Lincoln's Accounting.

A writer in the Chicago News says  
that in his earlier life Lincoln had a  
very primitive method of keeping books.  
At the time his law partner, the Hon.  
John T. Stuart, represented the Spring-  
field district in congress, Lincoln was  
forced, much against his will, to keep  
an account of some kind. The plan he  
adopted was somewhat remarkable.  
When he received a fee, he divided it in  
halves. His half he put in his pocket.  
Stuart's portion he put in an envelope,  
and, labeling it "Stuart's share," threw  
it into a drawer until Stuart's return  
from Washington.

The Herald for a year can be had for  
one dollar—if the cash accompanies the  
order.

## The Man Who Saws Wood

and says nothing is gen-  
erally regarded as a  
model of diligence and  
dogged perseverance,

BUT

## The Man Who Blows His Horn

with discretion and intelligence  
is generally the fellow who scores  
brilliant successes. The busi-  
ness man who desires to increase  
the coming years business should  
not overlook this fact. Adver-  
tising makes business. All of  
the great merchants of the coun-  
try acknowledge this. So you  
should employ the same means  
to make business as do those who  
owe their success in life to print-  
ers' ink.

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should be among its patrons.

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## THE ALFALFA

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THOMAS LUND  
PROPRIETOR NORTH YAKIMA

## Notice for Publication.

LAND OFFICE AT NORTH YAKIMA, WASH.,  
Dec. 14, 1895.  
Notice is hereby given that the following  
named settler has filed notice of her intention  
to make proof in support of her claim, and that  
said proof will be made before the register and  
receiver at North Yakima, Wash., on January 25,  
1896, viz.: Abraham J. Trivett, H. E. No. 1650  
to 12 1/2, 17 1/2, 18 1/2, 19 1/2, 20 1/2, 21 1/2, 22 1/2, 23 1/2,  
24 1/2, 25 1/2, 26 1/2, 27 1/2, 28 1/2, 29 1/2, 30 1/2, 31 1/2,  
32 1/2, 33 1/2, 34 1/2, 35 1/2, 36 1/2, 37 1/2, 38 1/2,  
39 1/2, 40 1/2, 41 1/2, 42 1/2, 43 1/2, 44 1/2, 45 1/2,  
46 1/2, 47 1/2, 48 1/2, 49 1/2, 50 1/2, 51 1/2, 52 1/2,  
53 1/2, 54 1/2, 55 1/2, 56 1/2, 57 1/2, 58 1/2, 59 1/2,  
60 1/2, 61 1/2, 62 1/2, 63 1/2, 64 1/2, 65 1/2, 66 1/2,  
67 1/2, 68 1/2, 69 1/2, 70 1/2, 71 1/2, 72 1/2, 73 1/2,  
74 1/2, 75 1/2, 76 1/2, 77 1/2, 78 1/2, 79 1/2, 80 1/2,  
81 1/2, 82 1/2, 83 1/2, 84 1/2, 85 1/2, 86 1/2, 87 1/2,  
88 1/2, 89 1/2, 90 1/2, 91 1/2, 92 1/2, 93 1/2, 94 1/2,  
95 1/2, 96 1/2, 97 1/2, 98 1/2, 99 1/2, 100 1/2.

## The Leader in Fashions

What a man wears counts for a good deal in this civilized age.  
I am now ready with an entirely new stock of

## Elegant Imported and Domestic Patterns

at price within easy grasp. Call and see my stock and get prices

## WHITE, THE MERCHANT TAILOR,

PRICES REASONABLE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

ED. F. WHITE, Hotel Yakima Blk North Yakima.

## ROSLYN COAL FOR \$4.25

Per ton with a guarantee that 1 ton will last as long as 1 1/2 tons of  
any other coal in the city. Our coal is all screened.

## The Yakima Fuel Co

F. A. CURRY, Manager.

## COAL! COAL!

## THE HOTEL BARTHOLET,

JOHN BARTHOLET, Proprietor.

Newly Cleaned, Papered, Renovated and Refurnished Throughout,  
at considerable expense. No old appurtenances left.

## FIRST CLASS, \$2 PER DAY HOUSE.

Special inducements to regular city boarders who appreciate good  
meals and clean bed room appointments.

## BROWNELL & CO.,

JOBBERS.

Hops, Potatoes and Produce from the Celebrated

Yakima Valley.

Office with Lombard & Horsley.

## Yakima Dye Works

P. S. HENNER, Proprietor.

All Dyeing and Cleaning Done by Steam.

TAILORING DEPARTMENT IN FULL SWING.

## SUITS, \$22, OVERCOATS,

AND UPWARD. \$20 AND UP.

NO FIT, NO PAY.

MRS. CARY'S OLD STAND,

YAKIMA AVENUE.

\*\*\*\*\*  
**THE FIRST FOOT**  
\*\*\*\*\*  
Which touched Plymouth Rock is said to have  
been that of MARY CHILTON, a young woman.  
That is the reason of the unparalleled success  
of the United States. Likewise  
**...Emerald... Soap...**  
Because woman first used it and found out its  
wonderful washing powers.  
Made Only by SEATTLE SOAP CO  
\*\*\*\*\*

Will lease a 640 acre wheat ranch, in  
the lower end of this county, for one-  
fourth of the crop. The land is fenced  
and has all been in crop in previous  
years. For further particulars enquire of  
E. M. Reed, HERALD office.

## NOTICE—SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

In the Superior Court of the State of Washington  
for the County of Yakima.

The Solicitors Loan & Trust  
Company, a corporation, Plaintiff,

vs.  
Theodore C. Stone, Mary E. Stone,  
his wife, John C. Stone, her husband,  
Fred Pennington, Ellen S. Pen-  
nington, his wife, and S. S.  
Hankin, Defendants.

Whereas, under and by virtue of an order of  
sale