THE GREAT MEN'S STORIES.

A Rib-Tickling Tournament by Famous Americans.

Contributions From Harrison, Morton, Blaine, Wanamaker, Cleveland, Bill Nye and Others.

The most novel symposium ever printed is the following collection of good stories told by famous Americans, stories that lose much in being read, instead of being heard, but rib-ticklers nevertheless. The gentlemen who tell these stories, and convulse their hearers, have many other stories that they tell first, and in case they do not cause the hilarity expected, the speaker's reputation as a wit is taken on the stories annexed. Each story, as told, is the best in the gentleman's repertoire, as the saucy soubrette would put it, and they never fail to bring forth showers of laughter.

HARRISON TELLS A HOG STORY.

President Harrison very seldom induges in a joke or story, unless he knows his hearers well. One day he surprised his hearers by telling the following story to illustrate a point:

"There was a man who had a way of talking his own advice and doing things to get even. He was a a hog dealer, and one season he drove a large number of hogs to Indianapolis, a distance of 100 miles from his home, although he was told he could get nearly as much for them at a town nearer. Arriving at Indianapolis he found that the price of hogs had gone down. He kept them in the city nearly a month, and finally was offered a higher price than he could get nearer home. He wanted a high price, and declared he would drive the hogs back home, which he did at a considerable cost. Then he sold them at home at a price very much less than that offered in the city. One of his friends asked him why he had acted so unwisely.

"'I wanted to get even with those city hog buyers,' he replied.

"'But did you get even?'

"'Well, they didn't get my hogs.'

"'What, pray, did you get out of the transaction?'

"'Get! Why, bless your thick-skulled head, I got the society of the hogs back home!'

VICE-PRESIDENT MORTON'S BULL STORY.

Vice-President Morton now and then perpetrates a joke or story by way of illustration upon his listeners. He knows it well by heart before he begins.

"Not far from where I live in the country there is a farmer noted for his fine, large cattle. Durhams and Alderneys roam over his extensive lands, and people come from a long distance to view his stock. But visitors have to be careful about walking around alone in the clover fields on account of the number of ferocious bulls owned by the farmer. A certain major general, who was very proud of his title, visited a neighbor of the farmer, and one day he strolled out and began to cut across the clover field in order to save a little distance. Before he knew what was up, a big bull, bellowing and shaking his head, began to chase him. The general was a swift runner, and he made good time in front of the pursuing animal. But the animal was swift, too, and every time the general would get near a fence the bull was too close for him to even attempt to climb over. At last the general made a line for a gate near the farmer's house, reaching it in time to shut off the bull from further pursuit. The farmer, it seems, was there and had witnessed the chase. The general, all out of breath, said between gasps:

"'Sir—sir, did you see your bull chasing me?'

"'Y-e-s,' said the farmer, suppressing a smile.

"'Is that all you have to say? Do you know whom that bull was chasing?'

"'You, I guess.'

"'Do you know who I am, sir? I am General 'Blank.'

"'Wall, why didn't you tell the bull that?'" curtly retorted the farmer.

BLAINE AND THE FREE TICKET MAN.

James G. Blaine is fond of spicing conversation with a story. This is one that he has made do duty more than once.

"A man accepted a free ticket to a theater. The play was not a good one, and the actors were thoroughly in accord with the standard of the play. At the end of the first act there were groans and hisses and vehement expressions of disapproval on the part of the audience. The free ticket man sat still and seemed satisfied. When the second act began, it proved to be worse than the first and nearly every one in the audience groaned their utter disgust, except the free ticket man. Finally a man who sat near the free ticket man said:

"'My friend, are you disgusted with the play?'

"'Yes; very much.'

"'Then why the deuce don't you groan and hiss?'

"'I can't do it decently. I am here on a free ticket given by the head of the theatrical company. If the play grows worse I will go out after the next act, buy a ticket and come back and express my disapproval in a vehement way.'"

A GOOD ONE BY CLEVELAND.

When Grover Cleveland was governor he was fond of telling humorous stories to illustrate a point. It is said he got off a good thing on a certain ex-assemblyman who dropped in to see him about the time newspapers were exposing the job in the contract for putting in a new ceiling in the Albany capitol. It appears that all during the days of Boss Tweed this ex-assemblyman was in the lower house, and fought against jobbery and the "boss." Mr. Cleveland was listening to the comments of the ex-assemblyman about the substitution of a papier-mache ceiling for an oaken one, when all at once, with a smile on his face, he interrupted his visitor thusly:

"What is the difference between the assembly now and when you were a member?"

"We were ruled by a Democratic boss and now by a Republican boss," ventured the ex-member.

"Oh, no. When you were a member the fraud was on the floor; now it is in the ceiling," said Mr. Cleveland.

HOW A SOLDIER FEELS IN BATTLE.

General Russel A. Alger, of Detroit, does not often illustrate his conversation with a humorous story. Now and then he does, and the following is one of his favorites:

"Four ministers stopped at my house in Detroit once during a conference meeting, and one evening they asked me if the glory of brave deeds celebrated in song did not have a powerful influence in stimulating soldiers to emulate heroes of history. I said, not at all. Then they wanted to know what was the sentiment that took possession of the soldier as he went into battle. I answered that just three words were often uttered by soldiers in fighting, and they embraced all the sentiment and poetry of a warrior's nature. For example, in my division there was certain colonel known for his religious views and orthodox ways. He would not do anything to violate the Sabbath, and never was known to utter an oath or any word on the 'cuss' order. I thought he was a Miss Nancy kind of a soldier, and was afraid he would not be any use in a battle, except to assist in a quick and successful retreat. One day in a big battle I saw a regiment in the thickest of the fight, and the colonel, with his sword in hand, on foot, his horse having been shot, in front cheering his men and urging them on. I rode up rapidly, and the words that the good, orthodox colonel was using made me smile:

"'Give 'em hell! Give 'em hell, boys!' he would yell at each volley.

"'Why colonel,' I said,' 'I am surprised at your language; you, our best Christian!' Waving his sword, he replied:

"'Well, that is just what I mean, and just what I feel, give 'em hell.'

"These are the three words of sentiment that a soldier feels like uttering in a battle."

TALMAGE AND HUMAN VOICE.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is fond of any story that will illustrate a sermon or beautify a moral. Here is one that he tells now and then in his own original way:

"A German family emigrated from the Fatherland to this country and settled in Milwaukee. The oldest boy in his teens, concluded he would start out for himself. Finally he brought up in New York city and soon had spent all the money the old man had given him. Then he wrote his father this kind of an appeal:

Dear Father—I am sick and lonely, without a single cent. Send me some money quick. Your son, JOHN.

"Now the father was illiterate and could not read, so he went to a great strapping butcher and asked him to read the letter. The butcher had a gruff way of reading and a loud voice. When he finished reading John's letter the father was furious and declared he would not send a penny, even if the boy starved to death. He had never heard of such an impudent demand for money. On his way home the father thought the butcher might have made a mistake in reading, and a desire to hear the letter read again overcame him. A consumptive baker, with a low, falling inflection, was next asked to read the son's letter. When he concluded the father said with tears in his eyes: 'My poor boy' I'll send him all the money he wants.' The baker had read word for word the letter as it was read by the butcher.

"You see, my dear friend, that there is a great deal in the human voice."

THE BILL WILL TAKE HIS BREATH AWAY.

Henry Watterson is quick in repartee, and now and then perpetrates a good thing on the spur of the moment. He met in Washington at the Riggs house, the celebarted poet-lobbyist, Colonel Dick Wintersmith. The latter was in a gastronomic quandary, and told Mr. Watterson that he (Wintersmith) had an idea of ordering a dinner of fine beefsteak and onions. He was skeptical as to whether the Riggs house could serve a dinner of onions and beefsteak that would have real onions and yet leave no offensive odor upon his breath.

"'Colonel Dick, I can tell you what to do,' said Waterson.

"'What is that?'

"'Why, go to John Chamberlain's and order beefsteak and onions, and when you pay your bill it will take your breath away?'"

WANAMAKER'S REBUKE.

Postmaster-General John Wanamaker is given to illustrating his conversation with pointed stories. Once he rebuked some of his Sunday-school boys for laughing at a deaf boy's mistake in answering misunderstood questions, and related this story:

"Now, little boys, it is not right to laugh or make sport of affliction. I knew of a deaf man once who was disposed to be parsimonious. He was fond of society and a confirmed bachelor. He gave a banquet to some young ladies and young gentlemen, the elite of the city. For convenience, I will call the bachelor Brown. When the banquet was nearly over, one of the oldest of the young men arose to toast Mr. Brown. The latter stood up, all smiles, but he could not hear a word that was spoken. He only knew it was about him that the toast was being said. The young scapegoat said:

"'Here is to you, you old miser, Brown. You are no better than a tramp and it is suspected that you make your money dishonestly. My wish is that you may get your just deserts yet and in the penitentiary.'

"The deaf Mr. Brown smiled, raised his glass to his lips, and said: "'The same to you.'"

—20 and 40 acre tracts at low figures and no money down.
J. B. PUGSLEY.

—Two dozen of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

OUR POOR SICK ANIMALS.

How a Specialist Prescribes for Ailing Brutes--Visiting Fee One Dollar.

But Boarders Come Higher--Points on How and When to Feed Them.

"Yes, I'm a doctor now," said a bird fancier to a reporter, as he dropped a capsule into the mouth of a bull dog he had between his knees.

"Yes, sir," he continued, patting the dog, "I'm a real doctor now; that is, as far as dog and birds go. Can I cure them if they are sick! Well, you just try me. Never lost a patient yet and some of my cures are marvelous. Does it pay? Well, I reckon it does. Do you see that bull dog? His liver is out of order, and it will take just three days to cure him. At $1 and one visit a day that makes $3— not bad for curing a dog's diseased liver, eh?"

"Is $1 your regular fee?" returned the scribe, taking a seat on a box of dog biscuits.

"That's my visiting fee. Of course, if I take the dog here with me the owner has to pay board for it.

"Surgical operations? Bless your soul, we have plenty of that sort of work. It was only Monday that I amputated a dog's tail. But that's nothing; we cut tails off every day or so. It's a society fad, you know, to have dogs with short tails. Then we clip terriers' ears, but there's not much skill in that. You would laugh if you could see some of the ladies who bring dogs here to have their tails cut. They go on terrible, and if the purp happens to yell, which, of course, it does, they stop up their ears and run away."

"Do you allow people to see you at work?"

"No, not generally; but when these fine ladies come down nothing will do but they must see everything. Whist! here comes one now. Just listen.

"Good morning, Mrs. H. How's your dog to-day?"

"Oh, doctor, Toodles is awful! Didn't sleep all night and forsook his milk and bread this morning. Please see what you can do for him!"

The dog was passed over. It was a fat pug—so fat, in fat, that it could hardly walk. Yet it carried its pedigreed tail in thoroughbred style from without a velvet coat which encircled the dog's body and was fastened underneath with tiny pink bows.

The dog doctor squeezed the pup's throat and out came his tongue.

"The dog's bilious," said the doctor, with a knowing wink. "You've been feeding him on candy."

"Just a tiny bit, doctor. Oh! say he'll get well!"

The doctor looked thoughtful a moment and continued:

"Yes, I can cure him, but if he gets over this take my advice and don't give him any more sweets."

"I'll never do it again, doctor. Will I, Toodles?" appealing to the dog.

"Then take this box of capsules and give him one three times a day. Wait, I'll give him one now, and you can see how I do it."

Taking the dog between his legs the doctor pressed his knees about his neck and opened his mouth. Then taking a capsule in his mouth he dropped it down the dog's throat, way out of sight.

"I can never do that in the world, doctor," said the lady despairingly. "Can't you do it any other way?"

"You might put it in a piece of meat, but my way is the best."

"I'll try the meat way first. How much, doctor?"

"One dollar, please, and twenty-five cents for the medicine."

"My! how reasonable you are. Our family doctor charges me $2 each visit and the medicine always costs about $1." Then handing the fee over she departed with Toodles in her arms.

"They are the people we make a living off of," said the doctor as soon as she was out of sight. "She overfeeds her dog in the first place and stuffs him with cake and candy. A bull dog couldn't stand such treatment. The result is the dog gets sick. Can you blame him? You'd get sick yourself. And if he isn't treated at once he dies. Dogs should be fed but twice a day—a light breakfast and a heavy dinner.

"Puppies should not be fed oftener, but in either case never overfed. It not only makes the dog lazy but sick. Meat should never be given to puppies. It gives them distemper. A large bone now and then, however, is beneficial as it aids teething, and when broken up and swallowed aids digestion. Some people think a good platefull of meat is all a dog requires. Wrong again. Show me a dog brought up on meat and I'll venture to say he is worthless.

"The proper thing to feed a dog with is what you call dog cakes. They are simply the waste meat chopped up with some cornmeal and well done vegetables and baked."

"What kind of patients do dogs make?" inquired the reporter.

"Best in the world," rejoined the doctor. "It is really a pleasure to physic a dog. You know they can't say anything, even if they do growl a little."

"No, I never was bitten by a sick dog. They seem to know that I am doing all I can to make them well, and I think appreciate it."

"That was an excellent mythod of giving pills I noticed a few moments ago, but how do you manage when the medicine is in liquid form?"

"Nothing easier in the world," answered the doctor, removing a splinter from a setter's broken leg. "Take the dog between your legs and force its mouth open by pressing the finger and thumb on either side of the throat. Then hold out one corner of the mouth and pour the medicine in there. It makes a natural funnel. Of course the dog's head must be held aloft to keep the medicine from spilling. In case the dog is vicious put a muzzle on him and proceed the same."—*Washington Star.*

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a helpless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking ten bottles, found herself sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this great discovery at Janeck's Pharmacy. Large bottles 50 cents and $1.

Henry Ditter's Announcement.

The best stock of Hosiery just arrived at Henry Ditter's.

Finest line of Embroidery and Ladies' Muslin Underwear at Ditter's.

Ditter can furnish you with the cheapest and best line of Dry Goods and Notions in the city.

Broadhead Dress Goods at Ditter's—larger stock than ever. tf

Bucklen's Arnica Salve,

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cts per box. For sale at Janeck's Pharmacy.

C. E. McEwen takes a pride in turning out good work. This is the reason his harness, saddles, bridles, &c., give such satisfaction and outlast all others.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—C. E. McEwen is now offering saddles, bridles, harness and everything in his line at prices not to be duplicated this side of Portland.

20 and 40 acre tracts at low figures and no money down.
J. B. PUGSLEY.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—When you want anything in groceries, or boots and shoes, call on J. H. Carpenter. He don't sell anything only for cash, and that means small profits.

—The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—The stock of harness, saddles, etc., at C. E. McEwen's is the best in the city, and his prices are the lowest. *

—Cheap money to loan on improved farm lands. When you want a loan, call and see us. WHITSON & PARKER.

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—Two dozen of bottled beer at the North Yakima Bottling Works.

The only man who can get money for you on farm and city property is J. B. Pugsley.

—You can supply yourself with Weinhardt's celebrated lager beer in two dozen cases. It is just the thing for this hot weather. Call at the North Yakima Bottling Works. FRED MEHLER, Prop.

20 and 40 acre tracts at low figures and no money down.
J. B. PUGSLEY.

Proclamation by the Governor

WHEREAS, Pursuant to the provisions of Article XIV of the State Constitution of the State of Washington, the question of permanent location of the Capital of said State was submitted to a vote of the qualified electors of the then Territory of Washington on the first day of October, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine; and

WHEREAS, At said election the vote resulted as follows for State Capital: For Olympia, 25,460; for North Yakima, 14,711; for Ellensburgh, 12,838; for Centralia, 667; for Yakima, 314; for Pasco, 130; scattering, 1,098; and

WHEREAS, There being no choice at said election, no place having received a majority of the votes cast at said election; and

WHEREAS, Pursuant to the terms of said Article of said constitution, the question of permanent location of State Capital was again submitted to vote of the people in said State at its general election held November the fourth, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and ninety, with the following result: For Olympia, 27,418; for North Yakima, 6,276; for Ellensburgh, 7,772; scattering, 2; and

WHEREAS, At said last-named election the city of Olympia in said State received a constitutional majority required by law for the permanent Capital of said state:

Now, therefore, I, CHAS. E. LAUGHTON, Lieutenant Governor and Acting Governor of the State of Washington, do hereby proclaim that said

CITY OF OLYMPIA,

Situated in Thurston County in said State, has been duly selected and is the permanent Capital and Seat of Government in and for said State.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand officially, and caused the Seal [SEAL] of the State of Washington to be attached at Olympia, this 18th day of February, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and ninety-one, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and fifteenth.

CHAS. E. LAUGHTON,
Lieutenant Governor and Acting Governor.
By the Governor; BRAD W. DAVIS,
6-4t Acting Secretary of State.

—Prices down, profits small, and no jawbone taken at J. H. Carpenter's. tf

Certificate of Bond Election.

STATE OF WASHINGTON, } ss.
COUNTY OF YAKIMA.

To the Treasurer of Yakima County, Washington:

We, the undersigned directors of school district No. 3 of Yakima county, state of Washington, do hereby certify that at an election held in said school district on the 6th day of December, 1890, it was voted that the bonds of said district shall be issued by the directors thereof in the sum of five hundred and fifty dollars ($550), payable in five years after date, with interest at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum, interest payable annually.

Witness our hands this 8th day of December, 1890.

J. A. GREEN,
A. GREENWALT, } Directors.
Attest: J. O. TRAYNER, School Dist. Clerk.

NOTICE OF CONSIDERING BIDS FOR FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS OF THE BONDS OF SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 3 OF YAKIMA COUNTY, STATE OF WASHINGTON.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ON SATURDAY, the 14th day of March A. D. 1891, at the hour of 1 o'clock p. m., at my office in North Yakima, Yakima county, Washington, I will consider bids for the purchase of five hundred and fifty dollars ($550) of the bonds of school district No. 3, of said county and state, of the denomination of five hundred and fifty dollars ($550), said bonds payable five years after date of issue, bearing interest at ten (10) per cent. per annum, interest payable annually, Interest and bonds payable at the office of the county treasurer of said Yakima county.

The district has no option of redeeming bonds before the expiration of five years.

Bidders will name price at which they will purchase said bonds.

Dated at North Yakima this 18th day of February, 1891.

G. O. NEVIN,
Treasurer of Yakima County, State of Washington. 4-4t

Notice to Creditors of William Lewis.

In the matter of the assignment of William Lewis, an insolvent debtor.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT WILLIAM Lewis of North Yakima, state of Washington, did on the 17th day of January, 1891, make, execute and deliver to me an assignment for the benefit of his creditors, and all persons having claims against the said William Lewis are hereby notified to present the same, duly verified as by law required, to me at North Yakima, Washington, within three months of the date hereof, or the same will be barred.

Dated at North Yakima, Washington, this 29th day of January, 1891.

J. C. MACCRIMMON,
Assignee of said William Lewis.