THE PRUSSIAN DIET.

IT IS OPENED BY THE NEW CHANCELLOR.

A New Order of Things Not to be Expected Under the Change.

A Speech Well Received by the Legislators—Congratulations Tendered by Several Members.

Different Leaders Announce the Demands of Their Parties—Prince Bismarck Announces That He Will Not Become a Fault-Finder Towards the Government—Foreign Gleanings.

WEATHER BULLETIN.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, Kan., April 15.—The highest temperature was 52° the lowest 45°, and the mean 48°, with cold, cloudy weather, and light rain after 5 p. m., fresh northeast winds, nearly stationary, high barometer. Rainfall up to 7 p. m. .01 inch, but it was then beginning to rain faster.

Last year, on April 15, the highest temperature was 71°, the lowest 42°, and the mean 56°.

FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., April 15, 8 p. m.—Forecast until 8. p. m. Wednesday:

For Kansas and Colorado—Clearing, warmer, variable winds.

THE DIET OPENED.

Chancellor Von Caprivi Delivers a Well Received Address.

BERLIN, April 15.—The Prussian diet was opened today by Chancellor Von Caprivi. In his speech the chancellor referred to the responsible position which had been held by Prince Bismarck, and expressed the hope that in the future the empire would continue secure. The edifice of the state, he said, was cemented firmly enough to resist wind and weather. Moreover the noble personality of the young monarch had already manifested itself at home and abroad. He affirmed his undying belief in the future of Prussia and of the German empire resting on Prussia's shoulders. The emperor had said his course would remain the same. The inauguration of a new era was therefore not to be expected, although a more harmonious solidity would be manifested among the members of the diet. In conclusion the chancellor said he would allow the widest scope to practical criticism, and would adopt whatever was good wherever it was found. He would co-operate with all persons having at heart the interests of Prussia and aiming to foster the monarchic feeling in Prussia and the national feeling throughout the empire. [Cheers.]

The speech was received with general applause by the chamber. Herr Von Heome, a member of the right center, went to the ministerial bench at the conclusion of the speech and shook hands with the chancellor. Herr Rickert, a Friesinnige leader, expressed satisfaction with the general tenor of the speech and said he trusted that the government would concede a reform in taxation. His party, he declared, would continue to defend the constitutional state system. Dr. Windthrost declared that the Centrists insisted upon the re-establishment of the relations between church and state which existed before the Kulturkampf. They complained of maladministration in the public worship department and demanded adherence to a protectionist policy in economic measures. Herr Zedlietz, of the Free Conservative party and Herr Richter, the German Liberal leader, expressed confidence in the ministerial declarations.

STRIKE IN THE COLLIERIES.

VIENNA, April 15.—A strike has been inaugurated in the large collieries of Count Wilcsks. The strikers forced a number of men employed in other mines to join them. The authorities deem the situation so menacing that they have called out the military.

NEWSPAPERS CUT OFF.

BERLIN, April 15.—The Tagblatt says that Chancellor Von Caprivi has forbidden the ministers or other officials to furnish any communications to the newspapers. All intelligence which it is deemed desirous should be published will appear in the Reichsanzeiger, the official paper.

THE MADRID FIRE STILL BURNING.

MADRID, April 15.—All efforts to extinguish the fire which broke out in the Madrid gas works last night proved unavailing and the fire was still burning at noon. The city depended on the works for its supply of gas and tonight it will be without light as it was last night.

BISMARCK NOT A "KICKER."

HAMBURG, April 15.—The Hamburger Nachrichten says that Prince Bismarck does not intend to assume the attitude of a frondner (fault-finder) toward the government although he will not refrain from expressing his views on momentous occasions.

NO PURCHASE PROPOSED.

BRUSSELS, April 15.—King Leopold, sovereign of the Congo Free State, denied that any proposals were ever made by Germany looking to the purchase of that state.

HENRY VILLARD BANQUETTED.

ST. PAUL, Minn., April 15.—Henry Villard was tendered a banquet at the hotel Ryan last night by the Twin City Commercial club composed of the leading financiers of St. Paul and Minneapolis. After the banquet Mr. Villard unfolded his big scheme. He stated that within the next four years the Northern Pacific will expend between $30,000,000 and $50,000,000 in the northwest chiefly in Montana and Washington and at the end of that time will own 2,500 miles of main line fully equipped. He states that the plan for utilizing the power of the Mississippi at Meeker's island have been abandoned and instead he and his colleagues will expend several millions in erecting gigantic electric plants in the twin cities.

THE ILLINOIS STORM.

BLOOMINGTON, Ill., April 15.—Reports from the section visited by the hail and rain storm of Sunday show that it prevailed in all parts of this and adjoining counties and was very severe in many places. That it generally did great damage to wheat and oats and to the almost blooming fruit buds. Such a fall of gigantic hailstones has not been seen here for years. Crops have been delayed from one to two weeks and the roads are rendered well nigh impassable, to say nothing of the scores of bridges that were washed away. Southwest of here the greatest damage by the hail was at Minier, Hopedale and Covel, where thousands of panes of glass were destroyed. It was in eastern McLean county, however, that the hail was most phenomenal. At Arrowsmith six inches of hail fell on the level, being carried by the rushing water from the unusually heavy rainfall into the gullies where it was found this morning piled up two feet deep. At Belleflower the largest hailstones reported fell. They were as large as walnuts and crashed through shingle roofs like grapeshot.

OBJECTED TO MEDICAL TREATMENT.

OSWEGO, N. Y., April 15.—Thomas Glynn while intoxicated last night fell under a locomotive which crushed his arm. He was taken to a hospital but refused to allow the physicians to come near him and his mother also objected. The man died in a short time. The physicians says they could have saved his life.

CULM BANKS ON FIRE.

ASHLAND, Pa., April 15.—Fire broke out yesterday in the Culm banks of the Big Mine Run colliery and fears are entertained that the flames will penetrate the workings of the East colliery and necessitate the flooding of the mines and a suspension of work. The fire is this morning burning fiercely but as yet has not yet reached the mine. The mine officials are making surveys to ascertain if the north Ashland creek can be turned on the fire. If so the work will be commenced at once. The bottom of the bank is a seething mass and it will require the removal of many tons of culm before fire can be reached. If the creek can be successfully turned on the fire there is a possibility of preventing it from penetrating the mine.

SEED BLOWN OUT OF THE SOIL.

LINCOLN, Neb., April 15.—Governor Thayer is in receipt of trustworthy information from Cheyenne, Banner and other far western Nebraska counties giving an account of a disastrous storm. The wind blew so hard that grain which had been sown was blown entirely out of the ground over thousands of acres. Farmers must commence at the beginning and are unable to do so. They have no funds to buy it and the governor will issue a general call for aid for the unfortunate people. Wheat and oats for seed will be especially needed.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is an excellent remedy for billiousness, headache, and loss of apetite.

THE RATE PROBLEM.

CHICAGO, Ill., April 15.—At today's meeting of the Western Freight Association the subjects of interest were the Alton's notice of reduction in the lumber rate to 10 cents, Chicago to Kansas City, and in the packing house and products rate to 12 cents, Kansas City to Chicago. The Alton agreed to hold both rates in abeyance for the present and to give the association six days' notice if it made the reduction.

DENVER, Col., April 15.—A telegram received at the Associated Press office tonight from a prominent Missouri Pacific official at Pueblo, Col., says that on account of irregularities on the part of certain competing lines, his company had posted notices making a reduction in passenger rates, effective on the 18th, as follows: Pueblo to Kansas City, $8; Pueblo to St. Louis, $10.50; Pueblo to Chicago, first class, $14; second class, $11.

Every glorious act of a great life starts forward an eloquent fact. Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup is the glorious act of a life's study, and it is a positive fact that it stands without a rival.

"Hope, for a season, bids the world farewell," when a man finds himself in the relentless gasp of neuralgia, but he smiles and takes heart when his wife bring's a bottle of Salvation Oil.

SYMPATHY FROM CLEVELAND.

WASHINGTON, April 15.—Among the telegrams of condolence received by Mrs. Randall today was the following from ex-President Cleveland: "Accept my sincere sympathy in your great affliction, and be assured that the American people will remember with gratitude the devotion of your distinguished husband to his public duties."

CRIMINAL LIBEL CHARGED.

NEW YORK, April 15.—E. L. Godkin, the managing editor of the Evening Post, was arrested today on a warrant charging him with criminal libel on the complaint of Peter Mitchell, a lawyer. Godkin was arraigned in court later and gave $500 bail to await examination.

Rheumatism and Catarrh, caused by poor and corrupted blood, cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

One of the Boys of Today.

"Yes, the prodigal son of old time has lots of latter day imitators," observed a St. Paul merchant, "but I am reminded by a case down in Hastings, this state, that there are exceptions to the rule. There was a rich old fellow down there who had a son. But the young man was not at all satisfactory to his father. The old man was well along in years and couldn't put on much style himself, but he wanted his son to make a show and be a credit to the old man's wealth. But the son wouldn't do it. No, he wouldn't dress up to the top notch and go to parties and spend scads of money and be a dude as the old man wanted him to, but was saving in his expenses and frugal in everything, kind of caddish-like.

"So one day the old man wrote to a business friend of his in New York who had a couple of rather wild, scapegrace sons, and told his friend he was going to send Billy down there on a trip, and wanted his friend's sons to show his kid the elephant, in short, to give him the benefit of the whole menagerie. So he gave Billy $500 and told him to skip out and enjoy himself. Well, Billy was gone just two months. At first the old man thought the boy was painting the town in something else besides neutral tints, but as he didn't hear from him he somehow forgot all about it. Well, sir, Billy returned, and what do you suppose he had been doing? He struck a job in New York as soon as he got there, setting up tenpins in a bowling alley, and brought back $300 with him."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

There is a time for all things; there is a time tew pray, and there is a time tew say amen, roll up yure sleeves and pitch in.

"Reform! Reform!" This is too often the watchword ov mere charlatans.

There are but very phew men whose wisdom lasts them their lives out.

There are hipokrits in vice as well as in virtew; I have seen men affekt the rake and the rose, whose best holt was the katekism.

It is hard work for us tew luv a man who has no faults nor failings.

He who sues for success don't git it so often as he who demands it.

Success is a coquet, and a bashful lover never wins her.

No woman yet was ever satisfied to be a prude, who could be a successfull coquet.

Flattery is just like cheese, or ennything else we deal in—the supply is alwus regulated by the demand.

If all the vanity should leave this world, half the virtew would go with it. There is no telling how meeny ov us are simply proud ov our various virtews.

Blood ain't nuthing; munny or clothes is what tells.

The things in this world that are the best done show the least signs ov labor, yet they are the most difficult to do. The reason ov this is, bekause they are so natral.—New York Weekly.

Eating Flies.

In Mexico a favorite dish with the common people is a compote of the eggs and young of the common house fly, which is gathered in the spring from the surface of the water in the marshes near the city of Mexico in vast quantities. Certain Indians living there not only make a business of procuring them, but really cultivate them, by making arrangements which attract the flies and facilitate the disposition and safety of their eggs.—Earnest Ingersoll.

Fortunes in Church Laces.

There are also fortunes invested in ecclesiastical laces. Those belonging to the Fifth Avenue cathedral are said to be valued at $100,000. The late Rev. Dr. Ewer, formerly of St. Ann's Episcopal Church for Deaf Mutes, owned lace vestments and sacramental laces probably worth $50,000. Many churches own $5,000 worth of laces.—Interview in New York Star.

St. Petersburg tailors got up a scheme for publishing in the newspapers the names of all their customers who refused to pay their bills, but the government forbade it. Now the tailors accomplish the same object by putting up a large blackboard in the reception rooms of their shops, upon which they chalk the names of the chief delinquents and the amounts of their bills. They say it has reduced by 60 per cent. their losses.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

BY MRS. BOWSER.

Instead of going down town after breakfast the other morning Mr. Bowser slipped up stairs, and when he came down again he had on his old clothes. Some changes had been made in the house by which we had gained a new bedroom, and it at once occurred to me that Mr. Bowser and his old clothes and that bedroom were in some way connected.

"You—you are not going to the office this morning?" I queried.

"No, ma'am."

"You are not going to make garden?"

"Hardly. I propose to finish up that bedroom."

"How?"

"Well, I shall paper the walls, to begin with."

"Mr. Bowser, I wish you wouldn't. I telephoned for a paper hanger yesterday, and he will be here to-morrow."

"And I stopped last evening and told him not to come up. I propose to have that job done in style."

"But you can't hang paper."

"Oh, I can't? Prepare yourself for a surprise party. Mrs. Bowser, I don't propose to have no wild eyed wall paper artist around here for ten days to do what I can accomplish in one."

"Mr. Bowser, I solemnly warn you not to attempt it. You will only make a failure of it and then blame me."

"There will be neither failure nor blame about it. I'll show you the paper."

He had it hidden in the barn. When he brought it in and displayed it I felt like crying. It was dark, cheap paper, of a pattern several years old, and I was prepared for his announcement that it was a job lot which he had secured at five cents a roll.

"Mr. Bowser, that room ought to have gilt paper."

"Had I rushed off as you do, Mrs. Bowser, I should have got gilt. Do you know what the most eminent chemists of the day declare? They say that gilt paper in a bedroom shortens life by many years."

"And this stuff will probably prolong it?"

"Very likely."

"Well, it ought to! Any one who would select such paper ought to live 500 years and be ashamed of himself every day!"

An hour later there was a crash up stairs which awoke the baby, frightened the cat into falling off the window sill, and caused the cook to fly into the sitting room and call out that a "sinclone" had struck the house and brought down every chimney. I hurried up stairs to Mr. Bowser. He sat in a chair trying to smile and look unconcerned, but one of the steps of the ladder was gone and I knew that he had come down like a load of stone.

"Did you call?" I asked.

"Me? Oh, no. I am studying on an idea."

There was paste on his hair and pieces of wall paper sticking to his back, but I withdrew without further remark. When he came down at noon I was in hopes he had abandoned the work. It was evident he had a lame back, and he dragged one leg as he walked, and I thought it a fitting opportunity to say:

"I wouldn't bother with that room any more if I were you. I presume you are wanted at the office."

Just before supper he came down and telephoned for two more rolls of paper and forty feet more of border; but he looked so pale faced and stoop shouldered and done out that I hadn't the heart to say anything about the room. He fell asleep in his chair while reading the paper, and every few moments uttered a groan or sigh. He was paste and paper from head to heel and back again, and could hardly get up stairs from the lameness in his legs and back. Next morning, as he seemed undecided whether to go to the office or up stairs, I asked if I shouldn't telephone for the paper hanger. That decided him and he replied:

"I wouldn't be as jealous minded as you are, Mrs. Bowser, for all the money in the world. You are shaking in your shoes for fear that I will do a really nice bit of work."

It was 4 o'clock in the afternoon before he would allow me to enter the room, and then he announced its completion.

"Just give me a fair and honest opinion of it, without reference to relationship," he said, as he stood in the center of the room and looked around.

If he had been armed with a knife to cut my throat I should have been compelled to laugh. Seven of the strips were wrong end up. Four or five of them were on crooked. He had lapped the paper on to the base and window casings and his border was up and down like the waves of the sea.

"Have you escaped from Kalamazoo?" he demanded, as I laughed until I had to sit down on the floor.

"Mr. Bowser, I have a request to make of you—perhaps a dying request. Let me bring in some of the neighbors to see this."

"Certainly, and if they don't say it is one of the neatest jobs they ever saw I'll give in."

I sent cook out and got three of the nearest ladies, and when they entered the menagerie Mr. Bowser retired to dress himself. He wouldn't come out until they had departed, but he must have heard all that was said. At supper time he came down and quietly remarked:

"I suppose you want the custody of the child, Mrs. Bowser?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, after encouraging me to spend two days of my time in papering that room, that you might criticise my work, it will be best that we separate. During the evening you had better make out a list of the things you want to reserve."

Next day the paperhanger came up and put on other paper. Mr. Bowser bought a pint of liniment and four porous plasters, and there is no happier household in Detroit than that of Bowser.—Detroit Free Press.

Asking Too Much.

Hotel Porter—Will you please to refrain from spitting on the floor, sir!

Western Granger—What, do you expect me to hit the wall from here?—Hotel Mail.

He Wasn't "Mistook."

Junius Brutus Brown—Golly! If I didn't see simp'n movin' in dat yer log, I'se mistook.—Life.

Fair Exchange.

SHE.

Oh, sir, you stole a kiss without my knowing!
For kissing is an unknown knack to me;
I should not stay; I ought to be a-going—
But—please, sir, will you give it back to me?

HE.

You stole away my heart, my little beauty!
You stole it with your winsome, charming face
To make amends is now your only duty—
Exchange no robbery is—so give me yours!

—Rhodes Mackinight in Chatter.

At a banquet at San Francisco of the Undertakers' association of California the menus were printed on cardboard cut in the shape of a coffin, and among the dishes were crab salad a la flotaire, chicken dressed a la shroude, smelts served on stretcher and stewed tomatoes a la grippe.

Looking for Number Two.

Shoe Dealer (to young widow, who is hauling over a pile of ladies' slippers)—Are you looking for number two, ma'am?

Young Widow (blushing)—Yes, sir. Are you an unmarried man?—Burlington Free Press.

YOUNG FOLKS' COLUMN.

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE READING FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Puppy's Education—How Delightful He Found It at First, Why He Became Sick of It and One Thing He Has Not Learned Yet.

Said the terrier to her puppy: "It is high time, my son,
Now you are three weeks old, and you can see, and bark, and run,
Though but a little, that your education was begun.

"The first thing for a dog to learn (pray try to learn it right)
Must be to make your little teeth both sharp, and strong, and white;
But this needs constant practice—bite, bite, forever bite!"

The puppy loved his mother, had a docile, willing mind,
To bite both morning, noon and night was very well incitned;
He began upon his mistress' dress which trailed some way behind.

When he had torn the hem and braid for a full hour or more,
And made some fifty tiny holes and jags about a score,
She said: "This darling little dog is growing quite a bore."

She scolded in a gentle voice and drove him right away;
He thought this most delightful fun—a perfect game of play,
And only wished the game would last throughout the livelong day.

He bit the corners of the cloths, the cushions, stools and chairs,
The edges of the carpets that were laid upon the stairs;
And ill befall the book or glove that dropped down unawares.

HE GNAWED IT ALL TO LITTLE SHREDS.

Sometimes he had the great good luck a boot or shoe to see;
Anon he scampered off with it, his heart quite full of glee,
And gnawed it all to little shreds beneath the cedar tree.

One day his master's just washed linen, fresh and snowy white,
Was hanging at the fire to air, and to his great delight
There was no servant in the kitchen—not a soul in sight.

He dragged the linen up and down upon the kitchen floor,
And then the buttons from the collars and the wrists he tore;
He left a heap of rags and jags, now snowy white no more.

For this he was well beaten and locked up for the day
In a large empty stable, where he had room to play;
But he felt sad and sulky, so he slumbered in the hay.

Said the puppy to his mother, "When I had first begun
To bite, and was not beaten, I thought it such great fun!
But now I'm sick of education—when will it be done?"

The terrier made answer in a calm and quiet tone,
"Now that your teeth are grown so strong you can crunch any bone,
The next thing you must learn is to leave other things alone!"

"That is too hard! yes, much too hard!" said the puppy in a pet;
"Leave other things alone, indeed!" I say it with regret,
He may be trying to learn this, but he has not learnt it yet.

Kindness to Dumb Animals.

Last summer, says a writer in Our Dumb Animals, I sat in a yard and watched four little boys at their game of "hop scotch." Those noisy, rollicking boys, full of life and fun, were alive to their play.

Were they good and kind? I can safely answer yes. Shall I tell you why? Out from under a step where I sat, and near the field marked out for the game, came a bright eyed little toad. "There he is! There is No. 1!" they shouted. He was not afraid. Why should he be? He was one of them.

They said he came out every night, and many others beside. Sure enough, while I was sitting there I counted more than a dozen of these little fellows in different parts of the yard. They were out for their evening sport as well as the boys. The boys loved to see them, and would let no one hurt them. Would not you call that kindness to dumb animals?

A Jingle.

A mandarin of high degree,
Oh, bow, bow and be polite,
A mandarin from far Chinee—
Oh, bow, bow and be polite.

A mandarin of high degree,
A mandarin from far Chinee;
I am the pink of courtesy—
Oh, bow, bow and be polite.

A MANDARIN OF HIGH DEGREE.

Then take this lesson now from me,
Oh, bow, bow and be polite,
When any one o'er jostles thee—
Oh, bow, bow and be polite.

Take this lesson now from me,
When any one o'er jostles thee,
Retain a proper dignity,
But bow, bow and be polite.

—St. Nicholas.

Tall buildings are not of modern origin. In Edinburgh, where houses standing on a declivity were higher on one side than the other, one is said to have been fifteen stories altogether in height. All, however, were burned down in a great fire which happened in 1700, after which buildings of twelve stories in height were substituted.

A civil engineer has been looking Niagara Falls over and his conclusion is that it is good for 5,000,000 years. That's long enough for any one performance to last, and the people of that generation can hunt for something else.

LOSS.

Something is gone;
I know it by this pain,
But yesterday I had it;
To-morrow, though I bade it,
It would not come again.

Something is gone;
What shall we that thing call?
A touch, a tone that thrilled me,
A hidden joy that filled me?
Say, that is all.

And now 'tis gone,
Lightly as first it came;
The sky a little colder,
The heart a little older,
All else the same.

All else the same?
O death, all covering sea!
Come with thy floods and drown me;
That thing I sought to crown me
Was all the world to me.

—London Spectator.

You'll Find Most Newsboys Honest.

"The other day as I was going over South Division street," said a gentleman to some companions, "I chanced to want a paper and whistled to a newsboy on Washington street and gave him a quarter to pay for it. The boy told me he had no change and asked me to wait for him while he went into a store to change it. I watched him as he disappeared in the doorway and after about five minutes time had elapsed I started to walk slowly toward Main street, and as I went by the store that I supposed the boy went in I noticed that a pair of stairs led up from the same entrance and an exit was furnished from the upper floor by another stairway leading into an alley in the rear of the building. 'Good-by to that boy,' I muttered as I passed on. As I stood on the corner waiting for an approaching car I felt some one tugging at my coat and as I turned a childish voice exclaimed: 'Here's your change, mister; the feller in de store wouldn't wait on me or I'd have been back sooner.'"—Buffalo Express.

Proposed Bridge Over the Hudson.

Its central span would rise and fall eight feet owing to changes of temperature. The anchorages would be half as large as the Capitol at Washington, and each would contain 50 per cent. more masonry than the largest of the Egyptian pyramids. The cable would be four feet in diameter (the Brooklyn bridge cables are fifteen inches), and the towers would be 600 feet high. The bridge proper would accommodate ten railway tracks. Foot passengers could be lifted up to its level by elevators in the anchorages, but if it was desired to provide for the passage of vehicles they would have to ascend the palisades to reach its level.—New York Times.

A Pocket Mirror Free to Smokers of

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

S.S.S. ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAINT.

SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type.
WM. S. LOOMIS, Shreveport, La.

S.S.S. CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.

I HAD SCROFULA in 1884, and cleansed my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S. S. S. I have not had any symptoms since. C. W. WILCOX, Spartanburg, S. C.

S.S.S. HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

No Sympathy Needed.

"I am so sorry for that poor letter carrier. He has to walk the floor every night with his baby."

"You forget he is used to walking."—Chatter.

He Went at Once.

Hotel Clerk—Yes; but as you have no baggage, I shall be compelled to ask you to pay in advance.

Mr. de Beat—I'll have you to know, sir, that that is not my style of doing business. When I go away, I'll pay you, and not before.

Hotel Clerk—Oh, that'll be perfectly satisfactory, seeing 's your going this very minute. Here, Bouncer! remove this gentleman—never mind, he's gone.—Boston Transcript.

En Route.

Scene—Parlor car on New York and New Haven railroad.

Dramatis Personæ—Young lady of period and young man of ditto.

He—Can you tell me which American city you like the best?

She—Well, really, I cannot make up my mind between New York and Boston!

He—Yes. Six hours is a short time.—Life.

What It Called Up.

Mr. Billus (greatly bored by the play)—Maria, that fellow is positively the worst stick I ever saw on the stage. He makes love to that pretty little countess like a hippopotamus trying to court an angel.

Mrs. Billus (much interested)—Ha does, John, he does. But how vividly it seems to recall the days of our courtship, John.—Chicago Tribune.

GENTLEMEN!

You will find the nicest line of neckwear in the city at the Arcade.

Why pay 50 cents for a tie elsewhere that you can buy at the Arcade for 25 cents?

Why pay 25 cents per dozen for lawn ties that the Arcade sells for 10 cents?

Why pay $1 for a suspender that you can get at the Arcade for 65 cents?

Why pay 35 cents for a suspender the Arcade sells for 18 cents?

Why pay $1 for a night robe that the Arcade will sell you for 68 cents.

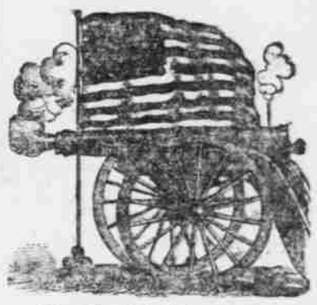
Why pay 40 cents for fast black hose when the Arcade never asked over 25 cents for a guaranteed fast black of the best quality?

Why do this and then complain of hard times?

The Arcade has just received an elegant assortment of neckwear, shirts, night shirts, suspenders and hose, why not step in and see them.

THE ARCADE

WE HAVE THEM



Glorious News For Everybody!

Grand exhibition of the work of Skilled Artists.

The LIVE CLOTHIERS are ready for the spring business with the most Superb, Elegant, Magnificent, Largest and by far the Cheapest Stock of Spring Clothing ever exhibited under one roof in Kansas.

Stupendous assortment for all ages, sizes and classes. Nothing like it ever known since the introduction of tailor made clothing as one of the chief articles of commerce.

The boldest stroke we ever struck; competition must yield.

We have received an enormous consignment of

$80,000 WORTH OF NEW STYLES

Fresh from the manufacturers. They need money and we are going to raise it for them.

Our competitors have been asleep while we have been preparing the most wonderful bargains. Never was such chances offered to buyers of strictly first-class clothing.

COLE & JONES,

THE ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS.

208, 210 and 212 Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas.

Roses in China.

In no other part of the world has the cultivation of roses been brought so nearly to perfection as in China. The rose gardens of the emperor of the Flowery Kingdom are gorgeous in the extreme. The revenue obtained yearly from the oil of roses and rose water is enormous and a great addition to the imperial coffers. Only the members of the royal family and the nobility, high military officials, mandarins, etc., are allowed to have any of the attar of roses in their dwellings.

Very severe punishment is meted out to the ordinary citizen in whose possession even a drop of the precious essence is found.—Philadelphia Times.

A World's Religious Exhibit.

At a recent meeting of Sabbath association committees in Chicago, Dr. W. W. Everts presented a paper on "A Sabbath Programme at the World's Fair." He proposed a full and impartial exhibit of the religions of the world, including those of the Hindoos and the Chinese. The point was urged that if the chief teachers of different creeds could be brought together, the complete report of their deliberations would form the greatest representation ever known of the various aspects of the religious of the globe. The proposal is to receive further consideration.

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