Wichita Eagle

OF VANITY FAIR.

Sights to Be Seen in Central Park, New York.

KATE KEARNEY'S GOTHAM GOSSIP.

Pen Pictures of Those Who Ride in Carriages Along the Great Pleasure Drives. The Sin Stained Woman and the Innocent Child—Mistaken for Venus.

[Copyright, 1890.]

NEW YORK, April 17.—If you want to see Vanity Fair at its best these spring days you must drive out in the park. There the rich and the poor are certainly met together, and everybody seems to be drinking in the good fresh air of heaven, delighting in the sunshine and wondering how it is the grass looks so fresh and green, nobody ever stopping to remember that it has been a spring shade all winter. The smart trap is the very high Victoria on a C spring with a wide dashboard, all upholstered in leather, and with a rumble at the back. The horses' tails are properly docked; the coachman and the footman have immaculately smooth faces, and my lady's liveries are just such as are seen in Rotten Row, the famous London drive, or about the lake where the Parisians love to go. The received livery is a blue that is almost mazarine; the boots have white tops, the breeches are white, the waistcoat is striped blue and white, and the coat is the plain blue cloth, that with the rough surface being preferred, and there should be upon it velvet collars and cuffs of the same color and large brass buttons upon which are engraved either the monogram or the crest of the family.

THE ABRESS.

It is not in good taste to have the top coats folded and arranged on the seats as is frequently seen. Why should the coachman and footman be guarded against the weather when their mistress is not? If she is willing to risk an April shower by wearing a thin foulard silk, a tulle bonnet and carrying a tulle parasol, certainly her servants should not be better cared for. On a brougham the coachman may have his waterproof coat folded and put under the seat out of sight because his mistress is perfectly protected, but under no circumstances should he look as if more consideration were given him than the fair lady whom he has the honor to drive.

One of the best appointed turnouts is Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt's, which remains in deep mourning still. The Jay Gould turnout is rather ordinary, the horses being by no means up to the mark. Mrs. Paran Stevens has a green and yellow Victoria and her servants wear green liveries. In a great huge landau is seen "Baby" Beckwith, whose title of "Baby" seems rather odd when you think she is over 40 years old—a handsome woman still, and one who will be remembered and talked of in generations to come, for she was one of the famous beauties of the second empire. In a book recently published Miss Beckwith is described as the wonderful American beauty who was present at the opening of the Suez canal. It was said at that time that she was so ingenuous that when a Frenchman asked her, "Who is the famous American beauty they are all talking about?" she looked up into his face and said: "I'm the one." She drives alone now. She always used to be with her father, a very old man, but he is dead and "Baby" Beckwith is the possessor of an enormous fortune. Riding on a dark horse there comes Edgar Saltus, the novelist. He is a little fellow, very dark, and with a mustache that suggests an acquaintance with wax. He looks so little and delicate that one has a feeling that the dissipations about which he writes so glowingly have, in his own case, been principally committed with a pen. Last year he became very much in love with Mrs. Langtry, sent her an edition de luxe of all his books, and not satisfied with that had some, so it is said, bound for his own use in the Lily's lawn handkerchiefs. You see the age of chivalry hasn't passed yet.

There is a beautiful carriage in the park every afternoon; the colors are orange and black, and the horses are the blackest and fleetest possible. In it sits a woman who is always gowned all in black, all in scarlet, or all in white. A beautiful woman, and a woman out of whose eyes comes a bad, wicked look. Just beside her is the loveliest child your eyes ever rested on—a little girl with long, light blonde curls, dressed simply in a Kate Greenaway frock and wearing a great big straw hat, put far enough back on her

MRS. GEORGE GOULD AND CHILDREN.

head to show the short, full curls that make a halo about her face. The woman is her mother. What is that child going to be? Two men have died mysterious deaths in that woman's house, one young boy has been sent to the insane asylum because of his infatuation for her, and that child is hers. That beautiful white blossom of a baby belongs to that wicked woman, and you stand still and gasp and wonder at the relationship. Nobody ever speaks to this woman as she drives. The men who know her never look at her, and by a curious fancy she is spoken of as the "Abbess."

Here comes a sight that will take all the bitterness out of your heart and make you realize that there are good women in the world, who are loving mothers and happy ones. It's young Mrs. George Gould. She is in a quiet, modest Victoria, and with her are her babies and nurse. As the years have gone by since she became George Gould's wife she has grown prettier and sweeter looking, and you feel as does a working man who's saying as he looks at her that she's the leaven that would leaven the whole lump of the Gould graspiness. There's a four-in-hand coming which looks extremely smart. It is driven by a man who likes to think he looks like an Englishman, but he doesn't—he looks like an Englishman's valet—that's the mistake that kind of a cad generally makes. His father made a huge fortune in a bakery. It commenced with a few loaves of home made bread and gradually grew into steam bakeries all over the city, and the son is doing his best to make the world forget that his father was an honest man, by behaving like a fool and having the people who eat his dinners, accept his invitations to drive, go to his theatre parties, laugh at him. Oh, you see Vanity Fair in the park. It's the one place in the world where, if you will stay long enough and look at everything with a philosophical eye, you will come away perfectly satisfied with your own station in life.

The monocle fad has struck the women of New York and struck them at the wrong time and in the wrong way. Last year, when the so called swagger set in London and Paris assumed the tiny monocle with its gold rim, the directoire coat was being worn and it was perfectly proper to have the monocle swung on its black ribbon around the neck, for the ladies of the directoire wore them so. But with a tailor made frock, or any ordinary gown, the monocle was simply an exhibition of a woman's ignorance of the history of costume as well as a bit suggestive of her being a little loud. The first one seen in New York was worn by the Baroness Blanc, who had a perfect directoire costume, a copy of the famous picture in the Louvre of Mile. Raimonde, who in the days when Napoleon was director of the fate of France, was the leading actress at the Comedie Francaise. The Baroness Blanc wore a black silk skirt quite plain, and gathered just enough at the top to be graceful. Over this came the long coat of diagonal cloth, in color a perfect Lincoln green. The waistcoat was a long one of white brocade flowered in rose color and belted in at the waist line with a broad black ribbon belt. A jabot of old rose point lace was just below the high ribbon stock and it was caught in place by a moonstone brooch. The monocle was on an inch wide ribbon, long enough to throw over the shoulders, hang a little distance in the back and rest just on the edge of the jabot. It was never used, it was only worn as the finishing touch to the costume. The hat was a large one of green felt, turned up quite near the front and caught there with a bunch of full black feathers. The gloves were black undressed kid, wrinkled at the wrist, just as they were worn in the time of the pretty actress and just as they are worn today. The monocle in the eye, though it is affected by a few women in New York, never obtained in Paris or London, except among the members of the demi-monde, who, unfortunately, the American woman too often copies.

That pink and white young woman was Miss Mabel Wright, who has been called such a beauty, and who was more than ever talked about when she married the divorced brother-in-law of the Duchess of Manchester. Her hair was exquisite, being that perfect blonde so seldom seen except on the heads of babies, but she lacked expression. Her discovery was very funny. One morning at Narragansett one of the gilded youths went in bathing very early. Suddenly as he was swimming far out there seemed to come from the depths of the deep blue sea a mermaid whose long yellow hair was floating in the water. With his mouth full of salt it was rather difficult for a stuttering young man to speak, but he managed to gasp out, "Are you Venus?" Nobody knows what she answered to this, but an introduction to two or three fashionable women over at Newport followed and Miss Mabel Wright got in the swim from knowing how to float successfully. Skillful, wasn't it?

KATE KEARNEY.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

AN ANGRY CONGRESSMAN.

He Is Having a Lively Controversy with an Editor.

Some days ago Hon. James Phelan, member of congress from the Tenth district of Tennessee, sent a telegram to Col. John M. Fleming, editor of The Knoxville Sentinel, which the latter construed as a challenge to fight a duel. Fleming made the telegram public, and wrote an open letter to Phelan, in which he said:

"You hold a seat in congress from a district in Tennessee. You have assumed to become a teacher of the children of the state, as a historian in the public schools. You ought to know, and are presumed to know, the constitutional and legal penalties against giving and sending or accepting a challenge to fight a duel. You ought to know that in almost every possible aspect of the business it is a felony, punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary."

The editor declined to fight, but intimated that if assaulted he recognized perfectly the right of self defense. Mr. Phelan responded with a statement of the causes of the difficulty, which he closes with these words:

JAMES PHELAN.

"In making this statement I have, as far as possible, avoided making comments. And especially have I tried to observe that tone of exact courtesy which the world accords women and those who, as the closing scene of the role of bully, plead a contempt for the frequently contemptible 'code of honor.'"

The difficulty between the two originated some time ago. The congressman wrote a history of Tennessee; the editor criticised it; personal letters were exchanged, cards appeared in various southern papers, and now the quarrel has grown so bitter that at least one of the men thinks it calls for blood.

Phelan is serving his second term in congress and is well liked by his associates. Fleming is twenty years his senior and has been a prominent figure in Tennessee official and political life.

An Ingenious Time Signal.

The Fontaine automatic railroad time signal and mile post is the name of a device which seems destined to exercise a potent influence in preventing railroad accidents. The apparatus consists of mechanism by means of which the engineer of one train can tell just how far ahead of him a preceding train is, and thus enable him to keep a safe distance in the rear. A lever projecting to the rail is acted upon by the locomotive wheels in such a way as to set the mechanism connected with a dial at work. As soon as the train passes the dial marks time up to twenty minutes, and the engineer of the next train knows just how to regulate his speed.—Exchange.

He Died a Pig Head.

The elder Dumas held that no one in the world was his equal in a literary point of view, and that no one else could write anything worth reading. When anything was found he got over it by declaring that it was something stolen from himself. He died expecting civilization to go backwards.—Detroit Free Press.

THE KING CORN GROWER.

DR. WOLFE, OF CINCINNATI, AND HIS WONDERFUL GOLDEN EAR.

He Made Jerry Rusk, Secretary of Agriculture, Acknowledge His Sovereignty. The Doctor's Experiments on His Mammoth Western Ranch.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, April 24.—One day last week a short, robust old man, who wore a slouch hat and carried a large grip sack in his hand, called at the department of agriculture and sent his card to Secretary Rusk. He was shown in.

"You are Jerry Rusk?" he asked, putting down his grip sack.

"Yes; and you?"

"I am the King Corn Grower of America."

SECRETARY RUSK BEATEN.

"Glad to meet you, Mr. King Corn Grower. Have you some specimens of your skill with you? If so, trot 'em out."

The visitor opened his big carpet bag and took out an astonishing number of little tin boxes, like a prestidigateur producing flowers from the inner recesses of a silk hat. He removed the sliding lids of these boxes, of which there were thirty, and spread them out on the secretary's desk. There were thirty small masses of corn, a chromatic scale in maize. Box No. 1 was full of kernels almost as white as periwinkles, while box No. 30 was as black as darkness. All the tints and shades known to the chemist were to be found in this product of a corn field laboratory.

"And here are some of the emblems of my royalty," said the visitor, diving deep down into his carpet sack and bringing forth two or three long yellow wands, set with rows of golden drops.

"You think that a kingly ear of corn, do you?" exclaimed the secretary of agriculture. "You think it can't be beat? Well, wait here one minute and I'll take the conceit out of you."

Uncle Jerry touched his electric bell button, and in a couple of minutes he held in his hand a long ear of corn.

"Now, size up here with me," he exclaimed, merrily; "now we'll see if you are the King Corn Grower of America. Measure up, now!"

But lo and behold! the ear of yellow corn which for many months had been the pride of the department of agriculture was shorter by an inch or more than the ear which the visitor held aloft in triumph.

"I acknowledge the corn," said the secretary; "you are king; but now give us an account of yourself."

The visitor needed no second invitation.

"My name is Wolfe—Dr. N. B. Wolfe—of Cincinnati," said he. "I practiced medicine for thirty-five years. Now I have retired and become a farmer."

"Being a millionaire, you can afford to till the soil," interjected the secretary.

"Yes, and let me tell you what I have done with the soil. Let me talk corn to you. Some years ago I purchased four sections of land, 2,560 acres, in Reno county, Kansas, intending to have a cattle range. Mr. Secretary, you never saw a prettier piece of land. A stream runs through it, and it lies as a great basin, from the rim of which every other spot of its surface can be seen. In May, 1888, I gave orders to have one of the sections put under plow. To do this, the season being late, thirty breakers were set to work turning over the thick turf. Our furrows were a mile long. How long do you think it took us to break and plant a square mile of ground? Just twenty-two days. In the history of farming in Kansas never has so much been done in so short a time. Forty men and 125 horses did the work. Of course that year's crop of 'sod' corn didn't amount to much. It was not expected to.

"Last spring we began preparations for raising a real crop of corn. I had some ideas of my own about corn planting, and I put them into operation. The soil had not been touched for a year, but now we put the listers in, plowing out furrows ten inches deep, with a two inch subsoiler following to pulverize a soft bed in which to plant and bury the seed. Again, our furrows were a mile long, and by the time the three or four horses attached to each plow had dragged a heavy lister sixteen times across the field they were tired enough to quit for the day. Plowing and planting were done at the same time. When we had finished our field it looked like a lake on a breezy day. There was a succession of little ridges about three feet apart, and their crests rising a foot above the furrows which ran between them. In the bottoms of these furrows the corn grew, and when it had attained a height of four or five inches the crests of the furrows were harrowed off and the earth thus disturbed fell into the furrows and covered the plant completely. The surface of the field was now perfectly level again, and no corn could be seen. In a short time the bright green blades reappeared, and when they had grown up six or eight inches the cultivators were set to work shoveling the earth toward the plant. Twice afterward the cultivators went through the field, and when the corn was up 15 or 18 inches, and again when it was about 30 inches. Then the crop was laid by to make itself."

"And how did the crop do?" asked the secretary of agriculture, now thoroughly interested.

"How did it do? Just wait till you hear the figures. Every grain of seed seemed to have fructified. Every stalk bore a good ear, many two ears. When we came to harvest we found a great deal of corn. It seemed as if the heaps never would stop growing in my cribs. It was a perfect mountain of corn. Why, from the 500 acres devoted to this crop 38,500 bushels of first class corn were gathered, shelled, measured and weighed. From 140 acres of oats, the remainder of the section, the yield was 5,800 bushels, giving us a total of 44,000 bushels of grain—the largest crop ever gathered from one section of land in America.

"Just think what a quantity of grain that is, Mr. Secretary," continued Dr. Wolfe, with the genuine enthusiasm of a farmer, a statistician and an economist combined in one. "It would load nearly a thousand wagons and would fill three freight trains, each composed of thirty-five cars. It is a greater quantity of grain than was imported by the United States in the last fiscal year. What would the farmers of Germany, of Holland or England think of a crop like that? And this must the more amaze us when we reflect that my farm is right in the midst of what was once known as the "Great American" desert—the region of which the authoritative Humboldt, whose word no one ever dared dispute, wrote 'it is as sterile as Sahara.'"

"I have been out in that country," said Secretary Rusk, "and I saw no desert there. Do you think it ever was a desert?"

"I do not. While it is true that vegetable life has never manifested itself luxuriantly in this region, and that it was apparently barren, I have my own theory as to the causes. The land was always rich, was always waiting to be tickled with the plow and smile in return with a bountiful crop, but it was for an unknown period of time the runway for millions of buffalo which traveled north every spring and south every fall. The hoofs of the buffalo destroyed the grass roots, and gave to geography that immense fiction, 'The Great American Desert.' In 1870 the herds of buffalo became sensibly reduced in number, and in the fall of 1874 the bison disappeared from the plains of Kansas, never more to return. Coincident with his disappearance the grass began to grow on the hitherto dusty plains, and now it carpets the earth richly with green. Some say the buffalo enriched the soil and made it possible for the grass to grow, but I do not believe the fertility of the earth depends on top dressing. By planting the seed deep in the ground the germ reaches the electricity of the earth, and from this relation is nourished into life and stimulated into development. My crop of corn, twice or three times as great as that harvested by my neighbors, who plant in the old way, near the surface, attests the correctness of this theory. I did not make any money on my crop—no one can make money raising corn at present prices—but I succeeded in accomplishing what I started out to do, and that was to give the American farmer an object lesson in the value of going below the surface of the ground with seed which is to make his crops."

"I guess we shall have to confirm your title as the King Corn Grower of America," said Secretary Rusk.

"Thanks for that. I confess I am an enthusiast on the subject of corn. All my life, though engaged in the practice of medicine, I have kept close watch of the agricultural interests of our country. See how corn has entered into our national life. It is the one distinctively American product of the farm. It is a plant of American origin. In the universality of its uses, and its intrinsic importance to mankind, no other grain can be compared with it. Readily adapting itself to every variety of climate and soil, it is grown from the warmest regions of the torrid zone to the land of short summers in northern Canada. The first settlers learned from the Indians how to grow it, and a distinguished historian once told me the first larceny committed in America was when a party of Puritans stole the horde of corn from an Indian village in Massachusetts. The James river settlers, taught the art of corn raising by the Indians, had thirty acres under cultivation within three years after their arrival. It is a curious circumstance that the James river Indians and

THIRTY PLOWS TOGETHER.

the New England Indians had precisely the same method of planting. They dug little holes in the ground and put small fishes in along with the seed. At Plymouth in 1625 a writer said: 'You may see in one township a hundred acres together set with these small herrings or shads, every acre taking a thousand of them; and an acre thus dressed will produce so much corn as three acres without fish.' Ah, Mr. Secretary, if they had only had my deep planting along with the herring in each hill!

"Undoubtedly corn saved the early settlements in America. But for maize the first colonists would have perished, and this continent would now be a century or two behind the present mark. Corn saved the day for our forefathers when they struggled for independence. Without corn there would have been no revolution—no great republic to lead the world into new paths of government. In the struggle between north and south in the late war it was corn against cotton—two agricultural kings in mortal combat—and corn was the victor. Why should I not love this beautiful plant?

"Moreover," continued the doctor, placing his hand on the shoulder of the secretary of agriculture, "corn is today used for food, directly and indirectly, by a greater number of the earth's inhabitants than any other article. Mr. Martin, of the New York Produce Exchange, whom I met only this morning at the hotel, told me corn was never so popular in Europe as it is today. The demand for it over there is so great that the export is limited only by the vessel room available. Yet it is within my recollection and yours, Mr. Secretary, when the exports were a mere trifle. I remember reading as late as 1847 an official report which stated in effect that the value of Indian corn had been heightened by the recent introduction of it into Great Britain, and that while it had not at once received universal approbation there was reason to believe it would win more favor there when more pains were taken to prepare it for a foreign market. When you and I were boys, Mr. Secretary, a few ships could hold all the corn that was exported from our shores. Now whole fleets sail with their holds full of the yellow grain and come back for more. Corn has literally conquered the earth, and yet we of the prairies burn it in our stoves."

"Why?"

"There is too much corn. Much as I love this royal grain, my eyes are not blinded. Corn is king, but we do not need to make it a tyrant. We must dethrone it. Thirty years ago the good people of a section of our country thought cotton was king, that it ruled the land. One day a 'mudsill' rose in his place in congress, armed with official documents, and made the astounding statement that the hay crop of the country quite doubled the value of the crop of cotton. This hitherto undiscovered fact disturbed the stability of the Union. It recast the constitution, freed slaves, made a new nation. We do not want kings on our farms. Kings are un-American. We must dethrone corn, and in his place set a republic of diversified crops. We need more wheat, oats, rye, barley, sorghum, beans, peas, beets, goobers, hemp and tobacco. Our bins and barns are literally bursting with corn, for which there is no market at a price that will repay first cost. Corn absorbs too much of our energies, exacts too much of his subjects."

And when the shades of evening fell, and the typewriter girls, and the seed girls, and the clerks and every one was gone, there sat short Dr. Wolfe and tall Secretary Rusk, still talking corn.

WALTER WELLMAN.

A NEW SWINDLE.

How Certain New Yorkers Have Been "Done Up" of Late.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 24.—The ingenuity of the New York sharper is proverbial, but the latest swindling scheme that has been developed really soars into the realms of high art. It is being worked by a very clever couple—a medium sized, rather nice looking man, and a delicate, modest appearing woman. How many times they have been successful is not known, for the police have not, as yet, been informed of their operations. I only heard of it by accident.

While at lunch with some friends one day this week an old friend of mine joined the party. For the better appreciation of the story, I may be permitted to remark that he is a solid and prosperous looking citizen of benevolent appearance.

"When I was coming from my house to the elevated station," he began, with the air of a man who has a story to tell, "there came round the corner, just in front of me, a pretty, modest looking little woman trying to lead a very drunken man. The fellow was well dressed and not bad looking, but he was horribly drunk. He would lurch over against her every few steps and nearly knocked her over several times. Through it all he was good natured, even drunkenly affectionate.

"As I passed them he lurched against me and the woman, who naturally seemed much distressed, spoke: 'Would you be so kind as to help me take my husband home,' she said. 'It is only around the corner, but I'm afraid he will push me down; he's been out all night and I must get him home.' The appeal was so simple and pathetic that I of course took hold of his other arm and steadied him around the corner and saw him safe in the hallway of one of the big flats. I noticed that he lurched up against me once or twice, but I thought nothing of it until I reached the City hall station, when I went to look at my watch. It was gone, and my pocketbook had evidently departed to keep it company. He certainly could not have picked my pocket if he had been as drunk as he seemed to be," concluded the old gentleman sagaciously.

"That was this morning?" queried a member of the party, who had listened to the recital with much interest.

"Yes."

"Well, I guess it must be the same couple who played exactly the same game on me one day last week. They took $180 in cash and a $200 watch from me."

"Well, they only got fifty odd dollars from me, but my watch was worth $200," said the first speaker. "I went to inquire about them at the flat, but no such people lived there. They probably only stood in the hallway until I got out of sight."

"Why don't you apply to the police?" I inquired.

"I'd rather bear the loss than have the story with my name in the papers," they chorused in answer.

And so this ingenious couple are probably going on reaping a rich harvest among kindly disposed people. There are two middle aged gentlemen in New York, however, who, if they see a man zigzagging down the street under the guidance of a quiet little woman, will let him zigzag, philanthropy being, in their opinions, too expensive.

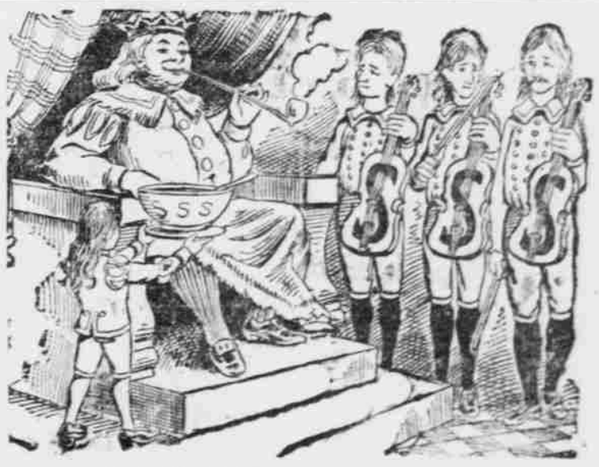
ALLAN FORMAN.

The Course of Love in Arcadia.

One Sunday, after a preacher had finished his sermon in one of the rural districts, a young couple stood up before him to be united in the holy bonds of matrimony. The parson asked the usual question: "If any one objects to the marriage of A and B let him now speak or forever after hold his peace." After a short pause he was about to proceed with the ceremony, when a young man, minus coat, with unkempt hair, dirty face and red eyes, arose and blubberingly said: "Mr. Preacher, I object. Lizzie has promised to marry me, and she has got my ring on her finger, and 'cause Bob gave her a young filly and has a new house she has flung me off."

The indignant bride retorted by flinging the ring to him. She then, turning to the person, said: "I did not promise to marry Jake. He gave me the ring and I return it to him. I wouldn't marry him if he were the last man under the sun." Jake ran out of the church without picking up the ring, while the ceremony was finished in the most approved style, and the young couple left for the groom's home amid much rejoicing.—Americus (Ga.) Recorder.

A mustache trainer has appeared. It is an elastic, curved strip of thin metal, at either end of which is secured an adjustable plate, faced on the inner side with soft cloth, in order that the machine may comfortably clasp the ends of the mustache. The latter is carefully arranged at night or during periods of seclusion and the trainer fixed upon it.



OLD KING COLE
Was a merry old soul,
A merry old soul was he;
He called for his bowl,
He called for his pipe,
He called for his S's three.

This old king was a jolly man, because he was healthy. He was healthy because he kept his blood pure. In these days it is easy not only for kings, but for the humblest subjects to keep their blood in good condition by the use of S. S. S.

WALDO, FLA., Feb. 11th, '90.—I suffered with Eczema for about two years, and was advised to use S. S. S. I am happy to say that after the use of six bottles I was entirely cured, and never lose an opportunity of recommending it to any one I find suffering from any disease of the blood.
MRS. S. RENAULT.

WEST TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.—I weighed 116 pounds when I commenced taking your medicine, and now I weigh 152 pounds. I have an appetite now like a strong man. I would not be without S. S. S. for seven times its weight in gold.
C. E. MITCHELL.

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Including Lines East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND, DAVENPORT, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, WATERTOWN, SIOUX FALLS, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS CITY, TOPEKA, DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO. Free Reclining Chair Cars to and from CHICAGO, CALDWELL, HUTCHINSON and DODGE CITY, and Palace Sleeping Cars between CHICAGO, WICHITA and HUTCHINSON. Daily Trains to and from KINGFISHER, in the Indian Territory.
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