Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Secret Societies.

I. O. O. F.—West Side Lodge No. 34, meets every Wednesday evening in Martinson block.

I. O. O. F.—North Wichita lodge, No. 345, meets every Monday evening at 522 North Main st.
W. B. WALK, N. G. G. G. NORDWALK, V. G.
L. A. BONE, Rec. Sec'y. L. P. SMITH, Per. sec'y.

IDA REBECCA, No. 175, I. O. O. F. meets every Friday evening.

A. F. & A. M.—Sunflower lodge meets in Pelton block, West side, every second and fourth Tuesday.

K. OF P.—Warwick lodge, No. 41, meets every Monday evening at Castle Hall over 128-130 North Main Street. Visiting Knights are cordially invited.
EARL BLAKE, C. C.
WM. A. WILLSON, Jr., K. of R. S. W. A. HART, M. of F.

CRAWFORD GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
L. M. Crawford, Owner, G. S. Rowen, Mgr.
ONE WEEK, COMMENCING MONDAY, DEC. 17
MATINEE SATURDAY 2:30 P. M.
The Charming Comedienne
MISS MAUDIE PHELPS,
and the eccentric comedian
MR. EDWIN R. WHELAN,
in a repertoire of original comedies and dances.
Down the Slope, Little Ferret,
An American Hero, Gur Jennie,
A Midnight Call, Chuckle.
NEW SONGS, NEW DANCES.
Popular Prices—10, 20 and 30c.
P. S.—Any lady will be admitted free Monday night if accompanied by one paid 30c ticket. Tickets now on sale.

The ladies of Fairmount will give an

ART LOAN EXHIBIT

Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday afternoons of this week at the

Residence of Dr. Walter H. Graves

1626 Holyoke Avenue.

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LIBARAY OF FAIRMOUNT INSTITUTE.

Many rare and interesting curios will be on exhibition. All are invited. Light refreshments will be served. Admission 10 cents. Refreshments extra.

Gold Lettering and Marking neatly and quickly done at this office.

Christmas is Here.

So are holiday notions and fancy goods—very select—at Van Werden's Pharmacy, 328 North Main street. 28

For bran, ship, corn, oats and hay; W. F. Puckett 119 W. Douglas. d&w5tf

Does Parrett frame your pictures? If not, why not? 153 North Main. 22-10t

Try Wallace's clam bouillon, beef tea and chocolate. 331 East Douglas avenue. d26 1w

Butter Your Bread

With fresh and sweet country butter. Tapp Bros. & Henshaw have it at only 25 cents per pound. 240 North Main st. tf

Special sale of sets of bread knives three pieces, for only 50 cents per set at Bissantz & Matthews, 123 East Douglas avenue. 28 5t

First in the Van.

With valuable holiday goods suitable for presents—a choice variety—at Van Werden's Pharmacy, 328 North Main. 28

Important

Change of time on Rock Island. In effect Sunday, Dec. 2. Train No. 2, Chicago mail and express, will leave Wichita at 9:10 a. m. instead of 9:40 a. m.
J. H. PHILLIPS,
14 tf Agent.

The only hot soda in town at Wallace's drug store. d26 1w

Save Money.

And at the same time get the best groceries and general family supplies, by placing your order with Tapp Bros. & Henshaw, 240 North Main St. d20-tf

Toilet Cases.

Unique and original in design and very attractive at Van Werden's Pharmacy, 328 North Main. 28

Dr. J. E. Jennings, oculist of St. Louis, will be in this city from December 22 to December 31. Can be consulted at his home, 813 North Lawrence avenue for one week. 27-tf

Special sale of sets of bread knives, three pieces, for only 50 cents per set at Bissantz & Matthews, 123 East Douglas avenue. 28 5t

Special sale of pictures at Martin's Art Store, 151 North Main. d20-10t

Ladies

Will find a very select line of Perfumes and Toilet Soaps at Van Werden's Pharmacy, 328 North Main. 28

Several Thousand

Pair sample shoes for men, women and children, on sale by retail at wholesale prices by Tapp Bros. & Henshaw, 240 North Main st. 23tf

I will pay cash for claims against the Wichita National bank. Parties holding receivers' certificates call on me.
15-tf EDWARD VAIL.

HOLIDAY RATES

Via Santa Fe Route.

Do you intend to go or let your family go and spend Christmas and New Year's with the folks? If so, they want a cheap and comfortable trip. Why not take the Santa Fe? As usual we offer the public a rate of one and one-third fare for the round trip for distances not to exceed 200 miles. Dates of sale Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 31, 1894, and January 1st, 1895, tickets good for return up to and including January 24, 1895. All information cheerfully given. Call and see us before you start. City ticket office No. 158 North Main street or Douglas avenue station. tf

TEACHERS' EXCURSION, TOPEKA.

Via Santa Fe Route.

One of the largest gatherings of the holiday time will be the thirty-second annual reunion of the Kansas State Teachers' association to be held at Topeka December 26, 27 and 28, 1894. A very attractive program has been prepared for this occasion. The musical feature promises to be an attractive one to the teachers and their friends who desire to attend. The Santa Fe route will sell tickets at $4.02 for the round trip on December 25 and 26, limited to return until January 2, 1895. Remember, the Santa Fe route runs three trains daily between Wichita and Topeka, without change, equipped with chair cars and Pullmans, making it the most desirable line for comfort as well as pleasure. For further particulars call at city ticket office, 158 North Main street or Douglas avenue station.

Excursion via Great Rock Island Railway.

On Nov. 20, Dec. 4 and 18 the Great Rock Island will sell round trip tickets to all points in Texas, Oklahoma and Indian territory for one fare plus $2. Ticket will be good for 20 days, with stop over in each direction. For further information call at Rock Island ticket office, corner Main and Douglas. J. H. PHILLIPS,
160 3t City Ticket Agent.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE R.R.

TRAINS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE.
NORTH AND EAST.		
No. 414 Kansas City Exp'ss		7 50 A
No. 406 Chicago Vestibule Fast Express	12 50 P M	12 40 P M
No. 408 Missouri River Express	8 15 P M	8 25 P M
*No. 458 Englewood Exp'ss	3 10 P M	
No. 418 Local Freight	3 30 P M	3 55 P M
No. 428 Passg'r	7 15 p m	
SOUTH AND WEST.		
No. 407 Oklahoma City and Fort Worth Express	6 50 A M	7 00 A M
No. 427 Caldwell and Pan Handle Express		7 05 A M
No. 405 Fort Worth, Galveston and Texas thro'gh Express	7 05 P M	7 15 P M
No. 415 Wichita Express	5 00 P M	
*No. 457 Englewood Accom.		6 30 A M
No. 417 Local Freight	12 15 P M	1 10 P M

* Daily except Sunday.

WICHITA AND WESTERN.

ARRIVE FROM WEST.	
*No. 430, Pratt and Kingman accommodation	12 25 p m
DEPART WEST.	
*No. 431, Kingman and Pratt accommodation	7 30 a m

* Daily except Sunday.

ST. LOUIS & SAN FRANCISCO R. R.

TRAINS.	ARRIVE	DEPARTS
No. 1 west bound also to Elsworth daily	5 20 a m	5 25 a m
No. 3 west bound Elsworth daily	1 55 p m	5 00 p m
No. 4 east bound daily	10 15 a m	10 40 a m
No. 2 east bound daily	10 50 p m	10 55 p m

MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY.

TRAINS.	ARRIVE	LEAVE
EAST.		
No 52 Kansas City and St. Louis Express	8 50 p.m.	9 00 p.m
No 54 St. Louis Mail and Express	10 50 a.m.	11 45 a.m
WEST.		
No 53 St. Louis Mail and Express	4 25 p.m.	
No 55 Denver Mail and Express		5 45 p.m
*No 57 Hutchinson & Geneseo Mixed Local	7 15 a.m.	7 35 a.m
*No 58 Hutchinson & Gen'eseo Mixed Local	6 40 p.m.	
SOUTHWEST.		
No 451 Anthony and Kiowa Express	7:15 a.m.	7:30 a.m
No 455 Conway Springs and Anthony Mixed Local	4:25 p.m.	4:45 p.m

*Daily except Sunday.

Trains designated as local or mixed do not run on Sunday.

For full information call at city ticket office, 164 Main street.

Depot corner Second and Wichita streets.

E. E. BECKLEY, P. and T. A.

TIME TABLE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY.

("Great Rock Island Route.")

In effect, commencing April 30th.

TRAINS.	ARRIVE.	LEAVE
GOING NORTH AND EAST.		
No. 2 Kansas City St. Louis and Chicago limited, daily	9 05 A M	9 10 A M
No. 4 Colorado Springs, Denver and Pacific Coast Express daily	9 05 A M	9 10 A M
No. 6 Kansas City St. Louis and Chicago night ex. daily, except Sunday	11 10 P M	11 15 P M
No. 12 Accommodation, daily, except Sunday	11 46 A M	12 01 P M
GOING SOUTH AND WEST.		
No. 1. Oklahoma and Texas express daily	7 02 P M	7 07 P M
No. 3. Ft. Worth, New Orleans and Pacific Coast ex. daily	7 02 P M	7 07 P M
No. 5. Oklahoma ex. daily except Sunday	5 13 A M	5 18 A M
No. 31. Accom. daily except Sunday	2 40 P M	3 75 P M

Elegant reclining chair cars on all trains, and Pullman sleepers from Wichita to Kansas City and Chicago without change on night trains. Tickets sold and baggage checked through to all points north, south, east and west, and steamship tickets sold to all European points at lowest rates. City ticket office 103 East Douglas avenue, corner Main street; passenger station corner Douglas and Mead avenues. Telephone 183.

J. H. PHILLIPS, Ticket Agent.
J. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ill.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Used by millions of mothers.

Cut Rates to Chicago via Rock Island Railway.

Commencing today, Nov. 27th, the Great Rock Island will sell tickets to Chicago at reduced rates. For further information call at Rock Island Ticket office, corner Main and Douglas. J. H. PHILLIPS.
d9 tf

Hack Line.

Exchange stables at Orlando and Still water. We make a specialty of carrying passengers between these points. Traveling men's patronage solicited.
SHIVELY, VANWYCK & SHIVELY.

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS.

Santa Fe Route.

Will sell excursion tickets to all points not exceeding 200 miles distant at rate of one and one-third fare for round trip, dates of sale Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 31, 1894, and January 1st, 1895, tickets good to return up to and including January 2, 1895. For other information call at city ticket office 158 North Main street or Douglas avenue station. tf

HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

Via the Missouri Pacific Railway.

On Dec. 22, 23, 24, 25, 30 and 31, 1894, and on January 1, 1895, the Missouri Pacific railway will sell tickets to all points within 200 miles at one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets good to return January 2, 1895. In order to accommodate students attending college who desire to go home to spend the holidays the Missouri Pacific Railway company will sell tickets at one and one-third fare, commencing Friday, Dec. 21, in addition to dates named above, to any point within the state of Kansas regardless of distance. In order to receive benefit of this special offer students must present certificates from the principal or faculty of the college with which they are connected. For further particulars call on
E. E. BLECKLEY,
P. & T. A., Mo. Pac. Ry.,
114 North Main Street.

Change of Time on Missouri Pacific.

Commencing Sunday, Nov. 25, a new time card will go into effect. The most important change will be in train No. 454 which now leaves Wichita for the east at 1 o'clock p. m. This train will leave Wichita Nov. 25 at 11:45 a. m., arriving at St. Louis next morning at 6:50. It will make direct connections at Yates Center with the through Hot Springs train from Kansas City, arriving at Little Rock next morning at 8 o'clock and Hot Springs at 11:10 a. m. Other changes in the time card will be shown in local time card in this paper. 7

California Tourist Car.

Commencing Nov. 7 the Great Rock Island Railway have put in service a California Tourist Car, which leaves Wichita every Wednesday at 7:07 p. m. and runs through to Los Angeles without change. Parties anticipating a trip to California should make their reservation in advance. For further information write or call on
J. H. PHILLIPS,
150 tf City Ticket Agent.

Good Advice.

Little Girl—How did you scratch your nose?

Wheelman—Bicycling.

Little Girl (thoughtfully)—You shouldn't ride with your nose so close to the ground.—Good News.

A Concession.

Pater—I will never consent to your marrying young Harduppe, my dear. Why, he does nothing—absolutely nothing—but smoke cigarettes!

The Heiress—But, papa, he has promised to stop that.—Brooklyn Life.

TREED BY A MOOSE

Uncomfortable Predicament of a New England Nimrod.

A Fine Piece of Strategy Let Him Out of His Disagreeable Position, However—A Decidedly Unique Hunting Adventure.

T. G. Lancey, of Pittsfield, Mass., arrived home from a hunting expedition Monday night with three fine deer and a magnificent bull moose. Ben Seward and F. C. Pooler, of Skowhegan, who were with him, had three deer apiece. The moose measures over six feet in height, has a fine set of antlers and dressed 700 pounds. The animal is one of the biggest of his species which has been brought down from the Moosehead region this year and excited much admiration in Bangor. But Tom wears his honors meekly, and modestly refrains from dwelling on the stirring incidents attending the big animal's capture. The other members of the party, however, talk freely of them.

The party, it seems, camped for ten days or so in the vicinity of Spencer bay on Maine's principal lake. They found good sport, had a most enjoyable time roughing it, and on Monday morning embarked on one of the smaller Moosehead steamers for the foot of the lake, homeward bound, each having as many deer as the law allows. As the boat proceeded down the bay Tom sat upon the deck cleaning his trusty rifle and meditating somewhat gloomily upon the fact that he had only three deer to carry home as the result of his prowess. Little did he dream of the startling adventure which he was destined to figure in within the hour. Suddenly as the boat entered the narrow outlet leading from the bay to the main lake a big moose was sighted swimming across. The steamer was headed for him, and as it drew into rifle shot Tom leveled his rifle and fired. The others had by this time got their rifles out and also opened fire. As the moose reached bottom and broke for the woods Tom got in another shot, and the big animal disappeared from view.

Tom and his companions, as the boat approached the shore and stopped, quickly launched a canoe which was on board and landed. Tom at once took the trail of the moose, while the others bore off in another direction to head it off. The trail led into the forest for half a mile, and then turned abruptly to the left across the point in the direction of the main lake. Tom burried on, intent on his prey. All at

HE MOUNTED A DEAD TREE.

once in a thick scrub growth he sighted the moose very near at hand. It was plainly wounded, but not mortally. The beast turned savagely upon his pursuer, who, taken somewhat by surprise, quickly observed the first law of nature and got out of the way. He nimbly mounted a dead tree which stood slightly leaning close at hand, and was breathlessly poised thereon in a safe position by the time the huge beast paused, baffled and furious, beneath him. But he had dropped his rifle in his hasty ascent, and the bold hunter was now unarmed except for his blood-stained sheath knife. Tom now began to realize that things were getting serious. He had heard of the fury of wounded bull moose, and had listened to such accounts with impatience. But now he thoroughly respected the monarch of the forest if never before. The furious onslaughts of the maddened brute began to tell on the decaying tree in which he was perched. It might succumb perhaps to the next. His thoughts reverted to his beautiful native town, his pleasant home, his bright future prospects, as he seriously meditated upon his present perilous position. Something must be done at once, or he might fall a victim to the frantic bull.

What did he do? What could he do! His friends were out of hearing, the bull was raging beneath in fierce, but as yet futile, endeavors to dislodge him. All at once a flash of inspiration such as comes to a man but once in a lifetime burst upon him. If he could regain his rifle he could yet bring down his game and escape with his life. And he would do it. Within reach he noticed a strong sapling, which he calculated would bend to the ground beneath his weight, and then the impetus of a quick jump and the rebound of the sapling would bring him back to his place of temporary safety again. Watching his opportunity, Tom executed this maneuver, and before the mighty beast could whirl and reach him he had gone down with the sapling, grabbed his rifle, jumped for his life, and the little tree bore him up to a point from which he clambered safely upon his insecure perch again. Then, after partially regaining his breath, Tom took deliberate aim and shot the moose through the heart. That settled him.

Summoning his companions and the boat's crew the moose was dressed and dragged to the shore, a short distance away, got upon the steamer and triumphantly transported to Pittsfield. Tom won't admit the full measure of these adventures, but this can be attributed to his natural modesty.

A MODERN JONAH.

Only Roland Was Swallowed by an Alligator Instead of a Whale.

Ed Roland, of New York, was in the city the other day, says the Rome (Ga.) Hustler. He enjoys the distinction of being the only person living who was swallowed by an alligator. The saurian swallows his prey whole and digests it at leisure, and it is to this characteristic that Roland owes his life.

When a boy his parents owned a winter home near Sanford, Fla., which is near Dunn's creek, where there are still more alligators than can be found any place else in Florida. At the time mentioned it was literally swarming with the huge reptiles, and the largest ever killed were secured here, one measuring over fifteen feet in length. Young Roland had gone with his

THE REPTILE SWALLOWED HIM.

parents to a point on the St. John's river, near the mouth of Dunn's creek, and wandered away from them.

Suddenly a huge "'gator" emerged from a small lake and started toward the creek, coming immediately by the place where the boy was seated on the bank kicking pebbles. The child started to run but, stumbling, fell head first immediately in front of the reptile, which swallowed him at once. Young Roland's screams were heard, and the parents reached the scene just in time to see their son disappear down the huge throat of the saurian. The father, never dreaming that the boy was not killed, shot the alligator, the ball fortunately striking him in the eye and penetrating the brain. The feet of the boy were protruding from the mouth of the alligator, and with the thought of only obtaining his remains for burial, the reptile was cut open. There were signs of life, and after several hours of hard work the father succeeded in resuscitating the boy, the only serious injury being to his ankles, which had been crushed by the reptile's teeth when he was in the throes of death. Since that time Roland has been a cripple, but only to the extent of having to wear steel braces on his ankles.

QUEER PLAYMATES.

A Large Cat Chooses a Half-Blind Rat for Its Companion.

William Rogers, of Oak Park, a suburb of Chicago, has a cat that has made strange choice of a playmate. He is a large cat of the tortoise shell order and about a year old. Every morning he goes out to the barn and roams about till a queer gray rat emerges from the rubbish and joins him. The rat is not just what it should be in the matter of appearance. He seems to have met adversity of some kind or other and never to have gotten over it. His tail is shorter than nature intended it to be and he goes lame. He is evidently blind of one eye, for he runs against things on his left, while his right seems good as ever.

But the cat takes care of him. Perhaps he considers that the rat would not be especially toothsome, at the best. Whatever the cause, he goes out of the barn in company with the lame gray rodent, and makes the tour of the barnyard and the lumberyard, and then across to the railroad water tank, and then back to the barn. They are never more than five feet apart, the cat walking steadily along, as a cat should, the rat running forward a little way at a time and then waiting, crouching and sniffing, as is the way with rats. They get a drink from the pools at the water tank and then stroll back in the same manner. If anyone disturbs them both run, though the cat is not shy at other times.

For a long time Mr. Rogers thought the rat was quite blind and that the

HIS LITTLE PLAYMATES.

cat simply took him out and treated him, as a man might take a disabled and unfortunate friend. But he is now assured the rat can see with one eye at least.

Biggest Beet Ever Pulled.

Frank H. Lear, of Walnut township, Gallia county, O., claims to be the champion beet raiser. One that he pulled from his garden last week measured 30¼ inches in circumference and weighed 15 pounds.

Were Sweetly Affectionate.

Two thieves robbed a family at Waterloo, Mo., recently. After securing all the valuables about the house they kissed the old lady and her two daughters, after which all were left a friendly good night.

AT THE DENTIST'S.

"Well, John, has not a single patient arrived?"

"Guess not, doctor, but I'll look under the sofa—one may be hiding under it."—Fliegende Blaetter.

WHAT KILLED ZEKE

Strange Story from the Grazing District of Montana.

A Ranchman, Losing Heart on Account of Financial Troubles, Consents to Being a Pistol Target for One of His Friends.

A strange story of a suicide has reached Cascade, Mont., from the Sun river country. Zeke Tracey, a man of middle age and foreman of the Cross Bar ranch, appears to have given an excuse for this yarn, the truth of which is vouched for by such reliable ranchmen as Ted Osborne and Jack Flaherty. Tracey, it appears, came to this country about ten years ago. He said he was an Indianian, but there is reason to believe that he came from Fayette county, Pa. At any rate Tracey took up a claim near Birch creek, planted some trees, built a comfortable shack and started to raise cattle. He was getting along with profit to himself when of a sudden one night in March a blizzard swept over the country and destroyed nearly all his stock. Tracey took this misfortune philosophically. He had saved some money and with the capital he had in bank promptly restocked his range and set about to make another splurge in the business. Just as things were going right lightning struck his shack and burned it. Then a season of drought set in and Birch creek, which up to this time had been considered a live stream, dried up and left the stock without water. Cattle lay all along the white bed of the creek. And they all bore the brand of Tracey's iron. They lay with their tongues shriveled up and their eyes bulging out like door knobs to a drunken man.

Tracey lost heart and sold his range for a saddle, a bark-eating pony and a pair of new chaps. That was two years ago. Then he rode down from the north and struck the Sun river country, where he hired himself out as a foreman of the Cross Bar ranch.

Tracey was three years on the Cross Bar ranch. When the range got too short for cattle he was placed in charge of the 10,000 sheep that were turned loose on the stubble. There were months and months when the men at the shacks never saw him. He grew more and more morose and one day, after having rounded up his great drive of sheep, he sat down in the shack and wrote this letter to his friends along the Sun river:

CROSS BAR RANCH, Nov. 20.—I am sick of the whole thing. There is nothing in living and I am thinking of how I might shift the luck and tackle a new range as a dead man. If it is not spoiling any game will you kindly suggest a trail? Yours. TRACEY.

It takes time for letters to travel in this country. It was a week before he

THERE WAS A FLASH.

received an answer. After that the replies came thick and fast. Some of them were found in an old satchel which was stuffed away in the room where Zeke kept his saddle and ropes. One of them read as follows:

BROKEN WILLOW CREEK, ZEKE TRACEY—Your letter is at hand, and I take my pencil in hand to make a deal. I will give you a chance. You know I am pretty handy with the rope. Now here is the game. I will lope down to your shack with a horse-hair rope. You will meet me. We will hitch a six-shooter to the top of a post. You will plant yourself squarely in front of the gun—say thirty feet. Then I will half-cock the iron, move away sixty feet and make three swings at the hammer of the gun. If I don't rope it, throw the hammer back, fire the iron and carry you where you seem to want to go, you are to take three cracks at me, you to hold the gun. But mind you, I am to have three trials at the hammer with the rope. Please answer. BEN MYERS.

It is evident that Zeke thought well of the proposition, for it appears that he invited Myers to do his worst. The men were friends and it is probable that Myers, having no desire to see Zeke whet his mood with a gun play, suggested this outlandish method in the hope of staving off the herder's suicidal mania until such time as he should recover his mental balance. Myers appeared at the shack at the appointed time. His horse-hair rope was slung to his saddle. Zeke was ready for the experiment. The gun was securely fastened to a part of the barb wire fence, the hammer was lifted to a half-cock and then when all was in readiness Myers flung the coil at the stem of the blue steel. He missed it by a yard as he doubtless expected to do. Again he whirled his right arm about his head and an instant later the slender rope was spinning through the air. Its noose caught the hammer as snugly as though it had dropped over the head of a steer. There was a flash, a puff of smoke and a sharp explosion. Zeke stood upright for a moment. Then he tottered, and finally fell in the bunch grass, with a bullet squarely between the eyes. Myers was paralyzed with fear and terror. Had he attempted to rope the moon and succeeded he could not have been more surprised. Seizing the dead man about the waist he dragged the inanimate form to the shack and told the story of his strange experiment. The body was buried the next morning, near the spot where it fell. Osborne and Flaherty, range hands at the Cross Bar, rode in to Cascade, accompanied by Myers, who promptly surrendered himself to the sheriff. It is not likely that he will be tried, as it was a cast in a million, and will scarcely be accomplished again.

Still Keeping It Up.

Meekly the Kansas politicians awaited the word of the female Demosthenes.

"Will you support your husband?" they asked: "can we count upon you?"

"Yes," she snapped, as the color came to her sallow cheeks; "haven't I always done it?"

And then the oldest among them remembered that she had taken in washing before she became political lecturer.—Puck.

"Well,"

said the bright woman who had asked for Pearline, to the grocer who wanted to sell her some imitation of it "whether you do sell more of these other things or not, there must be something in Pearline which makes the flies avoid it. I notice that all the Pearline packages are clean and fresh. All the others are fly-specked!"

This is a true story. Everything is true that we print about Pearline. The thing in Pearline that keeps flies off is its popularity. It doesn't stay on the shelves long enough to become soiled. When women want washing made easy, without any risk of harm, they must have Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 427 JAMES PYLE, New York.

ALL HALLOWS ACADEMY

FOR CHOOL YEAR OF 1894-95.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

This Academy, established in 1887, is a boarding school for girls. It possesses every advantage that parents can desire for the general improvement of their children.

The site is attractive and, as experience has proved, most advantageous for the promotion of good health. The grounds are spacious, affording means for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise.

The course of study includes everything necessary for a complete and systematic training in all the branches of a refined and practical education. The Academy Conservatory affords every facility for attaining the highest proficiency in Music and Art.

For particulars, address SISTER SUPERIOR,
All Hallows Academy, Wichita, Kansas.

A COWBOY AT SIX.

He Owns a Herd of Over One Hundred Head of Cattle.

The youngest cowboy and herd-owner in the world is said to be Logan Mulhall, who lives in Indian territory, and who has lately passed his sixth birthday. He owns a herd of over a hundred head of cattle, which are distinguished by his private brand, and the brand is duly registered as his, in accordance with the laws of the territory. The little cowboy became a herd-owner only a few months ago, but he is a bright and energetic little chap, and seems to be well acquainted with his business. He has his own bunch of horses and hires his help, though he does a good deal of the work on his ranch himself. Not a day passes but he rides at least three miles about his herd. He is reported to be worth $1,200, and "persons who ought to know" estimate that his profits will not be less than $500 a year, which would be fabulous wealth to most six-year-old boys. In order to live up to his character of cowboy he has had a little Winchester rifle and revolver made for him, with both of which arms he is very expert.

LOGAN MULHALL.

The cowboys and cattlemen in his neighborhood are as proud of little Logan Mulhall as musicians are of Josef Hofmann, and think he "can't be beat."

Observations.

Generally speaking, the less a man knows about a subject the more he wants to talk about it.

Poets are born, not made—the present state of the market wouldn't warrant their manufacture.

Every cloud has a silver lining, but the knowledge makes it only the more gloomy to the fellow who is on the wrong side of it.—Kate Field's Washington.

Wanted to Participate.

He—I've a good mind to steal a kiss from you by surprise.

She—I don't want you to do anything of the sort.

He—Why not? No guilt would attach to you. You would only be an accessory after the act.

She—Thank you. But if I'd got to be an accessory at all, I'd rather be one during the act.—Brooklyn Life.

Probably Guessed I.

"No, I don't want it cut and I don't want it trimmed," snarled the shaggy-haired young man, seating himself in the chair and glaring savagely at the barber, "and I'm not a football player, nor a pianist, and I haven't taken any vow not to have it cut. Perhaps that will save you the trouble of asking questions. All I want is a shave."

"Yes, sir."

The barber worked in silence for ten minutes.

"I have a brother," he remarked at last, "that's got a head shaped just like yours. He has to wear his hair the same way."—Chicago Tribune.

Nature Vs. Art.

Manager—What's the matter with you, Miss Browpot? When you played the part of "Mary Magdalen" you were satisfied with fifty dollars a week. When I cast you for the part of a woman lovable and virtuous, you demand one hundred dollars? What's the matter, anyway?

Miss Browpot—But in the new part I'll have to act!—Truth.

[The Poet.

The poet sat dreaming over his work.

"What are you doing?" asked his wife, sharply.

"Building castles in Spain, my love," he replied with pensive softness.

Her eyes flashed.

"Well," she said, "you'd better be building a cottage somewhere out in the suburbs."—Detroit Free Press.

Marvelous Efforts.

Lordleigh—You ought to have gone to the circus with me. Saw some wonderful feats performed.

Howden—Well, you ought to have stayed home with me. I've been listening to a girl trying to tell a funny story.—Chicago Record.

A Heavy Missile.

The Groom (whispering)—I fear that they'll half kill us, dearest.

The Bride—Why, darling? The rice cannot hurt us.

The Groom—No, but the shoes they propose throwing after us belong to Miss Bacon, of Chicago.—Truth.

Giving the Doctor the Credit.

Doctor—You have only a few moments left to live. Have you anything to say?

Patient—Only dis, doctah—dat yo've made an a'mighty quick job of it.—Judge.

It Would Wake Him Up.

Mrs. Topdat—I see in the paper that a man out in Indiana has been sleeping for five weeks and the doctors cannot rouse him.

Mr. Topdat—Why don't they put him in a folding bed?—Puck.

Never Draws on the Capital.

Two commercial travelers were once describing the character of a third. One defended him and the other disparaged his honesty.

"Well," said the first, "you must admit he has a lot of moral principle."

"He orter have," retorted the second, "for he never uses any."—Amusing Journal.

"CLEANLINESS IS NAE PRIDE, DIRT'S NAE HONESTY." COMMON SENSE DICTATES THE USE OF

SAPOLIO