

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

Wheat Raising Powder ABSOLUTELY PURE

ANNOUNCEMENTS

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of city treasurer, subject to decision of Republican city convention. WM. H. LIVINGSTON.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

Table with columns: TRAINS, ARRIVE, LEAVE. Includes routes like SOUTH AND EAST, WEST AND WEST, and WHITE AND WESTERN.

Grand Convention. National Milkmaids Association GARFIELD OPERA HOUSE Friday Evening, March 15, BEAUTIFUL DRILL

CHARITY CONCERT Under the Auspices of the Humane Society of Wichita, to be Given at GARFIELD HALL Tuesday Evening, March 12.

CRAWFORD GRAND ONE NIGHT ONLY. Thursday, March 14 RICHARDS & PRINGLE'S FAMOUS GEORGIA MINSTRELS

Inola Block Coal Has no equal for the price—\$4.50 per ton delivered. It burns like Canon City—makes no clinkers.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA SANTA FE ROUTE. On March 5, and to the Santa Fe route will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Texas.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

Home-seekers Excursions VIA THE MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY. On February 12, the Missouri Pacific railway company will sell tickets to Lake Charles, La., and to all points in Arkansas, Texas, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho, (east of and including Market Lake and Weiser) to Durango, New Mexico and to Phoenix, Arizona.

NYE GOES VOYAGING

WILLIAM DESCRIBES THE LIFE ON A CORAL REEF.

It is not so pleasant as it might be with the roar of the breakers and refreshments served in the open air—some thrilling scenes.

[Copyright, 1895, by Edgar W. Nye.] It is a very good idea to spend the most disagreeable months of winter in a warm climate than New York or New England if possible, and the Bahamas occur naturally to most anybody as a desirable point.

The harbor as we sailed out was embroidered with ice, and the beautiful snow on Broadway was as pure as the soul of a politician.

We took the Cuban line of steamers. Ours was the steamer Cienfuegos (pronounced in 16 different ways, I may say, but generally Sinefwagose, as nearly as

possible) that looked like a massive yam pie.

We nestled toward each other fondly as we passed Robin's reef, and she gave him a playful swat across the nose with an orchid. He wore a pair of highly inflated morocco slippers, and his trousers were rolled up so high that the officer of the boat had to speak to him about it.

She was a sweet girl graduate who had written the prize essay, in which she said, "Here, dear friends, our pathways fork." They are still engaged in forking as I write.

But when the sad sea waves got upon their hinder feet and caused the good ship to luff she looked reproachfully at Bartholomew as this trip, Bartholomew, you got me into this trip, Bartholomew.

Too, seemed estranged, and looking at her sickly hue said to himself, "What did I see about her, I wonder, to draw me from my unfettered bachelorhood?"

But let us not digress. Those who were seafarer were rather in the majority with us, and so no one can claim any glory in that respect.

Mr. Taylor of Philadelphia stated on the start that he might return by Tampa if the ocean happened to be at all rough. The second day, as he turned a ghastly face away from the rail, he seemed pretty positive that he would return by Tampa.

Also there were others. When we retired on Sunday night, however, the sea was moderately calm, and no one was ill. All the male members of the trip were forgotten as we went to bed knowing that we would land at our Bahama port in the afternoon of Monday.

I could not go to sleep readily. I read and smoked and rolled about in my berth till 2 o'clock and then slept rather lightly. At 4:35 a. m. there was a scrape on the keel of the vessel like a hoarse growl of a bulldog in the basement, and I awoke thinking I was at home and that a burglar below, in hunting for my cider barrel, had stepped on Towzer.

A moment afterward a deeper growl showed that she had struck, I felt sure. I dressed hurriedly, but took time to put on an extra suit of flannels in case I should have to spend a few weeks on the ocean in an open boat. In eight minutes my stateroom had been flooded with water breast high, and a good suit of leathers clothes had been placed on the bargain counter.

The water at once poured into the vessel like a river, and instantly the engine fires were extinguished by it. The electric lights, of course, went out and left the ship in darkness, with the wicked sea rolling over our cheery dining saloon.

I started back once to get my hairbrush, but the water met me half way, and I returned to the upper deck. The weather was thick, and the rain came down in gusts, while all about us the noise of the surf breaking over the sharp reefs could be heard without any difficulty. The steamer settled rapidly by the stern, and the captain ordered the lifeboats made ready. No one spoke above a whisper apparently, and the coolness of the women and children was wonderful.

In the presence of almost certain death I forgave the pianist. I could not go down with a bitter feeling in my heart.

The passengers were put into the boats, women and children first, and the most touching picture was that of the separation between wives and husbands and parents and children, for we could not be certain that the boats would safely hold every one.

It proved afterward that they would have drowned nearly the entire number of passengers if they had attempted to land them, for the first boat which tried to cross the reef was swamped at once and women, children and crew thrown into the sea.

I can see that picture yet. We had grown to know and to like each other very much in our four days' voyage, and to see those agonized faces turned toward us and the pale and heroic fathers and husbands on our deck forced to see their families go down within 40 yards of us or to turn to pieces by the serrated edges of the reefs and their bodies given to the waiting sharks—that was the trying time with us, and the knowledge that, even if I went down, my wife and children were safe at home made me almost comfortable.

I saw Mr. McCreary bid goodbye to his little daughter, Anna Bell, as she got in the boat and turn away tearfully. Mr. Judson of New York kissed his wife goodby, and in ten minutes the boat was used, with every one struggling for life in the treacherous water where it broke white and angry over the coral reefs.

It is true that we could see land, but so you can when you are on the roof of a 12 story building which is all on fire below you.

It is at such a time that people show what kind of mettle they have. Miss Catherwood of New York, who was my

neighbor, was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

She was the only one who did not show any signs of alarm. She was sitting at the table, and she was eating her breakfast as if it were the most ordinary of meals.

Some people in such a calamity run around wildly looking for a toothbrush or an umbrella. Others try to get something to eat. Other think of their wives, but their natural instinct is to think of themselves. Surely these passengers almost without exception behaved like born ladies and gentlemen.

To sit in a lifeboat that is tied up on the flank of a wrecked ship which may go to the bottom at any moment and know that the chances are ten to one that your boat will not live five minutes when she is launched is not a pleasant method of passing the time.

I sat in one for half an hour by order of the officer, and then I got out and stood on the deck.

Finally a boat was sent out by Captain Hoyt, under First Officer Smith, in search of an opening in the reef, but after two hours' hard work it returned unsuccessful.

The steward got us some hot coffee and a fine hot steak apiece, which we ate with our fingers on deck and in our life preservers.

On board were some first class fellows. Among them were Mr. Jacques and Dr. Axtell of Waterbury. I called them while we were up late one night. The first and second Waterbury watch had been wrecked with them now over a week, and I like them better as time goes on. We wear each other's clothes and use each other's cherry pectoral with impunity. Give me a wreck, and I will give you my estimate of those who go through it.

With the approach of day Mr. Van Winkle of Newark, N. J., from the bridge saw with his glass a schooner of 82 tons (though I took her to be about 62 tons) several miles away and tacking, it seemed, to get to us in answer to our gun and rockets. For awhile I feared that she might be one of the ships that pass in the night, and I said so to a deaf man with a tin ear, but he rebuked me for being gay in the presence of death. Now, will the reader please tell me what death has ever done for me that I should show him any attentions in the matter of etiquette?

Soon another sail hoisted in sight, and with the approach of good daylight 30 or 40 craft, manned by blacks, mostly sponge fishers, etc., appeared to the eastward. They managed with their light boats and perfect knowledge of the shore and their wonderful skill to cross the reef, and before long the captain of the "G. Will," the 62 ton schooner, had arranged with Captain Hoyt to take us and our ruined baggage to Harbor Island.

Space does not permit me to complete in this letter the record of the voyage or a description of the Bahamas, but next week, when my clothes are dried out and the shock of our disaster forgotten, I hope to rise with that elasticity peculiar to the phoenix bird, which is said to resist even the action of acids and remain unscathed even when broiled on toast.

A serious question arises in regard to this wreck, but I leave it to investigation hereafter. We know that after it occurred the officers and crew were brave, kind and thoughtful.

We were 30 miles off our course and should not have been there. A steamship is made to run on water, not on land. The moment you try to ride around over bare ground in a steamer you get yourself in trouble.

These reefs are made by the coral insect, and it takes him quite awhile to make an island like New Providence. Then it isn't so much account after he has made it.

But isn't it strange that this dangerous strait of reefs islands was all made by such a little, disagreeable worm?

I know, even as a child, that the Atlantic ocean here was irritable and restless, but I did not know before that it was caused entirely by worms.

I will write another piece about this country next week, so no more at present from your old friend,

Bill Nye

These delicious tea roll were made with Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

HE WAS A HERO.

They came sauntering down Blackbird street and stopped in front of the Odette restaurant to read the daily price list of eatables posted outside. He was a big, roughly handsome fellow, dressed in a suit of ready made clothes. She was a fresh, neat, modest looking country girl, whose country sailor hat came just to the level of his shoulder.

"I guess we can feed here, Loosh," he said, looking at his companion with an indulgent smile. "Tain't very expensive. We've got to save enough money to buy tickets home, you know."

"Yes," she assented trustfully and contentedly. Anything that Seth proposed was altogether right.

They stepped into the dirty little restaurant with the pretentious name and seated themselves at one of the uncovered tables. A waitress, who had been lounging against the wall, came forward and swept a greasy napkin over the board. Then she stood waiting impatiently for their order. Nothing so ordinary as a waiter in a cheap restaurant as lack of presence of the bill of fare.

The young man had been studying the list with his sweetheart for some time before he looked up. When he did raise his eyes to give their order, an unexpected expression came into them, an expression of mingled surprise and admiration. He saw a languidly beautiful face turned toward his own, with a half contemptuous, half interested look in the large brown eyes. The features were small and exquisitely regular. The face was a perfect oval, the complexion such a transparent olive that underneath the skin you could see the faintest, most delicate tinge of rose. Wavering, disordered locks of hair floated about the warm temples. The mouth was red and small and curved like Diana's bow. You have seen these things—these exquisite, delicate, serene, and yet so mysteriously beautiful things—before in cheap eating houses? Seth Petty never had. He showed it in his eyes.

The girl took the young countryman's order and shouted it at an opening into the kitchen. The voice was loud, penetrating, but not unmusical. "Send chick an' dumpp!"

Then the young woman sidled over to another waitress, sitting against the wall, and whispered: "See that feller an' his girl? Watch me wash him! Get onto the way I'll cut her out!"

"That was an all-fired pretty girl that waited on us, Loosh," remarked Seth as he paid his 40 cents, took a toothpick and led the way out.

"Was she?" asked his companion innocently. "I'm sure I didn't notice." "Yes," retorted Seth. "She was. And she had an awfully lot of style about her."

A sudden little shadow of pain flitted across the face under the sailor hat.

as another gunshot was heard, followed by hoarse appeals for help. The tide rose higher and higher, but now clear spots were visible here and there, and all at once the river seemed to become tree of ice.

Suddenly a stoutly built lad of 16 separated from the crowd and running up the shore a few yards he seized a light skiff in the water. He heaved the oars that lay in the bottom and pulled steadily into the swirling current, heading in a diagonal course up stream.

"God bless him!" cried the squire, bursting into a fit of laughter.

Indeed Curt Webb was the last one any person would have believed capable of such a brave deed. He was an orphan and worked hard for a livelihood in a grocery store. The village boys, headed by Jasper Tyson, despised and hated him because he had persistently refused to join any of their mischievous deprecations.

He could never be induced to fight his tormentors, though Jasper and others dared him to combat many a time. So the boys gratified their malice by calling him the "coward," and by this epithet he was known in the village.

Steadily the boat crept toward the island. Curt bent to the oars with all his might and managed to hold his own against the fierce current. Occasionally he glanced over his shoulder and was relieved to see no trace of approaching ice.

The water had already reached the cabin door, and Jasper stood in the cabin door, and he had just time to utter a word of warning to him the face of his rescuer be flushed with shame.

"You!" he exclaimed, and that single word spoke volumes.

"Don't stop to talk!" cried Curt hurriedly. "Jump in. Here comes the ice, and we'll have a good deal of dozing it."

To be sure. Even as Jasper sprang to the boat the water leaved and tossed, and the rumble of the dread avalanche deepened to a roar. Half a dozen cakes of ice swirled by, rising and falling with the waves.

Curt pulled straight down stream, while his companion crouched in the stern of the boat, helpless with terror.

But the race could end in only one way. The line of broken ice came grinding on like a race horse, growling with fury. It smashed the cabin to fragments and sped after the frail little craft that was striving to reach the shore.

Jasper cried out with terror and held his hands before his face to shut out the awful sight. Curt stuck to the oars, but he knew nevertheless that escape was out of the question.

Suddenly he saw something that roused a glimmer of hope. "Twenty yards toward the left shore and slightly in advance of the avalanche floated a huge tree, evidently torn bodily from the soil. Its broad end, bristling with snakelike roots, was turned down the stream, and here and there it thrust out thick limbs that served to steady its precarious position.

"The fastenings could reach it. They stood a fair chance of escaping death. Curt's resolve was instantly formed. He roused Jasper from his stupor of fear and briefly explained what he intended to do.

"Now," cried Curt.

Jasper caught the hanging roots and pulled himself to a place of safety. An agile spring landed Curt beside him, and the next instant the boat was whirled off into the gloom.

They lost no time in choosing positions among the heavy limbs, and then had barely settled themselves down when the thick forest of ice, which had broken the tree stranded on one of the piers of the Catawissa bridge. Willing hands rescued the outcasts with ropes, and when they had recovered from their exposure they were sent home by rail, whether the glad news had already preceded them.

It proved hardly to be said that Curt was never called "coward" again.—William Murray Graydon in Hartford Courant.

How She Took It.

Addisus Hunt—Don't you think it would be a noble thing for you to do with your wealth to establish a home for the people in need of help?

Miss Hunt—Oh, Mr. Hunt, this is so absurd—

Pederewski will not visit America this season. This will be a disappointment to good cheer will be dependent on Price's Cream Baking Powder.

No Chance For Distinction.

"Parousah," said Cholly, "is it true that a man's mind is a blank when he's asleep?"

"Under normal conditions that is likely to be the case."

"Dash me, I don't see how some of our fellows can tell when they are awake, then. I don't weally."—Washington Star.

No More of Johnsons.

An actress appearing in Johnston, Pa., recently was referred to by the local press as a favorite in that city. The paper remarked, "She appeared here just before the flood." The actress has crossed Johnston from her map.—Drummond Magazine.

Papa Liked the Sport.

She—And did papa seem angry when you asked him?

He—Why, no. When he led me from the room by the ear and kicked me down stairs, he laughed all the time. I never saw a man in such seeming good humor.—Indianapolis Journal.

Waiting for Eternity.

estimate on the captain's right at table, did a quiet little act of heroism which no one will forget. As the pale people were placed in the boats which still hung by the davits, with the sea rising till it broke on the bottoms of the lifeboats, she sang in an easy, quiet way an old song.

"There was not a tremor in her voice as the words went out over the black waters, and when the screaming rockets went up into the night they showed a calm face, but a brave one.

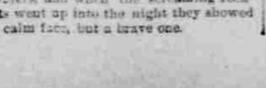
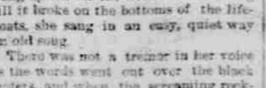
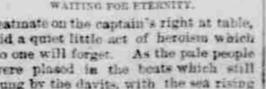
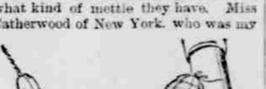
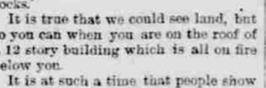
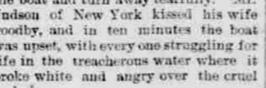
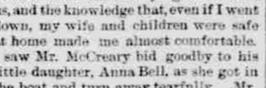
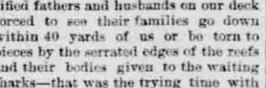
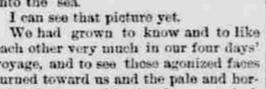
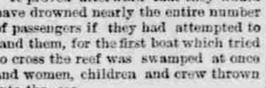
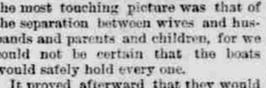
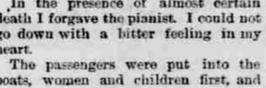
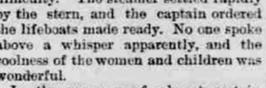
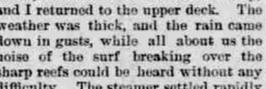
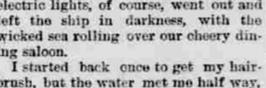
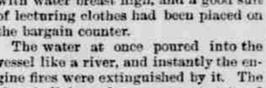
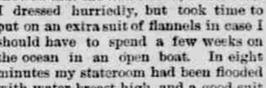
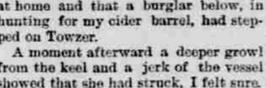
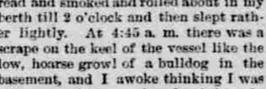
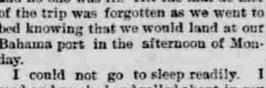
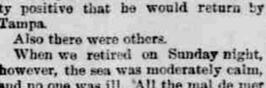
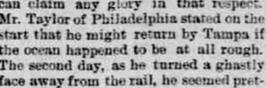
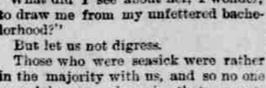
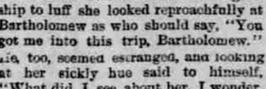
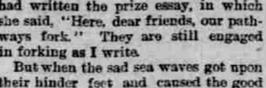
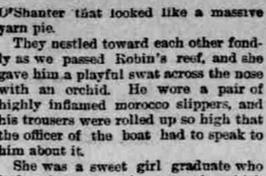
A New World

opens to the man who finds quick relief from wearing pain. That is the testimony of multitudes who have used

Allcock's Porous Plaster for all sorts of aches and pains, lameness, stiffness of the muscles and joints of the back, limbs or side.

Allcock's Corn Shields, Allcock's Bunion Shields.

Brandreth's Pills relieve rheumatism and any disease arising from impurities of the blood.



CLAIRETTE Soap. Above All Others. There is no soap in the world that stands so high in the opinion of thoughtful women as CLAIRETTE SOAP.

For washing clothes or doing housework, it can't be equalled. Try it. Sold everywhere. Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, - St. Louis.

across the face under the sailor hat. A timid hand stole beneath Seth's arm. He put up his own hand and stroked it. That was enough. All the world was filled with sunshine again. The shop windows were an endless panorama of wonder and beauty, and the discordant music of the street faded into a note of heavenly sweetness in it.

"I dunno what makes Seth grin ter town so often these days. It kinder worries me. I'm 'fraid he's lookin for a job, an' 'fraid 'em 'tween 't if I could spare him 'n' the farm."

"Petty was out in the wood shed removing his boots. He spoke through the open kitchen door to his wife, not knowing that Lucia Gray was in the room with her. The girl had dropped in on her way from the store. She dropped in frequently of late. A strange uneasiness possessed her. She wondered why Seth did not come to see her often. He called hardly twice a week now, and he used to come nearly every evening. It was very strange.

She started when she heard Mr. Petty's words, and a sudden, sharp pain pierced through her heart. She knew that Seth had not looked for a job in the city. He had told her that he could never live here—it would craze him. He loved the quiet and homelike of the country. Yet he certainly was going into town often and often. What could draw him? In an instant the girl's thought flashed back to that memorable visit to the grocery store.

Lucia made some hasty excuse and escaped into the gathering dusk. She remembered now that she had heard some of the young men at the store talking about the price of wool in town, and one of them had jokingly remarked that he wouldn't give her for a certain young man's wool if his girl found out the party he was dealing with.

"Oh, God! What if it had been Seth they were talking about?"

That evening when the 11 o'clock train from the city stopped for a moment at Harbor Island, the first glimpse of a girl met the solitary passenger who alighted.

"I kind of thought you might like company home, Seth," she said timidly. "Ma isn't feeling very well tonight, and I've been down to Dr. Small's for some medicine."

The young man turned to her with a smile blending of vexation and tenderness in his manner. "What a long you be, Loosh!" he said. "But so long you're here, come on."

The wind was tossing the trees over the dark, deserted country road as they plunged into the night. What a meaning seemed the branches to the weary traveler.

"Seth!" The voice was trembling and faint.

"What do you want, Loosh?" He had to stoop a little to catch her words, the wind was blowing so hard.

"Do you love me as much as you used to, Seth?"

A long minute passed before there was any reply. Then the young man faltered: "Yes, Loosh, I do—more. But I don't deserve it, and you hadn't ought to let me."