

# The All-Powerful, Overwhelming, Unconquerable Show—BARNUM & BAILEY, MAY 31



## HAS HE FEEDS ON HICKS, THE HORSE WAIT FOR THE FEAST

WHERE OTHERS SELL YOU OUNCES We Give Tons

**OUR MILE OF MONSTER CARS WOULD TRANSPORT THEM ALL!**  
**SIXTEEN STUPENDOUS TENTS CONTAIN THEM ALL!**  
**CAPITAL INVESTED BY THEM ALL!**

**OUR EXCURSION PATRONAGE ALONE OVERFLOW THEM ALL!**  
**CURRENT EXPENSES SWAMP THEM ALL!**  
**DAILY RECEIPTS ENRICH THEM ALL!**

**OUR STREET PARADE OVERWHELM THEM ALL!**  
**MAGNITUDE APPALLS THEM ALL!**  
**GOOD NAME SHAMES THEM ALL!**

**WE OUTLIVE THEM ALL!**  
Yet, having nothing, others claim all,  
Hoping to make fools  
Of you all.

12 Champion Riders,  
20 Clever Clowns,  
Leading Leapers,  
Marvelous Tumblers  
Superb Gymnasts,  
Herculean Wonders,  
Olympian Stars,  
High-Air Heroines,  
Wild Beast Actors,  
Daring Charioteers,  
Dash'g Lady Jockeys  
Thrilling Races,

Grand Water Carnival,  
Thrilling High Dive,  
Swimming and Aquatic Sports,  
Only Woman Clown in the World,  
Only Woman Ringmaster in the World,  
Tribly on Horseback,  
Skirt Dance on Horseback,  
Double Equestrian Acts,  
Wonderful Indian Juggler,  
Weird Devil Dancers from Ceylon.

We employ over 1,000 People,  
Own 380 Magnificent Horses,  
Actually worth more than the entire cost  
of other shows.

Present 100 Champion Challenge Acts,  
Races, Wild Beast Performances and  
Aerial Flights, introducing 200 Tremendous  
Artists, most Fearless Trainers and  
Famous Clowns, requiring 3 CIRCUS RINGS, 3 ELEVATED STAGES,  
huge mazes of mid-air Mechanism, a specially constructed STEEL-BARRED  
ANIMAL ARENA, and

ONLY COLOSSAL HIPPODROME COURSE!  
Separate, Stupendous and MENAGERIES  
Superbly Complete

100 OPEN DENS, CARS AND CHARIOT CAGES!  
Mammoth Drives, Caravans and Collections of Huge and Savage Beasts in  
Strange, Startling and Novel Acts and Evolutions.

Most Talented Trainers! Cutest Tricks!



## WAIT for the ONLY SHOW of Heroic

### IF YOU WOULD SEE

Creation's Crowning Thousand Wonders!  
Parades and Pageants of Prodigious Pomp!  
All Strangest Beings from all Strangest Lands!  
All Champion Artists of the Earth and Air!  
All the Superbest Races of All Time!  
The Eminent Amusements of All Nations!

WAIT! WE BRING THEM ALL!

## 24 ELEPHANTS 24

ALL IN LINE!

This is the Nation's Show! **THERE IS NO OTHER.**  
Not One the Greater Cities have ever seen! Not One that has a Single  
Genuine Feature! Not One that has a Single Champion  
Artist! Not One Original in any way! Not One that has not  
Stolen Our Ideas! Not One even generally known! Not  
One Honestly Advertised! Not One Not a Small One!



TRUTHFULLY ADVERTISED  
HONORABLY PRESENTED

**BARNUM & BAILEY**  
THE SOURCE OF ALL THE BEST AMUSEMENT IDEAS

## BEFORE WHICH ALL OTHER SHOWS ARE BUT PIPING PIGMIES!

BE WARY, WISE AND WAIT FOR THE MILLIONAIRE PAGEANT SPLENDORS, THE GLORIOUS PROGRESS OF THE WORLD'S UNITED MONARCHS,  
Which has actually attracted Over Half a Million Spectators at One Time, and by which the Greatest Show on Earth asked to be ranked and judged, a Show possessing hosts of EXCLUSIVE,  
FIRST-TIME SHOWN FEATURES, each of which is entitled to the full space of such an advertisement as this.

**"THERE ARE OTHERS," BUT THEY ARE NOT IN OUR CLASS.**

## WHEN COMPARED WITH THE



### BY GRACE OF A SNAKE

#### NAVIGATING NIAGARA WHIRLPOOL IN COMPANY WITH A RATTLER.

The Man Spared the Snake and the Snake Sacrificed its Life to Save the Man, the Man Declares.

Niagara Falls Letter in New York Sun.

"Andrew," the reporter said, "did you ever know of a person who had navigated the Whirlpool in safety?"

"Yes," said the old man.

"Who was it?"

"I," was the answer.

This answer did not bring an expression of surprise, because old Andrew Hurry has done a little of everything since he came, sixty-five years ago, to sit down and grow his vine and fig tree within sound of the falling waters of Niagara. He has always been a famous story teller; his yarns have been spun to succeeding generations, and all have had attentive listeners. Some of these tales have been suspiciously Munchausen-like, and had the reporter been other than old Andrew, they would have been received with incredulous smiles. But those who know him best are thoroughly impressed with the idea that in the early days of the century he must have chopped down a cherry tree or two, since he seems to have been inoculated with the virus of truthfulness. They never think of doubting him; whatever he tells is accepted without thought of the chance that it may be untrue.

Andrew is a unique figure on the frontier; one who is known, respected and admired, especially by his older acquaintances. Strong, straight of figure and broad-shouldered, he walks the streets to-day with little to show his eighty-five years, save his white hair and beard. Yet it was before the war of 1812 that Andrew came into being over in Canada, and there, among the sturdy Scotch kinsfolk, lived until it became wise to cross the border. In keeping with his name, he came over in a hurry, in the year 1820, and since he has ever since lived. In the Canadian rebellion of 1838 he stole back to his native land, took part in the uprising, and, when it was over, again crossed the river between sundown and sunrise. You may see him any day passing up and down the street, his bonnie bonnet on his white head, a gray shawl wrapped about his shoulders in place of a tartan, and a big cane in his hand. All like him; all are glad to hear him talk, and never doubt his veracity. The story of his voyage in the Whirlpool is given, therefore, as strictly true.

Andrew Hurry has always been a great walker and a tireless hiker. Even in his later years his tramps have extended over the whole frontier, and few care to-day to attempt the task of tramping him out. So long as there was game to shoot on the river or in the woods he rarely missed going out on a good day, tramping into the surrounding country, his handsome gun upon his shoulder and an ample game bag by his side. Often he would start, in the long days of summer, before the cock crew, and when his wife came into the kitchen to prepare the morning meal she generally found him sitting in the doorway smoking his Scotch clay and the newly killed birds on the table hard by. But one morning he did not come back; breakfast was eaten by the wife alone; dinner and supper found Andrew's seat vacant, and it was not until long hours of suspense had elapsed by what his heavy familiar tread was heard outside the door. He brought no game this time, even his trusted gun was missing; but he started up the fire in the kitchen

stove, nevertheless, and proceeded to dry his dripping clothes, while his wife brewed him a stiff glass of hot Scotch.

**DANGERS OF THE WHIRLPOOL.**

The Whirlpool lies some miles below the cataract. The river has narrowed, and for seven miles or more rushes impetuously to the level of Ontario. Sometime the bluffs are devoid of shrubs; again they are covered with a dense forest, which clings to the almost perpendicular sides. The basin of the Whirlpool lies at an angle in the river, a perfect horseshoe in shape, with a diameter of half a mile. The river, rushing faster than a man can run, enters the pool at the upper heel of the horseshoe and strikes across to the further shore, its exit is past the other heel. But probably more water enters than is seen to go out; possibly there is a subterranean outlet through which may go the bodies of cattle and of men that are seen sometimes in the whirl, and then forever disappear. Around the outer part of the horseshoe flows slowly the current of the river; it has lost its terrific speed, its white foam, its dashing billows. Scarcely it is recovering its breath after its tempestuous passage of the first part of its bed, and is gathering strength for its coming battle with the rocks and ledges of the lower stream. Bodies are sometimes seen floating in the streams for months. Great trees and logs circle around the pool for months before they pass out.

The danger of the Whirlpool lies not in any one great suction, but in the countless eddies which are seen all over it. These small whirlpools, like wheels within a wheel, twist and turn, and spring of a clock toward the center, where the water seems to be sucked down. These small eddies appear everywhere, and are especially numerous in unexpected places. Then, again, the water will begin to boil, and rush up in great quantities, as though coming from the mouth of the pool. One boat floating in the whirlpool will suddenly disappear in the vortex of one of the small eddies, be sucked down into the depths, whence they will be seen expelled by one of the great bubbling springs. Floating logs will sometimes get into the suction, and be thrown on end until one point projects high in the air. A boat would live but a short time in the Whirlpool, and no man has sufficient strength to swim in it and resist the force which seeks to draw him down.

On a morning in June, 1841, Andrew Hurry started from home before dawn, and, with his gun upon his shoulder, pushed out of the village. He had no special plans for his movements. He went up the river, past the old French fort, and made for the lowlands about the mouth of Gill creek. Just as dawn was breaking down the river came a flight of ducks, not an unusual thing, for wild ducks abound in the Niagara the entire year. But while Andrew watched another and yet another came down, far out in the stream, and passed beyond the spray of the falls. He thought that never before had he seen so many ducks at once on the river. The feeding grounds at the Whirlpool. He knew that if he should go there his shooting would be of the best. Hurrying to the mouth of the creek he seized a skiff and soon was pulling strongly toward the Canadian shore. There, making fast his boat, he started on his five-mile tramp down the Canadian side. Not being on good terms as yet with his old government, he forsook the roads and shaped his course through the dense woods, which then lined the other bank. Arriving at the bank above the Whirlpool, he looked down into the great basin, to find there the ducks he had come so far to meet. They were swimming about close to the shore, keeping well away from the eddies in the pool.

**THE RATTLER'S WARNING.**

Andrew quickly scrambled down the steep bank, sometimes digging his heels into the earth which lay in the rock crevices or swinging himself along by the branches of the trees. Finally he stood on a ledge of rock some four feet

above the water. Below him lay a long log, one end resting on the beach, the other buried far out in the stream. As he watched, peeping into the pool, the sun, now some hours high, poured its hot rays down upon the scene. The bottom of the gorge began to grow stifling; the flicker of the June heat hung over the water; all nature began to feel the increasing warmth, and the air became sultry and oppressive. Suddenly the hunter started; the warning whirr of a rattler sounded loud and clear. Andrew usually gave no thought to the snakes, but this time he glanced behind him; he was well he did; the snake was just springing toward him. Hurry knew it was time to move; he must leap for the water and grasp the log to avoid being swept into the pool. Action and thought came together; as he jumped it seemed as though something moved behind and pushed him. He leaped, but his calculations were wrong; instead of landing in the water his feet struck squarely on top of the slimy, slippery log, whence they promptly flew one to each side, and he came down hard astride the log. A man cannot come down a greased pole faster than Hurry slipped along. He felt the timber settling beneath his weight, and realized that in a moment he should be deep in the water and beyond the log. Letting his gun go, he tried in vain to grasp the log. Suddenly he felt a quick jerk from behind; he stopped. Amazed, he turned around; then he was more amazed than before. His coat tail stood out behind; the curved front teeth of the rattler were fast in its ends, and the tail of the snake was tightly tied about the log.

"The de'il," he cried, using the strongest curse word he knew, "I have saved myself, but the snake has not. I have resisted the pulling of the log until it had been drawn out to twice its length. Its life had paid the penalty of its greed; but Andrew, by the grace of the snake, lived.

Slowly the man climbed the bluff. From the top he looked back; his ship was a long, black string tied to the log. He recognized his former passenger and faithful friend, which gave up his life because he refused to bruise the serpent's head with his shoe heel.

Andrew started at once for home, and crossed the river some hours later to walk into the presence of his anxious wife. After a time he told his story, and has since repeated it upon sundry and proper occasions. The reporter saw the man again, sitting on his porch, his grandson, a little curly headed child of six, upon his knee. He was just finishing the story of the Whirlpool and the snake.

"Was it really true, grandpa?" wonderingly asked the child.

"Every word, my lad," replied the old man.

**BABY MUST STAND IT.**

**Foolish Parents Who Carry Their Infants on Their Wheels.**

Among the many foolish extremes to which parental fondness runs none is more insensate than the carrying of infants on bicycles. So long as the child is up and the bit of humanity is safe, being so fastened that it cannot fall off. But there is a nervous tension, a quivering and anxious look on the baby's face. The vibrations, the serious on the immature nerves, while, if there is a nip in the air, the motionless child is apt to become quietly done the day before, or, if jumping out to the ground, the unhappy infant has to stand the racket in both cases. We fancy there would be a very limited number of wheelmen on the roads if the exigencies of the pastime rendered it compulsory for the riders to be fastened to

not killed it; then he might reach the land if the ship struck. Gradually the log drifted nearer and nearer; beyond was a fallen tree, its branches projecting into the pool. It was plain that the log would either strike the tree or pass within a couple of feet; delivery might come, or it might pass by within mocking distance. Oh, if the snake were not in the way, he thought.

The rattler lifted its head; evidently it saw the tree for it swung the boy with care toward the end. Andrew watched it and counted its chances of success; it finally stopped at the extreme end.

Gradually the log came nearer and nearer, until it became evident it would miss the tree by about a foot. The snake took another turn about the log and coiled itself as best it could. Just as it passed the tree it shot itself out, and the upper part of its body caught about a sturdy branch, while its tail still clung to the log. As a stout hawker tried between the stem of a ship and the pier to swing the bow with the current until the vessel lies broadside to the wharf, so the snake caught the outer end of the log to drift slowly toward the land. Feet; delivery might come, or it might pass by within mocking distance. Oh, if the snake were not in the way, he thought.

The rattler lifted its head; evidently it saw the tree for it swung the boy with care toward the end. Andrew watched it and counted its chances of success; it finally stopped at the extreme end.

gradually the log came nearer and nearer, until it became evident it would miss the tree by about a foot. The snake took another turn about the log and coiled itself as best it could. Just as it passed the tree it shot itself out, and the upper part of its body caught about a sturdy branch, while its tail still clung to the log. As a stout hawker tried between the stem of a ship and the pier to swing the bow with the current until the vessel lies broadside to the wharf, so the snake caught the outer end of the log to drift slowly toward the land. Feet; delivery might come, or it might pass by within mocking distance. Oh, if the snake were not in the way, he thought.

**COMMOTION ON THE CAR.**

**The Charge of Theft Made by a Woman and its Sequel.**

Buffalo Express.

"That man has my pocketbook!"

The startling accusation made by a well-dressed woman on a Main-street car yesterday afternoon, and it caused no little commotion for the time being. The object of the woman's wrath was a young fellow, not particularly well groomed, but appearing chap for all that. The car was crowded, in fact, this particular car, bound for Cold Spring, was packed to suffocation. The woman on the car had boarded the car at Chippewa street, and she had ridden to Summer street before she discovered her loss.

The young man accused of the theft did not express any great consternation. He looked annoyed rather than frightened.

"Madam, I have not got your pocketbook," said somewhat angrily.

"Yes you have," snapped the woman.

"What makes you think that?" asked the man with a sneer that served to further arouse the injured female.

"Why you never standing right beside me when I missed it," as if the question admitted of no further argument.

"You can search me if you like," said the young man charged with theft, and in his eagerness to discharge the charge he took hold of the woman's hands and forced them in some of his pockets.

"I wouldn't let her search me," ejaculated a stout old man seated in the corner.

"Not if you'd stolen a lady's pocketbook," demanded the fair one in distress.

"Most decidedly not, in that circumstance," returned the stout man vigorously.

"You saw me pay my fare out of the pocketbook?" the woman, almost in tears now, appealed to the young conductor.

"I don't know what you paid your fare out of," replied the conductor. But I do know that this young man rides with me almost every day, and I would advise you not to be hasty in your accusation."

The young man looked grateful, but the woman's grief turned into a mad feeling that made her look as if she would like to swear in several different languages.

"I know your number, and I'm going to report you," she declared.

"Here's my number and name, lady," said the conductor, now in hot water himself, "but I'll leave it to any of the passengers if I have done anything to be reported for."

The passengers all shook their heads vigorously.

"You saw me pay my fare out of the pocketbook?" the woman, almost in tears now, appealed to the young conductor.

"I don't know what you paid your fare out of," replied the conductor. But I do know that this young man rides with me almost every day, and I would advise you not to be hasty in your accusation."

**Thoroughly Organized.**

New York Weekly.

Groggins—There's no more work in this town for me, an' I'll starve.

Groggins—Wh'at ye get o' th' place, an' enter some other town?

Groggins—I'd have to tramp there, and if I have to tramp should see me, I'd be mobbed.

Groggins—Wh'at fer? Ye used to be a tramp yerself.

Groggins—Yes, but I was expelled from the Amerken Tramps' Benevolent Association, and now they'd mob me fer a scab.

Groggins—Wh'at was you expelled fer?

Groggins—Fer workin'.

Don't miss the auction sale of Jewelry at Marcy's to-day and this evening.

## CUBANOLA

Cubanola is our theme,  
How its radiant glories gleam!

Has always been exactly as represented—long Havana filler, choice Sumatra wrapper—handmade by the best skilled workman. No artificial flavor.

Has been as the "Apple of the Eye" to its manufacturers and distributors and no pains have been spared to keep it at the head of the procession—The Best 5-cent Cigar ever sold in Indiana.

Is now one-sixth larger than ever before. It is a long, pleasant, thoroughly satisfactory smoke. Many smokers who heretofore have bought 10-cent cigars declare that Cubanola takes their place.

Is sold by first-class dealers all over Indiana. Ask for it; insist on having it. If your dealers hasn't CUBANOLA have him address

**A. Kiefer Drug Co.,**  
Sole Distributors . . . . . INDIANAPOLIS

**Sunday Journal, by Mail, \$2 a Year**

