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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By Frank P. MacLennan.

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Weather Indications.

WASHINGTON, July 19.—Forecast until 8 p. m., Thursday:

For Kansas — Showers and thunder storms, followed Friday by fair; cooler in eastern portion tonight; winds shifting to northwesterly.

THE dishes that were shaken by the earthquake were probably tumblers.

THE earthquake shock must have been pretty severe, if it was detected at St. Louis.

IF congress keeps taking in more states pretty soon there won't be room on the flag for the stars.

IT is not unnatural for Hogg to take a gloomy view of things if there is butchering to be done.

SECRETARY GRESHAM had to go a long way to find something to get his foot into, but he managed it all right.

IN wanting to nominate Debs for governor to Indiana shows evidence of being jealous of Colorado and South Carolina.

IF rest is all Mr. Debs wants there is any number of people who will volunteer to find him a solitude where none will intrude.

IF Mr. Gresham had kept on to the east a little further in his search for a chance to make a blunder, he would have been back home again.

SENATOR PEFFER is to address an old soldiers' reunion in Ohio. Men who have withstood the hardships of the war, like to undergo such experiences.

DR. THOMAS of Chicago, doesn't labor under the fear of being put out of the church for sympathizing with the workingmen, he has already been put out.

THE story of Howard of the A. R. U. that the railroads hired men to set fire to their own cars shows that the limits of insane utterances have hitherto been ridiculously low.

THE prediction of Governor Hogg that the buildings of Chicago will be spattered with lungs by the dynamite of anarchists may be said to throw new lights on a serious question.

THE profession of Senator Voorhees to be a friend of the old soldiers makes him a formidable rival to Quay and Breckinridge for the title of the most impudent men on earth.

SENATOR VOORHEES posing as the friend of the old soldiers, reminds one of the Little Red Ridinghood story but it is needless to say the old soldiers are in no immediate danger of being devoured.

THE discovery by the conferrees on the tariff bill that they couldn't agree, is the next best thing to agreeing. It is a hopeful sign that it dawned on them so soon that there are irreconcilable differences.

WHATEVER the women may have had to complain of as to lack of recognition they cannot fail to appreciate the thoughtfulness of the Ananias club in offering to them the privileges and benefits of a Sapphira club.

IF the cut on steerage rates to Europe by the big steamship lines should have the effect of attracting the classes they have for several years been bringing this way it will do much to balance up the account against them.

C. G. CONN, the Indiana Democratic congressman who has refused a renomination is a manufacturer of horns. It is about an even thing as to which offers the greater possibilities of bringing misery upon the country, congress or hornmaking.

OLD friend—"Why, how do you do, I'm glad to see you. What are you doing now?"

Glucose—"Oh, I'm in the same business as the United States senate."

"Doing nothing then?"

"No, I am working for a sugar company."

THE New York police with a complete description of the English anarchist, Mowbray, and a knowledge of his intention to come to this country, allowed him to come in undisguised. This is not a reflection on the police but on the neglect of the authorities in failing to bribe them.

THERE is a continually increasing line of distinguished men who have been handicapped by their associates. Cæsar had his Brutus, Debs has his Howard, Lewelling has his Osborn and McCasey, but Cleveland has his Gresham.

Says the Chicago Daily Record: What makes George M. Pullman so tired? Thomas F. Wickes is doing Pullman's work in Chicago. What, then, is it that makes the old man tired? Certainly not his labors at his country home in the lake region of northern New York: his son-in-law did his work for him there. In short, Mr. Pullman has done no actual work in the last month. It may have tired him to breathe, to eat three meals a day and to sleep ten hours every night. Or may be the secret of this tired feeling of which he complains is that Mr. Pullman has had a very busy and a very unpleasant month with his conscience. We have heard it said that nothing else is so wearisome as an able-bodied Nemesis.

THE BRAN' NEW ORGAN.

BY THE STATE JOURNAL POET.

They've got a bran' new organ, Joe,
It goes down mighty hard
To see old Kansas come to this—
You an' your organ barred;
After fighting forty years
For the noble g. o. p.
An interloper drops around
And drowns your melodee.
They'll git some bran' new bosses, too,
As younger men spring up;
An' all you'd have to show in them's
The targest work of Krupp.

You've played the tunes both fast and slow,
Just as the chairman said,
But a lighter-fingered gent hobs up,
And now they've cut you dead.
You've sung the praise of Morrill, too,
An' sung it good an' strong;
An' never tapped a key unless
You had the boys along.
But still you wa'n't quite the stuff
For this here younger crowd,
Though bein' dropped so quick's a thing
You hadn't quite allowed.

You've been a sister good an' true
For goodness knows how long;
You've always sung the good old tunes
An' played your organ strong.
But they don't need you any more,
Your organ too they drop—
You don't play new fangled tunes,
An' stand in with the Pop.
Your songs are too old fashioned—
But what my heart more grieves,
They've took the campaign dough this year
An' flung it to the breeze.

But get your red bandanner, Joe,
An' wipe your weepin' eyes,
An' you'll yet read your title clear
To mansions in the skies.
Let 'em take their thousands ten
An' keep the Pops in tow,
The party thinks so much of you
To go back on its foe.
Don't let 'em think that in this fight
You're goin' to be safe;
But show 'em that they need Joe in
The savin' of the state.

Taxgathering in Morocco.

The taxgatherer's chief instrument in the east is the bastinado, a thick bamboo stick laid across the naked soles of the feet, the taxpayer being firmly strapped to the ground, face downward, and kept there until he has not only yielded up all his income, but all his principal likewise. As Morocco owes Spain 5,000,000 pesetas and has begun to pay them off, it is likely that the whack of the bastinado and the yelp of the victim will now be heard in the land from the headlands of Mequinez to the ranges of the Atlas mountains and throughout the provinces of Figig and Twat and Tidikelt and beyond, on desert spaces, seen by the low necked camel on the verge as far as the dominions of the new sultan extend.

It is not an enlightened mode of collecting revenue, but is the principal one which exists in those curious countries and among those curious peoples, and if the grand vizier were appealed to in the case he would probably say that the villagers thus entreated were dogs and the sons of dogs, and that they could not be persuaded to give up their money in any other way. The custom is of great antiquity and seems more popular among those who apply it than among those to whom it is applied, but it is a necessary recourse in case of any deficit in the revenues.—New York Tribune.

Casting Out a Devil.

Mary A. O'Brist of this city, an invalid for 26 years, unable to leave her bed for 17 years and almost dumb for 14 years, now gets up, walks and talks. Faith is said to have worked a miracle in her case. She prayed fervently. The Rev. A. W. Welch and the Rev. U. Develier, evangelists, went to her house Thursday and again Saturday and prayed for her relief. Saturday afternoon Miss O'Brist spoke, then straightened out her feet and with a joyful cry walked across the room. All insisted that their prayers had been heard and answered. Sunday the patient was up and about the house and went in a carriage to the evangelists' tent meeting in the afternoon. There was great excitement on Caroline street in the neighborhood of Miss O'Brist's little home. When the evangelists came to the city, they learned of Miss O'Brist's long confinement. They suggested a united appeal to heaven, which was done, and all joined in fervent prayer for relief.

"Come out of this woman, thou devil," said the Rev. Mr. Welch finally, and Miss O'Brist, without previous preparation, arose and walked about her room. Sunday evening she held an impromptu prayer meeting on her front porch.—Janesville (Wis.) Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tired, Weak, Nervous,

Means impure blood, and overwork or too much strain on brain and body. The only way to cure is to feed the nerves on pure blood. Thousands of people certify that the best blood purifier, the best nerve tonic and strength builder is Hood's Sarsaparilla. What it has done for others it will also do for you—Hood's cures.

Hood's Pills cure constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

For instance, Mrs. Chas. Rogers, of Bay City, Mich., accidently spilled scalding water over her little boy. She promptly applied De Witt's Witch Hazel Salves, giving instant relief. It's a wonderfully good salve for burnes, bruises, sores, and a sure cure for Piles. J. K. Jones.

This week $3 shoes for $2.50 at Furman's.

NEW OUTING GOWNS.

SUITED FOR SUMMER RESORTS AND HEARTBREAKING PURPOSES.

They Are Mostly Quite Short and Are Made of Cheviot, Tweed or Serge—Then There Are Shirt Waists, Which Are Dressy and Quite Stylish.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, July 12.—Of outing gowns there is no end, nor is there any limit set as to material or style, as some are for ocean, some for railroad and some for hard mountain climbing. Some are to be worn in camps, some on boats and some for picnics and seasonable dissipations, including golf, tennis and heart breaking. The steamer gowns are to be of serge, flannel or cloth; the mountain dresses of cheviot, tweed or cheviot-serge, for they need to be strong. How they are made depends on individual taste. Some are quite short, to be worn with stout leggings, and others are ordinary walking length. Belts and chatelaine bags and straps with field glasses and a crooked staff and little tin cup all belong with the mountain suit, and so does a natty jacket.

Some women make a play of such rough work and dress for it as they would for a promenade down Broadway, but the lady who knows how to dress

FOR OUTING OCCASIONS.

fifty makes no such mistakes. When one is off on such an excursion, one cannot take along a lot of things, and so it is well to have two gowns only—one for day and the other to put on for dinner or evening. Some take but one, but it feels so much better to change after a dusty jaunt and put on a fresh dress and hang the other up. Of all materials for this purpose there is nothing as satisfactory as black surah. I saw one of that material made very plainly, with no trimming but a narrow moire ribbon carried down each seam. The French waist was belted in with moire ribbon. The gigot sleeves were of moire, and there was a peerine cape of surah lined with moire and with a moire collar to slip on if the evenings were cool.

Another gown for such needs was also of black surah, with picot edge velvet ribbon down the back and front, ending in bows. There was a deep collet of black velvet edged with picot trimming in pale blue. It was a handsome gown. For a nice Sunday outing gown for a young lady one was made of gray and green shepherd's plaid trimmed with dark green ribbon. The sleeves and waist were trimmed by elaborate shirrings of the same, but in the front of the neck was a small square of Persian embroidery. Words cannot picture the enormous plaid surah parasol, with its deep accordion plaited ruffle of iridescent silk muslin, as written ones are not loud enough. These enormous parasols are quite often seen now, though seldom in plaid.

Of all the things in full vogue this season there is nothing prettier and certainly nothing more useful and convenient than the shirt waists. They are of cotton, percale, sateen and silk. They are much more dressy than such garments have ever been made, and for the first time a lady may look well dressed in one.

A very dressy and unusually pretty waist was made of chestnut brown dotted taffetas, with a golden glint in it, fighting for mastery over the black shadow. Taffetas is a crisp silk, and the most is made of this quality in the design. It is gathered very full at the neck and on the shoulders and drawn in at the bottom under a wide belt of brown bengaline, with a long dull gilt buckle. The sleeves are very wide and full gigots, and they are made much longer than usual, and the extra length

THE SHIRT WAIST.

is caught up along the outside of the arm. The collar is of brown bengaline. The peculiarity of this waist is its crisp effect and broken lines. It goes with any skirt.

A very cool and pleasant new imported gown was made of green and white lawn, with snug French waist, belted in with white moire. There was a Spanish flounce edged with white lace and an upright ruffle at the neck of the same, with lace edging. White shoes are now seen with nearly all very light gowns, and long white silk mitts are stylish.

OLIVE HARPER.

IN A DUTCH CITY.

An American's First Impressions of Rotterdam.

[Special Correspondence.]

ROTTERDAM, July 3.—This city impresses me as being a bright town, full of modern spirit. Vainly I looked for quaintness, dreaminess or hoariness of aspect—the qualities so dear to the eye and heart of the mooning, romantic traveler. They were not here.

As I came up the river Maas on the steamer I thought of the Hudson and the strange legends concerning the old Dutch adventurers who had sailed through its waters. My mind was full of pictures of hardy sailors, queer looking houses, lazy men dressed a la Rip Van Winkle; smoking, pedantic schoolmasters; shrewish housewives; stolid, chubby children, and skittle playing, schnapps drinking goblins. In a vague way I half expected to see the characters in Washington Irving's odd tale standing on the wharf. I thought I might sleep and dream in the midst of the shadows of the past, as some poet or another dozily puts it. But, no. The people were awake. Everything was spick span new, and smacking of the hurry and rush of America.

Over I went to the hotel, a place fitted up after the latest and most approved fashion. By this time I had become reconciled to the modernness of the surroundings and to the fact that the undreamy, unsleepy Dutch were evidently up to date—that they knew a thing or two. Of course it was a hardship of the severest caliber to be unable to revel luxuriously in the romantic fog of days older and more moss covered; but, as in the case of many other hardships, I braced myself stoutly and bore up.

After breakfast I started to see the town. It struck me as being a mixed up sort of town, with plenty of water in the mixing. Canals, bridges and again canals were everywhere. They were part of the means by which the Dutch had fought their mightiest foe of all—the ocean—for centuries.

Soon I was sauntering along the Wilhelminakade, a fine boulevard in design. I was puffing a cigar and thanking the gods because of the cheapness of tobacco in Rotterdam. Here everybody smokes. And no wonder. For 2 cents you may get a cigar the like of which you would be unable to get in New York for less than 15. The customs authorities of Holland are lenient toward the bringers in of the weed so soothing and fragrant—maybe out of respect for the memory of their pipe smoking ancestors. But they more than make up for this leniency in other ways. Sugar, mustard, salt and other staples are unconscionably dear.

Walking along the boulevard were women bright of face and eyes, who were dressed after the latest Parisian fashion. Their complexions were red and healthful looking and rather out of accord with the subtle color toning of their French style of dressing. Their physical charms appeared to be of a solid and enduring character. In this respect they were quite different from the svelte Frenchwomen I had seen in Paris a few days before, and who often gave me the impression of unsubstantiality and flyawaylike airiness. There was nothing to suggest a flying away here. The women were on the earth and seemed to know of it. The only thing I met with in Rotterdam that at all approached oddness or quaintness was a hunden car, and this struck me as a being outre and practical rather than quaint. Hunden car means dog car. It is built somewhat after the fashion of a London costermonger's cart, and when I saw it in the distance it appeared as if a man was propelling it. He was not, however. He was only guiding or steering it. The motive power was supplied by a huge, powerfully built dog that was harnessed beneath it. I saw this as the car went by. Indeed the sight of the dog—it was a mastiff—with its rolling, bloodshot eyes and lolling tongue, startled me. It panted heavily and seemed as if struggling to get at and tear up everything in sight.

These cars are the costermonger carts of Rotterdam. The dogs usurp the place of the much belabored and patient London jackass.

The laboring class in Rotterdam wear the funniest looking wooden shoes, or, as they call them in the north of England, clogs, imaginable. They call them klompen. They seem to be made for the purpose of injuring pavements, and their name is suggestive of them because of the fact that you may hear the "klomp, klomp," of the Dutchman a half mile away as he steps gingerly, lightly and airily upon the flags. They are huge in size and in shape something like a cross between a small Chinese junk and the shell of a big land turtle. They are the ugliest and clumsiest looking things that ever made hideous the long suffering and much tortured feet of men. What their utility can possibly be would require the united wit of all the wise men of Greece to find out. Maybe it is to let you know that the man of toil is coming, or it may be that the old Dutch fighters of the waters conceived the idea of building them for the purpose of skating out over the ocean when it became obstreperous and tried to snuff out Holland. However, they are practical and in evidence rather than quaint and dreamy.

Rotterdam is dotted all over with delightful little parks, where everything is green and fresh, where birds chirp and sing and where the ubiquitous nursemaid wheels forth the very young of Holland for an airing. Here are tulips the like of which cannot be found even if one roams the world. As every one knows, it was a Dutch tulip that fascinated and beggared that erratic and brilliant Irishman, Goldsmith.

On the wharves men are forever trying to sell cigars to passengers on outgoing ships. But it is safer not to buy them. As a rule they are badly made. If you want a stock of smokables, go to a cigar shop.

Rotterdam is the cleanest of clean towns. And small wonder. The water is plentiful.

BART KENNEDY.

Little Ida Meisner's Theology.

"Do you know the nature of an oath?" asked Police Justice Potts of 11-year-old Ida Meisner in the Gregory Street police court, Jersey City, yesterday morning. The child was a complainant against Thomas Donnelly.

"No, sir," the child answered.

"Do you know where children go who tell lies?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever hear of heaven?"

"No, sir, but I heard of hell."

The judge had been getting discouraged, but the last answer inspired him to ask another.

"Well, tell me now," he said, with an encouraging smile, "who go to hell?"

"Protestants," answered the child promptly.

Justice Potts decided to omit the formality of administering an oath to the witness.—New York Sun.

Royal Washing.

The empress of Germany complains that her palace boasts of no laundry, and that she has to send all of her washing, even the children's clothes, to Berlin to be done up. The royal family of England are in better domestic trim. They have a laundry of their own on the outskirts of London, in the vicinity of Hounslow, and whether sojourning at Balmoral, Osborne or elsewhere the royal linen is conveyed to the royal laundry. The work is said to be absolutely perfect, but not long ago the employees complained of being underpaid and struck. At the Vatican the pope's linen and clothing are looked after by an order of sisters bearing the curiously appropriate name "Ladies of Reparation." It is said they are of noble birth.—New York Dispatch.

FIRE ALARM NUMBERS.

4—Morse and Jackson sts.
*5—Kansas ave. and Railroad st.
*6—Gordon and Taylor sts.
*7—Laurent and Harrison sts.
*8—Grant st. and Topeka ave.
*9—"A" st. and Topeka ave.
12—Kansas ave. and Fourth st.
13—Kansas ave and Second st.
*14—No. 1 Station, Kansas ave. near Gordon.
*15—Monroe and Kansas sts.
*16—Kansas ave. and Garfield st.
17—Kansas and Tenth aves.
18—Kansas ave. and Thirteenth st.
19—Kansas and Euclid aves.
21—Crane and Adams sts.
22—No. 2 Station, 7th st. near Kansas ave.
23—Lake st. and East Sixth ave.
24—Fourth and Branner sts.
25—Seventh and Holliday sts.
26—Eighth ave. and Madison st.
27—Tenth ave. and Sac and Fox state road.
28—Seventeenth and Jefferson sts.
29—Third and Monroe sts.
31—Sixth and Topeka aves.
32—Sixth ave. and Clay st.
33—No. 3 Station, Jefferson st. near Fourth.
34—Western ave. and Ninth st.
35—Tenth and Topeka aves.
36—Fourth and Tayor sts.
37—No. 4 Station, Clay st. near Eighth ave.
38—Twelfth and Taylor sts.
42—Euclid ave. and Lincoln st.
43—Thirteenth and Lane sts.
45—Eleventh st. and Morris ave.
46—Seventh and Lane sts.
47—Topeka ave. and Third st.
52—Eleventh and Monroe sts.
53—Tenth ave. and Lawrence st.
121—Klein and Seward aves.
123—No. 4 on East Sixth ave.
124—Euclid and College ave.
41—Van Buren and Twelfth sts.
51—Quincy and Crane sts.
54—Fourth and LaFayette sts.
*Boxes north of river.

Fire alarms are sounded upon the tower bell at department headquarters by striking the number of the signal station nearest the fire, in this manner: If for box 4, four distinct strokes and repeated; if for box 13, one stroke, a short pause, then three strokes, and repeated, thus, 1-111, 1-111, etc. "22" is sounded for all fires within the district bounded by Fifth, Ninth, Jackson and Quincy streets.

TEN STROKES, and repeated, followed by the number of the signal station nearest the fire, is the SECOND ALARM—for a serious fire.

THREE STROKES, followed by TWELVE, and repeated, is the GENERAL ALARM for a very dangerous fire, and calls out the entire department with a detail of police.

TWO STROKES, slowly, indicates FIRE IS OUT.

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$3.00 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
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