

WANTS! RENTS! SITUATIONS! REAL ESTATE! AUCTION SALES! & OTHER CLASSIFIED ADS.

THE TOPEKA STATE JOURNAL guarantees every day it printed to give a local circulation more than double that of any other paper...

FIVE CENTS A LINE, or 20 cents a line for a week; 50 cents by the month. City circulation every day exceeds 5,000—total circulation over 5,000.

SITUATIONS WANTED—FREE.

Are you in need of work? If so, you are at liberty to use these columns for assistance in that direction. While this office appears in the STATE JOURNAL, we publish free on Saturday, Monday and Tuesday, the Topeka State Journal.

WANTED—HELP.

WANTED—An experienced girl or suitable woman for nurse. Mrs. Mattie Edwards, 139 Lane st.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—Every lady to know that I have a most nice room to rent at 414 West 5th st. Mrs. C. A. Peck.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—A good office room, 417 Kansas ave. Apply to S. M. Wood.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Good office rooms, 417 Kansas ave. Apply to S. M. Wood.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE—A good office room, 417 Kansas ave. Apply to S. M. Wood.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—A ladies tan colored cape. Finder will leave at 624 Kansas avenue and receive reward.

FOUND—The cheapest place to buy furniture. The Phoenix Furniture Co., 714 Kansas ave.

LOST—A white setter bird dog with yellow ears and a yellow spot on top of hips.

MISCELLANEOUS.

APPLICATION FOR PARDON—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the governor of the state of Kansas at the executive office in the city of Topeka, on Monday the 10th of September, 1894.

PIANO TUNER—All orders left at R. B. Gull's, 714 Kansas avenue, will be promptly attended to.

FINELY furnished first class rooms and table board at 709 Topeka ave.

JUST found the place where you can get your work repaired and also packed for shipment.

FOR SALE—Gilt edge first mortgages, 7, 8, 9, 10 per cent. Simon Greenbaum.

MOVED—G. G. Lee's tin shop to Sheldon's hardware store, 792 Kansas ave.

HARNESS and REPAIR WORK—Harness made and shoe repair, patent leather polish for buggy tops.

CARPENTER and repair work. Address, Wm. Brady, box 25, North Topeka, Kansas.

SURGEONS.

H. DeFord Patis, M. D., S. P. SPECIALIST. Topeka, Kansas.

M. R. WARD, A. M., M. D., 712 KANSAS AVENUE.

S. J. HAMPSHIRE, M. S., M. D., Physician and Surgeon, 615 Kansas Avenue, Topeka.

D. R. D. B. Colcord, Kidney and Urinary Diseases, 712 Kansas Avenue.

D. R. G. A. TULL, Office 900 East Fourth Street.

HENRY W. BOBY, M. D., S. P. SURGEON. TOPEKA, KANSAS.

S. A. SHIELDON, M. D., SURGEY AND DISEASES OF WOMEN, with private hospital. Office No. 729 Kansas Ave.

J. C. McCUMBER, A. M., M. D., FRANK STORR, A. B., M. D., FRANK STORR, A. B., M. D., FRANK STORR, A. B., M. D.

DR. MARY E. STERWART, 224 Harrison Street, corner of 7th St. OBSTETRICS AND DISEASES OF WOMEN. Hours: 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m. Tele. 237.

I. DA C. BARRAS, M. D., Office 702 Kan. Ave. Residence, 13th and Clay. Office hours—8 a. m. to 11 a. m. and 5 p. m. to 8 p. m. Phone 99.

D. H. EVA BARDING, 709 KANSAS AVENUE. Tele. 479.

D. H. J. K. MULVANE, Special attention given to chronic diseases. Office open all hours. Phone 82.

L. A. RYDER, M. D., Office and residence cor. Gordon Street and Central ave. North Topeka. Phone 314.

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE cor. Gordon Street and Central ave. North Topeka. Phone 314.

Use the Humphreys system of facial treatment, a successful and painless treatment for skin blemishes, eruptions, etc.

MONEY TO LOAN.

LOANS on farms and city property made at low rates. Property sold on terms of note.

L. O. Botsor, 519 Kansas avenue, Dudley's bank.

MONEY LOANED on horses, pianos, household goods, and all kinds of household securities. L. Bischof, 623 Kansas avenue, room 3.

MONEY TO loan on bonds, mortgages or personal notes. SIMON GREENBAUM.

GOOD notes and mortgages bought and sold. SIMON GREENBAUM.

PARTIES wishing a safe and paying investment for their money, call at 624 Kansas Ave. Wood & Co., 124 Kansas ave.

DENTISTRY.

GEO. P. ASHTON, D.D.S., DENTIST, N. W. corner Eighth and Kansas avenues, Topeka, Kansas.

(First published on the 4th day of August, 1894, in the official city paper.)

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

OFFICE OF THE CITY CLERK, TOPEKA, KANSAS, August 3, 1894.

At a special meeting of the city council held August 2nd, 1894, in the council chamber, Topeka, Kansas, the following resolution was adopted:

Be it resolved, by the mayor and council of the city of Topeka:

That it is hereby declared necessary for the safety and convenience of the city of Topeka and the residents and property owners of sewer District No. 17, of the city of Topeka, to build a sewer in said sewer District No. 17, said sewer to be paid for by the property in said sewer district as provided by law.

I hereby certify that the foregoing is a true copy of the original resolution now on file in my office. (SEAL.) Attest: S. S. McFADDEN, City Clerk.

THE CHICAGO & ALTON R.R.

ONLY STONE BALLASTED TRACK.

NO CHANGE OF CARS BETWEEN KANSAS CITY AND CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY AND ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO.

No Extra Charge for Passage in Palace Reclining Chair Cars NOR IN Fast Vestibule Limited Trains.

Ask your own Home Ticket Agent for tickets via the Chicago & Alton Railroad, or write to D. BOWERS, Gen'l Western Passenger Agent, 115 NORTH BROADWAY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

JAMES CHARLTON, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, CHICAGO, ILL.

THE SANTA FE ROUTE.

TRAINS TO RIDE ON. In Effect on and after Aug. 5, 1894.

WESTBOUND.

Table with columns: Trains, No., Leave Kansas City, Arrive Topeka, Leave Topeka. Includes trains like Welch, Kingman & Pratt local, O.K. & B.M. & Texas local, etc.

EASTBOUND.

Table with columns: Trains, No., Arrive Topeka, Leave Topeka, Arrive Kansas City. Includes trains like K.C. Local, Chicago Vestibule Local, etc.

ATCHISON AND ST. JOSEPH.

Table with columns: Trains, No., Leave St. Joe, Arrive Atchison, Leave Atchison, Arrive Topeka. Includes Pacific, Mexico & Texas Exp., etc.

ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

In effect on and after April 23, 1894.

WESTBOUND.

Table with columns: Trains, No., Leave Kansas City, Arrive Topeka, Leave Topeka. Includes Bold Vestibule Express, etc.

EASTBOUND.

Table with columns: Trains, No., Arrive Topeka, Leave Topeka, Arrive Kansas City. Includes Limited Express, etc.

UNION PACIFIC.

Eastern Vestibule No. 4, leaves 7:45 p. m. Western Vestibule No. 7, leaves 11:35 p. m. Omaha Accom. No. 4, leaves 9:30 p. m.

MISSOURI PACIFIC.

Table with columns: Train, No., L's Topeka, A's Topeka. Includes Topeka and Fort Scott accommodation, etc.

L. T. & S. W. RY.

*Leave Topeka... (via Meriden and) 7:00 a.m. Arrive Leavenworth... 11:00 a.m.

*Leave Leavenworth via Oskaloosa... 5:40 p.m. Arrive Topeka... 9:10 p.m.

*Accommodation, daily ex. Sunday.

All Summer Long

seekers for enjoyment and travelers who've an eye open for pleasure will find luxurious delight in a trip on one of the LAKE MICHIGAN AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANSPORTATION CO'S ELEGANT STEAMSHIPS.

The Great Lake Route which touches The Northern Michigan Summer Resorts.

Everybody's favorite steamer the Special, handsome as follows: 6:45, 9:15, 11:31, 2:07, 5:41, 7:30, 8:33, 9:30. Start her semi-weekly trips twice Chicago and Sault Ste Marie, about June 15th.

Send for illustrated pamphlets. Address: Jos. Berolzheimer, G. P. A.

LAKE MICH. AND LAKE SUPERIOR TRANS. CO. Rush and N. Water St. Chicago.

VINEWOOD AND HIGHLAND PARK STREET RAILWAY.

Trains will leave Monroe Street station week days for Vinewood as follows: 6:45, 9:15, 11:31, 2:07, 5:41, 7:30, 8:33, 9:30.

Trains will leave Vinewood for Monroe street at 7:10, 10:41, 1:52, 4:19, 6:20.

SUNDAY TRAINS. Leave Monroe street 8:02, 8:19, 10:35, 11:51, 1:50, 3:07, 4:24, 5:41, 7:53, 9:30.

Leave Vinewood 8:42, 9:59, 11:16, 12:30, 2:30, 3:47, 5:04, 6:24.

Extra Sunday trains will be run according to company orders. Pocket edition time table will be issued in near future.

Have You Tried Beggs' German Salve For Piles? If not, why not? Can you afford to suffer longer for the sake of 25 cents. This is the price of the greatest salve on the market. Sold and warranted by W. R. Kennedy.

The Kind of medicine you need is the old reliable tonic and blood-purifier,

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

It can have no substitute. Cures others, will cure you.

A SNAP SHOT

OMTE Philippe de Rosny, a good looking bachelor of tolerably easy fortune and morals, had taken to himself wife at 5 and 30 years; not that he wanted a wife with any particular fervor, for love or passion he had never known, but solely because it was the custom of the men of his

wedding, however, he found to be a bondage, and he was bored to death with it, when, approaching his fortieth year, he began to amuse and solace himself with the pleasures of photography—a solace suggested to him by the accidental winning of a prime Kodak offered as a prize by a certain journal of Paris to which, for years, he had subscribed.

From that moment his new born passion took on a character of selfishness, of personal indulgence in his fond that swept the money from his pockets faster than once had done the had done the necessities of his stable of racers training for the Grand Prix. New "films," new "baths," new "objectives," or a patent "new" something or other every day of the week.

A pungent odor of chemicals pervaded the house—turned to a laboratory—from mansion to cellar, lodgings were in the salon, tripods in the corridors; Madame's own boudoir, even seized to provide him with a dark developing room—a seizure for which she avenged herself by passing nearly all her time promening on the arm of his friend Victor, which, of course, set the tongues of the gossips wagging, and was finally, this gossip, brought by a friend to the photographer's ears.

"Yes," answered he tranquilly, "it is true my wife and Victor take not the slightest interest in my experiments. But what they do, talk of, amuse themselves with or approve of, is their own affair. Moreover, if they want to marry each other, divorce, too, is theirs, but they must first arrange to furnish me with a reasonable pretext. I ask nothing better than to find myself alone again in my own house, with no one to mix up my bottles and upset my proofs."

One day—it is always the case—the lovers committed an imprudence. Yielding to the solicitations of the mania, they had consented to pose for him in the garden, in broad daylight, arm in arm with each other. And while the husband dallied in an interminable "lighting" under his square of velvet, Victor, forgetting that he could see them through his black chamber, bent suddenly forward and dropped a hasty kiss upon the tempting nape of the young wife's milk-white throat.

She uttered a stifled cry, but the operator under his black square never bulged.

"He saw nothing, thank heaven!" murmured, relieved, the two lovers clasping tenderly each other's hands. They were wrong; he had seen and was laughing in his sleeve at an idea that had suddenly come to him, a capital farce! It amused him so much that he upset his water bath and ruined his proof; but this time he didn't care; he had other things at that moment than "proofs" in his head.

That same morning at table, Victor, as usual, lunching with them, De Rosny said to the culprits:

"In weather so beautiful as this the light is simply superb to operate in."

But suddenly the operator took the proof from the bath, held it between him and the lamp, gazed blankly a second and a stammered cry escaped his throat. Had they now, had the camera not caught them, had the actinometer really refused to work?

Oh, how worse than that! The picture was perfect! The window, the bracket, the lowering curtain, the big blue curtain so carefully arranged as a background for the scene, only—a background for the scene, only—a wrinkle, hung now in front of the diana. If Victor was kissing again, his De Rosny's wife, no one was the wiser, for a man could see it.

Their last dollar for a Dog.

I heard last week of a family who had bought a dog, and when that was spent would not know whence to draw another. It was only one out of a hundred similar cases which he had times brought to light, but it had a feature wholly his own. So depressed and miserable were these people, accustomed to a better condition of affairs, but utterly upon their uppers, that they went forth at night with a dog. As one of them said, with more pathos than reason, in causing the purchase: "We were so unhappy."

It was 11 o'clock the night of that same day. The lamp in the commissaire's office was covered with a yellow paper, and with the tell-tale camera stationed between them, the magistrate and Philippe de Rosny, his liberty—in thought, at least—conquered at last, faced gravely each other.

"Yes, M. le Commissaire," said he, "I insist upon developing the photograph in your presence in order that its accuracy cannot be questioned; that no one, when I apply for my divorce, as I certainly shall do at once, can possibly accuse me of having tampered with it. The idea you see is such a new one, so thoroughly I do think, perhaps, also, a trifle American. Instead of stupidly ridiculing the amateur with bullets from a revolver, I snap a camera at them and, voila! the thing is done."

And with infinite precautions, he drew the slide from the frame and plunged it into the reservoir. The commissaire bent to look over his shoulder; the opal of the gelatin was coloring; the image appearing—

But suddenly the operator took the proof from the bath, held it between him and the lamp, gazed blankly a second and a stammered cry escaped his throat. Had they now, had the camera not caught them, had the actinometer really refused to work?

Oh, how worse than that! The picture was perfect! The window, the bracket, the lowering curtain, the big blue curtain so carefully arranged as a background for the scene, only—a background for the scene, only—a wrinkle, hung now in front of the diana. If Victor was kissing again, his De Rosny's wife, no one was the wiser, for a man could see it.

Their last dollar for a Dog.

I heard last week of a family who had bought a dog, and when that was spent would not know whence to draw another. It was only one out of a hundred similar cases which he had times brought to light, but it had a feature wholly his own. So depressed and miserable were these people, accustomed to a better condition of affairs, but utterly upon their uppers, that they went forth at night with a dog. As one of them said, with more pathos than reason, in causing the purchase: "We were so unhappy."

It was 11 o'clock the night of that same day. The lamp in the commissaire's office was covered with a yellow paper, and with the tell-tale camera stationed between them, the magistrate and Philippe de Rosny, his liberty—in thought, at least—conquered at last, faced gravely each other.

"Yes, M. le Commissaire," said he, "I insist upon developing the photograph in your presence in order that its accuracy cannot be questioned; that no one, when I apply for my divorce, as I certainly shall do at once, can possibly accuse me of having tampered with it. The idea you see is such a new one, so thoroughly I do think, perhaps, also, a trifle American. Instead of stupidly ridiculing the amateur with bullets from a revolver, I snap a camera at them and, voila! the thing is done."

And with infinite precautions, he drew the slide from the frame and plunged it into the reservoir. The commissaire bent to look over his shoulder; the opal of the gelatin was coloring; the image appearing—

But suddenly the operator took the proof from the bath, held it between him and the lamp, gazed blankly a second and a stammered cry escaped his throat. Had they now, had the camera not caught them, had the actinometer really refused to work?

Oh, how worse than that! The picture was perfect! The window, the bracket, the lowering curtain, the big blue curtain so carefully arranged as a background for the scene, only—a background for the scene, only—a wrinkle, hung now in front of the diana. If Victor was kissing again, his De Rosny's wife, no one was the wiser, for a man could see it.

Their last dollar for a Dog.

I heard last week of a family who had bought a dog, and when that was spent would not know whence to draw another. It was only one out of a hundred similar cases which he had times brought to light, but it had a feature wholly his own. So depressed and miserable were these people, accustomed to a better condition of affairs, but utterly upon their uppers, that they went forth at night with a dog. As one of them said, with more pathos than reason, in causing the purchase: "We were so unhappy."

It was 11 o'clock the night of that same day. The lamp in the commissaire's office was covered with a yellow paper, and with the tell-tale camera stationed between them, the magistrate and Philippe de Rosny, his liberty—in thought, at least—conquered at last, faced gravely each other.

"Yes, M. le Commissaire," said he, "I insist upon developing the photograph in your presence in order that its accuracy cannot be questioned; that no one, when I apply for my divorce, as I certainly shall do at once, can possibly accuse me of having tampered with it. The idea you see is such a new one, so thoroughly I do think, perhaps, also, a trifle American. Instead of stupidly ridiculing the amateur with bullets from a revolver, I snap a camera at them and, voila! the thing is done."

And with infinite precautions, he drew the slide from the frame and plunged it into the reservoir. The commissaire bent to look over his shoulder; the opal of the gelatin was coloring; the image appearing—

But suddenly the operator took the proof from the bath, held it between him and the lamp, gazed blankly a second and a stammered cry escaped his throat. Had they now, had the camera not caught them, had the actinometer really refused to work?

Oh, how worse than that! The picture was perfect! The window, the bracket, the lowering curtain, the big blue curtain so carefully arranged as a background for the scene, only—a background for the scene, only—a wrinkle, hung now in front of the diana. If Victor was kissing again, his De Rosny's wife, no one was the wiser, for a man could see it.

Their last dollar for a Dog.

I heard last week of a family who had bought a dog, and when that was spent would not know whence to draw another. It was only one out of a hundred similar cases which he had times brought to light, but it had a feature wholly his own. So depressed and miserable were these people, accustomed to a better condition of affairs, but utterly upon their uppers, that they went forth at night with a dog. As one of them said, with more pathos than reason, in causing the purchase: "We were so unhappy."

It was 11 o'clock the night of that same day. The lamp in the commissaire's office was covered with a yellow paper, and with the tell-tale camera stationed between them, the magistrate and Philippe de Rosny, his liberty—in thought, at least—conquered at last, faced gravely each other.

"Yes, M. le Commissaire," said he, "I insist upon developing the photograph in your presence in order that its accuracy cannot be questioned; that no one, when I apply for my divorce, as I certainly shall do at once, can possibly accuse me of having tampered with it. The idea you see is such a new one, so thoroughly I do think, perhaps, also, a trifle American. Instead of stupidly ridiculing the amateur with bullets from a revolver, I snap a camera at them and, voila! the thing is done."

And with infinite precautions, he drew the slide from the frame and plunged it into the reservoir. The commissaire bent to look over his shoulder; the opal of the gelatin was coloring; the image appearing—

But suddenly the operator took the proof from the bath, held it between him and the lamp, gazed blankly a second and a stammered cry escaped his throat. Had they now, had the camera not caught them, had the actinometer really refused to work?

Oh, how worse than that! The picture was perfect! The window, the bracket, the lowering curtain, the big blue curtain so carefully arranged as a background for the scene, only—a background for the scene, only—a wrinkle, hung now in front of the diana. If Victor was kissing again, his De Rosny's wife, no one was the wiser, for a man could see it.

Their last dollar for a Dog.

I heard last week of a family who had bought a dog, and when that was spent would not know whence to draw another. It was only one out of a hundred similar cases which he had times brought to light, but it had a feature wholly his own. So depressed and miserable were these people, accustomed to a better condition of affairs, but