

BOTH CONTINUED.

A Liquor Case and One of Assault Continued by the Police Judge. The William Robertson liquor case came up in police court this morning...

TO SELL ITS LANDS.

The Receivers of the Santa Fe are Given Authority to Sell Property. Judge Foster has made an order authorizing the receivers of the Santa Fe railroad to dispose of the lands belonging to the company.

SUNDAY AT THE CHURCHES.

There will be services at the United Presbyterian church tomorrow at 11 o'clock. An address on the "Word of God" by Mr. Sidwell. Good music by Prof. Nisley's choir.

Church of Christ, Scientist, 210 West Sixth street. Usual services at 11 a. m. conducted by the pastor, Willis F. Gross.

Cumulative Presbyterian church, corner Polk and Lincoln streets. Preaching at 8 o'clock p. m. by Rev. J. H. Lawrence. Sabbath school at 8 o'clock.

North Topeka Presbyterian church—Preaching at 11 o'clock a. m. by Rev. C. M. McNulty. Subject, "Man, Angel, Devil, One Group."

The Catholic Presbyterian church. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Service conducted by the pastor, Rev. H. N. Childs. Morning subject: "Watching and Praying." Evening: "The Seven Links of Christian Grace."

United Brethren church, S. C. Coblenz, pastor. Preaching in Ladies' Library hall, on Kansas street, between Eleventh and Twelfth. Sabbath school, 10 a. m. Services at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Second Baptist church. First street, between Madison and Jefferson, Rev. G. D. Oden, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

Third Christian church, corner of Franklin and Sixth streets, E. E. Malley, pastor, will preach at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m.

North Topeka Baptist church, Rev. W. R. Hutchinson, pastor. Preaching service at 11 a. m. Subject: "The Heart of Israel and the Heart of Man." No evening service.

First Baptist church, corner Jackson and Ninth. Mrs. Badley of Lucknow, Ind., will speak at 11 a. m. No evening service.

Brothers (Dunkard) church, Oakland. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. tomorrow by Elder Vanham.

First Presbyterian church, Rev. S. B. Alderson, D. D., pastor. Morning subject: "Divine Providence." Evening subject: "One Talented People." Chautauque vesper service.

First Christian church. Regular services both morning and evening by the pastor.

Lutheran church. Morning service 11 a. m., evening service 8 p. m.

Episcopal—Grace Cathedral, Polk and Eighth streets. Very Rev. Frank H. Millspaugh, dean. Holy communion 8 a. m., Sunday School 9:45 a. m. "The Duty of Being Joyful," 11 a. m. Evening 7 p. m. Sewing school (Saturday) 9 a. m.

Deas Millspaugh will preach at Good Shepherd, North Topeka, at 8 p. m. The gospel meeting at the Young Woman's Christian association rooms 619 Kansas avenue Sunday afternoon, will be led by Miss Lydia Waldelich.

Madison Street Baptist church. Madison street, between Second and Third streets. Rev. W. E. Ellis, pastor. Preaching at 11 a. m.

Anderson County Bank Cases. The Anderson county bank cases, in which the stockholders of the banks are trying to escape paying taxes on their outstanding indebtedness by having the amount of their indebtedness deducted from the valuation of their stock are again before the supreme court.

Casey Grain Shippers. The grain shippers of Casey, Montgomery county, have made complaint to the state board of railroad commissioners that the Missouri Pacific Railroad company discriminates against them in furnishing cars to the shippers at Coffeyville.

Rudy's Pile Suppository is guaranteed to cure Piles and Constipation, or money refunded. 50 cents per box. Send stamp for circular and free sample to Martin Rudy, Lancaster, Pa. For sale by all first-class druggists, and in Topeka by W. R. Kennedy, corner Fourth and Kansas avenue.

Kansas City Excursion. Special train Sunday August 12, \$1.50 for round trip. Trains leave 7:35 a. m. Via Rock Island route.

A Beautifier For Ladies. Everybody admires a beautiful complexion. Ladies who have used the celebrated Elder Flower Cream, recommend it as the greatest complexion beautifier in the market. It is used by society ladies. For sale by J. K. Jones.

Kansas City Excursion. Special train Sunday August 12, \$1.50 for round trip. Train leaves 7:35 a. m. Via Rock Island route.

Buy your drugs at 612 Kan. av.

INSIST ON HOLDING ON.

The Officers of the Asylum at Oswatimie Refuse to Step Out. The state board of charities is still in trouble. This time it is at the asylum at Oswatimie.

Several weeks ago the board held a new election of officers of that institution, acting on the theory that the terms of the officers expired July 1. Dr. C. H. Wetmore, of Emporia, a Populist, was elected to take the place of Dr. L. S. Wentworth, the Republican hold over, and W. H. Wilson, of Cherokee county, was appointed steward in the place of T. J. Hayes.

When the new officers demanded their places Dr. Wentworth and Mr. Hayes refused to turn them over. They gave as their grounds for refusal the opinion of the attorney general that Dr. McCassey's term did not expire until 1895, and that if the term of Dr. McCassey did not expire until next year the same rule must apply to the officers of the asylum at Oswatimie and therefore there could be no election.

The matter has not been settled, but the old superintendent and steward are holding on to their places and the board finds itself in a helpless position.

WHY DID THEY WRECK IT?

Rock Island Officers at a Loss to Know the Motive. General Superintendent Hill, of the Rock Island, said to a reporter in regard to the Lincoln wreck:

"We are at a loss to account for the wreck, unless it was done with the intention of robbing the train, and that does not look very reasonable, because it would have been a very poor train to rob. I don't see what other object there could be. We haven't an enemy in Nebraska that we know of. I wish there was a law here like there is in Germany that compels people to keep off railroad property. It will be several days before we shall be able to run trains there again. The bridge will have to be rebuilt."

President R. R. Cable of the road has offered a cash reward of \$1,000 for the capture and conviction of the persons who loosened the rail.

Superintendent of Construction W. E. Daugherty, of the Rock Island here, went to the scene of the wreck yesterday morning to see about rebuilding the bridge, and a large wrecking crew is at work.

THE SANTA FE HOSPITAL.

The Contract Will Not Be Let for Two Weeks. The contract for the new Santa Fe hospital was to have been set some time this week, but the plans for the building are not yet completed. The work of excavating for the foundation was begun in April and the foundation is now almost completed. The plans are still in the hands of the architect, J. W. Perkins, and it was thought they would have been done by this time, but some changes were decided on and the contract will not be let for several days, possibly two weeks.

Chief Surgeon Hareboom left for Colorado yesterday, and will be gone for about that length of time. The contract will not be let until he returns.

CHARLEY STACEY'S WHEEL.

Robert Cummings is Under Arrest for Stealing It. Last Friday a bicycle belonging to C. F. Stacey of the main Fe shops was stolen from in front of the bicycle repair shop of Bateman & Townsend and last evening Robert Cummings, who works in Duggan's blacksmith shop on Quincy street, was arrested charged with the theft.

Cummings has taken one of the tires to the shop for repair and they had recognized it. They told Cummings it would be done at a certain time. They then sent for an officer. Policeman Summers came but Cummings sent a colored boy after the tire. He was sent back and Cummings came himself. He was arrested and locked up in the city prison.

Cummings says he bought the wheel of a stranger, but doesn't remember him very well and says the price was only fifteen dollars.

Stacey entered a complaint against him and he was turned over to the state this morning.

LOCAL MENTION.

Street Railway Conductor J. T. Reed is very sick at his home, 210 West Sixth street. He is not expected to live.

Yesterday was the regular Rock Island pay day, but as all the rolls were not in, the payments were postponed until today when all the employees of this division will be paid for July.

Aaron Blake of Maple Hill died Thursday night and was buried there yesterday. He was nearly 70 years old and was one of the first settlers of Kansas. He died of Bright's disease.

Charley Linley of the police force has returned from Kansas City, where he had been to drive the horse and cart home that was stolen from William Sharp of North Topeka, last Sunday.

Mrs. G. Dittel, whose husband is pastor of the German Evangelical church at the corner of Third and Hancock streets, died at her residence, 219 Jefferson street, yesterday morning at 10 o'clock. She was 29 years old.

Miss Eva Rankin, who has been a teacher in the Pevinn schools for the past three years, has handed in her resignation to accept the position of teacher of the missionaries' children in Assouat, Egypt. Miss Rankin who is now visiting her parents in Peru, Ind., will sail some time in August and will not return for three years.

Mr. D. J. Harding of Boston, who is stopping a few days in Topeka, is talking of opening a large dry goods store. Mr. Harding is now traveling for a Boston wholesale clothing house and is under contract until the first of next February. He says he will not know definitely whether to open a business house in Topeka until the expiration of his present contract.

Mrs. Wm. Binford and Miss Daisy, narrowly escaped what might have been a very serious accident Thursday afternoon. While sitting in their parlor, near Fourth street on Kansas avenue, a runaway horse dragging a buggy ran into them. A splintered wheel was about all the damage done, owing to Mrs. Binford's presence of mind in throwing her fan at the runaway horse's head.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. J. K. Jones.

SHE WAS NOT A WIDOW

JUMPIN JOE OF CHEROKEE MEETS A LONE FEMALE.

And Having Taken a Dose of His Wonderful "Sassaparilla" She Rises Up In Her Might and Lights on Abraham—Refusing a Sorrowing Stranger.

I was humbly pursuing my way over to the enthusiastic town of Jerusalem Hill to hold forth to the most population on the merits of my Cherokee sassaparilla and Nigle consent when I came to a shelter made of moss blankets and bed quilts and a wagon kiver, and sit in front of the same was a lone female, with sorrow pictured on her countenance.

"What did they die of?" sez I as I halted and looks down upon her with compassion in my soul.

"As to which?" sez she. "Them children."

"Thar's 'leven of 'em down thar paddlin in that muddle," sez she, pinton with her finger, "and thar hain't no pertickler call fur me to be sorrowin over 'em."

"Then it is the partner of yer husband," sez I. "Permit me to indulge in the hope that the noose was an easy fit and he didn't hev nuthin to complain of."

"Do ye refer to his hev'n departed stairway to his life?" she asks as she consols her nose with a pinch of snuff and wipes it off on an ole piece of rag carper.

"The same, ma'am. This is a world of partin. Maybe ye know why they wanted him to leave Cherokee?"

"Ye ar' barkin up the wrong tree, stranger. I hain't never bin befo' of any hangin, and I'm no widder. Thar's my ole man a-lyin under that bush out thar."

"Then why this sorrow?"

"Back thar in Arkansas," sez she as she tears riz to her eyes, "I could wallop my ole man any day in the week, but this change of climate is acin me."

"And now he wallops ye?"

"He do, stranger—'doggone him, he do! So long as I could wallop him he'd raise co'n and taters and git us 'nuff to eat, but since I've lost my holt he's got most no shillness to draw his breath. He's bin asleep out thar for the last five hours, and a cyclone couldn't move him. What ye got in thar saddle?"

"Fustly, ma'am, I may mention that I'm the architect of a sassaparilla called arter this blessed and enthusiastic person of America. Secondly, I'm the constructor of a maple canoe which no respectable family kin afford to do without, and a cyclone will mend everything except a broken heart and might do that if properly incouraged. Thirdly, I'm exhibitor of this year's greeshopper, who ar' now in the second year of his bloomin career and a list in proof that I hain't claimin nuthin fur my preparashun that I can't prove to the satisfaction of the sarraphus public. I remove him from the bottle and break him up and cement him together agin. He's got so he cries to be exhibited, and it don't make no difference which end his head happens to be on, but to keep him in a cheerful mood I dose him at intervals with the sassaparilla. I'm not agin a feller critter of a man except on occasions like this. D'ye want to reclaim the pannelle from which ye hev bin hurled, ma'am?"

"As to how?"

"As to be able to wallop that husband of yours once agin."

"He kin never, never be," she sez as she mournfully shakes her head. "This year Cherokee climate has taken all the fight out of me, and I can't sakenly git up the energy to lick the children once a week. No, it's not fur me to ever sot on that pinnacle agin."

"I'm kinder sorry fur the critter," sez I as I looks over at her ole man under the bush.

"Fur why?" sez she.

"Bekase I'm goin to interdoose my Cherokee sassaparilla inter this grievin family, free of cost, as an experiment, and 10 minits arter ye've took it that sleepin riggle over thar will be a walloped man."

"Ye be. I'm agoin to restore yer sorrowful spirit to thar original state."

"If it could be done, stranger! If I could be restored jest long 'nuff to give Abraham a surprise party, I'd be willin to take leave of the children and die!"

"Shake the bottle, ma'am, and pour yerself a dose. I'm not the sort of a critter to hold out false hopes to a heart-broken woman. The price is a dollar a bottle when ye want to buy, and I'll thank ye to recommend it to the sorrowin public as far as yer voice may go."

She helped herself to a dose, and it wasn't three minits afore the flame of victory had dried her weopin eyes. Two minits later she riz up in all her pristine glory and started fur Abraham. Purty soon arter she had lit on him with both feet he got up and sailed in to wallop her, but he never stood no show. He was a licked man while I counted 50, and afore I was outer sight she had walloped nine of the young uns and was splittin on her hands to tackle the tenth.

As I logged along, feelin that happiness in my soul which comes to a critter who does his duty to his feller men with out hope of reward, I run up agin another case of sorrow. A man sot on a stone by the wayside, and as I halted afore him he looked up, and I saw that grief was tuggin at his heartstrings.

"Ter loss is doubtless her gain?" sez I, thinkin he was probably mournin fur the ole woman.

"Tain't that, stranger," sez he in a

voice full o' splinters, "taint that death has invaded the family circle, kase that hain't no circle to invade. It's that I hain't bin used right in this Cherokee strip."

"As to how?"

"As to bein give a fair show to get along."

"Hain't ye got a claim?"

"I had one, but it was no use. Lohd around thar for three weeks waitin fur sum claim jumper to try and jump me, but not a reptile showed up. 'Pears like they was all conspired agin me."

"What did ye want to be jumped in? If it wasn't be offendin yer sensitive feelings?"

"What fur? Why, fur to shutt sum one and becum an eminent citizen, of course. Who's looked up to in this yere kentry unless he's put a feller reptile under the armpit?"

"Hain't ye bin able to pick a fuss with sumpbody on the raft?"

"Nary a one. I've s'arched and s'arched, but nobody wants a fuss."

"Couldn't ye find a victim in any of the towns?"

"If I could, would I be grievin yer? Do I look like a man as would give way as long as there was any hope? Stranger, luck is dead agin me, and it's no use. Ambishun hain't got no show in Cherokee. I wanted to run fur ole over at Jerusalem Hill, but when they axed fur my record I had none to give, and they turned from me with coldness and contempt and gin the nonchalance to a feller what had planted his third."

"It's a sad state of affairs, and I feels fur ye," sez I as I got ready to ride on.

"Stranger," sez he as a shadder of hope cept inter his achin heart, "maybe ye'd be willin to help a feller worm of the dust to make sumpthin of hisself?"

"As to how?"

"As to lendin me a gun and lettin me pop ye off that cayuse."

"I grieved me to refuse him, but I had to do it. I broke the news to him as gently as I could and incouraged him to hope that the next feller might not hev anythink to fire fur, but he was a stricken GIBB WAS TUGGIN at critter when I HIS HEARTSTRINGS.

He rode on and left him. When I got to Jerusalem Hill, I tried to indoose the boss of the vigilance committee to send out and capture the heartbroken man and hang him, but he turns on me with:

"Hez he killed anybody as kin be named?"

"I don't think so."

"Hez he stole anybody's hoes or mawl or jumped a claim?"

"He hain't sayn as he has."

"Hain't ever dummied up a creek and tried to sell the water to perishin humanity at \$1 a bar?"

"Reckon not, or he'd 'a' menshuned it."

"Then let him die of a broken heart or git hisself struck by lightning, fur this committee hain't didd no ole hoes business to risk its reputashun as a four hoes outfit!"

AUSTIN KEENE.

ROCK ISLAND ROUTE.

To Washington For the Knights of Pythias Conclave. Tickets on sale Aug. 23 and 24. Final limit Sept. 13. Good to go one way and return another. Anybody can buy one.

Pittsburg G. A. R. tickets \$21.50. Less than one fare for the round trip; open tickets sold Sept. 7 and 8; good to return any day including Sept. 28. Good to stop over east of Chicago.

Colorado and Return \$15.00. Tickets on sale Aug. 10 and 11; good to return Aug. 19 and 25, or Sept. 13. Hatcher's G. A. R. \$4.45. Ore fare for round trip, Aug. 14 to 18. Two trains daily.

Holton Races—Special Trains. Aug. 14 to 17; over 500 entries for races; 90 cents for round trip. Special train to Kansas City Sunday, \$1.50 round trip.

Washington, D. C. and Return. SANTA FE ROUTE. One fare for the round trip. Tickets sold Aug. 23 and 24.

The Remington Typewriter advertisement. Includes an image of the typewriter and text: 'The Remington Typewriter makes no pretensions that are not supported by its record; advances no claims that the actual performance of each and every machine manufactured will not justify; varies not from one uniform standard of excellence in construction; and therefore maintains, by means of timely and thoroughly tested improvements, its unquestioned pre-eminence as the Standard Writing-machine Simple, Practical, Durable, Easy to Learn and Operate.'

His Return Home.

"I know a man," says Mr. James W. Scott, "who recently went home from a club function at a scandalously late hour—viz, if you please, an equally scandalously early hour. He had a wholesome regard for his better half, so he entered the house very dignifiedly, hung up his hat in its proper place and mounted the stairway to his apartment with exemplary precision. He struck a match safely, lighted the gas and was exceedingly cautious about disturbing and in placing his garments in just such order that his wife should have no possible occasion to reproach him next day. Indeed he conducted himself with that nice particularity which is not infrequently born of a consciousness that too much wine has been imbibed."

"Well, when he woke up and dressed and came down stairs his wife received him smilingly."

"I watched you carefully," said she, "and I don't know that ever before you were so dignified and orderly. I was particularly charmed by the decency with which you put away your clothing."

"Yes, said the husband proudly, 'I flatter myself that I did acquit myself handsomely for a man who had been out to dinner!'"

"My dear," continued the wife, "but there was one thing that I could not understand. Why did you light the gas in broad daylight?"—Chicago Record.

A Witty Priest. Father Healey of Bray is well known in Ireland as one of the few members of the priesthood who are opponents of the home rule movement. He has, too, the ready wit that is characteristic of the Irishman race. The other day an ardent Nationalist asked his reverence:

"What do you think Tim Healy will be in the first Irish parliament, father—lord chancellor, attorney general or what?"

"Sure, he'll be a very old man," was the prompt reply.—Munsey's Magazine.

The Professor's Delight. The hurr professor has prophesied bad weather, and sure enough it begins to rain about the time he said it would. He takes his hat and goes for a stroll in the park during the pelting shower, chuckling with delight and muttering to himself, "It is a real luxury to walk about in a shower of rain that you have prophesied yourself."—The Legend Blatler.

The Preference in Chances. This rapid transportation of ours is dangerous," said the stranger at the Chicago hotel in July.

"How's that?" said the clerk.

"My friend left New York 24 hours ago, reached Chicago a few minutes ago, and now he's in bed with a chill."—Chicago Tribune.

Gas Not Needed. Dentist—What? You don't want gas? You insisted upon having gas the last time.

Victim—You haven't been eating onions this time.—New York Weekly.

Delicate. Briggs—I saw you in the barber shop yesterday.

Griggs—Why didn't you speak?

Briggs—I didn't like to interrupt the barber.—New York World.

A Good Appetite. Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of something wrong. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to its merits in restoring the appetite, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache, 25c.

Dissolution Notice. Notice is given that the partnership heretofore existing between De L. Rogg and F. H. Webster doing business as the Green Coal Co. is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

All notes and accounts due the Green Coal Co. are payable to F. H. Webster, who assumes the indebtedness of said company.

De L. Rogg, F. H. Webster. Also business will go right on at the old stand, 532 Kansas avenue. Needless to say I shall be very glad to see those indebted to us. Fellows we owe bring in your bills.

Thanking you for past generous support I hope for its continuance. I will do my best to please you with clean coal and bottom prices.

F. H. WEBSTER, Green Coal Co., 532 Kansas av.

Positive Guarantee! Snow's Pine Expectant cures coughs and colds. Contains wild cherry and white pine barks and res. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 and 50c bottle.

It Was at Mrs. Hopskip's Dinner.

It was at Mrs. Hopskip's dinner, and the conversation had turned toward mind reading.

"I'm not a mind reader," said Miss Smilax to Professor Bierleber, who sat on her right, "but I can tell you a great many things about yourself simply by looking at your hand."

"Ach, dat don't can be already!" he replied with characteristic vehemence. "Indeed I can, Professor Bierleber," urged Miss Smilax. "Let me try just once."

"Vell, yah. Oof you dinks, and it dat you can tell mein character and mein hand, you gan dry voice."

"Only voice?"

"Yah—voice!"

He placed his smooth, bearded fingers in the smooth, delicate ones of Miss Smilax. "Well," she said, "to begin with, you are a German!"

"Shitup!" he cried, jumping from his seat. "I am convinced. It was wonderful, wonderful!"—Boston Budget.

The Polite Constable. Elderly Gent—Are there any snow-drops hereabouts?

Constable—Oh, yes, close by, near that clump of trees. (A few minutes later.) "Well, have you found any?"

"Yes, quite a nice little bunch."

"Indeed? Then you'll please walk with me to the station. You're not allowed to pluck any in the park."

"But you showed me the spot yourself."

"Well, of course, we have to be polite, you know."—Deutsche Warte.

The Use of "Professor." Winks—Who is this man who signs his name "J. S. Smith" on the hotel register?

Binks—Oh, he's the senior professor of Latin at Harvard college.

Winks—And who is this man who signs himself "Professor Napoleon Quintus Curtius Jenks?"

Binks—Oh, he's a New York chitrapodist.—Somerville Journal.

A Great Emet. Mrs. Trwieckenham—I met your mother just now, Willie.

Willie—Did she speak?

Mrs. Trwieckenham—Of course. Why shouldn't she?

Willie—She says that sometimes it's as much as she can do.—Brooklyn Life.

C. H. MORRISON, SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN. Includes an image of an eye and text: 'If you are troubled with headache, pain in the eyes, or have any difficulty in seeing or reading, call and have your eyes examined. Consultation free. Office at Jewelry Store, 505 Kansas Av. TOPEKA, KANS.'