Saline County Journal.

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SUNRISE.

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods regretfully;
From the far, lonely spaces, slow
Withdrawn the wistful afterglow.

So out of life the splendor dies;
So darken all the happy skies;
So gathers twilight, cold and drear;
But overhead the planets burn.

And up the east another day
Shall chase the bitter dark away;
What though our eyes with tears be wet?
The sunrise never failed us yet

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more
Sad soul, take comfort, nor forget
That sunrise never failed us yet!

THE TWO LOVE LETTERS.

"We don't take boarders," said Mrs. Farquhar, looking in an owlish fashion through her spectacle-glasses at Mr. Stuart Waller. "We've got plenty and to spare, without the trouble of 'em. You'll find the tavern three-quarters of a mile below. You must have come right past its doors."

"So I did," said Mr. Waller, who possessed the insinuating, semi-chivalric manner that made every lady whom he addressed feel herself, for the time being, the only feminine creature in all the universe. "But no amount of money would hire me to make my home in a place like that. Here it is like a glimpse of Paradise," looking admiringly around at the shady lawns, the clematis-bordered porch, and the rose-hedges all sprinkled over with pink buds. "I'm sure, madam, you will reconsider your decision, and take me in for a few days, and I will promise to be no more trouble around the house than a kitten."

Mrs. Farquhar was but human, and the upshot of affairs was, that Mr. Waller's trunk arrived the next day.

"O, mother!" said Patty Farquhar, knitting her pretty black eyebrows "why did you let him in? And we so peaceful and comfortable here!"

"Child, why shouldn't I?" said the widow. "He's to pay ten dollars a week board, and I have no use for the little three-cornered room over the parlor."

"I know," said Patty, slowly, "but it seems to me I feel exactly as Eve must have felt when she saw the serpent writhing his way into Paradise."

"Nonsense!" said widow Farquhar, almost angrily.

But Patty only laughed, and ran away under the shadow of pink buds, to meet Morris Newtown, her affianced lover.

"Little one," said Morris, imprisoning both her soft white hands in his, "I've bad news for you."

"Bad news, Morris?"

"I've got to go to Omaha, next week, to see about those silver mines that one of my clients has an interest in."

"Oh, dear!" cried Patty, pursing up her strawberry of a mouth.

"I shall be gone six months."

"Worse and worse," said Patty.

"But if you say so, Patty," drawing her gently to his side, "we can be married first, and make a wedding trip of it."

"The idea!" flashed back Patty, drawing herself out of his embrace. "And I without a single dress made!"

"We can buy the dresses afterward."

"That's all a man knows about it."

"You're sure it's impossible!" he asked, with a disappointed air.

"Oh, quite!" asserted the little brunette.

"Then," said Mr. Newton, with a sigh, "you must be sure and write often; and be getting your fol de'-rols ready to marry in, as soon as I come home."

"Yes," said Patty, gravely, "That's more reasonable."

And she went back into the house, utterly ignorant that, at the same time, Mr. Stuart Waller was laying a wager with a boon companion, at the Easterworth Arms, "that he would cut out that conceited lawyer in less than four weeks."

For Mr. Waller was piqued by Patty's cool indifference, and unfortunately, his were the "idle hands" for which Satan is said to find plenty of mischief to do.

"She's pretty, after a fashion," said he to himself, "and I mean to make her dead in love with me before I'm through."

Mr. Waller was a man of the world. Patty Farquhar was young in experience as in years. They were an ill-matched pair, and it was hardly three weeks before the tongue of gossip began to busy itself with the widow's darkeyed daughter.

Mrs. Farquhar came into Patty's room one afternoon, and found her crying as if her heart would break, and with an open letter in her lap.

"Heart alive, child! what is the matter?" cried the old lady.

"Nothing, mother—nothing!" and Patty hurriedly wiped her eyes. "Only I've got a letter from Morris, and it makes me so glad and so sorry!"

"Folks didn't cry over love-letters when I was a girl," said Mrs. Farquhar.

But the letter was more to Patty than the old lady expected. Every trusting word, every careless adjective, was an envenomed arrow in her heart.

Patty knew that almost unconsciously she had been led into what seemed to her an innocent enough flirtation with Stuart Waller. She had walked with him in the twilight, and she had written two letters, when he was temporarily absent in New York—careless, girlish letters, which, although no harm at the time, she would now give worlds to recall.

"I'll ask him to return them to me," said Patty to herself, "and then I'll turn over a new leaf. I will go to Aunt Prudencia's while he remains here, and begin my wedding clothes in good earnest."

But when Patty Farquhar proffered her innocent request, Mr. Waller laughed in her face.

"My dear Patty," said he, "do you take me for a fool?"

"My name is Miss Farquhar," said the girl with flashing eyes.

"Excuse me; but when you say 'Dear Stuart'—"

"I never said such a thing," interrupted Patty, with burning cheeks, and eyes aflame.

"In the letters?"

"I said 'Dear Mr. Waller,'" panted Patty.

"Excuse me once more—your memory plays you false."

"Will you return me the letters?"

"Miss Farquhar," with a low bow, they are a great deal too precious to me!"

"You refuse?"

"I neve refuse anything to a lady; but—"

Patty did not stay to hear the conclusion, but flashed out into the afternoon sunshine, with a huge lump in her throat, and curious sensation, as if all her blood were turned to fire.

"What a fool I have been!" she thought, pacing up and down the gravelled walk, like a chained pantheress, and biting her scarlet lips; 'O, what an idiotic, unreasoning fool! And what will become of me, if Morris Newton sees those silly scrawls? But surely, surely,' with a troubled effort of the memory, 'in the wildest moment of my infatuation, I never addressed him as 'Dear Stuart!' Be that as it may, however, I must and will get those letters back!'

Fired with this determination, Patty, Farquhar resolved herself at once into a private detective, searched Mr. Waller's room, and even got a false key to his trunks, and went through their contents, but all in vain, she had the sorry satisfaction of perceiving, by Waller's amused and patronizing air, that he knew all about it.

'I'll have them yet!' said Patty.

Miss Farquhar was standing with clasped hands before the wide opened door of the old-fashioned oven, built by the side of the kitchen chimney, and extending a sort of hump-back excrescence out into the lilac bushes of the back garden, when Mr. Waller come in; one afternoon, with a string of speckle trout depending from his finger.

'*La Penserosa!*' said he lightly. 'Pardon me, Patty, why are you so grave?'

'My thimble!' said she. 'It has rolled down into the oven—my little gold thimble!'

'And can't you reach it?'

'It is impossible!'

'Nothing is impossible where a lady's behest spurs one on!' said Mr. Waller, gallantly. 'Stand aside one second, Penserosa!'

And he sprang valiantly into the yawning depths of the old brick oven.

It was decidely warm, for the fires had just been taken out; it was decidedly dark, but no sooner had he entered than Patty, a brilliant inspiration lighting her heart and face alike, swung the massive front door to, and fastened it with the sturdy bolt.

'Hello,' shouted Mr. Waller, 'what are you doing there, Patty?'

'I am shutting the oven door,' breathlessly responded Patty.

'But I can't find your thimble in this Egyptian darkness.'

'I don't want my thimble.'

'Patty—Miss Farquhar—what do you mean?'

'I mean to have those letters back,' announced Patty.

'Do you want to roast me alive in this Black Hole of Calcutta of a place?' gasped Mr. Waller.

'I dont think I care much whether you roast or not,' answered Patty, deliberately.

'I small shout for help.'

'Shout away,' said Patty, with a laugh. 'Dorcas is hanging out clothes by the river, and mother is gone to the village. Do shout!'

'Patty,'—imploringly.

No reply.

'Miss Farquhar!' more imploringly still.

'Am I to be a prisoner here for life?'

'Until you give me those letters.'

'I can't!' groaned Waller. 'I haven't got them with me.'

'But you can tell me where they are, I suppose?' rejoined Patty.

The oven was hot and dark—a sensation akin to suffocation stole over Mr. Stuart Waller.

'Let me out,' said he, grinding his teeth, 'and I'll give 'em to you.'

'That won't do,' retorted Miss Patty. 'I must have them before you come out, or not all!'

'Impossible!'

'Nothing is impossible,' mimicked malicious Patty, 'where a lady's behest spurs one on!'

Mr. Waller uttered an ejaculation, which was certainly not a prayer.

'I can't stand this broiling hole!' shouted he. 'In the summer-house, under the loose boards of the table! Quick, or I shall be stifled to death!'

And Patty flew off, as if her tiny feet were garnished with wings.

In the little summer house, under the loose board of the table, lay the two letters, as Mr. Waller had said, wrapped in oiled-silk, and tied with a yellow cigar ribbon. Catching them up, she tore them hurriedly open.

'I *knew* it wasn't 'Dear Stuart!'' she exclaimed mockingly; and then, tearing them into a shower of infinitessimal pieces, she flung them to the summer wind.

Half an hour later, Mr. Waller, crumpled as to linen, frowsy as to hair, and streaming with perspiration, crept out of his sultry cell. Patty courtesied low to greet his egress.

'Walk out,' she said. 'Coward and liar!'

Mr. Waller made no reply. What could he have said?

He left the Farquhar cottage, that evening. He said he had received a telegram. Perhaps he had; but Patty had her doubts on that subject. At all events, he disappeared, and Patty Farquhar breathed free again.

Morris Newton came back in October, and Patty married him. But she never told any one, even her husband, of the episode of the old brick oven and the two love letters.

She had had her lesson, and she had profited by it, she told herself; let all else sink into oblivion.

"A lady reader writes The New York Herald for a recipe to remove freckles. A lady in Rome who has tried the remedy, recommends the following: Bathe the face lightly with cologne water after tea, and at about 10 P. M. brush both cheeks, the forehead and chin with a carefully selected mustache. If this does not remove the freckles, it will, under ordinary circumstances, cause them to be forgotten."

Diamond Findings.

Some remarkable stories are connected with the discovery of diamonds in Brazil, so much regretted by the Marquis de Pombal, who vainly endeavored to arrest the evil by forbidding search in the Province of Bahia (Brazilian diamond, were known first as "Bahias") on the plea that agriculture would suffer from the division of industry. The discovery of diamonds in Bahia was in this wise: "A cunning slave from Minas-Geraes, keeping his master's flocks in Bahia, observed a similarity between the soil of his native place and that of Bahia. He sought, therefore, in the sand, and soon found 700 carats of diamonds. Fleeing from his master he carried these with him, and offered them for sale in a distant city. Such wealth in the hands of a slave caused him to be arrested, but he would not betray himself. The master, to whom he was given up, tried to get at his secret by cunning, but without avail, until he thought of restoring him to his former occupation in Bahia, and watching him." A year afterwards, 25,000 people were digging diamonds in the fields there (eighty miles long by forty broad), and at the rate of 1450 carats a day. Dreadful misery ensued on the discovery of "The Diamond Rivers." The Government wanted to secure the monopoly of the new-found wealth to the crown, and so the dwellers on the river' banks were driven from their homes to distant wilds and despoiled of all they possessed. "Nature seemed to take part against them; a dreadful drought, succeeded by a violent earthquake, increased their distress. Many of them perished; but those who lived to return, on May 18, 1805, were benevolently reinstated in their rightful possessions. Strange to say, on their return the earth seemed strewn with diamonds. After a shower, the children used to find gold in the streets, and in the brooks which traversed them. Often the little ones would bring in three or four carats of diamonds. A negro found a diamond at the root of a vegitable in his garden; and poultry, in picking up their food, took up diamonds constantly."

In 1868 the child of a Dutch farmer named Jacobs, settled at the Cape, amused himself by collecting pretty pebbles on the banks of the neighboring river, and picked up a specimen which attracted his mother's attention, so that she showed it to one Schalck van Nickerk, who was curious in such matters. He was puzzled about its nature, and offered to buy it, but Mrs. Jacobs laughed at his offer, and gave him the pebble, which afterwards passed carelessly through two intervening pairs of hands before it reached—in a gummed envelope and unregistered—Dr. Atherstone, of Graham's Town, an excellent mineralogist. This gentleman, having examined its physical character and tested its degree of hardness and density, and its behavior when subjected to optical tests by means of polarized light, pronounced it to be a diamoned. This is the stone which was examined by savans of all nations during the Paris Exhibition of 1867, and purchased at the close of it by Sir Philip Wodehouse for £500. In 1870, Mr. Streeter's diamond expedition party were exploring the Transvaal far and wide, and ascertaining facts which complete our knowledge of the new wonder of the world. Amid dry geological details, charming touches of anecdote and adventure crop up, like the gems themselves, from the gravel and the quartz; and great solitary jewels, like the "Stewart" and the "Dudley," emerge and take their places in history, with the Sancy, the Pitt, the Great Mogul, the Hope brilliant, and many another bright bauble, blood-and-tear-stained. The Transvaal, our new territory, is Sinbad's Valley in prose fact, and the origin of the most celebrated group of dry diggings—that called Du Toit's Pan, which does not sound poetical—is as simple and fantastic as a fancy of Hans Christian Anderson's. "A Dutch boer, named Tan Wyk (who occupied a farm-house in this locality twenty miles southeast of Pniel), was surprised to find diamonds embedded in the walls of his house, which had been built of mud from a neighboring pond. This led to examination of the soil, which was soon found to contain diamonds. On continuing to dig lower and lower, diamonds were still brought to light, nor did they cease when the bed of rock was at length reached."

It was but natural that the discovery of diamonds at the Cape should excite only moderate enthusiasm in Brazill, but the Portuguese trick was long past, and the merchants would have been wiser had they been less angry, and especially less incredulous; had they remembered, to avoid them, the incidents of a century before. They refused to recive the warnings sent in perfect good faith, and in stolid unbelief beheld the attention of the trade divirted to the Cape stones, which were brought to market by all kinds of holders, and so fascinated the Amsterdam lapidaris that for a long time they would cut none other. The Brazilian market went down, and down, and has never recovered itself. "The Cape yield of large stones enhanced the difficulties of influencing the Amsterdam lapidaries. They, finding a superabundance, refused to cut small ones, and these Brazil furnished in every parcel with which the merchants supplied the market. The merchants of Brazil had therefore to exclude all small stones, and contrive to compose their parcels so as to enter into competition with Cape gems. They have not succeeded yet, not because in beauty and quality the Brazilian diamonds had deteriorated, but because of the ezorbitant prices at which they had been offered for."

The discipline of the Brazilian diamond fields is well contrived and maintained, but it must be comical to behold the tableau of "honesty rewarded," when a lucky negro finds a stone of 17¼ carats, and is crowned with a wreath of flowers and led in procession to the manager. It is pleasant to know that the triumph has substantial elements also; that the virtuous digger receives his freedom, a new suit of clothes, and permission to work for wages.—London Special.

Another Evangeline.

The story of Evangeline is repeated with wonderful fidelity in all its details in the experience of a young French girl, a resident of Marseilles. She was engaged to a sailor, to whom she was to be married on his return from a voyage to New York. He did not return, and after a year she got a berth as stewardess' assistant on one of the Havre steamers, to come here in search of him. On the passage, a rich American lady became interested in her story, and resolved to help her to find out her lover. In New York she learned that he had gone to Canada. For some months she traveled about the Dominion, sometimes close on his track, and again losing every clue as to his whereabouts. She returned to New York, and one day, while standing at a Broadway crossing waiting her turn to get across, she saw the object of her long search on the other side. She shrieked his name, and ran into the middle of the street, but a policeman caught her and saved her from the wheels of the string of vehicles. "Angel of God there was none," and she never again saw the Gabriel she had so long sought and so nearly found. She learned then that he had sailed for San Francisco, and she went overland to California to meet him. Arrived on the Pacific coast, she found that her lover had fallen overboard just outside the Heads and been drowned. Meanwhile, the body of a young man dressed in sailor's clothes was cast ashore on the beach, carried to the Coroner's office, and not being indentified, was interred in the public cemetery. A water-sodden pocket-book was taken from the dead man, which contained only a few letters written in French unaddressed. The girl hearing of this, went to the Coroner's office and found that the letters were hers. The waives had tardily and partially recompensed her devoted search, and she was able to find the grave of her lover.—New York World.

A Wash for Fruit Trees.

The following is recommended by a commission of fruit-growers, presided over by Prof. Cyrus Thomas, State Entomologist of Illinois, and is a part of a very full report, embodying advice as to the best means of fighting the insects that infest the orchards of that State:

"Insects and mildews injurious to the leaves of seedlings and root-grafts can be kept in subjection or destroyed by a free use of combination of lime an sulphur. Take of quick or unslacked lime four parts, and of sulphur one part. Break up the lime in small bits; then, mixing the sulphur with it in a tight vessel, pour on them enough hot water to slack the lime to a powder. Cover in the vessel close as soon as the water is poured on. This makes also a most excellent whitewash for orchard trees, and is very useful as a preventive of blight on pair trees, to cover the wounds in the form of a paste when cutting away diseased parts; also, for costing the trees in April. It may be considered as the specific for many noxious insects and mildew in the orchard and nursery. Its materials should always be ready at hand. It should be used quite fresh, as it would in time become sulphate of lime, and so lose its potency. Wherever dusting with lime is spoken of, this should be used. This preparation should be sprinkled freely over the young plants as soon as or before any trouble from aphides, thrips, or mildew occurs, early in the morning, while the dew is on the trees. This lime and sulphur combination is destructive to these pests in this way: First, by giving off sulphuric acid gas, which is a deadly poison to minute life, moth annimal and fungoid and the lime destroys by contract the same things. Besides its presence is noxious to them. Neither is it injurious to common vegetable life, except in excess, unless it be to the foliage of evergreens."

M. X——is a widower. Since the time he lost his wife, whom he adored, five years ago, he has not left off looking every day at the locket containing the hair of his dear and austere companion. Yesterday he had a visit from a friend at the moment when he was dyeing the lock of hair of the much-loved one. "What are you doing?" asked his friend. "You see well enough I am dyeing this hair an ashblonde, because this color is much worn now. I wish the hair of my 'Stainted Maria' to be always in fashion."

A woman is far more sensitive than a man. She has finer feelings and a more delicate mind. There are few men who realize this, and in consequence woman is made to endure much unnecessary suffering. One of our merchants was going to church with his wife, Sunday morning, when she suddenly stopped and put her hand on her head. "What's the matter?" he asked, started by the look on her face. "Oh! I have got on my brown hat!" "Eh?" ejaculated the astonished man. She burst into tears. "Why, Martha, what is the matter with you?" he demanded. "Don't you see what is the matter?" she returned in a sobbing voice. "I've got on my brown hat with my striped silk. Oh, what will people say?" And the tears started afresh. He caught her almost savagely by the arm as he angrily muttered: 'Come alon g you lunkhead."

Catching a Tartar.—Governess: "Do you know, Ernest, that I heard of a little boy not older than you who can read and write well, and who has begun Latin?" Ernest—"Oh, I say, what a jolly good teacher he must have!"

A New Lancers.

"The rage of the ball-room" at Cape May this summer was the new set of Lancers, introduced by the New Haven master, Prof. Loomis, who conducted the Congress Hall amusements this season. The Daily Star publishes the figures as a piece of great journalistic enterprise. The silent feature of the new dance is its minuet grace and stateliness. The music of the regular lancers will "go" with the new ones. The following are the figures:

First Figure—First four lead to right and bow, take side lady and fall back to opposite places and bow, foward and back six, forward and turn partners, balance to corners and turn, first four repeat, which brings head couples to places, sides the same.

Second Figure—All move foward, giving ladies right hand, and back, forward, leaving ladies in center, facing partners, all chasse, turn partners to places, all promenade, repeat four times.

Third Figure—All join hands, forward and back, forward again and bow, four ladies grand chain, repeat four times.

Fourth Figure—First four lead to right and bow, exchange partners and form two lines, facing own partner, bow to lady on right, forward and back, turn partners to places, bow to partner and bow to corner, repeat four times.

Fifth Figure—Bow, commencing with grand square; first four in center, sides separate, sides in center, then first four separate, partners to places; repeat figure with sides in center, first four separate, etc., taking thirty-two bars of music; first couple lead out, sides in center, all chasse, march, gents and ladies down the outside, forming two lines on opposite sides, all forward and back, turn partners to places, repeat four times, ending with grand square.

No Greenback Busines Cards Allowed.

Many complaints have reached the Treasury Department that merchants and business men in various parts of the country have been in the habit of printing business cards bearing such a close appearance to the United States and National Bank issue that many people have been deceived thereby, and quantities of it passed as good money. Some of the samples received at the Secret Service Division are of a character to deceive, some samples representing fractional currency and five and ten dollar notes. While they bear upon their face the fact that they are not really genuine, yet they are so very close in their imitation as to have deceived many people, and there is evidence of one of these cards, issued by a firm in Philadelphia, without any evil intent whatever, having passed upon a number of persons. These issues are all in violation of law, of which the persons employing such means of advertising their business seem to be totally ignorant. Section 5,480 of the Revised Statutes forbids the engraving or printing of anything in the impression or the likeness of any United States obligation or other security or any part thereof, except under the authority of the Secretary of the Treasury. The penalty is a heavy imprisonment.

Generous Mrs. Grant.

Of Mrs. ex-President Grant this story of unostentatious benevolence is told: "George S. Joice, of Unadilla, served faithfully through the war of the rebellion, and early in President Grant's first term was appointed a door-keeper at the capitol, or executive mansion. He remained there until some three and a half years ago, then sickened and returned to Unadilla, to linger through the balance of life, with consumption. He lived some twelve or fourteen months, and died. While in Washington he attracted the favorable attention of Mrs. Grant. His father's family were in very limited financial circumstances, and George was worth nothing but an irreproachable character and good name. Mrs. Grant, in some way, knew of these conditions, and during the entire time Mr. Joice was lying sick in Unadilla she sent him each month a check for $100 until he died. There was never any bluster over the matter, and few people in Unadilla know of it to-day."

An Unpublished Letter.

An unpublished letter from Sitting Bull to Wendell Phillips is in the hands of Lord Dufferin on the war. S. S. says, among other things: "Me glad hear from you. Sitting Bull glad hear from Man-not-afraid-of-his-Blab. Me see copy of *Sun*, *Sun* want no more damsoiljer. *Sun* says Big Father Hayes no give Injun no more fire water—gun, pistol, powder, shoot things no more. Big Father be fraud. Dam Hayes. Me no like Hayes. Me like *Sun*.

A man in Tennessee knelt down in church at prayer. There was a protruding nail head in the floor. One of his knees fell upon it with the force of his weight, so that it was buried in the flesh. Within a week the man died of lockjaw. A woman in Wales, in the habit of kneeling at prayer, accidentally abraded one of her knees; and a sore, at first a pimple, but later a terrible and painful swelling, killed her within six weeks. It is unnecessary to call attention to the moral of these terrible warnings.

An Ohio paper tells of one of the customs of some people of the state. When a young man of Upper Sandusky calls upon a young woman of Upper Sandusky he finds a Murphy badge on one corner of the center table, and on the opposite corner the minature of a mitten, and before proceeding to business he is required to choose which corner he accepts.

Brow, the mind-reader, is making a tour of the watering-places. It is needless to add that he is thus enabled to get entirely away from his business and obtain perfect rest.

"Darling, kiss my eyelids down," is the latest moonshine song, and he kisses them down, and up, and crosswise, and all around, then settles on her mouth as a steady thing.

Family scene. School-boy—"Mamma, I went to the book stores and changed the prizes they gave me at the exhibition." "Ah, ha! And what did you ask for in exchange?" "The novels of Paul de Kock."

"I am very particular about my bathing-dress, for there is everything in a bath suit," remarked a spare but beautiful belle to an admirer at Atlantic City. "Yes," was the dry reply, "and very little some times." (Tableau.)

A wedding was held in a drinking saloon in Denver. The following is a list of the killed and wounded, clipped from a local newspaper: John Meigs, alias 'Antelope Jack,' a laborer, killed. Wounded—Jack Williams, badly; William Mullen, badly; King, badly cut; Sandoval, shot in the hand and thigh; Stewart, colored, shot."

Barometrical flowers—artificial flowers (*fleurs barometres*) are made in Paris which indicate the approaching changes of the weather. In "fair" weather they are blue, "change," gray, and "rain," red. They are quite the fashion. Old gossip to friend—"This rose is blue. When I smell it, it becomes red." Friend—"It is a sign you ought to blow your nose."

Some fifty years or more ago a poor old woman in Ireland had her cottage pulled down over her head by her landlord. Her name was Mollie Maguire, and she died of grief and exposure. Thereupon her son and some neighbor lads formed themselves into a secret band, and vowed and took fierce revenge on Irish landlords, in general. The band spread rapidly, and they called themselves the "Mollie Maguires,' and Irish coal miners brought the same to America.

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2 squares	2 00	3 00	5 00	8 00	12 00
3 squares	3 00	6 00	10 00	15 00	20 00
4 squares	4 00	7 00	12 00	18 00	25 00
1 column	8 00	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
1 column	12 00	20 00	35 00	50 00	75 00
1 column	20 00	35 00	50 00	80 00	120 00

Eight lines or less of Nonpareil type constitute a square.

Regular advertisers will be charged fifteen cents per line for local notices and all others twenty cents per line.

Bills for regular advertising will be collected quarterly. Where for a less period than three months payment in advance will be required.

TIME TABLE—K. P. R. R.

The following is the time-table of the arrival and departure of trains on the Kansas Pacific Railroad, at Salina.

FRANK C. JACKSON, Agent.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	DEPART
Mail and Express No. 4	7 35 a. m.
Local Freight No. 10	10 00 a. m.
Stock Express No. 6	4 40 p. m.
Through Freight No. 6	3 15 a. m.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Mail and Express No. 3	3 30 p. m.
Through Freight No. 9	11 00 p. m.
Emigrant Freight No. 7	10 30 p. m.
Local Freight No. 5	4 00 p. m.

Trains No. 3 and 4 carry passengers between Kansas City and Wallace; No. 10 between Brookville and Wallace; No. 6 and 9 do not carry passengers.

Trains Nos. 3, 4, 7 and 8 run daily; Nos. 5, 6, 9 and 10 daily except sunday.

Railroad time 32 minutes faster than City

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Judge of the District Court—J. M. Phillipps.
Senator—John Richey.
Representative—J. G. Mowlen.
County Commissioners—C. K. Buell, chairman; L. G. Denton and R. S. Champlin.
County Clerk—John Anderson.
County Treasurer—J. B. Hamilton.
Sheriff—S. C. Lowe.
Register of Deeds—S. T. Case.
Coroner—J. K. Lull, Jr.
County Attorney—John Forker.
Surveyor—L. O. Wight.
Supt. of Public Instruction—D. G. Denton.
Clerk of the District Court—N. Patterson.
Probate Judge—A. Bond.

CITY DIRECTORY.

Mayor—C. S. Radcliff.
Councilmen—A. W. Wickham, Wm. Rand, F. J. Geiss, C. W. Hayes, R. F. Wagner.
Police Judge—N. F. Cardell.
Clerk—A. K. Brown.
Treasurer—Ed. Wittmann.
Marshal—L. M. Foyles.
City Attorney—John Forker.
Chief Fire Department—A. Scaldwick.

CHURCH DIRECTORY

PRESBYTERIAN—W. A. Simpkins, Pastor. Preaching each Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath school, 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meetings Wednesday evenings.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. J. H. Lockwood Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath, at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 o'clock, P. M. Sabbath school, each Sabbath, at 9 A. M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday evenings.

EPISCOPAL—Rev. Thos. B. Dooley, Rector. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening.

CATHOLIC—Rev. A. Wilbert, Pastor. Services on the first and third Sundays of each month. Church, corner of Iron Avenue and Ninth street.

BAPTIST—Rev. Spencer Gore, Pastor. Preaching on each Sabbath morning and evening. Sabbath school 2:30 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday evenings.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Preaching forenoon and evening every alternate Sunday, in the English Lutheran church. Elder L. N. Whaley, Pastor. Sunday school every Sunday at 2:30 P. M.

SWEDISH LUTHERAN—Rev. Frederick Lagerstrand, pastor. Preaching every Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sabbath school at 9:30 A. M. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—W. C. Seidel, Pastor. Services every alternate Sunday, at 11 o'clock, A. M. At New Cambria on the same day at 2:30 and 7:30 P. M.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

ATTORNEYS AT LAW

FOSTER & BANKS,

ATTORNEYS, COLLECTORS, AND Negotiators of Mortgage Bonds. Office, No. 103 Santa Fe Avenue, Salina.

HILLER & WHITNEY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. No. 92, Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kansas.

C. A. HILLER. A. G. WHITNEY.

GARVER & LOVITT,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Will practice in Saline and the other counties in the 13th and 8th Judicial Districts and the U. S. Land Office. Office over John Geis & Co.'s Brick, Salina, Kansas.

T. F. GARVER. S. A. LOVITT.

JOHN O. SPIVEY. SAMUEL CRAWFORD.

SPIVEY & CRAWFORD,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW. Office over Geis & Co.'s bank. They will practice in Saline and adjoining counties, in all the courts.

PHYSICIANS.

J. W. JENNEY

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon. Office over Sargent & Salter's Iron Avenue, Salina, Kansas. Special attention given to diseases of women and children.

BOON & DODGE,

PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS. Office, No. 85, Santa Fe Avenue, Salina, Kansas. Office hours from 9 to 11 a. m., and from 2 to 4 p. m.

W. C. BOON. J. S. DODGE.

DENTIST.

DR. R. E. NICKLES,

DENTIST. Office over H. M. Sale's Drug store.

MECHANICAL.

H. C. STANLEY,

CARPENTER, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR. Shop opposite Sudendorf & Eberhardt's Lumber Yard.

S. C. SERVILLE.

HOUSE, SIGN, FRESCO AND CARRIAGE Painter. Marbling, graining and paper hanging done with neatness at Salina, Kansas.

I. BROOMFIELD.

PLASTERER, Salina, Kansas. He is prepared to take all contracts for plain and ornamental plastering, and will guarantee perfect satisfaction.

MARTIN & CHAPMAN,

HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE, FRESCO Painters and Grainers, Paper Hanging, etc. Shop on 4th street, in rear of Kansas Central Land Agency.

NEWS DEPOT.

WHITEHEAD & SEAMAN,

NEWS AND BOOK DEALERS. All the latest issues of the day, weekly and monthly papers and magazines on our counters; also the latest book publications on sale. Full line of stationery, plain and fancy, constantly on hand. Toys for the young. Paradise Block, Salina.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

MAJOR JOHN W. BERKS,

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS—KANSAS Central Land Agency. Also agent for case lands belonging to non-resident owners and corporations, amounting to over 1,000,000 acres of the finest desirable in Central part of Western Kansas; also, Town Lots, Farms, Cattle Ranches and city property in Salina and the surrounding towns, for sale at all times.

Office of the Kansas Central Land Agency, a large Homestead land agency, see what we have for sale and read all about the great Southern Style of the West.

E. R. SWITZER, M. D.,

Graduate of McGill University, Montreal, Canada.

Having located in Salina for the practice of his profession, would tender his services to the citizens of Saline and surrounding country. Thankful for the favors bestowed upon partnership, he would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Residence between Mrs. Blodgett's and Mr. Wills' residences, on Iron Avenue.