

ABILENE REFLECTOR

PUBLISHED BY—
REFLECTOR PUBLISHING COMPANY.

MY FORMER SELF.

I know these not, my youthful friend:
And yet I think that I can trace,
As wistfully I gaze and bend,
Something familiar in thy face—
Methinks I've seen thy ruddy cheek,
Thy brow unlined, fair and high,
Thy pleasant smile that seems to speak
Thy dark brown hair—thy sparkling eye:
When did I know thee? Thou art fair—
And I am frail and full of woe,
My smiling brow is seamed with care—
'Twas surely in the long ago!
How changed am I! while thou art the same
As when I knew thee fresh and young;
Love in thine eyes, a living in thy tongue!
And tamed to wisdom's stern and high,
Thy heart was strong, thy step was light,
Ambition trembled in thy brain,
And dared to dream of dizzy height
Than mortal effort could attain.
Thy fancies wandered moonlight,
Wild as the sterns on mountain crest,
And free as gentlest summer wind
That wafts on the ocean's breast,
Time seemed before thine eager eyes
To stretch indefinitely long;
For toil, for pleasure, for empire,
For conflict of the right with wrong,
Such fate as failure never loomed
On thy horizon's distant zone,
And all things possible, fair and high,
The living forms of Love and Hope,
All this thou wert, and more than this!
When we were comrades staunch and true,
And never dreamed that present bliss
Could change its texture or its hue;
Never, oh never, dreamed that years
Could put distance 'twixt us twain,
And teach me amid groans and tears,
That thou and I had lived in vain!
Time has rolled on, and thou art left
A dream—a thought—and nothing more;
Of all thy former force bereft,
A broken statue on the shore,
While I, or what in days long past,
Was like to thee in face and form,
Frost like a leaf upon the blast
Of death's inevitable storm,
Vain are regrets! All blooms decay,
That fruits may follow in their stead;
And fruits must perish in their day,
That seeds may live when fruits are dead.
Our seed-time may be here on Earth,
Our harvest in the world above,
A second and immortal birth
In God's Eternal Love.
—Charles Kicker, in Youth's Companion.

A MAKE-BELIEVE STORY.

A Clever Woman's Ruse with a Supposed Detective.

George Dunlap was hurrying through the railroad station at Springfield to catch the train for Montreal. He was a little late and the knowledge of this fact so heightened the susceptibility of his nerves that, when a tall woman with her arms full of parcels fell heavily against him, dropping her parcels, some of which were scattered about her contents in every direction, only the sense of the politeness due to her sex kept him from using an ejaculation that would at least have expressed great impatience. She had clutched him nervously, as she slipped and he supported her a moment while he inquired if she was hurt.

"I don't know," she said, panting, "I turned my ankle—I feel terribly jarred."

When she recovered herself sufficiently to stand without his help, he could do no less than to offer to gather up her parcels, and he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was doing his duty, and seeing his train steam out of the station at one and the same time.

"Well, as I have lost my train—" he began, as he stood holding some of her bundles in his arms.

"Was that your train?" she exclaimed, still visibly agitated. "It was mine, too, I think—I am not sure—I am a stranger, I want to go to Hartford."

"This was not your train then," he answered, "yours starts from the other side."

"I was late, I know, but I took a ticket. What time does the next train go to Hartford?" she murmured, brokenly, lifting appealing eyes to his.

"I will find out for you," he said, feeling quite compassionate toward her, though she was neither young nor pretty, and therefore had no legitimate claim to a stranger's protection.

He conducted her to the waiting room and presently returned from the ticket office with the information that she would have to wait over three hours—until after dark in fact, for the train.

"Three hours alone!" she exclaimed, with an unconscious naive stress on the "alone" that Mr. Dunlap found very interesting.

"I, too, must wait until evening for my train," he said smiling, "and as it rains so that we shall have to stay in the depot, if you will permit me to sit here, I will do myself the pleasure of waiting with you for a time at least."

"You are very kind," she answered simply, moving some of her bundles so that he could sit closer to her than he had perhaps at first intended, "and that, too, after my awkwardness made you miss your train. You heap coals of fire upon my head, and I will be the less hot because they are getting rather tiring—chestnut coals in fact, if you will pardon the expression—upon my head."

Mr. Dunlap had already made up his mind that she was neither young nor pretty; he now, as she looked at him with a bright, audacious smile, revised his opinion to the extent of adding that she looked interesting.

She was tall, slender and very thin; with sharp, old-fashioned features, he decided, were her strong point, they were so changeable in expression and exhibited the different phases of her emotions with such an intensity, such a singleness of purpose from the appealing gaze of a frightened, helpless child, to the humorous quizzical glance she had thus given him.

"Will the delay inconvenience you very much?" she asked, seriously.

"I did think it was quite necessary for me to be one of the passengers on that particular train, but now I am not sure. I think I shall be happier here."

"I hope you will forgive me," she said, gravely, ignoring the implication of the last remark.

"I most certainly shall if you continue to be as agreeable as you have already been," he said, with a boldness which even some ordinarily polite men will use toward a woman they meet under unconventional circumstances.

She colored deeply, and he felt that he had risked losing her society by his last remark. For a moment she looked very grave and nervously fumbled with the leaves of a book she held in her hand. Then she seemed to him to swallow her annoyance and take sudden resolution. It was as if she said to herself: "Life is too short and the periods spent in waiting for trains too long to waste the one and prolong the other by servile deference to useless conventionalities."

"I hate waiting in railroad stations," she said, presently.

Mr. Dunlap lived back among the Berkshire hills where the only communication with the outside world was by means of a rickety, rumbling, clattering old stage which connected his town with the nearest railroad station.

He was a country farmer of very moderate means, but for all that, he had read, he had observed, he had been as far as he could, and more than a man of the world than others who had had much better advantages for becoming so. The very bulk of his conversation was carried on in the common vernacular, but he felt that he could be courtly and ceremonious to the last degree. When he read a sentence that seemed to him to be the thing in the way of polite repartee or gallant address, he would it that he had made it his own. That sort of thing was

doubly effective, no thought from a man who commonly used the old-fashioned Yankee dialect. It gave him the effect of being conversant with several languages.

"I have sometimes found it rather dull waiting here, but to-day I quite reckon on it," he replied, with his most polished manner.

"Did you ever try to make the time pass away by imagining the pursuits and destinations of the various persons you see around you?" he asked.

"No," she answered, quickly. She still seemed nervous from her shock. I should think it would be very interesting. Let's begin now."

Mr. Dunlap looked helplessly around the room.

Their few fellow travelers seemed of a hopelessly neutral, non-committal cast of countenance.

"Nobody here looks as if they'd ever done anything of much account or 'couldn't' if they set out to do," he said, after a pause. "I tell you what less do," he added, brightening, "less put ourselves into a story. To begin with, we meet by chance, the usual way, and we talk here. I take an awful shine to you. What do you say?" and he nudged her in what he considered a jocular but not indelicate manner.

She had looked at him sharply as he dropped into his ordinary habit of speaking, and then apparently made up her mind that he was acting some part.

"Don't you think that the beginning would lack originality just a trifle?" she suggested.

"There are no many stories that begin just that way. Now, perhaps, if I fell in love with you it would be less obvious."

Mr. Dunlap had an idea that she was laughing at him.

"Such things as that have been known to happen," he said rather sulkily.

"I have heard of such instances, but we must imagine some rather unusual causes and circumstances—for instance, suppose that I am married?" he asked abruptly; "I took you for a single woman."

"This is a make-believe story," she answered with a bright, mischievous smile.

"It's gittin' rather common for married women to fall in love with other men, nowadays," he observed, rather reprooffully.

"I accept your objection," she said; "but of course there must be attenuating circumstances, as some one says. My husband, for instance," she said, with a far-away, inscrutable look, "we'll suppose, for the sake of argument, is cross-brutal to me. He strikes me on the slightest provocation."

"Get out!" murmured Mr. Dunlap, with sympathetic incredulity.

"It takes delight in thwarting all my wishes, he makes my life wretched. I meet you—you are kind and don't swear at me when I tumble against you, and you pick up my bundles, which is something so foreign to all my experience that I fall in love with you at once. But of course I don't know it, people are not apt to know those things—in stories—so I don't dream of it. Then by a series of coincidences which couldn't happen anywhere except in stories—we'll fill in the details after we've selected out the plot—we met accidentally several times, and all the time out of deference to the opinions and prejudices of the reader I still don't suspect the state of my feelings, and you of course are equally in the dark."

"Well, now, that time, something must happen to reveal to us by alighting stroke that we love one another, for by this time you, moved by the spectacle of, not being in distress, but by more distressing exhibition of ugliness during a trifle more than he is just deserts, are feeling that pity that is said to be akin to a commoner sentiment."

"Now we must find some situations that will reveal all this to us without shocking the delicacy of the most rigidly conventional reader, who must be made to see and admit that we couldn't have done differently."

"Let me see, the presence of death generally comes to a countenance people in similar situations."

"We might be drowning," suggested Mr. Dunlap. "You fall in, I rush to save you, you know, and just as we were sinking for the last time, while every thing in our past lives is coming up before us, we both remember the time when I rescued your bundles and then it comes to us both that we love each other. Folks couldn't find no fault with that, could they?"

"Well, no," said the lady, thoughtfully. "I don't think the most rigid moralist could object to two people finding out that they love one another when they are sinking for the last time with their limbs full of water, and the proverbial straw of the drowning man is slipping from their nerveless grasp. But what I object to is that it makes the story too short. I haven't suffered enough yet to satisfy the practiced reader. We must be brought near enough to the verge of this world so that we feel ourselves beyond the reach of ordinary regulations and still be left with articulation enough to reveal our innoxious love. There must be a rescue and resuscitation for the purpose of overlooking us with shame, contrition and remorse."

"Somebody can come along and pull us out of the water," suggested Mr. Dunlap, who felt that he was not contributing his share to the story, "and bring us to by rolling us on barrels."

"Rolling on barrels may be the scientific method of resuscitation, but science is notoriously unavailable for poetic purposes. Besides," she continued, with extreme gravity, "I don't know to me that such a means persons like ourselves are getting rather tiring—chestnut coals in fact, if you will pardon the expression—upon my head."

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with a look of stern resolution and veneration I part from you forever, and I look after my fellow-travelers who are less mortally wounded than myself. The bored reader lays down the book and says with a yawn that the story didn't come out well. The husband ought to have died.

The short rainy afternoon had drawn to a close, and the lamps about the station were all lighted.

"Well, I have had a pleasant afternoon on her love for him and the fact of an inhuman husband. He was filled with pity, but could think of nothing to say."

"I'll be rather dismal going to Montreal in the dark," he said, after a pause. "I had counted on seeing something of the country."

"Why not wait till tomorrow or next day?" she asked, with suppressed eagerness.

"O, I must go," he answered, vaguely.

She looked down at the floor for some time with a look of inexpressible sadness. She seemed to be making a difficult resolution. At last she looked up with a strange, inscrutable expression, and said in a low, forced tone:

"Please don't go for a day or two. I want to see you again, and the fact that I think after this pleasant afternoon we must part, never to meet again. Can't you stay in Springfield until day after tomorrow, and meet me again here, in the afternoon?"

Mr. Dunlap hesitated. His companion was pale and trembled, and he thought that "What'll your husband say?" he asked, after a pause.

"My husband," she exclaimed in a startled manner, as if she had forgotten his very existence. "Oh, I don't know, but I think things that I wish you to advise me," she went on with terrible earnestness, "I am in a great deal of trouble. I want to tell you about it. You look kind, you can help me if you only will."

Mr. Dunlap knew perfectly well that it was very imprudent to make an appointment with an entire stranger, but as he was equally sorry for her, and sure of his own ability to take care of himself, he gave the required promise. A look of inexpressible relief came over her face and her eyes filled with tears.

She thanked him fervently, begged him not to trouble himself to see her to the train, and after a warm pressure of his hand disappeared.

Mr. Dunlap's pity for her did not prevent him from the disloyalty to her memory of searching his pockets to see if any of his valuables were missing. Finding them all intact he went to a hotel to await the appointed day.

When the designated time arrived, Mr. Dunlap, though he had thought constantly of the fair unknown in the interval and had mixed up the thoughts of her with his conscientious study of the law, looked at the view he had been able to see from the Army tower was the vision of a bright-eyed woman making violent love to himself, and had studied the architecture of the public library with a keen interest. It was justifiable to get a divorce for intolerable cruelty?" uppermost in his mind, was still unable to arrive at any definite answer to either supposition.

He strolled aimlessly up and down the platform, now and then stopping to peer furtively into the waiting-rooms.

"I will tell her," he finally decided "that this is very sudden, but that after long and careful deliberation, I have decided that though I appreciate her kindness and the confidence she has reposed in me, I have conscientious scruples against marrying a divorced woman, but that I will be a brother to her."

There had been no definite time set for the meeting, and Mr. Dunlap began to grow impatient. Suppose that she had decided on renunciation instead of leaving that agreeable duty to him! He acknowledged that if she had come to a realizing sense of her forwardness in making an appointment with a stranger, it was perfectly right and extremely proper, but it was very tiresome and stupid wandering about a smoky old railroad station, waiting for a person who had not a sufficient sense of moral obligation to keep her engagement. He was rapidly growing ill-humored when he met Fred Richmond, an acquaintance of his who was beginning to do quite a little in detective work. Richmond accosted him jovially, and turning around walked slowly with him. Dunlap was rather impatient at the interruption. He thought Richmond would be a much more pleasant companion if he had not been so exclusively enthusiastic on the subject of detective work.

"I'm sorry to see you in this town, and I'm glad to see you in this town," he said, "it's a fine thing that was not closely connected with this hobby."

"You have no sympathies with any thing but sleuth-hound instincts," he had told him once, and Richmond had retorted that that in order to be successful one "must whoop on his own side."

"That was a fine piece of work capturing Williams, the absconding bank cashier," he began, and as they walked along together.

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THE ARIZONA KICKER.

Some Little Excerpts From a Wide-Awake Frontier Publication.

ADVICE GRATIS.—We have a word or two of advice to those people who are canvassing the town for subscriptions to build a church. Get your congregation before you get your building. We've taken the town directory and gone slap through it from cover to cover, and we haven't lighted on the name of one single individual who has got religion enough to drive a mule forty rods.

We refused to chip in for a church, but will contribute ten dollars to get Lampas Jake, the revivalist, down here. We want him to come here and tell the people that they are the meekest, wickedest, low-down, shack-nasty lot of heathens in America, and that not one of them stands any more show of getting to Heaven than a jack-rabbit does outtrunning chain lightning. If Jake can knock any of the dirt off and get down to the centicle and scars thunder out of enough citizens to hold a prayer meeting, we'll go in for a church building with a whoop.

SOCIETY NOTES.—Mayor Jim Gibbons and wife, of Jerusalem Hill, are vacationing in the mountains. These are the only two inhabitants who are able to take an outing this summer, and they couldn't have gone if they hadn't dodged a dozen creditors and borrowed seven dollars of us. We'll bet four to one they beat their board bill when they get ready to return.

TO THE TRADE.—The Kicker would be willing to take a column advertisement from some Eastern drug house in exchange for one hundred pounds of insect powder and one hundred blow-guns. There seems to be a nervousness on the part of our people against asking our local druggists for the stuff, but there would be no hesitation in calling at this office. As the publisher of a family newspaper we seem to beget confidence. Please leave your orders at an early date.

GO HENCE!—The lop-eared monstrosity who claims to edit the *Prairie Star* has been so jealous of the phenomenal success of the *Kicker* that he hasn't enjoyed his whisky for the last three months. In his last issue he claims that our circulation does not reach 150, and that we are carrying sixteen columns of dead ads. We hereby publish our affidavit that our circulation is 133 copies weekly, and constantly growing, and as for dead ads, that's our business. We have discovered that the people of this town can extract more comfort out of a patent medicine ad than from a two-column sketch by Trollope, and it is our business to please the masses.

A REMINDER.—Our birthday occurs next week Friday—that being our thirty-fifth—and any little reminder sent in by the public will be warmly appreciated. We stand in need of shirts, socks, neckties, collars, etc., and it has been suggested that the ladies organize and contribute to a generous outfit.

Some of our friends declare that, in view of what the *Kicker* has done for this locality, a purse of \$100 should be presented to us by the men. We should be thankful, of course, and more thankful, if it was made \$150. An editor should be modest, however, and we simply throw out these few suggestions without any thought of being personal.

P. S. We wear a No. 15 collar and the shirts should be full in the back.

MORE WIND.—Prof. Ross, who hit this town last spring to get up a class in music, and who has been here on his uppers ever since, doesn't like our way of dealing with him. Because we suggested last week that he quit debating and pick up the pick or shovel, he is around town calling us a fugitive from justice, and asking why the police don't do something.

Gently, Professor. When we left Kenia, O., the sheriff patted us on the back and lent us half a dollar. We are the only man in this town who doesn't turn pale when the stage comes in, and the only one who doesn't break for the glass brush when it is announced that the United States Marshal is here. We ain't rich or pretty, but we are good, and the Professor is barking up the wrong tree. We don't bear him any ill-will, but the Professor must retract his statements about us or we'll drop a line to Pinkerton asking if Yaller Jim, alias Prof. Ross, isn't wanted somewhere.—*Detroit Free Press.*

English Newspaper Salaries.

The London correspondent of the *Irish Times* professes to have ascertained the salaries paid by the *Times* to its foreign correspondents: M. de Blomitz, the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, is paid 80,000 francs, or £3,200 per annum; Mr. Love, at Berlin is paid £2,500; the Vienna correspondent an equal salary; the correspondent at Rome £2,000, with rent of residence; Mr. Simpson, at St. Petersburg, the same. Even the lesser correspondents who do not write perhaps a dozen or a half dozen columns in the course of a twelve-month, are paid on scales varying from £1,000 to Senior Diaz at Madrid, down to £500 to Herr Julius Lax—a name which will be familiar to many in Dublin and more in Cork—who represents the *Times* in Brussels, and so on to the minimum of £250 paid Mr. Heinrich at Christiania. This seems small, but seeing that the correspondence is wired or written to Printing House Square occurred only fifteen times throughout 1887 he was fairly well paid for his labors at the rate of nearly £17 per message. The correspondence budget of the *London Times* in salaries alone is nearly £300,000 a year (£150,000.)—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A Common Rule Reversed.

"My calling," said the letter-carrier, "differs materially from all others."

"In what way?" asked his friend.

"Most people get their walking papers when they are discharged; don't they?"

"Yes."

"Well, I got mine when I was appointed."—*Chicago Tribune.*

At the police court the Judge questioning a witness—"Your name?"

"Josephus Horther." "Your age?"

"Forty-three." "Your profession?"

"Dramatic author." "That is not a profession; it is a disease."—*Truth.*

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

—Before manures can produce their full and profitable effect upon the soil, the land must be made dry by drainage or other means.

—The foolish farmer plants his crops by zodiacal signs; the wise farmer plants his when the weather is suitable and the ground is in good condition.

—A horseman of experience says that the use of lard between the hair and the hoof is an excellent remedy for quarter cracks or other imperfections in the hoof.

—As a rule those crops pay best that require the most care and attention. The brains and the labor are what sell in the markets in the shape of the crop.

—A piece of pumice stone as large as one's fist soaked in coal oil and buried in wet weeds out of fruit trees. A piece of soft brick may be used if pumice stone is not at hand.

Egg Cakes: Three well-beaten eggs, poured over a pint of fresh bread crumbs, seasoned with pepper and salt. Mix well but do not mash the bread; drop carefully in spoonfuls in hot lard and fry.

—If the currant bushes have failed to bear well, trim up well and then stir the soil well around them and apply a good dressing of manure. By securing a strong vigorous growth of a few good sprouts, a fair supply of fruit may be secured.—*Western Planter.*

—An Arab rule for selecting a good horse is to measure him from the tip of the nose to the top of the withers, and from the latter point to the root of the tail. The longer the first measurement is in proportion to the latter the better the horse.

—It is safe to say that thousands of horses die annually, literally burnt out with too much of a grain diet, and too little of a cooling one. It may confidently be asserted that if more turnips, cabbage, potatoes and beets were fed them with their grain, they would last longer and be freer from disease. And the same rule applies to all animals fed on grain.—*American Farmer.*

—The cutting-box saves waste of food. All food should be cut, which better enables the farmer to mix it with ground grain, and thereby rendering it more palatable. All provender fed in this uncut condition is subject to loss. Much of it is thrown on the floor and trampled, while portions will be uneaten. The saving of food will more than pay for the labor of cutting it.

—Stewed Mushrooms: Put into a stew-pan a quart of cleaned mushrooms, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, 1 tablespoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper and 1 tablespoonful of flour mixed with half a cupful of cold water. Cover the stewpan and boil gently for five minutes, stirring frequently. Serve very hot. Some think the dish will be improved if they add a teaspoonful of lemon juice just before removing the mushrooms from the fire. Stock may be used in place of the half cupful of water and will produce a better flavor.

—A Tea Dish: Peel and slice tart cooking apples, and stew with the smallest amount of water possible, to keep from burning. Put through a colander, sweeten, and flavor with lemon. Put in the center of a glass dish when cold. Make a boiled custard of a pint of milk, yolks of four eggs and white of one; sugar to sweeten and lemon flavoring. When cold pour over the apple. The whites of eggs beat to a stiff froth, add a tablespoonful of powdered sugar and pile roughly over the top of the custard. Serve as soon as possible.—*Rural New Yorker.*

PLAN OF A SILO.

One That Is Cheap and Can Be Used for a Variety of Other Purposes.

It is palpably true that if silage is a useful and practicable process for preserving succulent fodder there is no use for root crops, except as they may be grown as catch crops or to fill a vacancy. Catch crops, as a rule, are objectionable for the reason that as much is lost in the main crop as is gained in these. And if the crops are grown merely to utilize a piece of land that is not in use for other crops during a short interval, we can grow corn as easily and as quickly as we can grow roots. The good culture and manuring given to roots, and for which root crops are so highly esteemed, may be quite as well applied to the corn with equal benefit and profit. So that the whole question hinges upon the value of the silo for preserving green crops. It is now a season when a test of this may be made. A small silo ten by twelve and sixteen feet high may be constructed for the purpose, and if it is afterward abandoned for this use it will make an excellent ice-house or a most useful stable, or what is wanted on every farm, a separate place for calving cows or sick animals, or a visitor's horse or many other valuable uses. The silo may be filled with the second cutting of clover, which never makes good hay.

A silo, constructed by the writer for this purpose, is of the size mentioned, and made as follows: Sills, six by eight inches, are laid down and tied by two flat girts of the same size, dovetailed into the sills four feet apart from centers to divide the floor into three and four feet spaces. Studs, two by eight, are morticed into the sills in this way:

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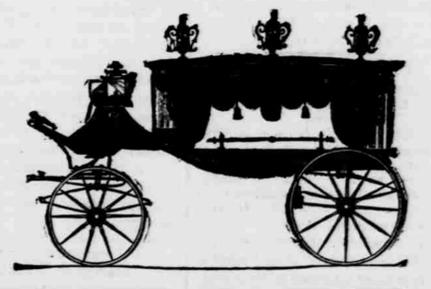
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