ZEB KNEW THE HOWL

IT INTERRUPTED A DISCUSSION ON THINGS BIBLICAL.

The Old Possum Hunter Tells About a Wildcat Scrimmage and How, After He Thought He Had the Old Woman Licked, She Silenced Him.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

"One evenin," said the possum hunter of Tennessee, "as me an the old woman sot smokin our pipes on the doahstep an feelin at peace with the world, she suddenly says to me:

"'Zeb, do yo' know why the preacher didn't stop with us when he was 'long yere two weeks ago?'

"'Bekase he stopped with Jube Taylor,' says I.

"'He stopped thar, but he wasn't gwine to till he heard what yo' had said. Then he got mad an wouldn't step foot over the doah.'

"'An what did I say?'

"'Yo' was blowin round that yo' didn't believe the whale swallered Joner. 'Peared that yo' wanted to start a fuss with somebody. What's that whale an Joner got to do with yo'?

"MEEBE THE WHALE SWALLERED JONER."

What's the matter that what's good 'nuff fur Elder Hopkins an everybody else round yere ain't good 'nuff fur yo'?'

"'But I ain't a-believin the story. How's a man gwine to live right on arter he's bin swallered by a whale?'

"'That's none of our bizness,' she says.

"'But I'm makin it my bizness,' says I. 'What don't seem likely to me I ain't gwine to believe in.'

"'But yo' might keep shet about it an not raise a fuss. Who air yo', Zeb White, that yo' disputes the Bible?'

"That started the row," said the old man, "an we had some purty hot words. I said I didn't believe the story, an she said she didn't keer whether I did or not, an we was sassin away when we heard a cry up on the hillside. It was sunthin like the cry of a child, an the old woman gits up an listens an says:

"'Zeb, thar's a leetle child wanderin about in the bresh. Jest hoot two or three hoots to draw it this way.'

"The cry come ag'in, an then I knowed what it was. It wasn't no lost child, but a prowlin wildcat. I hadn't heard one fur two y'ars, but I was dog suah of the game. I'd hev told the old woman, but she got mad bekase I wouldn't hoot an called me names. When the third cry comes, she says to me:

"'Zeb White, that must be Joe Baker's leetle boy Jim, an he's wandered two miles away from home. If yo've got a heart in yo'r busum, yo'll go up the mounting an find him an bring him down in yo'r arms.'

"'I ain't huntin fur lost boys,' says I as I fills my pipe.

"'Then I am. I'll go up thar myself.'

"'Better not.'

"'But I will. Befo' the Lawd, but I don't know what's come over yo', Zeb. Fust yo' go an deny that the whale swallered Joner, an then yo' won't move hand or foot to save an innercent child from perishin. Mebbe yo' air gittin ready to turn Mormon an run away from me?'

"'I ain't takin wild varmints fur lost boys,' says I as the scream come ag'in.

"'It's no wild varmint. It's the voice of leetle Joe Baker, an he must be skeert almost to death of the darkness. Yo' sot right yere like an old mewl, an I'll go up an find him. I'm thankin the Lawd yo' hain't got no children of yo'r own.'

"With that she grabs up a stick an starts up the hill. While I knowed that a wildcat was roamin round, I didn't think the old woman would come to any hurt. I hoped the cat would yell out an skeer her, an so it was ten minits befo' I follered on. She went push-in through the bresh an callin to Joey, an now an then the cat cried out in answer. I was doin a heap of laughin to myself when the old woman calls back to me:

"'Come on, Zeb! I've dun found the child.'

"'Then bring him along,' says I.

"'I can't. He's up a tree. Zeb, did yo' ever hear of a lost boy climbin a tree?'

"'Not skassly, but mebbe they do it.'

"'An his eyes are shinin like two coals of fire. I never knowed that lost children's eyes looked that way at night.'

"I knowed the cat had clumb a tree an was lookin down at the old woman, an I had jest opened my mouth to cry out a warnin when the cat hissed an growled an rattled the bark with her claws. That was 'nuff. The old woman gin a yell an started to run, but at the fust move she fell over a log. I reckon that cat must hev bin mighty mad 'bout sunthin, fur she screamed out an jumped to the ground an in two jumps was on the old woman's back an usin her teeth an claws like sin. I grabbed up a club an mixed in, but at the fust blow the club broke, an the cat turned on me. Lemme tell yo' sunthin 'bout wildcats. If yo' was to be pitched into a hole on top of fo'teen buzzsaws, it wouldn't be as bad as hevin a row with one full grown wildcat. She would gin me a bite an then gin the old woman a clawin, an thar waz no gettin away from her. We had to fight fur our lives, an I never did sich fightin in all my days. We'd hev both bin done up except that I dashed the cat ag'in a tree an stunned her, an while she lay thar we fled to the house an locked the doah. We hadn't skassly got in befo' the critter was screechin round, an, not bein able to git at us, she went round to the shed an bit an clawed my old mewl till he was no good all winter.

"We was a drefful sight to see when we got into the house—me an the old woman. We was in tatters an kivered with blood, an we jest fell down an laid thar. I was the worst hurt, but I hadn't got over bein mad yit. Bimeby I sot up an says:

"'Mebbe the whale swallered Joner, an mebbe he didn't?'

"The old woman groaned with her bites an didn't say a word.

"'Mebbe Zeb White has a right to his opinyun, an mebbe he hasn't?'

"She groaned ag'in, but she hated to give up.

"'An mebbe Zeb White has sense 'nuff in his head to know the yeowl of a wildcat from the cry of a leetle child? If yo' think he hain't, then yo'd better tree some mo' lost boys.'

"'What's the argyment, Zeb?' she asks as she sits up with tears in her eyes.

"'The argyment is, Kin I hev my opinyun 'bout Joner an the whale?'

"'I'm considerin that yo' kin.'

"'An am I a man to leave an innercent child to perish in the bresh?'

"'Not skassly.'

"'An air yo' still thankin the Lawd bekase we hain't got no children?'

"'I don't believe I am.'

"'An, lastly, air yo' gwine to fly up mad bekase I say them lions orter hev eaten Dan'l when he was cast befo' 'em?'

"'I'll argy the p'int, Zeb.'

"'Then that's all. I'll light another candle, git out the coon's fat an some rags, an we'll see if we can't patch each other up an git along fur a month without no mo' fussin.'"

"And so it ended all right?" I asked of the old man as he finished his story.

"I thought it had," he replied, with a sigh. "I thought I had the old woman licked an was gwine to boss the cabin from that time on, but we was both still limpin from our hurts when I happened to mention that them people never crossed the Red sea dry shod, an she turned on me an got me by the ha'r, an I had to take it all back an shet up like a clam." M. QUAD.

A FALSE ALARM.

It Came at a Most Inopportune Time For the Pretty Angler.

"And it all came from a little, petty, miserable, insignificant, nickel plated alarm clock that cost me just 69 cents at a bargain sale!" exclaimed the pretty girl in blue, with flashing eyes, to her sympathetic friend. "I haven't the slightest idea why I bought it unless it was because it was so cheap, for goodness knows I didn't need it! But buy it I did and carried it home, where I bragged of my bargain all the rest of the day. It wouldn't run more than half the time, and finally I turned it over to my little sister to play with.

"You know the time I have had with that eligible young man and how I have quarreled with every girl friend I know who has dared to look at him? But you don't know how many nights I have wasted sitting up planning a campaign that would be successful!

"Well, he called the other evening, and I served notice on the rest of the family that we wanted the drawing room to ourselves that evening, for I felt sure that the supreme moment had arrived. I wasn't disappointed. We were sitting side by side on a divan, quite by accident, looking at some engravings when he began, and I tried to look as if I was awfully surprised. But he hadn't spoken more than three words before that miserable alarm clock went off right under us, where my little sister had left it when she was through playing with it.

"From the way the young man jumped you would have thought that he was a part of the alarm and always acted that way when the alarm was sprung. He made for the door, mumbling something that I didn't catch on account of the noise that the alarm made, and he was outdoors before the din ceased and gave me a chance to collect my wits. And to think that it was all caused by a little, miserable, petty"— The pretty girl in blue gave it up and burst out crying.—Detroit Free Press.

Poor Shots.

All the principal correspondents at the front, among them Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Villiers, the war artist; The Daily News and The Times Mafeking correspondents as well as Sir Howard Vincent have testified to the poor shooting in unmistakable terms. Mr. Villiers' experience was a particularly striking one. While asleep in his Cape cart on the veldt he was ineffectually potted at 100 yards off by three gentlemen in khaki, who mistook him for a Boer farmer. As he tersely puts it, "I never felt anywhere so safe as when under my countrymen's fire." An analysis of the "withering rifle fire of the British advance" shows that in very few instances was a Boer hit more than once, while many of our men had several Mauser bullets through them, in some instances as many as 12 and 13. English as well as foreign doctors in Boer hospitals report that almost all the wounded Boers have come to their injuries by artillery fire. Dr. von Gernet states "that the British rifle fire is almost quite without effect," which, if the instances I can cite of regulars who were hurried to the front who had never fired a service rifle in their lives be at all general, can hardly rouse surprise.—Nineteenth Century.

Sun Storms.

The connection between the aurora, sun spots and magnetic disturbances has never been explained, but many observations have shown that it definitely exists. The outbreak of a cyclonic storm on the sun with the formation of spots is immediately registered in every magnetic observatory on the earth. Sometimes the disturbance of terrestrial conditions is very marked.

For example, on Feb. 13, 1892, a great spot, accompanied by enormous cyclonic disturbances, burst forth on the sun's surface. That night a magnificent aurora was visible all over the northern half of the United States and in many parts of Europe. Telegraphing was carried on between New York and Albany without batteries, so strong were the earth currents. The telegraph system of Sweden was completely paralyzed, and in Russia much difficulty was experienced with the telegraph lines. At the Kew observatory in England the magnetic needle swung two degrees out of its normal position.

All this has furnished physicists and astronomers a fruitful field for study, and a vast mass of observations has been accumulated, but so far no satisfactory explanation of the mysterious bond of sympathy between solar and terrestrial influences has been forthcoming, nor does any one yet know the true nature of the aurora.

O'Connell and the Tipperary Boys.

At Tipperary, brave Tipperary, they wanted to take the horses from O'Connell's carriage and draw him themselves upon his way. "This will never do," he said to his daughter-in-law. "Their intentions are excellent, but they'll get so excited that we'll find ourselves in the ditch presently."

Bursting open the carriage door, in a moment he was out among these gigantic Tipperary men, just as big as any one of them. "Now, boys, be reasonable," he said. "Leave the horses under the carriage."

"But, shure, we'd rather pull you along ourselves, sir," was the reply as the preparations for so doing went gallantly forward.

"All right; on your own heads be it!" cried O'Connell good humoredly, and, throwing off his coat, he set to with pugilistic intent, boxing them right and left until he got them to desist. Their amusement and delight knew no bounds, and when, on regaining the carriage, he doubled up his hand and shook it at them, with a beaming smile and a twinkling eye, the air was rent with enthusiastic shouting, and he drove off even a greater hero than when he had come.—Donahoe's Magazine.

She Liked Variety.

She is a very nice little girl, and yet she has an imagination so vivid that people can't help wondering once in awhile what is going to become of it. The little girl can and does tell the most marvelous tales, and when she is reproved she is entirely complacent and cannot see that her effective inventions are anything more than jokes. One of these she told to an interested neighbor, at whose house she called frequently.

"How is your mamma, dear?" asked the neighbor one morning when the little girl made her appearance.

"She is very sick," answered the little girl earnestly. "Nelly (her sister) and I were up with her all night. We called the doctor." But when the kind neighbor went in haste to see her sick friend she found her in every respect as well as ever.

"Why did you tell kind Mrs. Blank such a story about me?" asked mamma seriously of her little girl at the first opportunity.

"Well, mamma," said the little girl, with a toss of her curls, "Mrs. Blank asks me every single morning how you are, and I get tired of telling her that you are very well."—New York Times.

Too Honest.

A lawyer took in a new boy the other day, and, as he had suffered to some extent from the depredations of the former one, he determined to try the new boy's honesty at once. He therefore placed a $5 note under a weight on his desk and walked out without a word. Upon his return, half an hour later, the note was gone, and half a dollar in silver had taken its place.

"Boy, when I went out I left $5 under this weight."

"Yes, sir, but you hadn't been gone five minutes when a man came in with a bill against you for $4.50. I guess the change is correct?"

"You paid the bill?"

"Yes, sir. There it is, all receipted. The man said it had slipped your mind for the past four years, and so"—

He did not get any further before he made a rush for the door. That boy is not in the law business any more.—Chicago News.

Satan Got Behind.

Mother—So you have been at the jam again, Adolphus?

Son—The cupboard door came open of itself, mother, and I thought—

Mother—Why didn't you say, "Get thee behind me, satan?"

Son—So I did, mother, and he went up and pushed me right in!—Brooklyn Life.

A Distinction.

"Knogood tells me you won some money from him last night," said the man with the shrieking shirt.

"Nipe," said the man with the whispering tie; "I merely won a few bets from him."

"Oh!"—Indianapolis Press.

The private secretary of an important official is a good thing until he begins to think he is the important official.—New Orleans Picayune.

The stars on the United States coinage are six pointed, while the United States flag carries five pointed stars.

MALCOM KIRK.

A Tale of Moral Heroism In Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON,

Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

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Illustrations by Herman Heyer.

CHAPTER XIX.

FAITH FINDS A MORE CONGENIAL POSITION.

That was the most remarkable company dinner that Mrs. Fulton ever knew in her house. Faith insisted on going to work as if nothing unusual had happened. By 7 o'clock everything was ready, and the company sat down. Malcom Stanley rubbed his eyes several times as Faith came in and removed the various courses and served with a quiet dignity that made its impression on every side. Mrs. Fulton was visibly embarrassed by the fact that the girl who was in her kitchen, her "help," was the daughter of Malcom Kirk, who was the author of such stories in the newspapers. Roy had discovered his authorship at once by asking him a leading question, and Malcom had not been able to conceal his identity. There was an unusual respect in the young gentleman's attitude toward the Kansas preacher, a respect, which, however, did not prevent him from eating the larger part of a dish of preserves unobserved during the general excitement of conversation.

Malcom Kirk looked proudly at Faith every time she came into the room, and the fact that she was there serving in household work did not disturb him or give him any false feeling of shame. Even Mrs. Fulton had a vague dawning of the fact of nobility in service that had been an unknown thing to her, although she could not help feeling astonished whenever she looked around the table and realized who her guests were.

After dinner was over Alice insisted on going out to help Faith. Her mother did not rebuke her, and Faith gratefully accepted her aid. When the work was all done, Mrs. Fulton came into the kitchen.

She was struggling with an unusual emotion, and it was not easy for her to say what she had prepared.

"Faith—Miss Kirk, of course—you must come into the parlor with us this evening. You ought to have told me who you were. I—I—perhaps, I have not treated you just right. I did not know"—

"Don't say anything about that, ma'am," said Faith. "This experience has been worth a good deal to me. I'm afraid I've had some un-Christian thoughts about you."

"You do not need to say anything about that," said Mrs. Fulton hastily. Then she added in a tone that made Faith feel that she had been thinking a good deal of Faith's efficient service: "We shall not know how to get along without you. You have quite spoiled us for the average help."

"I'm glad if you've been pleased," replied Faith, and that was all that was said then, but the atmosphere between her and Mrs. Fulton cleared up wonderfully.

That evening was not soon forgotten by the Fultons. The three guests had a good deal to say. All of them had seen a good deal of the world, and each, from his own point of view, was a fascinating talker. Mr. and Mrs. Fulton sat silent and intensely interested. Mr. Fulton quite forgot his business interests for awhile. Alice and Faith sat near together and listened breathlessly to one or two stories Malcom Stanley told very modestly about some genuine adventures in the mining districts of the African Transvaal. Roy, who was just beginning to devour books in much the same manner as he devoured pie, leaned his chin on his hands and his elbows on his knees,

"You ought to have told me who you were."

looking up at the three men who represented so much that was heroic to him.

But perhaps the one person who impressed the whole company most deeply was Malcom Kirk.

There was something so modest, yet so manly, so winsome in its genuine Christian sympathy in his whole manner, that even Mrs. Fulton was profoundly moved by it.

"I like that Mr. Kirk," she said to her husband that evening. And that meant a good deal for her.

Malcom and Stanley remained that night at the Fultons' at their urgent request, and in the morning after breakfast, while Mr. Fulton and Stanley were talking business in the library, Faith and her father held a conference in the parlor.

"I had planned to take you back home with me, my dear," said Malcom. "But Raleigh told me last night of his niece, Miss Varney, and said there was no doubt of your being able, with his recommendation, to secure a good position there. We want to do what is best in every way. Your mother is homesick for you too."

"Well, father, I feel as if I ought to stay in the city if I can really become a breadwinner. Let me try it awhile at the studio, and if I fail then I'll come home and spend the rest of my days cooking for you and the boys."

"How about your work here, Faith? Are you under promise to Mrs. Fulton to stay any length of time?"

"No, father. But I think it would be no more than fair for me to stay three or four weeks until Mrs. Fulton has time to work in some one else."

"I think so, too," replied Malcom, who in all his relations to others was always guided by the strictest sense of fairness and honor. "Do what is right in the matter. Better talk frankly with Mrs. Fulton about your plans, and let her feel that you are willing to stay as long as it is right."

When Mrs. Fulton came in, Malcom and Faith had a talk with her. The result of it was that Faith promised to remain with Mrs. Fulton another month. Meanwhile she was to see Miss Varney, and if arrangements could be made she was to enter the studio at the end of the time of her service at the Fultons'. Mrs. Fulton was considerably surprised and a good deal pleased with the arrangement. It was a good deal more than she had supposed Malcom Kirk or his daughter would agree to do, but she did not know either of them as well as she did afterward.

Malcom Kirk spent a Sunday in Chicago, and Faith had the great delight of hearing him preach in the church where she had gone to the evening service that eventful Sunday before. They took tea with the pastor that evening, and the next day Malcom started back to Conrad.

Malcom Stanley went with him. There was, if the truth must be told, a secret disappointment in the heart of the young Englishman that Faith was not going home too. But the two men said goodby cheerily to Faith and were whirled out into the west, while Faith went back to her work with a brave heart, in spite of a little feeling of homesickness that crept over her at the sight of the two stalwart figures on the platform of the receding train.

Her relations with the Fultons were decidedly different now. She was careful not to presume in the least on the change in their thought of her, and when Mrs. Fulton asked her that day if she would not sit down at the table with them she said she preferred not to, which was entirely true, for Faith believed that if she was to serve the family as she ought at mealtimes she must be ready to do so in the most effective manner. And she knew she could not do so if she ate with the rest.

Mrs. Fulton was much relieved at Faith's action in that particular. It seemed to Faith, however, that when Sunday morning came and Alice asked her to come into the family circle to prayers she ought to go, and she did so quietly and enjoyed it.

When evening came, Alice wanted to go to church with her, and Mrs. Fulton did not say anything. The new order of things was unheard of, but a girl whose family friends included men like Francis Raleigh and Malcom Stanley was not an ordinary hired girl, and Mrs. Fulton reasoned with herself accordingly.

But before that Sunday came Faith and the artist had gone to see the famous lady photographer, who had taken a liking to Faith at the beginning. She readily agreed to take Faith on trial at the end of the month, and Faith went back to her kitchen quite exultant at the prospect.

"If I could only send $10 or even $5 a week home, I'd be the proudest girl in this city," she said as she prepared the dinner that evening. "And then, in time, perhaps I can have a studio of my own like Miss Varney's. I know I have plenty of artistic ideas, and maybe one or two of them are original."

So she sang light hearted as she worked, overcoming the world of her selfishness and her trials, for it was not all heaven on earth always even in that well appointed kitchen, and there were many things to fight without and within.

But when the time of her stay with the Fultons was out she parted from them with genuine regret. It is very certain that Mrs. Fulton dreaded exceedingly to "break in" the new girl and at the last she even urged Faith to remain another month.

"We will give you $5 a week if you will only stay," she said anxiously. "And you can play the piano if you want to," she added, with a short laugh and a little embarrassment.

"I'm sorry, really sorry, to leave you, Mrs. Fulton. You have been very good to me. But I feel as if the Lord meant me to do something else. Perhaps"—Faith said it a little vaguely, but she had brooded over it a great deal while at work in the kitchen—"perhaps I may be able to do something to make American girls willing

A loud-mouthed, flannel-faced, brass-lunged individual, representing the "Omaha Daily News" visited Denison to-day. He called at the REVIEW office and stated that he was running a newspaper for what money there was in it from the two political parties. He said that this was a good newspaper year and advised us that the best way to run a newspaper now was to run as an independent paper and then flop to the party offering the biggest bribe. We ordered the fellow out of the office. We do not know what his real connection is with the "Omaha News," but judge from his style and ability that it is not much. However, the "Omaha Daily News" should be more careful in its selection of a representative.

EXCURSION RATES

NORTHERN PACIFIC.

TWICE EACH MONTH—the Northern Pacific Railway runs Home Seekers excursions. These excursions are run on the first and third Tuesdays of the month. Tickets are sold from eastern terminals to points on main line and branches west of Atkin and Little Falls, Minn., in nearly all cases, at one fare plus $2 00 for the round trip. Time is given for intending settlers and homeseekers to stop at various places and examine the conditions prevailing, prices of land, etc, with a view of purchasing homes at most desirable points. The northwest is the coming country. Good land is becoming scarce and these excursions offer opportunities for young people especially to procure homes in the finest portions of the northwest, in most cases reached only by the Northern Pacific. For more detailed information regarding the scope and conditions surrounding excursions, valuable literature about the country, etc, call on or write to G. D. Rogers, District Pass. Agent, 503 W. Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. Agent, St. Paul, Minn. For six cents, Mr. Fee will send Wonderland 1900, the finest illustrated descriptive tourist book published. 25-6t

"OPPORTUNITIES"—is the appropriate title of a little book recently issued, containing a concise description of the towns along the line of the Northern Pacific Railway in Wisconsin, Minnesota, Manitoba, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and Washington, where business opening can be found at the present time. Full particulars are given of the existing conditions in these places, and persons contemplating a change of location for any commercial enterdrise will find in this work a mine of valuable information. Copies will be sent free upon application to C. W. Mott, General Imigration Agent, N. P. Ry., St. Paul, Minn. 52-6t

THE STATE OF WASHINGTON — is known as the Evergreen state because of its vast forests. Outside of the limited areas of Big Trees in California, there are no such forests of pine, fir, hemlock, spruce, timbers and fine shingles made from them are shipped all over the world. Washington fruit is a produce of great value. Its flavor and color are unsurpassed. East of the Cascade mountains, the climate is dry and warm and mountain irrigation is unnecessary and the rainfall is ample for all purposes. Canneries and fruit drying establishments can be operated profitably in this state. Grain, hops and alfalfa are very profitable crops and beet sugar is rapidly making headway. Washington is a coming empire. Brains are in demand in all professions and labor is wanted and is paid renumerative prices. Fuel, coal as well as wood, is abundant and cheap. Schools and churches abound, the state is well supplied with railways. Varied altitudes and climates render this country a desirable place of residence and all can be suited. For further information, rates, etc, address G. D. Rogers, District Pass. Agent, 503 W. Locust St., Des Moines, Iowa, or Chas. S. Fee, Gen. Pass. Agent, Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn. 52-6

ILLINOIS CENTRAL.

DENVER, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Col., Ogden and Salt Lake City, Utah, Hot Springs Spearfish, Deadwood and Custer, S. D., Sheridan, Wyo., Special excursion rates to above named points, June 20, July 9th, July 17th and August 1st, of only one fare plus $2. Limit October 31st.

HOME - SEEKERS Excursions twice each month during 1900. One fare rate plus $2.00. See other notices.

BIENNIAL Convention National Republican League of United States, St. Paul, Minn., July 17-19, 1900, one fare plus $2.00 July 15, 16 17, limited to July 21st, except that tickets be deposited with joint agent St. Paul on or before July 21st, and upon payment of 50c, and also upon presentation of round trip ticket reading from St. Paul to some point beyond for which rate of $5.00 or more was paid, return limit will pe extended to date upon which round trip ticket from St. Paul expires but in no case later than August 21, 1900.

H. E. Casner, Agent.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Annual Meeting National Educational Association, July 7-13. One fare plus $2 going and returning by the same direct route, or going by one direct route and returning by any other direct route. Tickets may also be routed via other variable routes by payment of a reasonable extra amount. Tickets on sale July 3d, 5th, 6th and 8th. Limit September 1st. Tickets allow of stopovers returning at points south of the Ohio River.

WATERLOO, Iowa, Annual State Meeting Grand Lodge K. of P. and Rathbone Sisters. August 7-9. Rate to be announced later.

CHICAGO, Ill., National Encampment Grand Army of the Republic, August 27 to September 1. Rate will be announced later.

DETROIT, Mich, Biennial Conclave Knights of Pythias, August 27 to September 1. Rate will be announced later.

H. E. CASNER, Agent.

C. & N. W.

VERY LOW Excursion rates to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, via Chicago, Union Pacific and Northwestern line, on 19-20, July 3 and 17 and August 14 and 21, good returning until October 31, also very low rates on same dates to Glenwood Springs, Salt Lake City, Ogden, Deadwood and Hot Springs. Quickest time. Best service. Apply to agents, Chicago & Northwestern Ry. 49-16t

VERY LOW Rates to St. Paul, Minn, via the North Western line. Excursion tickets will be sold July 15 to 17 inclusive, final return limit, under certain conditions, August 21, on account of Biennial Convention National convention National Republican League.

VERY LOW Rates to Denver, Colo., via the Northwestern line. Excursion tickets will be sold July 23 and 24, limited to August 24 on account of Annual Convention Y. P. C. U. United Presbyterian church. Apply to agent C. & N. W. R'y. 56-3

A Free Trip to Paris

Reliable persons of a mechanical or inventive mind desiring a trip to the **Paris Exposition,** with salary and expenses paid, should write