The Sin of Sister Veronica.

Sister Veronica pushed the beans down into the moist earth, each one in a hole by itself. It was tiring work, but she loved to do it, for she loved the damp spring air with its faint sweet smells. It seemed to her that the millions of flowers down in the darkness each moved the old earth a little in its efforts toward the light, and that the earth gave out this sweet smell as old rose leaves do when they are disturbed in a drawer. For Sister Veronica was imaginative in spite of her great nose.

From time to time the sister paused, and, straightening up her aching back, looked around her. It was very lovely in the old cloistered garden. Between the slender pillars under the loggia, some fragments of the famous frescoes by Ghirlandajo, higher up the graceful bell tower accented the blueness of the sky, and in the middle of the garden was the well with its heavily carved stone curb.

Beyond the well lay the flower garden, but the flowers had to do the best they could by themselves for the sisters never helped them. There would be a tangle of honeysuckle in one corner and lilies of the valley in another. And if all went well, the rose on the wall would be covered with little yellow blossoms to charm the bees and Sister Veronica. Then there were the violets which never failed the little nun who loved them so.

Sister Veronica was tired today, for she had been very ill in the winter and was not yet strong. She had fasted too much and prayed too much on the stone floor of the chapel at all sorts of impossible and pious hours, and had inflammation of the lungs as a result. For three weeks she had laid in her narrow bed (almost as narrow as that dreamless one awaiting each of us), and ached and burned and coughed and cried because she could not go to the midnight mass the night before Christmas.

Sister Maria Monica, the sister with the crossed eyes, had taken care of her, and now she was better, though weak, and the doctor, who was antiquated enough to bleed her, had at last told her to be in the sun and air as much as possible. She loved the open air, but was half afraid that enjoying it so much was a sin.

This morning she felt much better. The little spikes of pale green grass poking up through the mould, the vivid blue of the sky, the smell of the eternal new life beginning all around—everything was beautiful, and made her very happy. God had meant her to be a simple, kindly, nature loving peasant, but she had carefully taught herself to be an introspective, self torturing, nervous amateur saint.

A bird began to twitter near by. Sister Veronica straightened up, sat down on her heels and looked around. There he sat on the brink of the well—a common little brown thing with an impudent tail. He could not sing, for he had no voice, but he chattered away to Sister Veronica, and asked her if she remembered her old home by the sea, when she was a girl?

"Do you remember your father with his red cap and his brown, bare feet? How he used to sing as he drew his boat up with a s-s-s-s-h through the wet sand? And your mother? Do you remember how she used to let you help her wash the clothes in the brook, on the stones? And how you rubbed a hole in your father's best shirt?"

Sister Veronica smiled, and then crossed herself hastily. "Dio, how worldly I am this morning," she thought, catching up her stick and hoeing another bean hole, coughing as she worked.

When all the beans were planted, Sister Veronica rose and crept down the path, past the well and into the flower garden. She sat down on the moss grown stone bench near where the lilies-of-the-valley would soon come, and took up her rosary.

"Ave Maria," * * * she began, when suddenly her eyes fell on a little purple flower which was standing all alone in the path, without even a leaf to protect it. The rosary dropped. Just such a flower Giuseppe had given her the day he sailed. She had never seen one in all these years. It was just another such day too; she was walking on the beach with her brother's baby in her arms, when he came. She remembered how the wave wrinkled sand, with its wreathes of tiny sticks and shells, had sparkled in the sun; she remembered the great, flat bottomed boats tucked upside down, the smell of tar, the fishing nets spread over poles to dry.

"Marianna," Giuseppe said with something strange in his voice, "when I come back will you marry me?"

And she buried her face in the moist fuzzy neck of little Carmelo and did not answer.

"Mi vuol bene?" he insisted gently, "you wish me well?"

"Si."

"Then say yes, madonna mia." He stooped and kissed the baby's fat cheek. "Oh, Marianna, if we should have such a one some day, ourselves. Nina—you will marry me when I come back?"

"Si," she said again, looking up at him. Then he kissed her.

"God bless you, dear," he said, and and she said the same to him.

He never came back, because the boat went down off Caprera, with all hands.

* * * *

Ding, ding, ding. It was the Angelus. Sister Veronica slid from the bench to her knees, tears in her eyes.

"Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae * *"

And when the bell ceased ringing she continued to pray. She was praying for forgiveness, for had not her thoughts been sinful?

That night Sister Veronica dreamed a dream. She was sitting by an open window about which blew long tendrils of scarlet runners. Below her was the sea and she was watching a fishing boat with rust colored sails as it bounded along toward her. And he knew that in the boat was Giuseppe and he was coming home to—them. For on her breast lay a sleeping baby; a brown, round, dimpled thing, with silky rings of hair and a red mouth. It was so warm and soft, and she loved it so much.

Just as the boat reached land the baby awoke and smiled at Marianina (for she was Marianina in the dream), and with a rush of mother love which warmed her all over she stooped to kiss it. But before her lips touched the half opened mouth—Sister Veronica awoke.

"God forgive me," she cried, feeling for her rosary; "what a wicked woman I am!" She rose hastily, and, lighting her lantern, she crept down the long corridor to the chapel.

Sister Veronica knelt down before the high altar in an agony of repentance, sobbing and praying at once. Could God ever forgive her? She who had been a nun for nearly forty years to dream that she had a husband and baby!

She knelt there until daylight was beginning to sift in through the window, while the statues and pictures about her looked on with unmoved eyes.

* * * * *

That day Sister Veronica did severe penance, eating hardly anything and avoiding the garden as though the devil were awaiting her there in person. And she went to sleep at night with her hard bony rosary under her cheek, and Ave on her lips.

But she dreamed again of the baby. It was laughing and crowing and dancing so that she could hardly hold it. She awoke with her arms folded tight across her breast, and cried when she found them empty. "Bimbo, Bimbo," she murmured. With a little conscience stricken shriek she rose and went again to the chapel. The next night it was the same thing, and the next.

She was in despair. Haggard and wild eyed she went about, going from her cell to the chapel and then back to her cell, where she did heaven knows what to subdue her unruly heart. And the worst of it was that she loved her dreams. In the midst of her prayers the feeling—not the thought, for her mind was bent resolutely on her prayer—but the feeling would come to her. "Tonight I shall see it again and hold it in my arms."

Verily the devil must have been rubbing his hands for joy.

And then one day the archbishop came and said mass with much splendor in the chapel. It was a beautiful service, with a great deal of gold embroidery and incense, for the church though humble in doctrine is very magnificent in practice.

Poor Sister Veronica as she knelt thought of a plan whose audacity half frightened her, but to which she made up her mind, for she must have help, she thought, or she would die. Consciences are like men. When they have had too much artificial stimulation they sometimes become unruly. So Sister Veronica went to the abbess, who was the archbishop's sister, and the abbess arranged for her a private audience with his excellency.

Sister Veronica knelt and kissed the archiepiscopal hand, which was well shaped and beautifully kept. But when his excellency wished to bless her she shrank back.

"No, no," she cried. "I am too wicked! I am a sinful woman, eccellenza."

The shadow of a smile crossed his excellency's face. He had seen this sort of thing before. So many bad people live their lives through thinking themselves good, that perhaps things are balanced when some few good people imagine themselves bad.

He waited in silence for a minute, and then asked her what it was that troubled her. And she told him all about it, beginning with the bird on the well curb.

"I tried, oh, I tried not to think, eccellenza," she said; "but the sun and the spring smells, and the sky, and then, eccellenza, the flower. Just such a flower, and I hadn't seen one for 40 years. I'm a miserable creature, not fit to be in this holy house."

"My daughter," said his excellency kindly (she was about ten years older than he himself), "you were ill in the winter?"

"Si, eccellenza."

He paused and looked at her keenly. "I must not tell you that it would be no sin to sit and dream deliberately of things that can never be—that is a sin for those even whom God has not called to a nunnery. But in the spring—ah!" His excellency sighed. "And you are not well yet, I see. Give me your wrist."

Sister Veronica held out her knobby, big veined hand, and the prelate put his finger on the pulse. "Ah," he said again, Sister Veronica folded her hands in her sleeves and waited.

"You are still weak, my daughter. It is well to fast, and to mortify the body, but—not too much. And as to the dreams, no one, not even the Holy Father himself, can control his dreams. So you cough, too?" he broke off.

"Si eccellenza, I always cough a little."

"H'm. You must only do your best not to think of these troubling things, and let the dreams take care of themselves. It is no sin for a woman to love children, my daughter, and you are none the less a woman for being a nun."

After a short pause he added: "Now go. I will speak to the abbess about you, and for the present I dispense you—no vigils and meat once a day."

Sister Veronica stared, an honest peasant stare. She had come for spiritual advice, and she was given meat. Then suddenly she said in a timid tone of protest: "But, eccellenza, I like meat."

The archbishop bit his lip. "Tanto meglio," he said, "so much the better. When you are well again you can stop eating it."

"And you think I will be forgiven? That the good God will pardon me?"

"The good God can pardon a great deal, my daughter, or there would be no world." Then, seeing the puzzled expression on her good old face, he added: "I, as your spiritual adviser, give you absolution for your—" He paused; that shadowy something that would have been a smile had he not been a prelate crossed his face again. Then he added: "For your dreams." Sister Veronica tumbled down on her poor old prayer worn knees and kissed his ring again. Then he raised his hand and blessed, and as the little black figure disappeared he wiped a tear from his excellent eye. "And there is so much real sin in the world," he said aloud.

Sister Veronica, after a short visit to the chapel, went out to the garden and sat down on the stone bench. There was a group of little pale green points at her feet. The lilies-of-the-valley were coming. "Meat every day," said Sister Veronica. "Thank God."

But she was not thanking God for meat. —Baroness Von Hutten, in Outlook.

ARIZONA KICKLETS.

Another Bunch of Interesting Home News from the Gulch.

The attempt of three actors belonging to the Boston Dramatic Association to play Uncle Tom's Cabin at the Hellso opera house last Wednesday evening showed that the end of the dramatic season has arrived.

Our thanks are due to some unknown admirers for a serenade last Tuesday night. Over one hundred bullets were fired into The Kicker windows and a jolly time prevailed for a quarter of an hour. Come again.

Rumors were afloat yesterday that the Mayor of Lone Jack had been devoured

THE BEAR HAS OUR SYMPATHIES.

by a grizzly bear. The bear has our sympathies.

During our temporary absence from the sanctum the other day Major Riddle called and fired three bullets into our cuckoo clock in the most heroic manner. If the Major continues on the giddy career he has mapped out he will feel a pain some day.

A New York advertising agency wants to know if we will make affidavit that our circulation is one billion copies per week, as advertised. Of course, we will. An editor who won't lie about his circulation and swear to it would be locked up as a dead failure these days. And while we are swearing we had just as soon swear to two billions as one.

When the Grass Valley Tribune says that "high society in this town was shocked," etc., it means that Major Harper was shocked. He is the high society of that town, and yet he doesn't know enough to eat bean soup with an oyster fork.

Many of our subscribers have complained because we have not pitched into the trusts, but we have reasons for keeping quiet. When a man holds the position of Mayor, Postmaster, Senator, Deputy Marshal, Fish Commissioner and Game Warden, and is looking around for three or four other good things, he can't consistently howl out against any other trust.

Justice of the Peace Williams, of this town, is a good fellow and a man of integrity, but if he can't improve on his spelling he ought to step down and out. His warrants for "Jon Dow," and his "Defeandints" and "Plentiffs" make the spelling books look very tired.

There was no close approach to a tragedy in the Common Council room last Tuesday night, as stated by our esteemed contemporary. Alderman Murphy contended that a motion to adjourn was in order while a resolution was being voted on, and he would not give in until we levelled a gun on him. Had we been obliged to fire we should only have split one of his ears.

The Arizona Kicker employs no traveling agents to take subscriptions, and whenever a man is found at work collecting money it won't do any harm to pull him up a limb three or four times and then whisper in his ear, in case of accident we will pay all expenses and send on a tombstone.

Last week the Blue Hill Record plaintively inquired of the winds: "How long is this Czar of Arizona (meaning us) to remain unhung to stalk among us?" Our answer is that we propose to stalk for many years yet, and whenever any little hanging comes off we shall be on deck to help make things lively.

Beginning October 18th and closing April 4th, we delivered our essay on Christopher Columbus forty-seven different times to delighted audiences, Seventeen of the aforesaid delighted audiences pursued us as we left the hall, but in no single instance were we overtaken. We think the record is one to boast of, both in a literary and physical sense.

As a private individual, we not only in town yesterday to see about establishing a private bank, but upon learning that five different bankers had been hung here because their books and their cash didn't balance, he decided to go over to Long Jack and start a restaurant.

At a private individual, we not only attended the horse race held here the other day, but rode our own horse and came in four lengths ahead of the field and took the purse of $100. The public must not confound our public and private rights. As postmaster and so forth we frown upon horse racing and such; as a private citizen we whoop 'er up on all occasions and have barrels of fun.

The subscription price of The Kicker is $1 per year, payable in advance. We do not offer $2 worth of jack knives or dictionaries as a bribe to subscribers. You either take it or let it alone, and we have arrived at that stage of prosperity where we don't care a cent which you do. Residents of Persia, Arabia, Palestine and Afghanistan will enclose 20 cents extra additional postage. Residents of the United States have the privilege of shooting at the editor any day in the week.—(Copyright, 1903, by C. B. Lewis.)

How to Avoid Trouble.

Now is the time to provide yourself and family with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over, and if procured now may save you a trip to town in the night or in your busiest season. It is everywhere admitted to be the most successful medicine in use for bowel complaints, both for children and adults. No family can afford to be without it. For sale by all druggists.

To Boston via Erie R. R.

Very low special excursion rates to Boston, Mass., Saratoga, N. Y., and Chautauqua Lake in June and July. Liberal limits and stopover privileges.

On and after June 14, new fast train from Chicago to Buffalo and intermediate points, 5:15 p. m. daily.

For time cards, regular and special rates, etc., send postal card to A. W. Moore, Traveling Passenger Agent, Kansas City, Mo., or D. M. Bowman, Geeral Western Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Everybody's liable to itching piles. Rich and poor, old and young—terrible the torture they suffer. Only one sure cure; Doan's Ointment. Absolutely safe; can't fail.

BEST HE COULD DO.

"Here are some pennies, but I don't think you tell a plausible story."
"Well, I sized yer up fer a cheap guy, an' dat's de best story I kin put up fer 3 cents."

WANTS -AND- MISCELLANEOUS ADS.

PULL AN A. D. T. Call Box or call either telephone No. 51 and have your Want Ads brought to the State Journal office by free messenger service. Cost of classified ads five cents per line of six words to the line and every fraction thereof.

WANTED—SITUATIONS.

WANTED—Situation by young lady as housekeeper. Miss M. Bunn, Osage City, Kan. R. D. No. 3.

WANTED—By a young lady, office work or position as clerk. Address M. M., care Journal.

WHEN you want to hire a man or boy, call up Y. M. C. A., telephone 311. We have a list of men and confidential references concerning them. Y. M. C. A. Employment Bureau, 117 E. Eighth st.

WANTED—MALE HELP

WANTED—Man or strong boy for general housework. 1621 Van Buren st.

WANTED—Man to take care of horses. Apply 215 Topeka ave.

WANTED—FEMALE HELP.

WANTED—Good cook and housekeeper; no washing or ironing. 899 Topeka ave., after 7 p. m.

WANTED—White girl for general housework; no washing or ironing. 414 Woodlawn avenue.

WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. Mrs. Garver, 715 Harrison.

WANTED—An experienced sewing woman at 704 Harrison st.; references required. Mrs. M. D. Henderson.

WANTED—Girl for general housework; small family; German or Swede preferred. 501 Tyler st.

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.

WANTED—1 or 2 rooms, furnished. Address C. H. Rhodes, Oxford hotel.

WILL North Topeka man who employed Clarence Allen of Iola, Kan., to drive team about May 1, communicate Clarence's address at once, and oblige his anxious mother? Mrs. O. A. Brown, phrenologist, Scur Lake, Tex.

WANTED—To buy flood farms, or North side homes, for cash, or for good, high, close in south side houses, or choice lots; any way to suit. All Topekans having property for sale or exchange, see me quick. Commission nominal. Hyatt, 1306 Harrison.

WANTED—Your water-soaked sewing machines, of all makes, to refurnish with new woodwork, at White sewing machine office, 117 East Sixth st. J. C. Harding.

WANTED—To buy second-hand runabout. Address A. S., Journal.

WANTED—Water soaked pianos to repair. Geo. D. Butts, 921 E. 6th st.

WANTED—Cucumbers grown for pickling, will come after them if raised on vacant city lots for seed. For further information call on Topeka Vinegar and Preserving works.

WANTED—SALESMEN.

WANTED—Salesmen for full line of fruit and ornamental trees; pay weekly; outfit free; steady work. Lawrence Nursery Co., Lawrence, Kan.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Front room, south and east exposure, house modern, for gentlemen. 1125 Van Buren st.

FOR RENT—Pleasant rooms, modern conveniences; good board. 520 Harrison.

FOR RENT—ROOMS.

FOR RENT—Furnished room, electric light and bath, with or without board. 825 Tyler.

FOR RENT—Two furnished rooms, modern, with board. 316 West Seventh st.

FOR RENT—Front room, furnished for gentleman. 500 Van Buren st.

FOR RENT—Room with board. Mrs. Julia A. Wiley, 1301 Van Buren st.

FOR RENT—Store room, $20.00. 636 Quincy street.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished comfortable front room, east and south exposure. Apply 515 Lincoln st.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms and board, $3.50. 615 Buchanan st.

FOR RENT—Nicely furnished rooms, modern conveniences. 412 W. 7th st.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; all modern conveniences, bath, etc.; southwest 5th and Madison.

FOR RENT—Large furnished front room with alcove to gentleman. 719 W. 6th.

FOR RENT—HOUSES.

FOR RENT—4 room flat, electric light, $12.50. Roy Crawford, at Crawford theater.

FOR RENT—My house, 409 Topeka ave. Inquire at 429 W. 10th st. A. L. Johnson.

FOR RENT—Houses on Lawrence and Locust sts. Inquire at 514 Monroe st.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LAWN mowers sharpened, 75c. Golden Rule, 503 Kansas ave. Free delivery.

MACHINE work of all kinds done at American Wind Engine Co.'s shop, 212 W. 1st st.

SUMMER SCHOOL AT CLAY.

WAGONETTE for picnics, etc., holds 9 couples. W. T. Lawless, 'phone 179.

DRY press Face brick See R. Hargreaves, agent for the Coffeyville Vitrified Brick and Tile Co., yard 18th and Topeka ave. 'Phone 724—3.

LAWN mowers sharpened, 75c, free delivery. Union Machine works, 315 Kan. av.

FELLOW Traveller, to the bar of God, who drinks! Do you wish to get on with the sober world? If so, call or write De Voe Liquor Cure Co., 534 Kansas ave. and 102 E. Sixth st., Topeka, Kan.

STORE your stove with Miller for season, $2. 'Phone 958. 425 Kansas ave.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR SALE—2 hacks, 1 carriage, tip buggy and harness. W. T. Lawless, 215 Quincy st.

FOR SALE—Pug pups, full blooded. 419 Lawrence st.

FOR SALE—Office shelving and linoleum. Overmyer, Bank of Topeka bldg.

FOR SALE—Good horse. Will exchange for good cow or hay. Newell, 222 Kansas ave.

FOR SALE—Spring wagon and harness, $15; also new coaster brake bicycle. 411 East Seventh st.

FOR SALE—Your choice of three fresh cows. Shepherd, end cemetery car line.

FOR SALE—Newly painted top buggy, in fine shape, cheap. 1141 Lincoln st.

FOR SALE—Soda fountain with fixtures, in good order. Fountain, care Journal.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A high grade Stearns wheel for a 5x7 camera or larger. 429 Chandler st.

FOR SALE—Grocery show cases, counter, etc., cheap. 1712 Harison st.

FOR SALE—
1 horse, 1 cow, 2 calves, 22 head hogs and pigs, 2 set single harness, 1 light and 1 heavy, 2 buggies, 1 rubber tire, 1 three seat wagon, 1 feed cutter and farming implements, 125 chickens and household furniture of all kinds. Inquire at 826 Kansas ave. THE KIEHL LAUNDRY.

FOR SALE—Piano, very cheap. 719 Adams st.

FOR SALE—Nice lots in S. Topeka, good location, above high water, $65 to $100. W. D. Gilpin, room 13, Office block.

SEE me for feed and seeds at the Alexander & Goodfellow stand, 119 E. 6th st. Both 'phones 330. House 'phone, Bell, 329—3 rings. D. O. Coe.

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The opportunity for moderate capital is not after stocks have reached their high price and become dividend payers, and can be bought and held only by the rich, for then you buy a coined dollar. Those who having large or small amounts to invest, GET IN ON THE GROUND FLOOR are the ones to reap the larger rewards, and such a ground-floor opportunity is the first offering of the Special Founders' Shares of the Hazleton Consolidated Mining and Tunnel Co., at the extremely low price of 7½ cents per share.

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House and lot, Madison st., near shops; $50 cash, balance monthly.
Kansas ave. lot and building, North Topeka near depot; monthly payments.
East front 6 room house, 321 Clay st.; monthly payments if desired.
2 fine lots Western ave., $50 cash; balance $4.67 per month.
2 fine lots Clay st., near 12th, $150 cash; balance $8.65 per month.
1 east front lot Clay, between 8th and 9th, $50 cash; balance $8 monthly.
Suburban land W. 10th ave., close in; tracts and terms to suit.
Will buy, sell or loan money on Topeka property and bank stocks.
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TOPEKA TRUNK MANUFACTORY manufacturers and jobbers of trunks, traveling bags, telescope cases, leather goods, etc. 510 Kansas ave. George V. Hossfeld, proprietor. Tel. 423.

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WANTED—You to let us make your old carpets into rugs. Call 'phones 421 or address McCormick & Peake, 527 Jackson.

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F. W. SWEARINGEN, jeweler and graduate optician. We guarantee every pair of glasses to fit and every watch we repair. We carry the largest line of watches, clocks, diamonds, cut glass, etc., in the city. Watch inspector U. P. R. R. 724 Kansas ave.

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J. C. ELLIOTT, 428 Kansas ave., general sporting goods, guns, ammunition, baseball supplies, fishing tackle, refrigerator baskets, Spratt's dog food and medicines. 'phone 676.

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MONEY TO LOAN on live stock, pianos, organs, typewriters, household goods and personal security. L. Biscoe, 532 Kan. Ave

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ARCHITECT.
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SWITCHES, pompadours, all kinds of hair work. Mrs. Van Vleck, 232 E. 5th.

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TOPEKA DRUG CO., 732 Kansas ave. Tel. 753. Prescriptions promptly and accurately filled. All kinds soda drinks at fountain.

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KONRAD BIORCK, MASSEUR, 807 Kansas ave., graduate in medical massage and gymnastics. Stockholm, Sweden.

FREE DISPENSARY.

TOPEKA FREE DISPENSARY, southeast corner 12th and Tyler sts., from 1 to 2 p. m., except Sundays. Conducted by regular practicing physicians for the benefit of persons without means who need medical attention and treatment. Patients are assured of careful and considerate treatment. Medicine furnished in most cases.

MUSICAL.

WORRAL, 715 Polk, piano lessons, pupil's home, $2.50. Church & lodge playing free.

CARPET CLEANING.

WANTED—You to have your carpets cleaned. McCormick & Peake. Telephones 427.

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE. | FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.

GEO. M. NOBLE & CO.,

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

We have for sale farms, ranches and pasture lands in all parts of Kansas.

We have a very large list of the most desirable Topeka properties; residences business houses, suburban tracts and vacant lots.

We have city properties to trade for grass lands.

We write fire insurance in the strongest companies represented in the state.

We wish to add to our list properties which owners may desire to sell in Shawnee county or anywhere in Kansas, and we can find buyers at fair prices.

We have some special farm bargains in Shawnee, Douglas, Osage and Wabaunsee counties.

Real Estate, Loans and Insurance.

GEO. M. NOBLE & CO.

Both 'phones 444. 501 Jackson st., Topeka, Kan.

FOR SALE
RALPH E. VALENTINE.
Real Estate Building.

2 good lots on Shawnee ave., just west of Potwin, high and dry, $200.

1½ lots West st., near Huntoon, excellent location, bargain at $500.

Many other good lots in dry districts cheap and on easy terms.

RALPH E. VALENTINE,
Real Estate Bldg.

WANTED—To trade or exchange choice residence property in Clayton and Tucumcari, N. M., booming towns and county seats in northeastern New Mexico, for flood damaged merchandise in Kansas. For full particulars write to J. E. Curren, Tucumcari, New Mexico.

FOR SALE—By M. Heery, 328 Monroe st., houses and lots on easy payments.

FOR SALE—Nice home in oakland, leaving city. P. C. Moore, 430 Kansas ave.

HOMESEEKERS, send 4c for price list and pamphlet of California bargains. Shepherd-Teague Co., Fresno, Cal.

LOST AND FOUND.

LOST—Liver colored pointer dog, white on breast; reward if returned to L. Biscoe, 532 Kansas ave.

STRAYED—2 gray horses, weight about 1,100, one bay horse weight about 1,200 lbs. Information leading to their recovery will be liberally rewarded. Otto Kuehne & Co.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

STRAYED—During the flood, a brown mare, blind in right eye, also scar above right knee. Any information leading to her recovery will be liberally rewarded. W. K. Gardner, Fifth Avenue hotel.

HIGH-BRED STALLION.

JACKDAW, the most successful sire in the Missouri valley, and The Shamrock, the handsomest and best bred stallion in Kansas, are at 326 Jackson st. R. I. Lee.

FOR SALE—2 modern houses on high ground. Thos S. Lyon. Ind. 591—3 rings.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

TIME TABLE.
Topeka, Kansas.

The "Right Road" to and from and beyond

CHICAGO	OMAHA
PEORIA	DENVER
MEMPHIS	COLORADO SPGS
PEORIA	FORT WORTH
ST. JOSEPH	ST. PAUL
KANSAS CITY	MINNEAPOLIS

And Everywhere Beyond.
(Effective April 5th, 1903.)

TRAINS LEAVE TOPEKA AS FOLLOWS:

EASTBOUND.	
No. 12, Chicago Mail and Express	3:35 pm
No. 14, East Ex. and Mail	3:00 am
No. 4, El Paso and Chicago Ex.	6:15 pm
No. 2, Colorado and K. C. Flyer	1:40 am
No. 36, Chick. and K. C. Ex.	7:50 pm
WESTBOUND.	
No. 11, Chicago and Texas Ex.	1:10 pm
No. 9, Colorado Flyer	8:10 pm
No. 13, Texas Ex.	12:30 am
No. 5, California and Mexico Ex.	1:15 am
No. 35, K. C. and Chickasha Ex.	8:20 am
NORTHBOUND.	
No. 26, St. Joe Ex.	8:10 am
No. 24, St. Joe and Chicago Ex.	3:35 pm
SOUTHBOUND.	
No. 23, Chicago Ex.	12:45 pm
No. 25, S. W. Ex.	11:50 pm

All trains daily except Nos. 35 and 36—daily except Sunday.

For sleeping car reservations, tickets, time tables, etc., apply to any Rock Island Ticket Agent.

E. W. THOMPSON,
Assistant General Passenger Agent,
Lines West of Missouri River,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

Union Pacific.

WESTBOUND.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Den. & Pac. Coast No. 5	12:40 pm	12:40 pm
Limited No. 1	5:50 pm	5:50 pm
Junc. City pass. No. 3	6:10 pm	6:25 pm
Salina Ex. No. 7	10:05 am	10:05 am
EASTBOUND.		
Atlantic Ex. No. 4	2:00 pm	2:00 pm
Limited No. 2	5:40 am	5:40 am
K. C. Pass. No. 6	5:05 am	5:20 am
K. C. Ex. No. 8	5:00 pm	5:40 pm

Nos. 7 and 8 daily, except Sunday.

Missouri Pacific.

	Arrive.	Leave.
Topeka-Ft. Scott Accommodation No. 255	5:00 pm	7:00 am