

Kirk's latest soap is Jap Rose.
 A result of 62 years' experience.
 Transparent -- perfumed -- made of
 pure vegetable oil and glycerin.
 Their ideal of a Toilet Soap.

Jap Rose Soap

Other good toilet soaps cost 25c.
 Jap Rose costs a dime.
 The difference is simple extravagance;
 for no cost or skill can produce a better
 soap than Jap Rose.

Kent's Kash Koal Kocern

911 N. KANSAS AVENUE,
 Have **COAL** and **FEED**

To trade for U. S. Currency.
 We use standard scales, that don't beat us,
 and they won't beat you.
 Office hours, 6 a. m. to 9 p. m.
 Phone 465 phor phed or phuel.

CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK

OF TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Capital and Surplus.....\$268,000.00

Depository of State, County, City, Board of Education,
 Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific R. R., and Post Office Dept.

Collections on All Points of the Country.

P. L. BONEBRAKE, President. E. KNOWLES, Cashier.
 O. S. DOWLING, Vice President. F. M. BONEBRAKE, Asst. Cashier.

ALWAYS,
 When you want to build a
 House,
 Chicken Coop,
 Board Side Walk, or
 Anything with Lumber,
 See—
J. THOMAS LUMBER CO.
 614-622 Van Buren St., Telephone 66-2.
 Kansas Avenue & Union Pacific R. R., Telephone 66-3.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

Beware of imitations. This signature is on every bottle.

Endorsed everywhere as the best and most delicious Sauce in the World for Meats, Game, Soups and Gravies.

Shorthand School

145 of Its Stenographers Holding Positions in Topeka.

The largest and best equipped Shorthand School in the state, and the only one having a business office furnished with new typewriters, a mimeograph, etc., where its advanced pupils do work for the public and receive their entire earnings. This enables every graduate to go out an experienced stenographer, and is guaranteed a position. Instruction strictly individual. Pupils may enter at any time. Illustrated circulars free.

Established 1887. Tel. 898. ANNA E. CANAN, Prop.

SURMISES OF SADDIE PLATT.

[From the Free Lance.]
 "Permit me," said Van Adam; "Lord Maurice Pryce and Mr. Dudley Renshaw." The men bowed almost unobtrusively and Miss Sadie Platt looked up. Her brain was rapid of action. She glanced from one man to the other, fixing upon her imagination the face and form of each—the one short of stature, sandy-haired, insignificant; the other tall, well-knit and keen-eyed; and she made up her mind. She raised her head quite two inches, and smiled. Her teeth were brilliant, and her eyes of that hazel which catches and holds the light. Both men were swiftly curious of her charm; both instinctively moved forward. She looked again at the two faces—reading the words behind the lips of each; then she, in her turn, moved, laying her hand quite naturally upon the tall man's arm. "I don't want to dance a bit," she said; "and I rather want to see the palms. Will you be guide?"

What the tall man said neither he nor she ever wanted to remember. There are some seconds, like some hours, that blot away mere words. In a dreamy way she saw the sandy-haired person, but the line of men, and the line itself dissolve dejectedly into the whirl of the room. She was conscious that the bright, intelligent eyes of her partner were watching her closely, and that she was alone with him in that curious and exhilarating solitude that belongs so markedly to a crowd.

They both laughed as they crossed the hall, and a delightful thrill of novelty raced through the man. He felt that the strangeness of life was after all a mystery. There were waters still unfathomed—if one knew where to look. The atmosphere of the Palm House was very green, the greenness of forests and pools and moss. He drew her toward a low divan.

"No, musty is certainly the very fustiest word," he said, thoughtfully. "A stream at its starting, perhaps, or an ash tree in first leaf." He was in no way poetic, but the personality of the girl, her buoyancy and liveness woke in him something new. She sat down and arranged her skirts. The slim point of her American shoe started a further up of thoughts. "What on earth have I done," he said suddenly, "to deserve my luck?"

He had been bent. She glanced up at him, and there was a glow of daring and of expectation in her face. "I wonder," she said, slowly, "whether you are just as straight and as true as you look. I wonder—" She studied him attentively. "After all," she said, "nothing is worth while unless it's shared."

"Anything of yours would be more interesting than—well, than many things." "It began with my cousin—with Edna Van Adam," she paused. "Edna's ways says that I must marry a title—for everybody's sake. Usually I sit at Edna's room along. But yesterday she told me that she'd found the man. Who do you think it was?"

He shook his head. She fanned herself slowly. "Lord Maurice Pryce," she said, and she laughed—a very low, amusing little laugh. He moved with a jerk, but she laid her hand upon his sleeve. "Now you have made me lose my place," she said. "And I don't believe you see the joke a little bit."

"Well, I," he leaned back. "Perhaps the joke hasn't come—for me." "Oh, can't you see? Chance fixed it up in such a perfectly delicious way. I can picture it in my mind. Billie introducing you both. Edna watching us across the room. I taking just a minute to decide, then coming right away with you." Her color rose at the recollection. He looked at her attentively. "And why was it me?" he said. He despised himself for the expectancy that ran through his words.

"Why? Her eyes were entirely frank. 'Why everybody in the United States has read your book. My mind quite jumped when I heard your name.' He suddenly felt the air of the palm house growing close." "My dear," he said. He was uncertain how his voice would sound. "Why, yes. I have cried nights over 'Beaten Tracks.' I know the name of Dudley Renshaw better than I know my own." She looked at him with candid hero-worship in her eyes. He rose abruptly, walked a dozen steps, then wheeled about. His expression was a mingling of amusement, vexation and something else. He stopped in front of her, his hands clasped behind his back. "Miss Platt," he said, "where did you learn to deduce? How did your selection come about?"

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"His name sub," explained the colored citizen, "is plain Moses, but his mammy call 'im 'Honey-Sweetness,' kaze he sich a 'I' devil!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Edith—He says he loves me for myself alone. What do you think of it?
 Ethel—Well, it's hard telling whether he's drawing on his humor or his imagination.—Judge.

"What is the advantage of knowing a foreign language, anyway?" demanded the aggressive American woman.
 "Why, it enables you to say unkind things about a great many people right in their presence," answered the wise one.—Chicago Post.

"Was he wounded seriously?" asked the reporter, hurrying to the scene of the affray.
 "He was," briefly answered the policeman. "Did you think it was in fun?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Polytheism is the natural religion of uncivilized people."
 "Yes, as soon as people become civilized, they mostly have no god but Mammon."—Life.

"Pa, what's an average man?"
 "One who thinks his employer's business would be run a good deal better if he could have more to say in the matter himself."—Tit-Bits.

"Mrs. Scadds made a vulgar and ostentatious display of wealth yesterday," said Mrs. Darley to her husband.
 "She gave a potato luncheon."—Judge.

"Papa," said little Roginald.
 "What is it, my child?"
 "Did anybody every try to buy your vote?"
 "No. You see I am a gentleman. Nobody has even found out that I have a vote."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WATER FOR LONDON.

[From the National Review.]
 The water companies, as we know by painful experience, find it harder and harder to meet the ever increasing demand. Their draughts on the Thames can not go on indefinitely augmenting. Even in June, 1896, only 60,000,000 gallons were left by them in the river to pass over Teddington Weir, which is equally 200,000,000 is the minimum permissible. The population in the Thames valley and the demands upon that river for water outside the London area are increasing every year, yet now the Thames in a dry summer below Teddington Weir is little better than a malodorous sewer. Nor can deep wells in the chalk be drawn upon indefinitely. The pumping operations in the Lea and Colne valleys are steadily lowering the level of the wells in the Chiltern range, and the result is that the cultural district of its water. Streams which used to run all the year have now vanished, or only flow intermittently. It is the same to the south of the Thames. Yet it is neither wisdom nor justice to deprive poor country districts of their water. At the same time water famine in the metropolis is becoming more frequent, and the quality of the water supplied leaves much to be desired.

The proposed scheme of going to Wales for water is, in the first place, it is very doubtful if the water is there in the quantity that will be required. The best water producing areas have been already appropriated by Liverpool and Birmingham. In the second place South Wales is an industrial country with a fast multiplying population, and unless its manufactures suffer a great setback, it may need all the water it possesses. The inland is perfectly sound and rational, which leads the Welshman to oppose the scheme. The only moral justification for London, in taking the water, would be that it would never be needed by the Welsh themselves.

THE GIANT REDWOODS.

[From the Atlantic.]
 The big tree is nature's forest masterpiece, and as far as I know, the greatest of living things. It belongs to an ancient stock, its remains in old rocks show, and has a strange air of other days about it, a thoroughbred look inherited from the long ago, and said long ago, and trees of the Pacific coast in general is the paradise of conifers. Here nearly all of them are giants, and display a beauty and majesty unknown elsewhere. The climate is mild, the ground never freezes, and moisture and sunshine abound all the year. Nevertheless, it is not easy to account for the colossal size of the sequoias. The largest are about 300 feet high and 20 in diameter. Who of all the dwellers of the plains and the round-headed oak and maple, hickory and elm, ever dreamed that earth could bear such growths?—trees that the familiar pines and firs seem to know nothing about, lonely, silent, serene, with a physiognomy almost godlike, and so old, thousands of them still living, and counting their years by tens of centuries when Columbus set sail from Spain, and were in the vigor of youth or middle age when the star led the Chaldean sages to the infant Saviour's cradle. As far as man is concerned, they are the same yesterday, today and forever, emblems of permanence.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

An Excellent Combination.
 The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of figs known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
 For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"His name sub," explained the colored citizen, "is plain Moses, but his mammy call 'im 'Honey-Sweetness,' kaze he sich a 'I' devil!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Edith—He says he loves me for myself alone. What do you think of it?
 Ethel—Well, it's hard telling whether he's drawing on his humor or his imagination.—Judge.

"What is the advantage of knowing a foreign language, anyway?" demanded the aggressive American woman.
 "Why, it enables you to say unkind things about a great many people right in their presence," answered the wise one.—Chicago Post.

"Was he wounded seriously?" asked the reporter, hurrying to the scene of the affray.
 "He was," briefly answered the policeman. "Did you think it was in fun?"—Chicago Tribune.

"Polytheism is the natural religion of uncivilized people."
 "Yes, as soon as people become civilized, they mostly have no god but Mammon."—Life.

"Pa, what's an average man?"
 "One who thinks his employer's business would be run a good deal better if he could have more to say in the matter himself."—Tit-Bits.

"Mrs. Scadds made a vulgar and ostentatious display of wealth yesterday," said Mrs. Darley to her husband.
 "She gave a potato luncheon."—Judge.

"Papa," said little Roginald.
 "What is it, my child?"
 "Did anybody every try to buy your vote?"
 "No. You see I am a gentleman. Nobody has even found out that I have a vote."—Chicago Record-Herald.

An unsuccessful candidate for a party nomination being met by a friend the morning following his disappointment, the following conversation ensued:
 Friend—Well, how do you like the nominations?
 Rejected Candidate—Excuse me, but I take no interest whatever in this election.
 Friend—No more do I, except to wish that the best man may win.
 Rejected Candidate—Well, he won't.
 Friend—And why not, pray?
 Rejected Candidate—Because he wasn't nominated.—Boston Courier.

"John, dear," she said, in her sweet, affectionate voice, which she only used on rare occasions, "are you well up with your Christmas work?"
 "Pretty well," he sighed, as he put a period to a poem which had almost given him nervous prostration. "Why do you ask?"

"Because, dear, I'm afraid you are undervaluing your health, and I want you to take a recess and write me a short story to pay for my new dress, a couple of poems for my hat and gloves, a good, stirring campaign song that will bring in enough for a ton of coal, or one or two of those darling love poems for some lard and a sugar-cured ham; and ham, dear, is only 12 cents a pound!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Hicks—He says Christian Science makes him tired. You should hear him swear about it.
 Wicks—The ideal! Why should he bother so much about it?
 Hicks—He has to. He's the coroner, you know.—Catholic Standard and Times.

For some time they had sat in silence, but it was a silence that means much. Everything seemed to indicate that they thoroughly understood each other, and he already was beginning to build air castles.
 "Do you know," he said at last, "you are the only girl I ever loved?"
 "That settles it," she said with a sudden coldness. "If there is anything that I particularly insist upon having in a husband it is absolute truthfulness. I never can be yours."—Chicago Post.

Falk Pasha, vice admiral of the Turkish navy, has been forced to flee the country. Perhaps the sound of his name had something to do with it.—Cleveland Leader.

"Mike," said Mrs. Flannigan, looking from the paper in her hand to her husband, who had just signed the temperance pledge, "shure an' a great doctor sez that alcohol do be a shure cure for carbolic acid pizen, an' if so ye zeh haven't anny alcohol, thin' twict as much whiskey will do just as well."
 "De quick, thin, Norah, me dear, an' lay by a good store o' the stuff. Shure I'm thot despr't there's no tellin' whin I'll be nadin' the rimidy."—Judge.

"Surely you are not afraid of the dark?"
 "No," said the small boy, "but I'm a little scared of the things that might be in it that I can't see."—Washington Star.

Teacher (instructing class on manners):
 Now, Willie Brown, for example, if you were sitting in an electric car, every seat occupied, and an old lady entered, what would you do?
 Tommy: Please, sir, I would pretend I was asleep!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

"While it is true," the voice on the veranda was heard saying, "as Phillips Brooks so finely expressed it, in substance, the tolerance of merely the result, whereas toleration is the spirit that causes it, yet it is also true, as Heline so happily observes."
 Ticklowell called out his mother. "I told you to get out of doors and amuse yourself."
 "That is what I am doing, mamma," replied the little Boston boy.—Chicago Tribune.

"But," hissed the heavy villain, "suppose our plot should leak out?"
 His marvellous accomplice shivered at the thought.
 "But it can't," cried the low comedian, emerging at that moment from behind a stage tree, "because from now on the plot thickens, you know."—Philadelphia Press.

"No, sub," said the colonel, boastfully, "I never do anything by halves in Kentucky, sub."
 "Ah! then it's really a libel to say any one ever got half shot there."—Philadelphia Press.

A statesman died.
 He was on the ragged edge before he passed away, and his friends were few. That is the usual finish.
 Still, those who gathered around his grave at that moment from behind a tree under the circumstances.
 I but try to find out, none of them could think of anything good to say.
 And yet, like many other municipal statesmen, he hadn't done nothing.
 "He was an awful booze-fighter," said one.
 "He beat his wife," said another.
 "He never paid his debts," said a third. "I never seen a fellow throw his hat upon into his friends like he did," remarked a fifth.
 "Well," said the seventh and last friend, as he edged to the grave: "I'll say one thing for Andy. He was an awful good dresser."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Sharpnose—Old chap, I believe I'm getting the grip. Is your doctor good on that?
 Phlatz—Grip? Why, that's his strong hold!—Chicago Tribune.

Goods Packed and Stored

—BY—
The Day, Month or Year.

Let us haul your Trunk
 We give Claim Checks.

Try Our Moving Van.

The Topeka Transfer & Storage Co.
 523 Jackson St. Tel. 320
 F. P. BACON, President.
 J. H. GATHEART, Supt.

WE MAKE FURNACE BOWLS

(the old one for pattern)

ALSO
STOVE REPAIRS.

TOPEKA FOUNDRY

Cor. Second and Jackson Streets.

The First National Bank

OF TOPEKA, KANSAS.

Depository of the State of Kansas, Shawnee County, and the City of Topeka.

PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$300,000.

OFFICERS: Wm. Sims, President. C. E. Hawley, Cashier.
 W. H. ROSSINGTON, Vice President. C. S. BOWMAN, Asst. Cashier.
 DIRECTORS: A. A. Robinson, W. H. ROSSINGTON, Wm. Sims, Chas. J. Lantry, Chas. J. Devlin, W. A. Stephens, C. E. Hawley.

Interest paid on Time Deposits. Foreign Drafts on all Principal Points. Letters of Credit issued. Small accounts as well as large receive the same careful attention.

Burghart's Favorite

Sold at 801 Kansas Ave. Manufactured and Sold at 716 Kansas Ave.

GEO. BURGHART, MAKER.

Arthur Massey
 PRACTICAL HORSESHOER.

116 West Fifth Street.
 Telephone 488—2 Rings.
 Horses called for and delivered to any part of the city.

PRINTING!

WE CAN SAVE YOU MONEY ON YOUR PRINTING—CALL US UP. TELEPHONE NO. 99.

W. W. GAVITT PRINTING & PUBLISHING CO.,
 601-603 E. Fourth Street, 400-402-404 Adams Street, TOPEKA, KANS.

Fine Art Tailor

Fit guaranteed.
 Prompt work, and promises kept.

G. SCHMIDT, 502 Kansas Avenue.