A WOMAN'S WISH

When I watch the little ones at their play
Thus engage in my room, I say
And I wish, and I wish it over yesterday
And I was a child again!

When I hear the little ones' laugh ring out
To call my wandered I am from
And I wish that the years of my "first stroll"
And make me a child again!

When I see the little ones kneel to pray
My heart flies down into a clear, set, true,
And I wish with a longing I know not how
That I were a child again!
—Mrs. M. Neal in Philadelphia Ledger.

THE UP STAIRS TENANT.

"The Citizens' Bank of Tennessee" was a private bank in a town in Missouri. The "Tennessee" part of the title had been inserted from another bank, which had come into liquidation years before, and referred to some bold speculation in connection with banking.

Our building was a plain two-story brick, standing at a corner, and the lower rooms were fairly furnished, as was the rule in those days.

It was simply a long room divided by a railing at the center. Behind the railing were our desks, and at the rear and was the vault. The second floor was scarcely more intricate.

There was a front room and two rear rooms, with a hall the length of those latter. One room was exactly over the vault, and this fact was to tell you how thick the walls were built. It was of brick and ten feet thick, and in the top the joists of the second floor were placed with better care. The spaces between the joists were filled in with cement. On top of the second floor joists, before laying the floor, we had other plates of iron, and when the back was secured for business there was not the least fear of our cash being stolen by any tenant of the up stairs rooms.

The idea was to rent the rooms to lawyers or doctors, but the first caller declined to take all three, and to pay one year's rent in advance. He was a stranger to all, but gave his name as Samuel Goldwaithe, and explained that he was an inventor, and was then seeking to perfect certain tools for the use of others. One of his ideas was a drill to be worked by turning a wheel. The main tool, a flank, opens fore, a smooth tongue, and when he offered to put down a white pony's rent in advance it would not have been business to keep him out. While Mr. Demorpes, my partner, was perfectly satisfied as to our up stairs man, I was not. There wasn't the slightest reason to suspect that he was not what he claimed to be, at that, he had any designs against us, but I somehow felt myself suspecting him from the first moment I saw his face. He didn't get scared in his manner when I glanced that he would enter our vault by way of the back room, or at least make an attempt to do so, and this idea was never out of my mind thereafter. I was tempted at by my partner, but this only made me the more obstinate in clinging to my idea.

Goldwaithe furnished the front room as a reception room and office, the second as a bedroom and the third as his workshop. Exactly over the vault he had a carpenter put up a heavy framework of timber, and among the stuff moved in were chisels, hammers, augers, bits, drills, files, saws and many other carpenters' and mechanics' tools. I could say nothing, as he made use of all these so as to prevent, but my suspicions regarding his final object were continually strengthened.

For three months our man up stairs scarcely entered the back fellow or spoke to one of us, except as I met him at the hotel where we both boarded. He was so quiet and easy spoken that everybody had a good word for him, and he invited many of the townspeople to visit his rooms and examine his work. At the end of six months he was universally liked and respected, and if he had wanted a couple of hundred dollars at our bank a dozen business men would have backed his note. While I had become unknown to longer mention my suspicions, they had by no means left me. We had no watchman, and the safe in the vault was one of the old pattern which was neither fire nor burglar proof. My chief dependence was on the strength of the vault. I made all sorts of estimates, but finally decided that Goldwaithe would need two days and nights in the vault and open the safe in less than twelve hours at the very most. The tools and appliances of that day were very crude compared to to the modern.

The up up stairs had been with us half a year, and no one could find the least fault with his conduct, when he seemed to make a special effort to win my friendship. Up to this time he had passed the evenings in his rooms. Without saying a word to me he began to spend the evenings in the office. I did this to shorten Goldwaithe's time, providing he intended to enter the vault. I was always at the bank to half past 8 in the morning, and this would give him only nine and a half hours to work, which I had figured it would take him twelve.

One evening something was said about cards, and he so managed it that I invited him up to my room in the hotel to play a few games. As long as he was there I apprehended no danger, and so it finally came about that we met to spend almost every evening in company. Sometimes I went to his room, and sometimes he went to mine, and he never exhibited the slightest curiosity regarding our business in the bank. One evening he did not leave his hotel at 9 o'clock. Next day Demorpes said:

"You up stairs has been away, sir!"

"No."

"But I met him as he came from the hotel last night at 10 o'clock."

"You are mistaken. He was in my room until 11."

"Is that so? Why, I met a man who looked exactly like him. He was carrying a satchel, loaded for the back, and I am sure he went up the stairway."

This statement puzzled and annoyed me, and kept my suspicions active. I asked Goldwaithe he was with me all the hour of 10 to confirm to believe my partner mistaken, but he claimed he was something about the case I did not like. About the week later, one morning as I opened the bank, the front door of the hotel came along on his way to breakfast. A train passed as I whistled, and he was obliged to be there.

"Lost your treasure?" he asked as he came up.

"How—what?"

"Why, Goldwaithe. He went off on the train this morning, and as he had a satchel with him I didn't know but he had gone for good. Bought a ticket for St. Louis."

As Goldwaithe had been with us up to 11 o'clock of the night before, and had said nothing of going away, I was puzzled. This state of good was increased an hour later when I saw him in the bank. I wanted to ask for an explanation, but he acted thoroughly unconcerned as he said:

"Are you sure you saw Goldwaithe go away this morning?"

"Perfectly sure. What—"

"Because he didn't do it. He came into the back an hour after I saw you the morning."

"Great heaven, man, but I will bite his head off!"

"Hold on! Let me finish. I was with him and then left as we were parted. About two weeks later I made an excuse to get into the back room by mistake. I found a piece of machinery mounted on the wooden floor, and though I asked no questions Goldwaithe volunteered no information. I judged from that it was a drill which was to be worked by turning a handle. As I told you before, as long as I had the man under my eye I did not fear for the vault. If he was with me evenings I knew he was up all night.

Two or three weeks after the incident related above I had a foot laid upon me by my room, and Goldwaithe was out of the quarter. As it happened, I was sulled down quite by accident upon him, when he said:

"I want to know whether I have anything this morning, and if I have I'm going to see the 8:30 St. Louis express."

"You must be crazy! He is right upon us in our room at the moment, and Pelton and Thompson are with him!"

"But I will you I saw him. More than that, he came on the street ahead of us and turned into the clothing."

I took him up stairs, and when he saw Goldwaithe sitting there he seemed less than three minutes between of quiet discretion. When I repeated that so decided a change in Goldwaithe had occurred in the interval, and my witness to the movements of Goldwaithe was confirmed beyond question. On one occasion we or other I met two his rooms, and decide up there every day or two, but everything appeared straight. One evening he sat down to his hotel after to write a letter, and while he was thus engaged I walked up the street four squares to speak to a machine. On returning I met Goldwaithe face to face, and he exclaimed:

"Ah, you on it again."

"Yes."

"Well, coal it and hurry back."

I walked straight to the hotel, and there sat the man I had spoken to on the street three minutes before. He was still writing. I asked a friend who sat reading if Goldwaithe had been out, and he replied in the negative. I felt my hair standing on end as I sat down, and during all that long night I did not get a wink of sleep. My partner, the tenant, and myself met, and all seen what we had not seen. We be at fault and blind, or was he a wraith who could appear in two places at once?

It was on a Friday evening I thought I met up up stairs man on the street. Saturday morning I took a stenographer and actually examined the rooms of the vault, and also sent a man up stairs to look at the floor of the back room and see if it was intact. Everything was reported all right, and Saturday evening our man said to me:

"I haven't slept well lately, and I believe I will try a change of beds. I will turn into the room next to you for a couple of nights, and see if the change won't bring sleep."

I objected at this, as I need not fear that he was at work on the vault. I satisfied myself that he was to bed before I turned in, and that night I slept better than for months before. He occupied the same room on Saturday night, and on Sunday afternoon he surprised me by saying he would accompany me to church. He appeared to listen very closely to the sermon, and on the way home pointed out to strange and week people.

It was my custom to enter the bank at noon to see if all was well for on this day, after we had finished dinner and I was about to start, a friend came in and I was detained about half an hour. Everything seemed to be all right in the bank, but, from force of habit, I opened the vault, and one look showed me that the chisel had come. There was a hole through the roof of the vault, our safe was open, and lying on the floor of papers was a man. I did not know whether he was dead or alive when I summoned help, but we soon found that he was dead and lying in his own blood. The safe had been opened with nitrate, and the $9,000 is contained had been taken. It was held an hour before I thought of Goldwaithe, and then he could not be found. We broke into his rooms, and about the first thing we found was a satchel containing our money.

The man was alive. I took to be a drill was a drill. Alone of the four had been cut out, the drill had then done its work on the iron plates, and later on a chisel had been used to pick out the cement and remove the bricks. The robber could have began work at 8 o'clock on Saturday evening, and he probably did so. Who was he? It was Goldwaithe! Fifty of us could have swore to it, and yet it wasn't. I had left him alive at the hotel, and he had slipped. Then who was he? His twin brother, or we affected a mistake? Is a certainty. How did he come to enter? He had got into the vault and the safe and secured the money. He passed up and down by means of a rope. In going back the second time for further plunder he had unconvered a piece of glass in the center, and it had served as safety in his up, disappearance. Of the four had fastened him. He had, therefore, worked in three are of my guard, and when the plan was ripe for execution he by sleeping within his feet of me, while he was busily engaged at the work. We sought him three months later in New Orleans, and, while we could not identify the jury that he was one of the robbers, he was shown to be innocent on another charge and got a sentence of twelve years.—New York Sun.

Robinson Crusoe's Island.

The island of Juan Fernandez, once inhabited by Robinson Crusoe, is now traversed by a former American sailor, Benjamin Hobbs, who has been living beyond the terrible wounds which he received at the battle of Sahuna, in 1880, to leave the crowd, grow tired of the monotony of existence in civilized Europe, and have adventure in his fortune to a life of adventure. For fifteen years past he has been living on the island of Juan Fernandez with a small colony of Chilenos, who have fled from the sea from civilization, and only communicating with the world once a year, when he sends his fine sailing yacht to Valparaiso for provisions and supplies.—Harper's Weekly.

Lord's Prayer in a Brooklyn.

Augustus L. Hewitt was seriously in the shape of a bewildered, in which was usual circle of paper hardly 'ed, so long in diameter on which was inscribed the whole of the Lord's prayer. What makes the work especially remarkable is that it was done with a quill pen. The woodcuts be made with a knife, and the work is good enough without the aid of a magnifying glass. Moses Hall, an uncle of Mr. Hewitt, did the writing.—Boston (Mass.) Mail.

Critical.

Bum—Who is that there vacant seat over yonder in the opera chair of ours?

Chumpum—Oh, that's my hat, but he hasn't got no attention. He sent for some in the parlors, instead of some opera.

A New Repair Link.

Charles S. Carroll, of New Haven, has invented a bicycle bell which promises to supersede some of those now in use. It is composed of two gongs joined by a band of metal, which makes the whole perfectly dust proof. Inside is an alarm movement, which is wound up by a small key attached to one of the gongs. One winding suffices for 600 alarms. The alarm is rung by means of a small lever fastened to the handle of the bicycle, from which the bell is hung. The whole arrangement is neat and tasteful and forms an ornament to a machine.—Springfield Homestead.

Hit Them Good Evening.

A rather decent lady with an absent minded look was in a Fourth avenue car a few nights ago. When she left the car she turned at the doorway, and with a dazed look said: "I wish you all a very pleasant evening." And several passengers bowed courteously.—New York Ledger.

Abusing the Voice.

As the voice is the most delicate of instruments and one which reveals at once any abuse of its powers, be sure that you are not misusing it. It is the easiest thing in the world to detect such misuse when it exists. After singing for twenty minutes stop and see if there are any feelings of weariness or weakness of muscles about the chest. If there are, you are forcing your voice, and you will show your wisdom by not singing again until you have learned how to use it properly. Some people seem naturally how to use the voice, while with others it is a matter of poverty that they shall be taught. And so there is no more way to lose a voice than to abuse it, if you find that it is not as easy for you to sing as to laugh, and if you desire to do anything in the future with your voice, cease singing until you can secure a good teacher. It will not lost your voice to remain silent for some days, of course early training and constant practice are more desirable.

If, however, you find that you are using your voice properly and that your effort are pleasing to your friends, sing as often and as much in your home and in your friend's parlors as you please, remembering always that it is better to sing for a dozen times a day for ten minutes at a time than once for an hour. Never sing for a longer period than ten minutes without rest. It is dangerous in the extreme to the voice, and this will will take prompt and sure revenge by weakening its quality and spoiling its natural resources.—Emma C. Thursby in Ladies' Home Journal.

How to Skin an Eel.

When hooked an eel will tie a line into many thousand intricate knots without any apparent difficulty. He is slippery, and should he once get in the middle, with the middle finger over, the rest under his body. In this position he can only wind himself around your wrist and cover your sleeve with slime. Said slime often, if dried, is tenacity as adhesive as the skin.

If skinned before his demise he is as lively as ever, and if he had crooked four inch pieces will wiggle freely.

To remove the eel's outer garment grasp firmly with a nutmeg hand, cut through the back of the neck till the spinal column is broken, then through to the skin in front, seize the exposed end with a bit of paper to prevent slipping, and steadily pull the hide toward the tail, turning it wrong side out.

To the inexperienced it would be an hour's job to skin an eel, but old hands take off their jackets very rapidly. A good pair of pincers comes handy about peeling them. In the spring the eels begin to bite when the oak leaves are as large as a mouse's ear. Eel skin is tougher than tripe or ball leaf, and it is used for connecting the two portions of flails where much friction occurs. Our forefathers used eel skin as ribbon to tie up their sons with, at least the fellows did.—G. W. Singer in Lewiston Journal.

Ben Franklin's Humor.

Franklin rendered printers a service in showing them the effectiveness of humor in enhancing the value of newspapers, and in promoting good causes. In those times there were no journalistic essay printers, and commonly the same hand wrote and set in type the matter which was to be printed. He had to have the value of a little fun in the newspaper, and how helpful it may be made in exposing false pretensions and in recommending virtuous habits. His first begin essays, timidly threw under the door of the printing office, and the last days before his death, were numerous.

At the same time, he never abused the power of the press by harsh criticism or insinuations of bad motives. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to find in the thirty years' life of his Pennsylvania Gazette an article intended to wound the feelings of an individual.—Youth's Companion.

The Company Didn't Object.

An elderly lady, evidently a good old soul, entered a train car the other day with her "bonny dang."

"Do you object to my dog?" she asked one of the passengers.

"Not at all, provided he does not bite," was the reply.

"And you?" she asked, turning to another.

"Not at all, madam."

The other passengers being successively appealed to, raised no objections, provided Pomp behaved himself, and everything was settled quite quietly, when in came the jealous conductor for the fares.

"You can't have a dog in the car with you, ma'am. The company don't allow it."

The word "company" was delivered with an emphasis that was immediately lost on the old lady, mindful of her dog, and she promptly replied:

"Oh! the company don't object in the least! I've asked them all!"

And, all unconscious of her little joke, she smiled benignantly on her fellow passengers.—London Tit-Bits.

Doubtful Compliments.

The colonel was, taking his leave at a garden party, inquires, "Have I had the pleasure of saying good-by to you, Miss Mary?" the hostess exactly assuring a distinguished pianist who has been abroad from the instrument with a sonorous protest lest he should disturb the conversation, that he does not do so at all, the young man who, on being told that a possible rival had taken the lady who is speaking in to dinner the previous evening, declares that "that's all he's let for!" These are cited instances of the class of bad compliment, while for a well meant but inexpert one your Norman Nogs reply to the editor's query respecting the Kouwigs' new baby, that it wasn't a very nasty one, may be cited.—All the Year Round.

Scrofula

is the most ancient and most general of all diseases. Scarcely a family is entirely free from it, while thousands everywhere are its suffering victims. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a specific remedy for all scrofulous humors, such as pimples, boils, tumors, salt rheum and painful running sores, swellings in the neck or glands, humor in the eyes, scaling patches or rough blotches, yield to the powerful effects of this medicine.

The Worst Type.

"My son was afflicted with the worst type of scrofula, and on the recommendation of my druggist I gave him Hood's Sarsaparilla. Today he is sound and well, our neighbors say. It was said there was not enough medicine in Illinois to effect a cure." J. CRITCHLOW, Elgin, Ill. Do you to get

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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Have been used by Z. C. M. I. for over 15 years. They are the Best Nails Made, and guarantee to give the best of satisfaction. Will hold a shoe as longer than any other

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FRAZER'S AXLE GREASE

THE CRY OF MILLIONS

OH, MY BACK!

STOP IT NOW, SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I have been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys and have tried many different remedies and spent much money in search of a cure, without relief. About three months ago I was suffering from a very severe attack that almost prostrated me to such a degree that I was bent over like a crook. I was down it was almost impossible for me to get up alone, or to pick up my clothes, when Ball Pyrolyzer and Dr. Benson's Kidney and Liver Cure came to my notice. I commenced using the tea. It had no effect perceptible effect, and to the astonishment of all my friends at the end of a few days, I was able to be about, and I commenced the cure in earnest. I recommend the tea to all sufferers. I have been.

G. A. TUPPER,
Proprietor Occidental Hotel.

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Time Card in Effect OCT. 21, 1890

Passenger Trains Leave and Arrive at Salt Lake City, and Park City, Daily, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Trains 1 leaves for South & Mag St. 8.00 a.m.
2 arrives 5.30 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Trains 1 arrives Park City 10.00 a.m.
2 leaves 4.00 p.m.

FREIGHT TRAINS

Leave Salt Lake 7.00 a.m.
Arrive 7.45 p.m.
Leave Park City at 10.00 a.m.
Arrive 10.00 p.m.

No Passengers carried on Freight Trains.

PASSENGER RATES

Between Salt Lake City and Park City, Single Fare, $2.00. Round Trip, $3

J. M. YOUNG, Gen'l Supt. T. J. MACKINTOSH, Gen. Pass. & Ticket Agt.

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

GEN'L EXP. TIME TABLE, JAN. 4, 1891.

East-Bound Trains.

	No. 1 Atlantic Mail.	No. 3 Atlantic Express
Lv. Ogden	9.00 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	12.45 p.m.	7.45 a.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	3.00 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
Ar. Ironton	11.00 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	5.00 p.m.	6.00 a.m.
Ar. Green River	8.40 p.m.	3.00 a.m.
Ar. Rifle	3.50 a.m.	9.45 a.m.
Ar. Glenwood Springs	5.30 a.m.	11.45 a.m.
Ar. Leadville	10.45 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
Ar. Denver	7.45 a.m.	3.45 a.m.
Ar. Pueblo	1.00 p.m.	8.00 a.m.
Ar. Colo. Springs	2.45 p.m.	9.45 a.m.
Ar. Pueblo	1.00 p.m.	8.00 a.m.
Ar. Kansas City	7.30 a.m.	7.30 p.m.
Ar. Denver, Col. Mid.	7.45 a.m.	3.45 a.m.

West-Bound Trains.

	No. 2 Pacific Mail.	No. 4 Pacific Express
Lv. Denver	9.30 a.m.	11.00 p.m.
Lv. Pueblo	12.45 p.m.	3.15 a.m.
Lv. Colo. Springs	12.45 p.m.	4.00 a.m.
Lv. Leadville	7.00 a.m.	3.00 p.m.
Lv. Glenwood Springs	2.45 a.m.	6.15 p.m.
Lv. Rifle	4.45 a.m.	7.45 p.m.
Lv. Green River	9.50 a.m.	12.50 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	6.30 a.m.	6.15 p.m.
Lv. Ironton	3.00 a.m.	3.00 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	8.00 a.m.	10.00 p.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	8.15 a.m.	10.30 p.m.
Ar. Ogden	1.40 p.m.	5.00 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.

SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.

Leave Salt Lake 8.00 a.m. and 11.35 a.m., 4.45 p.m., Returning, arrive Salt Lake 8.45 a.m. 12.45 p.m., 5.30 p.m.

SANPETE.

Leave Salt Lake 8.00 a.m., Provo, arrive Salt Lake 5.30 p.m.

ARGYLE PARK, SUGARHOUSE, TROLLEY, MT. TRIMBLE AND MAYO.

Leave Salt Lake 8.00 a.m., 12.00 noon, 4.00 p.m., 6.00 p.m., 10.00 p.m., returning arrive Salt Lake 11.00 a.m.

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70 E. SECOND SOUTH STREET.

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Each stockholder cannot to 10 shares.

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GARDEN HOSE AND LAWN SPRINKLERS

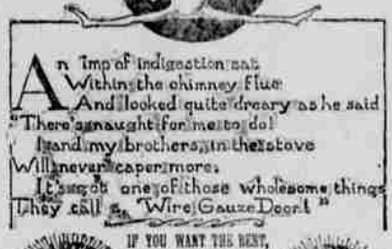
No. 67 S. MAIN STREET.

An imp of indigestion sat
Within the chimney flue
And looked quite dreary as he said
"There's naught for me to do!
I and my brothers in the stove
Will never caper more.
It's ages one of those wholesome things
They call a 'Wire Gauze Door!'"

IF YOU WANT THE BEST, BUY THE Charter Oak, WITH THE WIRE GAUZE DOORS.

CHARTER OAK STOVES — CHARTER OAK RANGES

For Sale by Z. C. M. I., Sole Agents in Salt Lake City.



THE CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC RAILWAY,

including main lines, branches and extensions East and West of the Missouri River, including Council Bluffs to Ashton, Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, La Salle, Moline, Rock Island, in ILLINOIS; Davenport, Iowa City, Marengo, Ottumwa, Des Moines, Winterset, Anita, Council Bluffs and Omaha, in IOWA; Kansas City, St. Joseph, Cameron, Plattsburg, Maryville, Hamburg, Shenandoah, Atlantic, Avoca, Council Bluffs, in MISSOURI; Fort Scott, Ft. Leavenworth, Ft. Riley, Manhattan, Topeka, Ft. Wallace, Wallace, Sharon Springs, Colby, Goodland, Ft. Wallace, Ft. Scott, Ft. Leavenworth, Ft. Riley, Manhattan, Topeka, Ft. Wallace, Wallace, Sharon Springs, Colby, Goodland, in KANSAS; Kiowa, Greenwood, Leadville, Aspen, Colorado, in COLORADO; Tucumcari, Santa Rosa, Las Vegas, Raton, Trinidad, Pueblo, in COLORADO. Traverses new and rich sections of Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Indian Territory, Texas, affording the best facilities of interchange between Kansas City and points in Iowa and Illinois, and the Southwest, and Southwest from Chicago, and Pacific and transcontinental connections.

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Leading all competitors in splendor of equipment and speed, well ventilated, the best chair in summer, warmed by steam from the locomotive in winter. RAPID TRANSIT between Chicago and Des Moines and Council Bluffs with Through Sleepers to Omaha and Chicago and Colorado Springs, Denver and Pueblo via St. Joseph, Kansas City, and Topeka. Direct Line to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, Through Sleeping Cars and Chair Cars between Chicago and Denver, Through Sleeping Cars between Chicago and Pueblo via Omaha, Chicago and Colorado Springs, and via Kansas City and Chicago and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. Through Sleeping Cars between Council Bluffs and Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo. Through Sleeping Cars between Kansas City, St. Joseph and Kansas City, Colorado, connecting daily with CHICAGO for BUTTE and Salt Lake City, Portland, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The DIRECT LINE to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitarium, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

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THE SHORT LINE VIA SENECA AND KANKAKEE offers facilities to travel between Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Lafayette, and Council Bluffs, Omaha, Atchison, Leavenworth, Kansas City, Minneapolis, and St. Paul.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. CHICAGO, ILL. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Agent