



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The Presbyterian church was built in 1879. It is located on corner of Main and Russ streets.

VALIANT JACK CHINN.

Famous as a Horseman and Handy With His Knife.

Colonel Jack Chinn, the man who recently had the temerity to charge, publicly and over his own signature, that Governor Bradley of Kentucky is a coward of the basest brand, is one of those picturesque characters who make politics in the blue grass region an exciting and often a fatal game. Some editor from the safe vantage of distance has intimated that Colonel Chinn is a bad man only as indicated by his name. If that editor lived in Kentucky, this would be about the last mistake of the kind that he would have a chance to make.

The colonel has a national reputation as a horse breeder and trainer. For three generations the Chinnns have figured in turf history, and every racing



COLONEL JACK CHINN.

man in the country knows Colonel Jack. His fame as a fighter is equally great. The prospect of a personal encounter is the only thing that will lure him from the race track or stable. When the war broke out, he swung into the saddle behind Morgan and became one of that celebrated band of raiders. The taste for spilling blood that he then acquired he has never quite outgrown. His exploits have been many and lurid, but perhaps the most sensational occurred during a race meeting in Chicago. A lifetime enemy of Chinn had given out that he was in Chicago "for the purpose of pulling off a race or two and killing Jack Chinn." The two first saw each other while driving in opposite directions on a crowded boulevard. Both made a simultaneous movement for the hip pocket, and for a minute or two the air was full of bullets. Nobody was hurt, however, and by the time their six shooters were empty they were out of range.

But the bowie knife and not the revolver is the colonel's favorite weapon. He carries one constantly in his front trousers pocket. The blade can be shut up like a pocketknife, but when a spring is pressed it flies open and locks. If Governor Bradley or any of his friends had resented the colonel's epithet, that bowie might have played an important part in the subsequent proceedings.

Too Vague on One Point.

"Your story is a little vague on one point," said the publisher, and the young woman naturally wanted to know the whereabouts of the alleged vagueness.

"Where you say," exclaimed the publisher, "that 'she, defented in argument, had no recourse but to woman's most effective weapons against the tyrant man.' Now, do you refer there to tears or fatirons?"—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The common garden slug has the means of spinning a gelatinous thread by which he can let himself down from dangerous heights.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race.—*Phillips Brooks.*

Neighbor was originally high boor, or the nearest residing farmer.

WILD HORSES.

Their Capture an Industry in Australia, Where They Abound.

As a rule, the herds number from 10 to 12, made up of mares and one stallion. No stallion will allow another stallion in his herd, and stubborn fights frequently occur between horses owing to this. The beaten males, after being expelled, join herds exclusively of stallions. On any herds being sighted by hunters a good idea can generally be formed by the experienced man as to which route the animals will take in their way to the rugged hills, for which they invariably make when disturbed. A scheme is mapped out to cut them off if possible, and the party scatters, each to take up his allotted position. Of course while doing this every advantage is taken of the natural inequalities of the ground, so as to escape observation. When the alarm is given, however, all need for caution is at an end, and each hunter puts his steed to full gallop. The stallion, the head of the herd, boldly comes out to meet him, and endeavors to distract attention from the rest.

In some rare instances he is lassoed and captured at once, but he generally manages to rejoin his wives, which by this time have trooped into single file, with his favorite mare in the lead. Should the herd be turned and get into difficulties the stallion takes up his position in the van, and the great object is to cut him off from the rest. Should this be accomplished both he and the mares become confused, and the lassoes often manage to make two or three per man. Instances have been known where horses have been thrown to the ground by the hunter's giving a violent jerk to the animal's tail when it was making an abrupt turn. When this quarry is brought down, either by this method or the use of the lasso, the rider jumps from his steed, whips a "biinder" (a handkerchief is used when there is nothing else procurable) over the prostrate horse's eyes and straps up one of his fore legs securely. If this is properly done, the animal may safely be left "until called for," for no horse thus secured can stray far.

Should a man be so unlucky as to capture a branded horse or a foal running with a branded mare, he cannot keep it, but all others become the property of the hunter, and after they undergo a rough and ready process of breaking in, they are sold at prices ranging from £1 5s. to £15. The later figure, however, is seldom reached, unless in the case of exceptionally fine stallions. Great numbers of these horses die from starvation in the winter time, but still the herds show no signs of diminution.—*Chambers' Journal.*

Therapia, the Newport of the East.

This Newport of the east was found some centuries ago by the Greeks because of its invigorating climate—Therapia signifying health—and today is still the refuge in the summer heats not only of many of the pashas and other high Turkish dignitaries whose palaces line the water front or crown the hills near by, but of scores of European wayfarers and strangers who want more air and less dog than can be found in Pera.

Here, too, are the houses of the several foreign embassies, English, German, French and the others, their yachts and dispatch boats lying at anchor almost in front of their gardens, the brasses glistening in the sun.

And the charm of it all! The boats' crews of Jack Tars in their white suits rowing back and forth, answering calls from the shore. The blue water—as blue as indigo—dotted with caiques skimming about; the dogcarts and landaus crowding the shore road, with footmen in gorgeous Albanian costumes of white and gold, and with sash and scimitar—all make a scene of surprising brilliancy and beauty, unequalled by any other similar spot in Europe. Diplomacy is never so picturesque as at Therapia.—*F. Hopkinson Smith in Century.*

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

He Chases the Cat, Visits the Chickens, Breaks a Plate and Gets a Scolding.

I woke at six o'clock today
And turned my basket over,
And soon I started out to play
Upon the kitchen floor.

Old Tom the cat, had found a bone
That shed extremely nice,
I took that breakfast for my own
And bade her catch some mice.



I chased her o'er the garden wall—
Oh, what a rush had we!
And then the hens and chickens all
Were visited by me.



And when at last my game was done
With chick and pussy cat,
I thought it would be splendid fun
If I could find a rat.



Alas, alas! as time went by
I broke a plate, you see,
And mistress says too rough am I
And gentler I must be.

Manners For Boys.

Poor fellows! How you get scolded and snubbed, and how continual is the polishing and drilling which every member of the family feels at liberty to administer!

No wonder opposition is aroused when, after all, if you were only in a quiet way informed of what was expected, you would readily enough fall into line. Here are some good rules to begin with:

Hat lifted in saying "Goodby!" or "How do you do?"

Hat lifted when offering a seat in a train or omnibus or in acknowledging a favor.

Keep step with any one you walk with.

Always precede a lady up stairs and ask her if you may precede her in passing through a crowd or public place.

Hat off the moment you enter a street door and when you step into a private hall or office.

Let a lady pass first always unless she asks you to precede her.

In the drawing room stand till every lady in the room is seated; also older people.

Rise if a lady comes in after you are seated and stand till she takes a seat.

Look people straight in the face when speaking or being spoken to.

Let ladies pass through a door first, standing aside for them.

In the dining room take your seat after ladies and elders.

Never play with knife, fork or spoon.

Do not take your napkin in a bunch in your hand.

Eat as fast or as slow as the others and finish the course when they do.

If You Don't Want a Cat to Run Away.

This is our new puss, come today.
A capital monster, so they say.
She came in a cart with the leaves of bread,
And what do you think the baker said?
"If you don't want a cat, mum, to run away,
You butter her paws, and then she'll stay."

Well, mother laughed, but Teddy and I
Thought it our duty at least to try.
So we begged the quarter of half a pat—
It was not too much for so large a cat—
And soon she was purring, as if to say,
"You've buttered my paws, and now I'll stay."

Make the Most of Good Things.

I have told you of the Spaniard who always put on his spectacles when about to eat cherries, that they might look bigger and more tempting. In like manner I make the most of my enjoyments, and, though I do not cast my ears away, I pack them in as little compass as I can and carry them as conveniently as I can for myself and never let them annoy others.—*Southey.*

You will find it less easy to uproot faults than to choke them by gaining virtue. Do not think of your faults, still less of others' faults. In every person who comes near you look for what is good and strong. Honor that, rejoice in it, and, as you can, try to imitate it, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves when their time comes.—*John Ruskin.*

Rainy Day Troubles.

Gracious! What a noise and clatter!
Dear, dear! What can be the matter?
Bobbie has tumbled down the stairs;
Marjorie's doll won't say her prayers;
Ted has broken his schooner's sail;
Phil won't listen to Dorothy's tale;
Meg's new ring has rolled down a hole;
Baby will try to swallow some coal;
Nurse does her best, but all in vain,
While Susie drums upon the pane,
"Horrid rain, do go back to Spain,
And never more come here again."

The collar form of necklace continues to please, and the riviera must be no longer than the exact size of the throat it encircles.



Get the best when they cost no more.
Robinson's shoes are the best.

When you buy Merriam's shoes for children you get the best in the land, Robinson has them.

Merriam's shoes are always worth the money, at Robinson's.

Oxfords, for ladies, 75c, \$1.00 \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.50 at Robinson's. Costs you nothing to see them.

See little Gents' tan shoes at Robinson's, \$1.25.

Robinson's tan perfection polish makes old shoes look new.

When you want nice up-to-date shoes, Robinson has them.

If you believe in specialists, Robinson is a shoe specialist.

Robinson's tan shoes are nobby.

Best \$2.00, \$2.50 and \$3.00 shoes in the world at Robinson's.

Ladies' fine shoes that will please you at Robinson's.



A Big Difference

There's a big difference in ways of doing business.

SOME DEALERS

simply strive to get a customer in their store, sell as much as they can at one sale by misrepresentation, and never expect to see that customer again.

My Way

is to always satisfy a buyer, no matter how small the profit. This method makes permanent patrons, and my trade is largely made up of customers who have been coming back to my store year after year. Try my way once, and you'll keep coming back the same way, too. My stock consists of

Fresh Groceries,

Flour and Feed,

Country Produce, &c.

My goods are all of the best grades. I don't handle impure groceries.

P. T. WALSH,

MAIN STREET.

LITTLE - BLOOMERS.

I don't go much on fashions,
An' all that kind o' thing,
With dresses that's out decultay,
An' sleeves like bar'ls, by jing!
I don't take stock in the notion
That women can't dress as they please—
Providin', of course, that it's proper
An' gives them a feelin' of ease.

Last fall I drove in with the wagon,
And our Rosie Jane come along—
Purtiest girl in the county,
So lively, an' limber, an' strong;
Boys all a-dyin' to win her,
No gal in the valley her like—
An' she sported the turkey-red bloomers
She'd made to wear on her bike.

As we reached Tom's store I noticed
His kid was a-playin' near,
When all to once come a shoutin'
An' straight down the road loped a steer.
An' straight fer the kid he headed;
Why, blame me, if I could yell—
When something red whizzed by me
A pedalin' just like—well.

Of course it was our Rosie;
She rode past the critter's head;
She knew that she could turn him
When he saw the turkey red.
For a breath I thought he had her,
My heart just stood stock still;
But, lawsey, how she dodged him
And drew him down the hill!

The boys come up a-runnin',
An' we stood there in a line
A watchin' them red bloomers
An' the crazy brute behin';
At last I turned the hosses
An' let 'em have the whip,
An' down that break-neck highway
We went a mighty clip.

A mile away the poor critter,
Clean beat, had tumbled kerslump;
An' there, by her wheel, "Little Bloomers"
Was restin' herself on a stump.
I felt so blamed proud that I blubbered,
But Rosie just said, with a grin:
"Say, daddy, I've busted some gathers,
Please lend 'Little Bloomers' a pin."

That's why I'm mad when the fogies
Think they've the right to assert
That womankind's scheme of salvation
Depends on the length of her skirt.
Seems to me that savin' a baby
Beats petticoats, roomy or small;
An' I guess the angles 'll take Rosie,
An' carry her in, bloomers 'n' all.

—*W. R. Rose.*



Ariel,
Remington,
Cleveland and
Road King

BICYCLES,



Bicycle Sundries and everything for the comfort of the bicyclist, except the bloomers, can be found at

Stoke's Reliable Pharmacy.