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Y. M. W. A. BLDG., KANSAS CITY, MO.

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At Wholesale Prices. Delivered Free. For Houses, Barns, Roofs, all colors, & SAVE Middlemen's profits. In use 31 years. Endorsed by Grange & Farmers' Alliance. Low prices will surprise you. Write for samples. O. W. INGERSOLL, 233 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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House Paints, Barn, Roof and Bridge Paints. Buy direct from the factory. Guaranteed.

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FURNAS : COUNTY : HERD
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Holstein : Cattle!

A few EXTRA GOOD September Pigs, and a No. 1 butter bred bull, yearling, registered—for sale. Prices right.

H. S. Williamson,
BEAVER CITY, NEB.

PANTS

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\$3 And Upward
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Fit like wax.
Wear like iron.
Never rip.

Send for samples and rules for self-measurement.

LINCOLN PANTS CO.,
1223 O Street

Make Your Own Bitters!

On receipt of 30 cents, U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Steketee's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach and kidney diseases. Now is the time to use bitters for the blood and stomach. Send G. G. Steketee, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, 30 cents, U. S. stamps, and we guarantee that he will send at once. For sale by druggists.

EXCELSIOR HOME BAKER AND ROASTER.
The best paying investment for a housewife. None genuine without brass fittings; our latest improved style, is a solid make, has deep hinge strong but high grade, and closes perfectly tight saved 25 per cent nutritious elements. Full descriptive circulars on application. I also manufacture the "New Success" stove and the Famous Frying Pan, etc. AGENTS WANTED in every county in the U. S. Address, CHARLES SCHULTHEISS, 40 N Main St., Council Bluffs Iowa.

FREE

No Money Required.

Use Northwestern line to Chicago. Low rates. Fast trains. Office 1133 O St.

The constant demand of the traveling public to the far west for a comfortable and at the same time an economical mode of traveling, has led to the establishment of what is known as Pullman Colonist Sleepers.

These cars are built on the same general plan as the regular first-class Pullman Sleepers, the only difference being that they are not upholstered.

They are furnished complete with good comfortable hair mattresses, warm blankets, snow white linen curtains, plenty of towels, combs, brushes, etc., which secure to the occupant of a berth as much privacy as is to be had in first-class sleepers. There are also separate toilet rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and smoking is absolutely prohibited. For full information send for Pullman Colonist Sleeper Leaflet.

J. T. MARTIN, C. T. A. 1044 O St., E. B. SLOSSON, Gen. Agt., Lincoln, Neb.

The World's Fair.

The seven wonders of the world were playthings—and dull ones at that—when compared with the Columbian Exposition of 1893.

All the leaning towers and ruined pyramids and gigantic bridges and other so-called marvels of the old world, together wouldn't form such a spectacle as there is now to be seen, not a thousand miles away.

Words cannot describe it. But if you take the Burlington route to Chicago you can see it for yourself. Bonnell at the depot or Ziemer at 10th and O Sts. will give you information about trains and help make your journey pleasant and profitable. Excursion every day.

The cheapest place for monuments is at Gen. Nathan's, 113 South Ninth St. Lincoln.

Business men, merchants, bankers and salesmen are leaving their orders at Lincoln Pant Co., 1223 O street.

The best builders use only the best materials—lumber, brick, lime, cement, sand—whatever goes into the construction of a building; they employ only the best workmen and pay the best wages; they get better prices for their work than their less careful competitors, and always get the best contracts; they paint their work with

Strictly Pure White Lead

manufactured by the "Old Dutch Process" of slow corrosion, and with one of the following standard brands: "Collier," "Red Seal," "Southern"

For colors they use the National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. These colors are sold in small cans, each being sufficient to tint twenty-five pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade.

These brands of Strictly Pure White Lead and National Lead Co.'s Tinting Colors, are for sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.

If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York.
St. Louis Branch,
Clark Avenue and Tenth Street.

\$5 to \$15 per day, at home, selling LIGHTNING PLATER and plating jewelry, watches, silverware, etc. Place the finest of jewelry good as new, on all kinds of metal with gold, silver or nickel. No experience. No capital. Every house has good things to plate. Wholesale to agents. Write for circulars. H. E. BELMONT & Co., Columbus, O.

BALD HEAD

NO CURE NO PAY
TO YOU STACHE NO PAY

FREE

A fine 14k gold watch to every reader of this paper. Cut this out and send it to us with your full name and address, and we will send you one of these elegant, richly jeweled, gold watches worth \$25.00 and \$30.00. We will give you \$5.00 in postage to pay for the watch. Write at once, as we shall send out supplies for the day only. THE NATIONAL WIFCO & IMPORTING CO., 325 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

ST. JOSEPH BUGGY CO.

St. Joseph Buggy Co. Carriages and Buggies at Lowest prices. Catalogue and price list free. 6th and Measles Sts. St. Joe. Mo.

Tourist Rates to Colorado.

The Union Pacific Railway (overland route) will now sell round-trip tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou and Pueblo, at the low rate of \$24.15 good returning until October 31st. Stopovers allowed between Cheyenne and Pueblo. Full particulars given at 1044 O street.

J. T. MARTIN, E. B. SLOSSON, City Ticket Agt. General Agent

Am going east. Professor Ong of the Omaha College of Shorthand and Typewriting is instructed to sell my \$60.00 life scholarship for \$19.00. Send him \$19.00 and he will issue a life scholarship in your name. Show this to your friend. Write at once. GEO. S. CURRIE, "Gen. Del.," Omaha, Neb.

Low Excursion Rates—North-Western Line.

July 24th, 31st and August 7th:
Chicago, one way..... \$ 9.95
Chicago and return..... 15.00

DAILY TRAINS.
Chicago, one way..... 10.00
Chicago and return to Nov. 15th
Hot Springs S. D. and return..... 15.50
Deadwood S. D. and return..... 19.50

Fast trains through sleepers.

W. M. SHIPMAN, Gen. Agt.
A. S. FIELDING, City Tkt. Agt.
Depot Corner 8 and Eighth streets.
E. T. MOORE, Tkt. Agent.

Use Northwestern line to Chicago. Low rates. Fast trains. Office 1133 O St.

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One Fare to Hot Springs and Deadwood and Return

The Elkhorn line is now selling excursion tickets each day to Hot Springs, the great health resort, and Deadwood, the mining center of the Black Hills, at one fare for the round trip. Get particulars at city office 1133 O St. or depot corner 8 and 9th Sts.

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LEMONADE.

Lemonade: I sing thy praises! When it gets as hot as blazes Then thy cooling virtues shine. When June comes with torrid breezes, Then thine acid sweetness pleases. More refreshing far than wine

Then thy flavor so delicious, Thillates the taste capricious Of the veriest epicure, And the clinking in the glasses Of the broken ice surpasses Music of the spheres, I'm sure.

Lemonade: I sing thy praises, Not with long, high-sounding phrases, But with zeal no less intense, And to think that he who'd try thee Almost any day can buy thee For the small sum of five cents!

A FORCED LEAD.

There were only three people in the room besides the whist players; the old gentleman who sat in the corner of the room and was always reading, and Julia McCullough and young Stevens, who were in another corner, half shielded by the Japanese screen.

Of the card players one was old Mr. McCullough, to whom whist was the business of life. A second was old Mrs. McCullough, who played excellently, but never could be utterly deaf to the claims of the outside world. The third was Mr. Richmond, a successful lawyer, something over 50, with closely-cut, iron-gray hair, quick, keen eyes, a manner which very likely had been nervous, but was now only incisive, and an utterly absorbed attention to the matter in hand. People said Richmond had had a disappointment in love, which had kept him a bachelor and perhaps encouraged the habit of absorption—a fact which caused Julia McCullough and young Stevens to regard him with deep and respectful sympathy. The fourth player was old Mr. McCullough's partner, and just at present she gaped under such a cloud of disapproval that it would have been a relief to have escaped notice altogether. She was a silent, smooth, unassertive, unmarried woman, whose game Mr. McCullough had trained, trimmed and pruned in season and out of season until, as a matter of self-preservation, she had learned to play better than he.

But it was owing to her that Mr. McCullough now fidgeted in his chair and glared at a nine-spot as if each club on its surface were a weapon of assassination. It was but 8 o'clock in the evening, and she was playing only till the stage came to take her to the train on which she was to leave—break up the game and leave. No wonder Mr. McCullough was almost speechless with rage. No wonder that Mrs. McCullough fatally wandered, so that she mistook a knave for a king and pulled in her opponent's trick. Even Mr. Richmond, who scarcely knew how Miss Selwyn looked, so rarely he raised his eyes from the table, felt that her conduct was injurious.

"May I be permitted to inquire, Charlotte," asked Mr. McCullough in an awful voice, "since when a knave has been advanced to the distinction of taking a king of the same suit?"

"Gracious!" admitted Mrs. McCullough, pushing the card to Miss Selwyn, who was so crowded by the universal disapproval that she received them as a free gift.

"Of course it is impossible to be even decently attentive in the midst of such willful disturbance," remarked Mr. McCullough.

"If it were not a case of illness," began Miss Selwyn, apologetically.

"People have no business to be ill," snapped Mr. McCullough.

"Do you suppose Susan will be able to get there, too?" asked Mrs. McCullough.

"I hope so," returned Miss Selwyn.

"Come, come, Charlotte!" exclaimed Mr. McCullough; "for heaven's sake, let us play while we can!"

Julia McCullough and young Stevens were talking in low tones behind the screen.

"Did you really pin it up?" asked Julia, with apprehensive pleasure.

"I really did," returned young Stevens, "in the hall. I knew how strained the situation would be tonight, and as it is my last evening I wanted it to be peaceful. They might have asked one of us to take a hand."

"I wouldn't have done it," said Julia, firmly.

"Yes you would, you poor lamb, or I would have taken your place and lost my temper. I can get along with your uncle anywhere but at the whist-table."

One of the hotel servants came to the door—the stage was leaving. Miss Selwyn rose, looking ready to cry. The cards had just been dealt.

"I am very sorry," she said.

"Sorry?" growled Mr. McCullough; "we may have to play with a dummy!"

"There isn't a soul in the house that can play," sighed Mrs. McCullough. Richmond rose to go with Miss Selwyn to the door.

He put her in the carriage and returned. Not a word had been spoken. He walked restlessly to a bookcase and read the titles. The old man in the corner buried himself deeper in his pages; the young girl and her companion became more involved in winding worsted. Mrs. McCullough sorted her hand mechanically. Mr. McCullough drummed on the table and looked ready to burst with rage. It was as if nature were preparing for a cataclysm.

Suddenly they all, except the reader, looked up. A woman stood in the doorway—blue-looking, though not a young woman. Her gray hair rose straight from her handsome forehead; her clear complexion was a little flushed, but she spoke with perfect self-possession.

"I saw the notice pinned up in the hall," she said. "I am a good whist-player. Would you like to have me make up the hand?"

Young Stevens rose with a side glance at Julia, who looked a little scared.

"Pinned up in the hall?" repeated old Mr. McCullough, doubtfully.

"Yes," she said distinctly, with a swift glance that took in all the occupants of the room; "the notice saying that there were three whist-players in the east card-room who wanted a fourth at a quarter past eight. Only good players need apply."

Richmond glanced at the young man with a certain severity, behind which was a gleam of amusement, and came toward the card table.

"I"—began young Stevens; but it was old Mrs. McCullough who settled the matter.

"Well," she interrupted, "do come and sit down. I'm sure I don't know how you got here, but we're glad enough to see you. I'll play with Mr. McCullough because I am used to him. You can play with my partner."

"We're wasting a lot of precious time," said Mr. McCullough, and the handsome woman came forward from the doorway and picked up the cards that lay at her feet.

Richmond seated himself opposite, and for ten minutes not a word was spoken. She did play well—one of those intelligent, pliable games which show science, memory and comprehension. Richmond was delighted with her. If at a critical point he planned a brilliant stroke, she caught his intention instantly and co-operated. He was not curious about her personally; he had barely looked at her; she was simply his skillful comrade. It was her deal, and as she picked up the cards she shuffled them once. Richmond's eyes were on her fingers, and he started a little. She mixed the cards by an odd bit of manipulation. He had never seen but one other person do it. The next time he watched her; then he glanced from her fingers to her face in sudden, sharp inquiry. Her eyes were on his; they wore a look that might have been triumph. The game went on. The low tones of the young people were almost whispers.

"If you had that ace you were a long time playing it, Charlotte," said Mr. McCullough at the end of a hand.

"One doesn't win by being in a hurry," she answered, easily.

"No," said the stranger, speaking for the first time, "one does not."

The words were simple, but to Richmond's ear they were emphatic. He looked at her with a certain air of suspense, and again she met his look. Another hand was played.

"You did it that time," said Richmond, at the end of it, as he scored three tricks.

"Yes," said she, smiling. "I thought it was time I took matters into my own hands."

He turned a little pale, and dealt the cards with his eyes on her face. The evening slipped on; the game was close and interesting.

"That play of yours was an unusual one," said Richmond, "but successful."

"Yes," she answered, slowly; "I broke all the rules to do it. It was a forced lead, but there seemed nothing else to do."

There were bright red spots in her cheeks and she held her handsome head very high as she spoke. He laid down the cards as if to stop playing; then—

"It saved the game," he said concisely, as he picked them up again.

"I thought you had that queen, Charlotte," said Mr. McCullough in ireful reproach, "from the way you played before."

"It is dangerous to draw inferences," said Richmond quickly, looking across the table.

"Not usually," she answered lightly, "if one knows one's partner."

At 10 o'clock Richmond, instead of taking up the hand she had just dealt him, put both his arms on the table and leaned across it. Mrs. McCullough looked as if the skies would fall, and Mr. McCullough said: "Come! Come!" Richmond heeded neither of them.

"Will you tell me why you played as you did?" he asked with sudden sternness. His partner looked at him and her eyes fell for a moment. Then, with her first full composure, she answered:

"It has taken me a long time to return your lead; but I found, soon enough, that it is from what is my strongest suit as well."

"Come, come!" said Mr. McCullough; "a great deal of talk about a hand that is past and gone. Pick up your cards, man!"

Instead of doing so Richmond stood up. The young people stopped talking, and even the reading old man laid down his book.

"Is your name still Frances Ethingham?" he asked.

"Yes," she said, rising too.

"Have you come back to me?" "Yes," she said again.

"I have waited a long time," he went on.

"Yes." There was a pause.

"Will you come with me into the parlor across the hall and let me speak to you?"

She bowed, and tossing down her cards she passed out of the room and he followed her.

If Mrs. McCullough had ever allowed profanity in her presence she might have had to listen to it then. For several moments Mr. McCullough found nothing appropriate in his vocabulary.

"Are we never going to have a decent game of whist!" he thundered at last.—Stories.

A Man of Honor.

That was a shrewd policeman who having to handle managed to get the arms of one of them around a telegraph pole and to slip handcuffs on him. Leaving him embracing the pole he took the other to the station with ease.—Boston Traveler.

Knocked Him Flat.

The Result of a Double Mistake by a Woman.

Mrs. Keeler, whose husband works in the lumber woods near Moscow, Idaho, went to town lately to do some trading. Her husband was to meet her at the store and accompany her home. She waited until nearly dark, and as he had not come she started home alone, carrying a sack of flour. The Keeler place is three miles from Moscow, and the road is through the woods.

It was quite dark before Mrs. Keeler was near home, and just ahead of her she saw what she supposed was her husband standing in the road waiting for her. She was in a bad humor because he had failed to meet her at the store, and began giving him liberal pieces of her mind as she approached. When she got within a few feet of him he began to growl back at her so fiercely that she stopped and then made the alarming discovery that she was confronted by a big bear instead of her husband.

With a shriek she dropped the sack of flour and took to her heels. She had run some distance when she discovered what she thought was another bear coming toward her. She stopped in the road and filled the woods with shrieks that were plainly heard at Moscow. But this bear was her husband, and when she recovered herself sufficiently to recognize the fact, she struck him a blow with her fist between the eyes that knocked him flat in the road, and then promptly fainted.

Her husband had quite a time in fetching her to, but when he had succeeded, she explained matters as they went together toward home. The bear was gone, but he had scattered the contents of the flour sack along the road for twenty yards.

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

Had a Warm Time to Look Forward to in the Near Future.

A ragged colored boy about twelve years old sat on the sidewalk in the full glare of the noon-day sun with his back against the board fence. A very solid old man, walking with great dignity, came along and halted to look the urchin over and inquire:

"Boy, hain't I done seen yo' sum'whar' befo'?" Hain't yo' de widder Taylor's son?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"An' what yo' loasin' round yere in dis fashun fur?"

"Am dat yo'r bizness?" saucily demanded the boy.

"Am I! Am I! Wall, I should declare to reckon it was!"

"What yo' got ter do 'bout it?"

"What I got to do 'bout it! Why, boy, yo' doan' 'pear to know me! Permit me to interduce myself as de gem'fan who has bin co'rtin' yo'r mudder fur de las' three weeks, an' who's dun gwine to marry her dis evenin' an' become yo'r stepfadder! Look out fer me 'bout seben o'clock to-morrer mawnin', boy! I'ze gwine to begin at dat airly hour to make yo' wish yo'd neber bin bo'n into dis yere stail of Alabama to sho' yo'r peartness."

In Praise of Sleep.

Night brings to me dreams of silver streams that murmur through the willow-wood, and sylvan dales and quiet vales, where once I roamed, in childhood; I seem to see the mighty tree whose boughs I yet remember; the pond where I swam in July and skated in December. Oh, vision blest, of peace and rest, and sunny days and gladness! When breaks the dawn you all are gone and I am left in sadness. For morning brings the weary things that I must know forever; the burning street, the tolling feet, the long and fierce endeavor; the bills to pay, the words to say that I so oft have spoken, the loads to pack until my back is pretty nearly broken. If men could snooze for months and lose no time in bitter waking, this life would be a thing of glee and hearts would not be breaking.

Spended Was Made for America.

I asked Commander Dickens what observations the duke de Veragua made at the world's fair. He informed me that during the tour of the exposition buildings both the duke and duchess frequently exclaimed: "Magnificencia, precioso!" "Everything they saw on the grounds," said the commander, "was magnificent and precious. They were almost speechless when they saw Niagara. All through New York state, and especially during our journey along the Hudson at sunset, the dual party was lost in wonder. The duchess, who had been gazing upon the landscape for some time, turned to me and said: 'The word "splendid" must have been made to describe America.'"

Grandma's Bombazine.

Usually the innocent old lady with the bombazine is as harmless as she looks, but there are times when her presence is as portentous as the absence of the famous ten-penny nail from the horseshoe was to the rider. A horse-car was passing through a street in New York the other day; on one side of the track was an excavation; on the other, grandma with her bombazine. The horses shied into the ditch, a young man was kicked in the stomach, the car windows were smashed, the passengers badly shaken up, and a derrick had to be put in requisition to rescue the team—all because the old lady signaled to stop the car with her umbrella.

Summer Board.

A primitive scene recently took place at one of those summer boarding-houses which verify their advertised promise to keep guests cheaply. During the clattering removal of chipped plates before dessert, a be-smudged maid appeared in the kitchen doorway and recommended: "All keep your spoons!"

BANK FAILURES OF THE YEAR.

A Statement From Comptroller of the Currency Eekles.

WASHINGTON, July 31.—Comptroller of the Currency Eekles has given out the following statement: "Recent dispatches having appeared in the newspapers to the effect that since January 1, 1893, 200 national banks have failed, the following statement has been prepared that the public may be properly informed. Instead of 200 having closed their doors, but 105 have gone into the hands of the comptroller of the currency. Fourteen of this number have already resumed business under favorable conditions and possessed of the confidence of the communities where located and during the ensuing week it is expected several others will have complied with the requirements of the comptroller and reopened, while prior to September 1 an equal number will resume. Out of the total of 105 closed but thirty-seven have gone into the hands of receivers, the balance either having reopened or are still in the hands of examiners with strong prospects of reopening."

Bank Clearings.

NEW YORK, July 31.—The following table, compiled by Bradstreet's, shows the bank clearings of the week ending July 28, 1893, with the percentage of increase and decrease compared with the corresponding week of 1892:

Cities	Clearings	Inc.	Dec.
Kansas City.....	\$4,580,568	47.8
Omaha.....	4,646,028	77.1
Denver.....	1,508,796	75.5
St. Joseph.....	1,041,325	75.5
Lincoln.....	412,395	16.9
Wichita.....	367,027	31.1
Topeka.....	285,040	8.4

Mosher's Bank Will Pay 10 Per Cent.

OMAHA, Neb., July 31.—The Capital National bank of Lincoln, wrecked by Charles Mosher, will pay 10 per cent.

A Portland Ore. Bank Suspended.

PORTLAND, Ore., July 31.—The Union banking company has suspended.

TWO TOUGHS ROUTED.

They Assault a Father and Son and Get Badly Wounded.

CHILLICOTHE, Mo., July 31.—Yesterday was a regular field day with the Ledbetters, father and son, of Chillicothe township. The family reside in the wilds of the Grand river and Medicine creek bottoms, and their neighbors are somewhat like the surrounding country. William Lankford and Sam Anderson have had a grudge against young Ledbetter for some time, and yesterday went to his home to do him up. The Ledbetters retreated to their house, which they barricaded, when Lankford beat in the door with an iron pot; which he found in the yard. As he entered the door Ledbetter, junior, fired both barrels of a shotgun at him, sixty-four of the No. 8 shot striking him in the breast and forty-eight lodging in his left arm. Lankford and Anderson were sent for. Young Ledbetter mounted a horse and came to town, gave himself up and was committed to jail.

Half an hour later Anderson returned to the Ledbetter home and renewed the fight, using a knife on old man Ledbetter, but the latter got in his work with a revolver and shot Anderson through the body. He will probably die. The Ledbetters were released on a bond of \$500 by Justice Barkley to appear August 1. Public opinion justified the Ledbetters.

BUSINESS REVIEW.

DUN AND BRADSTREET ON THE SITUATION.

THIS WEEK WAS A VERY HARD ONE.

But Much Soundness and Strength Was Disclosed Nevertheless—Large Sums of Money Were Sent From New York to the West—Failure of National Banks Since January 1.

NEW YORK, July 31.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: "The hardest week yet has left the business world still able to rejoice in the soundness and strength disclosed. No banks here or at other Eastern cities, and no Eastern firms of large importance, have gone down, but numerous banks failed in the West, including some of high repute and large business. But through all this strain the banks of N. York have passed without a hiccup, and imports of gold have been sent West every day, and a large decrease in bank reserves is expected, as the treasury has not been disbursing heavily.

Failures during the past week number 386 in the United States, against 171 last year, and twenty-three in Canada, against twenty-two last year. It is noteworthy that only three failures were of capital above \$200,000 each and only ninety-nine of capital over \$5,000 each. Over fifty banks stopped during the week, but nearly all were in the West.

Bradstreet's weekly report of the state of trade shows that the volume of general trade has been further restricted, and there is no reason to report an improvement in business as a whole.

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TWO TOUGHS ROUTED.

They Assault a Father and Son and Get Badly Wounded.

CHILLICOTHE, Mo., July 31.—Yesterday was a regular field day with the Ledbetters, father and son, of Chillicothe township. The family reside in the wilds of the Grand river and Medicine creek bottoms, and their neighbors are somewhat like the surrounding country. William Lankford and Sam Anderson have had a grudge against young Ledbetter for some time, and yesterday went to his home to do him up. The Ledbetters retreated to their house, which they barricaded, when Lankford beat in the door with an iron pot; which he found in the yard. As he entered the door Ledbetter, junior, fired both barrels of a shotgun at him, sixty-four of the No. 8 shot striking him in the breast and forty-eight lodging in his left arm. Lankford and Anderson were sent for. Young Ledbetter mounted a horse and came to town, gave himself up and was committed to jail.

Half an hour later Anderson returned to the Ledbetter home and renewed the fight, using a knife on old man Ledbetter, but the latter got in his work with a revolver and shot Anderson through the body. He will probably die. The Ledbetters were released on a bond of \$500 by Justice Barkley to appear August 1. Public opinion justified the Ledbetters.