\$21,800 in Purses

## One Fare Round Trip

\$21.800 in Purses

One Fare Round Trip West of the Missouri River.

One-Third rate for Round Trip East of the Missouri River.

300 ENTRIES

2 JUNE 9=10=11=12=13

300 ENTRIES

Tuesday, June 9

"OMAHA" DAY. 2:09 Pace, 2:23 Trot, 3:00 Pace Wednesday June 10

"SOUTH OMAHA" DAY 2:19 Trot, 2:23 Pace, 3-Yr-Old Trot Thursday June 11 "COUNCIL BLUFFS" DAY

2:15 Pace. 2:35 Trot. 3-Yr-Old Pace Friday June 12 2:12 Trot,

2:19 Pace,

3:00 Trot

Saturday June 13

2:12 Pace. 2:28 Trot,

2:35 Pace

The Greatest Meeting Ever Held in the West.

# -Admission

### The Girl Detective.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN REGION

(Convright, 1896, by the Author.) Under a huge cliff of limestone at the base of a short, bluff spur which springs, almost at right angles, cut of Pigeon mountain, near the Georgia an Tennessee dividing line, was the home of Amos Tolby, a struggled hard against the temptation he man who trapped in winter and cultivated frequently gave way and became intoxicated. a small, broken bit of farm land in summer. It was a lonely cabin where living was It was a lonely cabin where living was scant enough, but it held a happy family. hidden in a deep gorge on the other side of the spur, a few miles distant from the Tolby albeit Mrs. Tolby was an invalid, quite cabin. unable to walk. Nash Tolby and his twin sister Phebe were the only living children, and they had never known how sickness or distress feels. They had grown to be 16 years old, without any knowledge of schools or books, a pair of careless, contented, half-wild beings as much alike as a boy and a came to the house and said that Mr. Tolby girl could be.

They worked together in the field and in the house. Phebe was as strong as Nash, She could plow and hoe and build worm



fence and shop wood. On the other hand crude variations of old time ballads caught from their father and mother, but their from their father and mother, but their volces were naturally strong, rich and sweet, and they sang without self-consciousness or restraint, as birds do. Often in the little hillside corn fields, when hoeing side by side, they kept time to some plaintive melody with their strokes, the hoe blade ringing keenly on the stones lying thick in the yellow clay soil.

HER FATHER AND MOTHER.

Mrs. Tolby, unable to rise from her bed feet in the left best of the lean stranger kept constantly danding before his vision, no matter whether he closed his eyes or strongest men, she fixed her gaze on the strongest men, she fixed her gaze on the

plaining, and tried to be as little trouble as possible to her husband and children, who watched over her and ministered to her tenderly and lovingly. Mr. Tolby had, however, one grave defect in his character; strong drink fascinated him, and although he really returning home in a maudlin condition after a visit to the illicit stillhouse which was

Th's bad trait of her husband's was a source of much secret grief to the poor, helpless wife; but the children, scarcely comprehending the nature of drunkenness and the shame of it, thought little of it, until one day when a strange man, a lean, narrow had sent him there from the still-house to

deliver a package.

"Yer pap won't be home till termorrer er nex' day," said the man to Nash, when handing the heavy little bun'lle to him; "but you jes' hide this yer, an' hide it good, wher' nobe'y kin possibly find it. An' yer pap say 'at ye mustn't open it, er do a thing to it, but jes' hide it quick an' safe." It was in May; the evening was warm, al-though the sun was down, and the man was perso ring as if he had been running hard

and long.
"Gi' me a gourd er warter, quick," he Phebe ran and fetched it from the spring near the doorway.

The man drank with loud gulps and then

hurried off into a wood behind the house, where the great cliff rose like the corner of a fortress.
"I reckon 'at I'd better do ez pap eaid fer mo to." remarked Nash, still clutching the small, but very heavy, package. "Hit mus' be lead," he added, "hit feel so solid an"

"Yes, hide it quick an' good," said Phebe, who was trembling, she knew not wby.

All of this had taken place on the outside
of the cabin. Mrs. Tolby, who was napping within, knew nothing of it.

Nash acted promptly. He dug a hole in
the ground, close to the cabin's foundation,
with a grubbing hope and therein buried the

with a grubbing hoe and therein buried the package, smoothing the earth over it very By this time it was dark, and, much to the surprise of Phebe and Nash, Mr. Tolby, a l'tie later, came home. He was quite intoxicated and in an excellent good humor. He wanted to dance, he said, and made the boy and girl sing for him while he shuffled

awkwardly on the loose, rough floor of the rustle porch in front of the cabin. Nash tried to tell his father about having hid the package according to orders, but the man only laughed coopulously and said: "Yesh, yesh, good boy, zat's it; eing nuzzer NASH'S MISGIVINGS.

That night, after all had become still in the cabin, and while no sound broke the as they said. He flung up both hands and silence save the steriorious breathing of Mr. held them high, shaking convulsively. Tolby, Nash found himself lying awake with an unnatural feeling oppressing him. Some-how he could not get rid of a certain tingle nash was just as clever as she at milking, cooking, washing dishes, scouring the floor and making up the beds. In a way they were great singers. Of course they had no knowledge of music, and their songs were crude variations of old time ballads caught from their father and mother, but their the strange with father sent the man with 11? Where had his father sent the man with 11? Where had his father got it? What was it? He remembered see what was going on, and at the cabin to see what was going on, and at the first glance his eyes fell upon the lean man's behavior, and he felt the strange weight of that solid little package still pressing on his fingers. Why had his father sent the man with 11? Where had his father got it? What was it? He remembered see what was going on, and at the cabin to see what was going on, and at the first glance his eyes fell upon the lean man's behavior, and he felt the strange weight of that solid little package still pressing on him. Somehow he could not get rid of a certain tingle cabin to see what was going on, and at the first glance his eyes fell upon the lean man's behavior, and he felt the strange weight of that solid little package still pressing on him how he could not get rid of a certain tingle cabin to see what was going on, and at the first glance his eyes fell upon the lean man's behavior, and he felt the strange weight of that solid little package still pressing on him how he could not get rid of a certain tingle cabin to see what was going on, and at the cabin to see what was going on, and at the first glance his eyes fell upon the lean man's behavior, and he felt the strange weight of that solid little package still pressing on his first glance his eyes fell upon the lean man's behavior, and he felt was called the voices and ran out of the lean man's behavior, and he felt was called the voices and ran out of the lean man's behavior, and he felt he strange weight of the cabin to see what was going on, and at the cabin to see what was going on and at the cabin take the

sole leather which projected at one place in a sharp angle.

ARRESTED. Next morning at the peep of day the fam-ily bestirred thmselves as usual. Mr. Tolby had slept off his intoxication, and as was his habit, felt deeply ashamed of himself. put the harness on his little mule and was on the point of going to plow in the cornfield when four mounted men harness. We don't want a bit of yer jaw," said the sheriff, "so, my young lady, ye k n shet, yer mouth an keep it shet."

The long and short of it was the sheriff of the sheriff it was the sheriff of the sheri field when four mounted men, heavily by was hustled off to jail; but not before armed, dashed up the narrow road, and com-

ing near him leveled their pistols.

"Put up yer han's," commanded the leader, whom Mr. Tolby recognized as the army blanket and well tied up with a string. sheriff of the county.

"What you doin' here?" she exclaimed in a steady, contemptuous voice. "Got some-thin' else 'at ye wants me an' Nash ter bury fer ye?" Then turning to her brother she added: "Don't beiskeered of 'im, Nash; he's too big a coward to shoot anybody.

"We may want you two folks," said the



LOOK AT THAT PATCH ONTER THE HEEL O' THAT VILLAIN'S BOOT.

pale eyed, villatinous looking man by the ing away; "so ye'd better not try ter run sheriff's side. Mr. Tolby, turning white as a ghost, did

Nash heard the voices and ran out of the

"An' no foolin', neither," added a lean, | sheriff to Nash and Phebe, just before rid-

PHEBE'S WIT.

When left to themselves, the twins looked disconsolately at each other, vaguely sware that a deep-laid plot had been used against their father and them. Phebe almost immediately began to consider a way out. Here the sheriff himself. One great good their father and them. Phebe almost immediately began to consider a way out. Her nimble wits worked in a fashion that would have done credit to a trained detective.

"We kin prove 'at he did come here yisterday," she said. "Here's his track in the ash pile. That proves it, don't it?"

"That's so," assented Nash, slowly coming to a comprehension of what the testimony might be worth. He stooped and examined the track very carefully. "That's his boots, here's the patch I saw on his in March, 1864 the Veteran Army of the

his boots, here's the patch I saw on his

opened them. This heel had been worn cadaverous looking villain at the sheriff's Phebe's work, and helped her with all his aslant and rudely mended with a piece of side.

Phebe's work, and helped her with all his heriff's phebe's work, and helped her with all his heriff's purpose. The purpose reviewed by the purpose. tect them from rain or other destructive

CAUGHT. That afternoon the sheriff and the lean man, whose name was Aaron Risley, re-turned to the Tolby cabin. "Well, here we air agin'," remarked Risey, with facetious intonation, and rolling his

"Afore we start, Mr. Sheriff," said Phebe, with cool dignity, "I'll jes' tell ye some-

General Butler, on another fine steed, both Then she began to give the facts of what had happened on the day when the pack-

age was buried.

"No use goin' over thet," the sheriff objected shortly, "Risley here hev told me what sort of a tale yer pap had fixed up. I don't keer about heerin' of it agin'."

"But you fes' come here an' look at this here track," Phebe insisted. She went and lifted the tub. The foot-print was perfect. "Look at that patch onto the heel o' thet villyan's boot," she added, pointing with her finger at Aaron Risley's left foot.

The man's haggard face flushed red, then went as pale as its yellow tan would perwent as pale as its yellow tan would per-

here." he blurted forth,.

"They's 'leven more o' them same tracks a-goin' clean up the hill in the woods," said Nash. "We've got 'em all kivered."

at last Risley confessed that after killing the man and getting possession of his bag of hoarded silver he was afraid to use any of the coin, but hid it and kept it hid for two years.

A reward of \$100 had been effered for the arrest of the murderer. Risley broaded over

ing, and as we have seen he behaved more

How an Orderly Rescued the Presi-dent from an Excited Horse. In March, 1864 the Veteran Army of the heel."

Without another word Phebe fetched a Georgetown, a short distance out from Washwash tub and turned it bottom up over the footprint.

James was encamped at "Camp Grant" near Georgetown, a short distance out from Washington, D. C. General B. F. Butler was in command, under whose guidance the army James was encamped at "Camp Grant" near | speed Georgetown, a short distance out from Washington, D. C. General B. F. Butler was in command, under whose guidance the army was to operate against Richmond from north with more dignified trials, but with few "That'll keep it fresh," she curtly remarked. "Let's hunt for more of 'em."

Nash presently caught the full messing of the James. This magnificent army of more perilous.

might. They found a dozen of the tracks marked with that peculiar patch and covered them all with such things as would propose. The purpose, reviewed by the president and his staff in person. No grander army had been seen at Washington, or one of which been seen at Washington, or one of which greater results were confidently expected. The dignitaries of the nation were present, embracing the cabinet and a vast throng of

The army in line waited the formal arrival of the distinguished chieftain, and became impatient for the opportunity to give enthusiastic expression of its great loyalty and matter-of-fact sheriff to Phebe and Nash. appreciation. The moment came; and "Here's the warrant for ye." He showed an mounted upon one of General Butler's great mounted upon one of General Butler's great war horses, appeared the then "idol" of the liberty loving loyal world. Beeide him was

noted personages.

animals in perfect condition from their long winter rest in bountiful stables. The artillery thundered its national salute; the bands rent the air with their most inspiring notes; the men could not be restrained with dignity, and their voices in unison proclaimed not only a deep appreciation of the scene, but also ardent love for their supreme leader, Abraham Lincoln. There he sat upon that wonderful horse whose every tendon and muscle was in full

"Look at that patch onto the heel o' that illyan's boot," she added, pointing with her inger at Aaron Risley's left foot.

The man's haggard face flushed red, then went as pale as its yellow tan would permit.

"'Tain't none o' my tracks; I hain't been here," he blurted forth.

The sheriff gazed sharply at Risley's boot theel.

whose every tendon and much.

Whose every tendon and much.

"Imagine if you can the spectacle. The president dressed as so often described in the "Prince Albert" made for the "other fellow," fitting only on the tops of the whoulders; with trousers and boots to correspond, the latter so loose and wrinkled from service, as to scarcely stay on. His stove pipe hat coovered the most unkempt hear, that over graced a sacred head.

hair that ever graced a sacred head.

Thus we see him, when the pent up fires Nash. "We've got 'em all kivered."

"It's a lie." growled the man. The sheriff looked up keenly at him. As he did so Risley tried to draw a pistol, but was too slow. The nervy officers had him covered the covered the covered to the covered the covered to the co Risley tried to draw a pistol, but was too slow. The nervy officers had him covered with a heavy revolver.

A curious state of facts came out in the trial of Risley for murdering and robbing a lonely old miser two years before. Indeed to lonely old miser two years before. Indeed the Risley confessed that after killing and robbing a charger; the attempt seemed to madden the charger; the attempt seemed to madden the president a horse. On he came increasing

arrest of the murderer. Risley brooded over his deed in secret until almost crazed, and finally the wild scheme of fastening the control the beast.

In breathless stillness we watched the strange of the whole army of the control the beast.

his deed in secret until almost crazed, and finally the wild scheme of fastening the crime on someone else and thereby getting the reward came into his mind. The coin in the bag amounted to but little more than a hundred dollars. There would be about as much gain in the feward as in keeping the bag.

It was while talking with Mr. Tolby at the etill house that day, in company with two or three other whisky-bibbers, that Risley suddenly determined upon his desperate scheme. "While Tolby's drunk," he thought, "Pil go get the bag, take it to his house and bury it near there. The rest'll be easy." So he slipped away from the still house, leaving Tolby there.

When he had taken the money from its hiding place and was on his way over to Tolby's he suddenly felt a great fear. He imagined that some one was following him. Every little noise in the woods startled him. In the walked faster and faster, and finally run. When he reached the cabin he was out of him him fants he was on his feet, had caught him him fants he was on his feet, had caught him in the fattle course by the hillosophy of the president rescued. Lincoln, by the help of-the orderly, rather Lincoln, by the help of the orderly, rather fell than dismounted to the ground where lay exhausted until a carriage was sent

to his relief.

I was at the time told, and now from an indistinct recollection believe, that Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague gave her place in a carriage to the president, before whom the army passed in review, she riding the charger.

I heard General Butler say in after time that his negro hostler was at fault in the matter. "Cuffy," it seems, had during the winter been looking up and running "snap" races with that horse without the general's knowledge. So when the general sought to ride with him it was the signal for more

This true incident may be unworthy of

The Capitol of Washington tells a pretty story about Mrs. Cleveland, a little girl and a doll. Mrs. Cleveland gave a name to the doll which was not disclosed, and the girl who guessed correctly was to get the doll. Mrs. Cleveland named the doll "Columbia." and after almost every little g rl in the city had tried to guess its name, and the envelope containing the guesses was about to be sealed up because not one had guessed correctly, little Margaret Lathrop, who lives at Concord, Mass., in the home that used to belong to Hawtherne, went to the bazaar and guessed the correct name; and of course she has the doll. Mrs. Cleveland asked Margaret afterward how she happened to guers that the dell's name was Columbia, and she said: "Mrs. Cleveland, I thought Columbia was the name you ought to give

"Now " said the teacher of the infant department, "can any little boy tell me about the manna upon which the children of Israel fed so long in the wilderness?"

The silence was broken by the little visiting Boston boy. "The higher criticism," he said, reflectively, "on this point refuses us an adequate exeges. There is little doubt however, that the so-called manna possessed all the attributes of the Vicia faba of Leguminosae of western Asia—that is to say, of the common beans."

Jimmy-I was waiking in the woods when all at once I came on the biggest kind of a rattlesnake Pa-How do you know it was a rattlesnake, Jimmy-By the way my teeth rattled as

The little girl who was visiting at a neighbor's house had gone out to look at the "Here's one of them," she said, "that coughs and hangs his head, and has watery eyes, just the way papa's horse did last sum-

"What did your papa do for his horse?" asked the owner of the animals. "He sold him."

### A CONCLUSION.

Youth's Companion. "If I was a fellow's mother, I'd never, never see A single thing that fellow did That wasn't meant for me. "I'd let him stay out after dark; I never would say 'No.' Because that stirs a fellow up And spoils his temper so! "Pd say, 'Play first and study next;" And, 'Do not go to bed. No matter what o'clock it is, Until your story's read,'

"I would not know he'd been kept in, Or ask the reason why.
d be quite blind to all such things,
Or kind of pass them by.

"I'd give him pudding, pies and jam, And marmalade and dake... But would not even mention bread... And all the nuts he'd take. "Oh, were I a fellow's mother—
A certain one's I know—
Wouldn't he have the slickest time!
You'd better believe it's so!

You'd better believe it's so!

"But—if I was that fellow's mother.
I wonder if I would
Do haif that fellow's mother does
For him? Or be—so good?

"I wonder if I'd mend his clothes
Without a single scowl?
And only say, 'Gently, dear boy,'
At his most horrid how!?

"I wonder if when he was tell

"I wonder if when he was sick I'd be so awful kind? And never breathe, I told you so!" Or, 'Reg, you didn't mind!" "But only sit and bathe his head In such a peaceful way.
With something sort of sweet and cool.
For maybe half a day?

"Yes-now that I think it over, It's a most lucky go That I'm not that fellow's mother; For the fellow's sake, you know!"

Young mothers dread the summer months n account of the great mortality among chil-dren, caused by bowel troubles. Perfect safety may be assured those who keep on hand DeWitt's Colic and Cholera cure, and administer it promptly. Por cramps, billous colic, dysentery and diarrhoea, it affords instant relief.