

\$21,800 in Purses

One Fare Round Trip

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One Fare for Round Trip West of the Missouri River.

OMAHA RACES

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

300 ENTRIES

JUNE 9=10=11=12=13

300 ENTRIES

Tuesday, June 9

2:09 Pace, 2:23 Trot, 3:00 Pace

Wednesday, June 10

2:19 Trot, 2:23 Pace, 3-Yr-Old Trot

Thursday, June 11

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.

50c Admission 50c

The Girl Detective.

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTHERN MOUNTAIN REGION

Under a huge cliff of limestone at the base of a short, bluff spur which springs, almost at right angles, out of Pigeon mountain, near the Georgia-Tennessee dividing line, was the home of Amos Tolby, a man who trapped in winter and cultivated a small, broken bit of farm land in summer. It was a lonely cabin where living was scant enough, but it held a happy family, albeit Mrs. Tolby was an invalid, quite unable to walk.

plaining, and tried to be a 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 struggled hard against the temptation he frequently gave way and became intoxicated, returning home in a maudlin condition after a visit to the fruit stillion, which was hidden in a deep gorge on the other side of the spur, a few miles distant from the Tolby cabin.

"Ye'r pap won't be home till terrormer nex' day," said the man to Nash, when handing the heavy little bundle to him; "but yo' jes' hide this yer an' hide it good, w'at'er nobody 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."

"I reckon 'at I'd better do ez pap said fer me to," remarked Nash, still chiding the small, but very heavy, package. "Hit mus' be lead," he added, "hit feel so solid an' heavy."

"Yes, hide it quick an' good," said Phebe, who was trembling, she knew not why. 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 hoe and therein buried the package, smothering the earth over it very carefully.

By this time it was dark, and, much to the surprise of Phebe and Nash, Mr. Tolby, a little later, came home. He was quite intoxicated and in an excellent good humor. He wanted to dance, he said, and made the boys and girl sing for him while he shuffled awkwardly on the loose, rough floor of the rustic porch in front of the cabin.

Nash tried to tell his father about having hid the package, but the man looked, how he had laughed and said: "Yesh, yesh, good boy, zat's it; sing nuzzer song."

opened them. This heel had been worn aslant and rudely mended with a piece of sole leather which projected at one place in a sharp angle.

Next morning at the peep of day the family bestirred themselves as usual. Mr. Tolby had slept off his intoxication, and as was his habit, felt deeply ashamed of himself. He did not join in the frugal breakfast, but put the harness on his little mule and was on the point of going to plow in the corn-field when four mounted men, heavily armed, dashed up the narrow road, and coming near him leveled their pistols.

"Put up yer han's," commanded the leader, whom Mr. Tolby recognized as the sheriff of the county.

cadaverous looking villain at the sheriff's side. "What you doin' here?" she exclaimed in a steady, contemptuous voice. "Got somethin' else 'at ye want me an' Nash ter bury fer ye?" Then turning to her brother she added: "Don't be skeered of 'im, Nash; he's too big a coward to shoot anybody."

"We don't want a bit of yer jaw," said the sheriff, "so, my young lady, ye kin shet yer mouth an' keep it shet."

The long and short of it was that Mr. Tolby was hustled off to jail; but not before the package was duly dug up by the officers and found to be a leather bag of silver money wrapped in a piece of an old army blanket and well tied up with a string.

"We may want you two folks," said the sheriff to Nash and Phebe, just before riding away; "so ye'd better not try ter run 'em."

When left to themselves, the twins looked disconsolately at each other, vaguely aware that a deep-laid plot had been used against 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.

"Put up yer han's like yer daddy's a doin'," the fellow snarled, covering Nash with a pistol.

Of course Nash was terribly excited. In his confusion he stood stupidly gazing, his mouth gaping and his eyes dilated.

"Up wi' them ther' han's, er I'll blow a hole in yer!" the man insisted.

Without another word Phebe fetched a wash tub and turned it bottom up over the sheriff's head.

Phebe's work, and helped her with all his might. They found a dozen of the tracks marked with that peculiar patch and covered them all with such things as would protect them from rain or other destructive forces.

"No use goin' over that," the sheriff objected shortly, "the hills con't be fixed up with a tale yer pap had fixed up. I don't keer about hearin' of it a'n'."

"But yo' jes' 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' the villan's boot," she added, pointing with her finger at Aaron Risley's left foot.

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

The sheriff gazed sharply at Risley's boot heel.

"The sheriff's 'leven more o' them same tracks a-goin' clean up the hill in the woods," said 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 nerved officer had him covered with a heavy revolver.

"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?"

40,000 men was, upon a day set apart for the purpose, reviewed by the president and his staff in person. No grander army had been seen at Washington, or one of which greater results were confidently expected.

The army in line waited the formal arrival of the distinguished chief, and became impatient for the opportunity to give enthusiastic expression of its great loyalty and appreciation. The moment came, and mounted upon one of General Butler's great war horses, appeared the then "Idol" of the liberty loving loyal world.

The artillery thundered its national salute; the bands rent the air with their most inspiring notes; the music con'ted not to be in unison proclaimed not only a deep appreciation of the scene, but also ardent love for their supreme leader, Abraham Lincoln.

Thus we see him, when the pent up fires within that horse, under the wild enthusiasm, drove him onward, and onward, faster and faster up the front of that admiring army.

In breathless stillness we watched the threatened catastrophe the whole army seemed powerless to avert.

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

"I'd give him pudding, pie and jam, and never breathe, I told you so! Or, 'Reg, you didn't mind!'"

"I wonder if I would mend his clothes without a single sew!"

Young mothers dread the summer months on account of the great mortality among children, caused by bowel troubles.

PRATTLE OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

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.

"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 exegesis. 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 bean.'"

"The little girl who was visiting at a neighbor's house had gone out to look at the horses."

"Here's one of them," she said, "that coggles and humps his head, and has watery eyes, just the way papa's horse did last summer."

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

"He sold 'em."

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

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

sheriff to Nash and Phebe, just before riding away; "so ye'd better not try ter run 'em."

Nash presently caught the full meaning of

How an Orderly Rescued the President from an Escorted Horse. In March, 1864, the Veteran Army of the 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 was to operate against Richmond from north of the James. This magnificent army of

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"YOU JES' HIDE THIS YER."

fence and shop wood. On the other hand 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 the time ballads caught from their father and mother, but their voices 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 heavily on the stones lying thick in the yellow clay soil.

Mrs. Tolby, unable to rise from her bed by chair without help, was yet uncon-