

A POOR INVESTMENT.

YOU HAVE BARGAINED YOUR SOUL AWAY FOR NAUGHT.

Dr. Talmage Shows How the Foolish Sale Is Made and How It May Be Remedied—Christ's Blood Will Buy You Back.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 9.—Dr. Talmage reached this city yesterday in the course of his western trip. He was warmly welcomed by the citizens, who came in large numbers to hear the famous Brooklyn divine. The subject of the sermon for this week is, "A Poor Investment," and the text, Isaiah lii, 3, "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

The Lord's people had gone heading into sin, and as a punishment they had been carried captive to Babylon. They found that iniquity did not pay. Cyrus seized Babylon, and felt so sorry for these poor captives that, without a dollar of compensation, he let them go home. So that, literally, my text was fulfilled. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

SOLD FOR NAUGHT. There is enough Gospel in this text for fifty sermons. There are persons here who have, like the people of the text, sold out. You do not seem to belong either to yourselves or to God. The title deeds have been passed over to "the world, the flesh, and the devil," but the purchaser never paid up. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

When a man passes himself over to the world he expects to get some adequate compensation. He has heard the great things that the world does for a man, and he believes it. He wants two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. That will be horses and houses, and a summer resort and jolly companionship. To get it he parts with his physical health by overwork. He parts with his conscience. He parts with much domestic enjoyment. He parts with opportunities for literary culture. He parts with his soul. And so he makes over his entire nature to the world.

He does it in four installments. He pays down the first installment, and one-fourth of his nature is gone. He pays down the second installment, and one-half of his nature is gone. He pays down the third installment, and three-quarters of his nature are gone, and after many years have gone by he pays down the fourth installment, and lo! his entire nature is gone. Then he comes up to the world and says, "Good morning. I have delivered to you my goods, my mind and my soul, and I have come now to collect the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars." "Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars?" says the world. "What do you mean?" "Well," you say, "I come to collect the money you owe me, and I expect you to fulfill your part of the contract." "But," says the world, "I have failed. I am bankrupt. I cannot possibly pay that debt. I have not for a long time expected to pay it." "Well," you then say, "give me back the goods." "Oh, no," says the world, "they are all gone. I cannot give them back to you." And there you stand on the confines of eternity, your spiritual character gone, staggering under the consideration that "you have sold yourself for naught."

THE WORLD IS A LIAR. I tell you the world is a liar. It does not keep its promises. It is a cheat, and it fleeces everything it can put its hands on. It is a bogus world. It is a six-thousand-year-old swindle. Even if it pays the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for which you contracted, it pays them in bonds that will not be worth anything in a little while. Just as a man may pay down ten thousand dollars in hard cash and get for it worthless scrip—so the world passes over to you the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in that shape which will not be worth a farthing to you a thousandth part of a second after you are dead. "Oh," you say, "I will help to bury me, anyhow." Oh, my brother! you need not worry about that. The world will bury you soon enough from sanitary considerations.

Post mortem emoluments are of no use to you. The treasures of this world will not pass current in the future world, and if all the wealth of the Bank of England were put in the pocket of your shroud and you in the midst of the Jordan of death were asked to pay three cents for your ferrisage, you could not do it. There comes a moment in your existence beyond which all earthly values fail, and many a man has wakened up in such a time to find that he has sold out for eternity and has nothing to show for it. I should as soon think of going to Chatham street to buy silk pocket handkerchiefs with no cotton in them, as to go to this world expecting to find any permanent happiness. It has deceived and deluded every man who has ever put his trust in it.

NOT TRUE HAPPINESS. History tells us of one who resolved that he would live in all his senses gratified at one and the same time, and he expended thousands of dollars on each sense. He entered a room, and there were the first musicians of the land pleasing his ear, and there were fine pictures fascinating his eye, and there were costly aromatics regaling his nostrils, and there were the richest meats and wines and fruits and confections pleasing his appetite, and there was a soft cushion of silk and down on which he reclined, and the man declared afterward that he would give ten times what he had given if he could have one week of such enjoyment, even though he lost his soul by it! Ah! that was the rub! He did lose his soul by it! Cyrus the conqueror thought for a little while that he was making a fine thing out of this world, and yet before he came to his grave he wrote out this pitiful epitaph for his monument: "I am Cyrus. I occupied the Persian empire. I was king over Asia. Beggared me not this monument." But the world in after years plowed up his sepulcher.

The world clapped its hands and stamped its feet in honor of Charles Lamb; but what does he say? "I walk up and down, thinking I am happy, but feeling I am not." Call it the roll, and be quick about it. Samuel Johnson, the learned! Happy? "No. I am afraid I shall some day get crazy." William Hazlitt, the great essayist! Happy? "No. I have been for two hours and a half going up and down Pater-noster row with a volcano in my breast." Smollet, the witty author! Happy? "No. I am sick of praise and blame, and I wish to God that I had such circumstances around me that I could throw my pen into oblivion." Bachmann, the world renowned writer, exiled from his own country, appealing to Henry VIII for protection! Happy? "No. Over mountains covered with snow, and through valleys flooded with rain, I come a fugitive." Moliere, the popular dramatic author! Happy? "No. That wretch of an actor just now recited four of my lines without the proper accent and gesture. To have the children

of my brain so hung, drawn and quartered tortures me like a condemned sinner."

A WORLDLING'S DEATH. I went to see a worldling die. As I went into the hall I saw the floor tessellated, and its wall was a picture gallery. I found his death chamber adorned with tapestry until it seemed as if the clouds of the setting sun had settled in the room. The man had given forty years to the world—his wit, his time, his genius, his talent, his soul. Did the world come in to stand by his deathbed, and clearing off the vials of bitter medicine, put down any compensation? Oh, no! The world does not like sick and dying people, and leaves them in the lurch. It ruined this man and then left him. He had a magnificent funeral. All the ministers wore scarfs, and there were forty-three carriages in a row; but the departed man appreciated not the obsequies.

I want to persuade my audience that this world is a poor investment; that it does not pay ninety per cent. of satisfaction, nor eighty per cent., nor twenty per cent., nor two per cent., nor one; that it gives no solace when a dead babe lies on your lap; that it gives no peace when conscience rings its alarm; that it gives no explanation in the day of dire trouble; and at the time of your disease it takes hold of the pillow case and shakes out the feathers, and then jolts down in the place thereof sighs and groans and execrations, and then makes you put your head on it.

Oh, ye who have tried this world, is it a satisfactory portion? Would you advise your friends to make the investment? No. "Ye have sold yourselves for naught." Your conscience went. Your hope went. Your Bible went. Your heaven went. Your God went. When a sheriff under a writ from the courts sells a man out the officer generally leaves a few chairs and a bed, and a few cups and knives; but in this awful vendue in which you have been engaged the auctioneer's mallet has come down upon body, mind and soul—going! gone! "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

ONCE LOST IT IS GONE FOREVER. How could you do so? Did you think that your soul was a mere trinket, which for a few pennies you could buy in a toy shop? Did you think that your soul, if once lost, might be found again if you went out with torches and lanterns? Did you think that your soul was short lived, and that, panting, you would soon lie down for extinction? Or had you no idea that your soul was worth? Did you ever put your forefingers on its eternal pulses? Have you not felt the quiver of its peerless wing? Have you not known that after leaving the body, the first step of your soul reaches to the stars, and the next step to the farthest outposts of God's universe, and that it will not die until the day when the everlasting Jehovah expires? Oh, my brother, what possessed you that you should part with your soul so cheap? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught."

But I have some good news to tell you. I want to engage in a litigation for the recovery of that soul of yours. I want to show that you have been cheated out of it. I want to prove, as I will, that you were crazy on that subject, and that the world, under such circumstances, had no right to take the title deed from you; and if you will join me I shall see a decree from the High Chancery Court of Heaven reinstating you in the possession of your soul. "Oh," you say, "I am afraid of lawsuits; they are so expensive, and I cannot pay the cost." Then have you forgotten the last half of my text? "Ye have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money."

Money is good for a great many things, but it cannot do anything in the matter of the soul. You cannot buy your way through. Dollars and pounds sterling mean nothing at the gate of mercy. If you could buy your salvation, heaven would be a great speculation, an extension of Wall street. Bad men would go up and buy out the place, and leave us to shift for ourselves. But as money is not a lawful tender, what is it I will answer, Blood? Whose? Are we to go through the slaughter? Oh, no; it wants either blood than ours. It wants a king's blood. It must be poured from royal arteries. It must be a sinless torrent. But where is the king?

I see a great many thrones and a great many occupants, yet none seem to be coming down to the rescue. But after awhile the clock of night in Bethlehem strikes and the silver pendulum of a star swings across the sky, and I see the King of Heaven rising up, and he descends and steps down from star to star, and from cloud to cloud, lower and lower, until he touches the sheep covered hills, and then on to another hill, this last skull shaped, and there, at the sharp stroke of persecution, a rill incarnadine trickles down, and we who could not be redeemed by money are redeemed by precious and imperial blood.

NO RELIGION OF BRAINS. We have in this day professed Christians who are so rarefied and etherized that they do not want a religion of blood. What do you want? You seem to want a religion of brains. The Bible says, "In the blood is the life." No atonement without blood. Ought not the apostle to know? What did he say? "Ye are redeemed not with corruptible things, such as silver and gold, but by the precious blood of Christ." You put your lancet into the arm of our holy religion and withdraw the blood, and you leave it a mere corpse, fit only for the grave. Why did God command the priests of old to strike the knife into the kid, and the goat, and the pigeon, and the bullock, and the lamb? It was so that when the blood rushed out from these animals on the floor of the ancient tabernacle the people should be compelled to think of the coming carnage of the Son of God. No blood, no atonement.

I think that God intended to impress us with a vividness of that color. The green of the grass, the blue of the sky, would not have started and aroused us like this deep crimson. It is as if God had said: "Now, sinners, wake up and see what the Saviour endured for you. This is not water. This is not wine. This is blood. It is the blood of my Son. It is the blood of the immaculate. It is the blood of God." Without the shedding of blood is no remission. There has been many a man who, in courts of law, has pleaded, "not guilty," who nevertheless has been condemned because there was blood found on his hands or blood found in his room, and what shall we do in the last day if it be found that we have murdered the Lord of Glory and have never repented of it? You must believe in the blood or die. No escape. Unless you let the sacrifice of Jesus go in your stead you yourself must suffer. It is either Christ's blood or your blood.

"Oh," says some one, "the thought of blood sickens me." Good. God intended it to sicken you with your sin. Do not act as though you had nothing to do with that Calvarian massacre. You had. Your sins were the implements of torture. Those implements were not made of steel and iron and wood so much as out of your sin. Guilty of this homicide, and this regicide, and thisicide, confess your guilt today. Ten thousand voices of heaven

bring in the verdict against you of guilty, guilty! Prepare to die or believe in that blood. Stretch yourself out for the sacrifice of atonement, your own sacrifice. Do not fling away your one chance.

HEAVEN WANTS YOU. It seems to me as if all heaven were trying to bid in your soul. The first bid it makes is the tears of Christ at the tomb of Lazarus, but that is not a high enough price. The next bid heaven makes is the sweat of Gethsemane, but it is too cheap a price. The next bid heaven makes seems to be the whipped back of Pilate's hall, but it is not a high enough price. Can it be possible that heaven cannot buy you in? Heaven tries once more. It says: "I bid this time for that man's soul the tortures of Christ's martyrdom, the blood on his temple, the blood on his cheek, the blood on his chin, the blood on his hand, the blood on his side, the blood on his knee, the blood on his foot—the blood in drops, the blood in rills, the blood in pools, congealed beneath the cross; the blood that wet the tips of the soldiers' spears, the blood that splashed warm in the faces of his enemies."

Glory to God, that bid wins it! The highest price that was ever paid for anything was paid for your soul. Nothing could buy it but blood! The estranged property is bought back. Take it. "You have sold yourselves for naught; and ye shall be redeemed without money." O atoning blood, cleansing blood, life giving blood, sanctifying blood, glorifying blood of Jesus! Why not burst into tears at the thought that for thee he shed it—for thee the hard hearted, for thee the lost?

"No," says some one: "I will have nothing to do with it except that, like the enemies of Christ, I put both my hands into that carnage and scoop up both palms full, and throw it on my head and on my face, blood be on us and on our children!" Can you do such a shocking thing as that? Just rub your handkerchief across your brow and look at it. It is the blood of the Son of God whom you have despised and driven back all these years. Oh, do not do that any longer! Come out boldly and frankly and honestly, and tell Christ you are sorry. You cannot afford to so roughly treat him upon every trifling occasion.

BEWARE! BEWARE! I do not know how you will get away from this subject. You see that you are sold out, and that Christ wants to buy you back. There are three persons who come after you today—God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. They unite their three omnipotences in one movement for your salvation. You will not take up arms against the infinite God, will you? Is there enough muscle in your arm for such a combat? By the highest throne in heaven, and by the deepest chasm in hell, I beg you look out. Unless you allow Christ to carry away your sins, they will carry you away. Unless you allow Christ to lift you up, they will drag you down. There is only one hope for you, and that is the blood. Christ, the sin offering, bearing your transgressions. Christ, the surety, paying your debts. Christ, the divine Cyrus, loosening your Babylonish captivity.

Would you not like to be free? Here is the price of your liberation—not money, but blood. I tremble from head to foot, not because I fear your presence, but because I fear that you will miss your chance for immortal rescue. This is the alternative divinely put, "He that believeth on the Son shall have everlasting life; and he that believeth not on the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." In the last day, if you now reject Christ, every drop of that sacrificial blood, instead of pleading for your release as it would have pleaded if you had repented, will plead against you.

O Lord God of the judgment day! avert this calamity! Let us see the quick flash of the scimiter that slays the sin but saves the sinner. Strike, omnipotent God, for the soul's deliverance! Beat, O eternal sea! with all thy waves against the barren beach of that rocky soul and make it tremble. Oh, the oppressiveness of the hour, the minute, the second on which the soul's destiny quivers, and this is that hour, that minute, that second!

ALL MAY BE SAVED. Some years ago there came down a fierce storm on the seacoast, and a vessel got in breakers and was going to pieces. They threw up some signals and on the beach the people on shore saw them. They put out in a lifeboat. They came on, and they saw the poor sailors, almost exhausted, clinging to a raft; and so afraid were the boatmen that the men would give up before they got to them they gave them three rounds of cheers, and cried: "Hold on, there! hold on! We'll save you!" After awhile the boat came up. One man was saved by having the lifehook put in the collar of his coat, and some in one way and some in another; but they all got into the boat. "Now," says the captain, "for the shore. Pull away now, pull!"

The people on the land were afraid the lifeboat had gone down. They said: "How long the boat stays. Why, it must have been swamped and they have all perished together." And there were men and women on the pier heads and on the beach wringing their hands; and while they waited and watched they saw something looming up through the mist, and it turned out to be the lifeboat. As soon as it came within speaking distance the people on the shore cried out: "Did you save any of them? Did you save any of them?" And as the boat swept through the boiling surf and came to the pier head the captain waved his hand over the exhausted sailors that lay flat on the bottom of the boat and cried: "All saved! Thank God! All saved!"

So may it be today. The waves of your sin ran high, the storm is on you, but I cheer you with this Gospel hope. God grant that within the next ten minutes we may row with you into the harbor of God's mercy. And when these Christian men gather around to see the result of this service, and the glorified gathering on the pier heads of heaven to hear and to listen, may we be able to report all saved! Young and old, good and bad! All saved! Saved for time. Saved for eternity. "And so it came to pass that they all escaped safe to land."

Clever Antony. Little Jack had returned from a week's visit to his Aunt Jess' farm up the Hudson. He saw a great many things there very different from any he ever did at home, among others a very churn butter. He was greatly interested by the dasher's jumping up and down in the churn, and the first evening of his return to the city he brought home a lump of butter, and he never forgot to remark: "You just ought to see how auntie makes butter with a barrel and a broomstick!"—New York Recorder.

Of Value to Lecturers and Students. A luminous crayon has been invented for the purpose of enabling lecturers to draw on the blackboard when the room is darkened for the use of the lantern. The invention is likely to prove of value not only to the lecturers who use the lantern, but also in another form to those students who wish to take notes.—New York Telegram.

How to Cook Potatoes.

I have been dining at one of the best clubs in London. But the potatoes are uniformly bad, waxy and indigestible. I do not write merely of a club grievance. I am an old housekeeper—married over twenty years. I am passionately fond of potatoes, and I rarely ever get them to my liking. I had to go to the other day, and my host is a large potato grower. At dinner the potatoes were perfect—ravishing! A few questions and answers elicited the remarkable fact that my own table was usually supplied by my host's potatoes. But mine were always like those of the club—dull, sodden, waxy and abominable. His were light, dry, mealy and perfectly delightful.

Being a bit of a cook myself I arranged with my host to spend the next forenoon in his kitchen. The potato is composed almost entirely of pure starch. To make the starch agreeable to the eye and the palate its component elements must be split up by heat in the presence of excess of moisture, and at a temperature just a little higher than boiling water at the sea level (212 degs.). Now, I happen to live at such a height above sea level that water probably boils at 210 degs. Hence I never get good potatoes. My host's house was just as mine, and his cook said that the water in his well did not suit potatoes—he knew nothing about the sea level a temperature—so that she was obliged to "soften it with salt."

She put a big handful of salt in the pot of potatoes, and I think raised the boiling point to about 216 degs. Then, after boiling them till the skins burst, she poured off the water, cocked the lid half off the pot, put the latter on the hob, and thus for about fifteen minutes she thoroughly dried them. The result was amazing and delightful. I went home, and I made a series of careful experiments. You cannot steam a potato into perfection unless you inclose the steam so as to raise its temperature to about 216 degs.

Potatoes must always be boiled in their skins and in a pretty strong saline solution in order to get them in perfection, delightful to the palate and easy of digestion. After such treatment they may be made into soup; they may be baked or roasted (for a few minutes only) in their skins; they may be mashed, cooked a la maitre, saute, or fifty things may be done with them, but first of all they must be boiled in their skins, with plenty of salt, and then well dried.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Social Aspirations. Jinks—That fellow Winkler is trying to get into the Four Hundred, isn't he? Binks—I don't know. Why do you think so? Jinks—He has given up business and has begun living on his wife's money.—New York Weekly.

Preparing for Contingencies. Blanche (after replying "Yes" to Hunker's proposal)—Do you want to speak to papa tonight? Hunker—No. Wait till tomorrow. I'll get an accident insurance policy before I come back.—New York Epoch.

Recent calculations show that the electromotive force of a bolt of lightning produces an energy of upward of 8,000,000 horse power.

Women.

The common afflictions of women are sick-headaches, indigestion and nervous troubles. They arise largely from stomach disorders. As Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla is the only bowel regulating preparation, you can see why it is more effective than any other Sarsaparilla in those troubles. It is daily relieving hundreds. The action is mild, direct and effective. We have scores of letters from grateful women.

We refer to a few: Nervous debility, Mrs. J. Barron, 142 7th St., S.F. Nervous debility, Mrs. Fred. Loy, 327 Ellis St., S.F. General debility, Mrs. Belden, 501 Mason St., S.F. Nervous debility, Mrs. J. Lamphere, 726 Turk St., S.F. Nervous debility, Miss R. Rosenblum, 292 14th St., N.Y. Sick headaches, Mrs. R. L. Wheaton, 764 Post St., S.F. Sick headaches, Mrs. M. B. Price, 113 Prospect Place, S.F. Sick headaches, Mrs. M. Fowler, 327 Ellis St., S.F. Indigestion, Mrs. C. D. Stuart, 1221 Mission St., S.F. Constipation, Mrs. C. Melvin, 126 Kearny St., S.F.

Joy's Vegetable Sarsaparilla

Most modern, most effective, largest bottle. Same price, \$1.00 or 6 for \$5.00. For Sale by SNIPES & KINERSLY, THE DALLES, OREGON.

A Necessity.

The consumption of tea largely increases every year in England, Russia, and the principal European tea-drinking countries. But it does not grow in America. And not alone that, but thousands of Europeans who leave Europe ardent lovers of tea, upon arriving in the United States gradually discontinue its use, and finally cease it altogether.

This state of things is due to the fact that the Americans think so much of business and so little of their palates that they permit China and Japan to ship them their cheapest and most worthless tea. Between the wealthy classes of China and Japan and the exacting and cultivated tea-drinkers of Europe, the finer teas find a ready market. The balance of the crop comes to America. Is there any wonder, then, that our taste for tea does not appreciate?

In view of these facts, is there not an immediate demand for the importation of a brand of tea that is guaranteed to be uncolored, unmanipulated, and of absolute purity? We think there is, and present Beech's Tea. Its purity is guaranteed in every respect. It has, therefore, more inherent strength than the cheap teas you have been drinking, fully one third less being required for an infusion. This will discover the first time you make it. Likewise, the flavor is delightful, being the natural flavor of an unadulterated article. It is a revelation to tea-drinkers. Sold only in packages bearing this mark:

BEECH'S TEA
"Pure As Childhood."
Price 60c per pound. For sale at Leslie Butler's, THE DALLES, OREGON.

ADAM FOREPAUGH SHOWS	James E. Cooper, Sole Owner
\$3,000,000 Invested.	Oldest, Largest, Richest
\$5,500 DAILY EXPENSES.	Exhibition in the World

GRAND TRIPLE CIRCUS, DOUBLE MENAGERIE, REAL ROMAN HIPPODROME, ALL INCLUDING WILD WEST, MOST MAGNIFICENT MUSEUM.

And FOREPAUGH'S FAMOUS FOREIGN FEATURES
Positively and Undeniably
THE ONLY BIG SHOWS
Coming This Season.

WILL EXHIBIT AT
THE DALLES, September 16.
ONE SHOW Wednesday Afternoon ONLY.

5 Five Forest-Bred Lions 5
ALL PERFORMED FREE AND UNFETTERED IN THE ARENA BY COL. BOONE AND MISS CARLOTTA.

THESE LOOSE LIONS are seen in America for the first time this season. They are the most perfectly trained brutes ever exhibited. They are exhibited in a steel encircled ring by Col. Boone and Miss Carlotta, assisted by the German boar hound, SAXON.



LIONS are driven in harness yoked to a chariot, made to form beautiful group tableaux, play see-saw, like children, with Saxon, ride on tricycles expertly as human beings, play circus, hold objects, leap, and do several other

MOST DIFFICULT AND NOVEL ACTS.
This performance is seen only in the Adam Forepaugh shows. There is no other act like it in America, and is with us for this season only.

The Greatest Aerialists of All!
THE CELEBRATED

HANLON-VOLTERS
The supreme and exalted masters of their dangerous art. The highest salaried aerialists on all the great earth. The only aerialists who receive the princely salary of \$775.00 per week.

WILL FOR THE FIRST TIME UNDER CANVAS
Do their most wonderful and fearless act. Scientific, skillful and marvellous act

THEIR ASTONISHING TRIPLE BAR LEAP FOR LIFE.
Throwing double somersaults 60 feet long while flying 40 feet high in mid-air.

WHIRLING, FLYING METHODS.
Still they are but one feature in a host of features to be found in our great shows. Beneath our huge, city of water-proof canvas artists from all the celebrated arenas of the old world and the new make up the roster of our

GRAND TRIPLE WORLD-FAMED CIRCUS.
With more principal, jockey, menage, hurdle and general riders. More gymnasts, acrobats, vaulters, acrobats, contortionists. More clowns, buffoons, jesters, jokers, pantomimists. More famous first-time-horseshoing artists. More unicycle, bicycle, tricycle and roller skating artists. First-class all-round. A No. 1 circus artists. More simultaneous, new, novel and surprising acts. More circus, and of better quality than can be seen ANYWHERE ELSE IN THIS WIDE WORLD.

REAL ROMAN HIPPODROME.



Flying Steeds, Daring Riders, 1/4 mile race track, Roman Chariot Races, Roman Standing Races, Male and Female Jockey Races, Elephant and Camel Races, Monkey and Pony Races, Man vs. Horse, Hurdle and Flat Races, and various other Races.

ONE OF THE GREATEST DEPARTMENTS OF THE GREAT SHOWS.
ADAM FOREPAUGH'S GREAT REINFORCED WILD WEST.

Renewed with all the startling incidents of the late outbreak. Red Messiah Craze, The Ghost Dance, Death of Sitting Bull, Wounded Knee Episode, shows also the Custer Battle, Hanging of a Horse Thief, Pony Express, Attack on Emigrant Train, Etc., participated in by Indians, Cowboys, Scouts and frontiersmen of every kind, who were actual participants in the scenes reproduced, led by Captain A. H. Bogardus, the crack shot.
\$50,000 Herd of Trained Elephants. \$20,000 Troupe of Trained Bronchos. \$10,000 Troupe of Trained Stallions, and their Master, Adam Forepaugh, Jr.

FOREPAUGH'S WORLD RENOWNED MENAGERIE.
Rhinoceros—Hippopotamus—Giraffe—and one of every species known to zoology. More cages of beasts than any two menageries. The most all-including menagerie ever organized.

THE GRAND AND GORGEOUS STREET PARADE
Every morning at 10 o'clock, where the shows exhibit one day only, and at 10 o'clock on the morning of the first exhibition day, where they exhibit more than one day will be given a absolutely and undeniably the most stupendous, magnificent, enchanting delightful, largest, longest, richest Street Parade ever seen.—Free to all.

10,000 SEATS. One price of Admission Adults to All the Great Shows. Polite Ushers Always in Attendance. Ladies and Children especially cared for.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS ON LINES OF TRAVEL.
For the accommodation of visitors who would avoid the crowd at the grounds, reserved numbered seats (at the regular price) and admission tickets, at the usual slight advance, can be obtained at

SNIPES & KINERSLY DRUG STORE, SECOND STREET.