NIGHT SHOW AT STATE FAIR

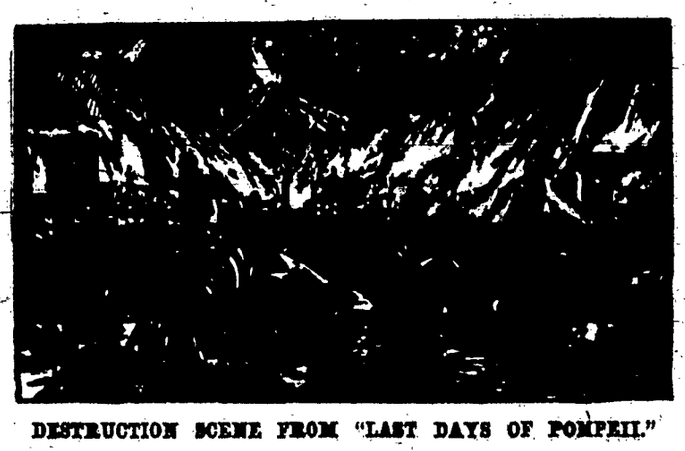
Pain's Wonderful Spectacle, "The Last Days of Pompeii," Banner Attraction.

"PERRY'S VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE," WONDERFUL CREATION

Marvelous Fireworks, Band Concerts, Prize Winning Live Stock Parade, Racing Under Searchlight, All Amusements Running, Special Trains Home After the Show.

VISITORS to the coming New York State Fair at Syracuse, from Sept. 8 to 13, should not fail to include a visit to the night show, which this year will be Pain's great and gorgeous open air spectacle, "The Last Days of Pompeii."

The entire infield of the race track, directly in front of the grand stand, has been laid aside for the coming of this wonderful traveling midsummer night carnival of fire. For the presentation of this tragic page from Roman history a scenic representation of the ill fated city over 350 feet long and 50 feet in height will be constructed to represent the palaces, temples, triumphal arches, columns, statuary, bath houses, circuses, amphitheaters and forums, while treacherous Vesuvius will be seen towering in the background. A marvelous realistic effect is attained, and sitting under the spell of the enchanting scene it requires no great stretch of imagination for the auditor to imagine that he is gazing upon the original city as it appeared just 1,884 years ago and that he lives again in the days of that disaster.



DESTRUCTION SCENE FROM "LAST DAYS OF POMPEII."

What is meant by "The Last Days of Pompeii?" This question becomes pertinent on the eve of the coming of this great spectacle, but as we are not all students of history and have little time to delve into the chronicles of the past a brief explanation of the "last days" will not be out of place.

In 79 A. D. Pompeii was a Roman city of 20,000 people, nestling at the base of the great volcano Vesuvius, famous in ancient and modern times. Pompeii was a town of wealth and luxury. Her civic life was astir with all the business and amusements that marked its age. She had her shops, her temples and amphitheaters. But towering above all this scene of human activity stood Vesuvius.

But at last the red date on Nature's calendar arrived. The city awoke to its usual duties, and its citizens betook themselves to the business and amusements of the day. But look, the summit of Vesuvius, stretching 4,000 feet into the sky, was beginning to smoke, and gradually the smoke grew denser. Darker and vaster grew that gloomy pall until the bright sunlight was obscured and a premature night settled over the doomed town. People poured forth into the streets, and cries and lamentations added to the horror of the darkness. Ashes began to fall, at first lightly, but ever showering down faster and heavier. The torturing fall of fiery rain became more intense. Its withering breath penetrated every nook and crevice. Now, to complete the curse of Vesuvius, rivers of liquids, boiling mud, rushed in torrents down the mountain slopes, transforming in an instant a blooming landscape into stark desolation and carrying death on its crest to every living thing. Nearer the volcano great shafts of lightning incessantly rent the blackness of the gloomy pall and ear splitting thunder pealed and crashed as though the empyrean itself was being rended into fragments and about to precipitate itself upon the earth.

When at last the infernal furies lulled, and men once again began to take hope of life and to venture forth from hidden places, their eyes searched in vain for sight of Pompeii. Doomed, stricken, and buried, in the space of a few hours it had passed into the everlasting oblivion of the grave.

Over 200 correctly costumed people take part in this thrilling spectacle, for the festivities of a fete day are in progress as the spectacle opens, and everywhere are scenes of holiday gayety and life. Gorgeous pageants of gladiators, soldiers, charioteers, guards, dancing girls, flower girls, choristers, musicians, sensational street performers, remarkably clever acrobats, thrilling aerial artists, performing all the sports of the ancient hippodrome—all are there. One of the features of these divertisements will be three beautiful ballets by twenty young ladies, including the famous Parisian fire dance, in real furnaces of fire.

The greatest of all and peculiarly fitted to this year is the wonderful, gigantic, mechanical device entitled "Perry's Victory on Lake Erie," which will be the crowning feature of the fireworks display every night. The setting for this wonderful pyrotechnical creation is over 300 feet long and without a doubt the greatest set ever produced. Commodore Perry and his fleet of ships are arranged the entire length of the infield, while the water line of Lake Erie or Put-in-Bay is seen in the distance. The ships maneuver mechanically, and with the arrival of the British squadron the action commences. The battle opens with a shot from a British ship, which is answered by a broadside from Perry's flagship, Lawrence, and the entire scene bursts into a mass of fiery splendor.

The masts of the Lawrence are shot away, and she bursts into flames. For the moment disaster to the Yankee fleet seems imminent, but Perry's flag is seen to rise on his new flagship, Niagara, and the battle is renewed with unflagging vigor, while in the background flames forth that stirring old battlecry, "Don't give up the ship!"

The enemy's guns are finally silenced, his fleet riddled and shot to pieces, and as the British flag comes down, carrying with it forever in its fall the British supremacy of American waters, the band plays "America."

Special arrangements to accommodate tremendous crowds have been made by the commissioners, the grand stand will be completely illuminated, and seats will be provided for 20,000 spectators, while the visitor may rest assured of being able to witness the night show and return home immediately after the conclusion of the performance, for special trains, will run

VIEW OF PAIN'S FIREWORKS.

from the grounds in every direction, commencing at 10 p. m. Other than the fireworks and the spectacle, a very elaborate program of events has been prepared to complete the night show. A concert by Conway's Band will precede the spectacle, while a parade of all the prize winning animals under the enchanting glare of colored lights will be a nightly feature, and racing will form one of numerous attractions on Tuesday, Thursda, and Saturday, when the famous horses Minor Heir, Gano and Dazzle Patch will endeavor to lower their track records. The trials will be followed by gigantic searchlights, enabling every spectator to follow the horses around the track.

Preceding the night show each evening will be exhibited on the track in front of the grand stand the celebrated Chicago stockyard six horse team, probably the most highly trained of any horses in the world. Coupled with this will be an exhibit of ponies of all classes, from horse teams, show horses and parades of horses of all classes.

All the amusements will be in full blast during the entire evening. So you can rest assured that there will be "something doing every minute" at the night show this year at the New York State Fair.

Don't forget. "Better than ever."

Anything a Name.

With Polonaise, the famous marble statue, was formally received into the French academy Frederic Masson in delivering his, gave the desirable antiquarical time to his address by questioning the correctness of the name. Grammatically, he said, the title of a square point was intolerable. Therefore it was obvious that "point carre" could not have been the true derivation of the name. It must have been "pont carre." The philologists took M. Masson seriously and began poking around in their musty records for a better original source than either "point carre" or "pont carre." And they soon found it in the person of Petrus Pugniquadrati, a student of record in the year 1403. Furthermore, in 1418 a French namesake of Pugniquadrati appeared in the person of one Jehan Poingquarre. From all of which it seemed plain that the original Poincares were not square points, but clenched fists.—New York Post.

Dust in Flour Mills.

It has been many years since there has been an explosion of flour dust resulting in serious loss of life and great property damage. This is due to the fact that millers have learned more about the explosive nature of finely powdered material, and the former carelessness in providing receptacles for the dust has been succeeded by a system of dust catching and disposal which makes a flour mill perfectly safe from this danger. In old fashioned milling methods flour dust was turned into a room provided for the purpose, but large quantities were allowed to accumulate on the mill floor and become distributed over the machinery. When these deposits were disturbed the atoms floated about in the atmosphere, creating danger from fire and making it difficult for workmen to breathe. Asthma frequently resulted from this condition, and incipient explosions were not infrequent.—Northwestern Miller.

"Bob White" Likes Music.

A baby quail was captured and brought to the house. The large cage provided for him stood upon a square of oilcloth, and this was little Bob White's ranch. The door of his house was always open, but he seldom wandered beyond the limits of his own domain. One thing invariably tempted this little recluse to venture forth, this was the sound of music. Like a small boy racing after the band, the moment the tones of the piano reached his quick ear he started on a run, and the quick pat-patting of his tiny feet announced his approach. He would circle about the piano and, with a fluff, fluff of his short wings, mount to the keyboard. The little square corner at its end was his opera chair, where he cuddled down contentedly as long as the music continued, at times expressing his appreciation by a contented soft, purring sound.—Suburban Life.

Money Value of a Woodpecker.

The slaughter of migratory birds is surely followed by the increase of destructive insects. Among the best of the farmer's bird friends are the woodpeckers, especially the redheaded members of the species. In proof one careful observer says: "A pair of them nested in a dead cottonwood tree near my uncle's orchard one year. One day I watched them through a pair of opera glasses. The young birds were about half grown. The parents made ninety-six trips in one hour, each time with a worm. It is safe to say that they saved ninety-six apples in that hour—a box worth, say, $1. If the birds worked ten hours a day they were worth $10 to my uncle, or in the three weeks the birds were in the nest $210. Can a farmer afford to kill a woodpecker?"—Youth's Companion.

How Capital Grows!

Two centuries ago the sum of £5 was bequeathed for the education of the children of poor inhabitants of Lytham. In course of time the fund grew to nearly £500, and this sum was invested by the trustees of the Lytham charities in a plot of land which now forms the center of Blackpool. Within the last fifty years the corporation of Blackpool has paid about £100,000 for the freehold rights of small sections of this estate, and it is believed that in course of time the value of the property owned by the charities will reach £500,000.—London Express.

Naturally.

An American motoring through a small Scotch town was pulled up for excessive speed.

"Didn't you see that notice. 'Dead slow?'" inquired the policeman.

"Course, I did," returned the Yankee, "but I thought it referred to your bloomin' town."—London Answers.

Faith, Hope and Charity.

"How did that ne'er do well manage to live?"

"In hope that if he inspired enough faith he might live on charity."—Baltimore American.

Game.

Mother—Now, children, I want you to kiss Miss Lemon goodby. Elder Brother—Come on, Billy, be a sport. It'll be over in a second.—Life.

Man, Patty Man.

Knicker—There's plenty of room at the top. Bocker—Yes, but your wife lets you have only the bottom bureau drawer.—New York Sun.

So She Did.

"Jack proposed to me while turning the music for me at the piano."

"Ah, I see! You played right into his hands."

By the street of By and By one arrives at the house of Never.—Cervantes

---

Trapping a Horse Thief

By WILLARD BLAKEMAN

A posse consisting of a sheriff and three men were climbing a canyon in Colorado. The canyon came to an end a few hundred yards above them in a pocket, from which there appeared to be no egress, the sides being perpendicular.

Suddenly the men came to a little cabin perched on a ledge overhanging the boiling mountain stream zigzagging down the canyon. A woman, a shapeless, ill favored creature with tousled hair, was standing beside a board supported by stakes driven into the ground just outside the door washing dishes.

"Is this Jaycox's cabin?" asked the sheriff.

"Yes. What d'ye want with him?"

"We're prospectors and have heard that he has struck paying dirt in a hole hereabout. We wouldn't mind putting up some cash to work it if it looks well."

"Better have nothin' to do with Bill Jaycox. He'd get you money, and you wouldn't get anything."

The sheriff pricked up his ears at this, wondering if the woman could be used to help him land a man wanted for horse stealing.

"Oh, that's the kind of a man he is, is it?"

"There hain't no meaner galoot than Bill Jaycox on this side of the divide. He's treated me brutal ever since I come yere to live with him. As soon as I git these dishes washed I'm goin' to dig out and leave him to git on alone. There's nothin' mean about me. I'll leave things to rights."

"What's he been doin' to you?"

"Look a-here," said the woman, pulling up the sleeves of her dress and showing on her arm a recent bruise, then pulling her dress down over her shoulder and showing another bruise on her back. "What d'ye think of that?"

Up to this moment the sheriff feared that the woman was playing a part, with a view to aiding Jaycox to get away from them, but this evidence that the man and the woman were not living happily together convinced him that he had found her at an opportune moment to make her useful. Doubtless she wished to be revenged for the brutal treatment she had received, and an appeal to her cupidity as well would help the matter. The relationship between Jaycox and the woman was a common one among certain rough persons who inhabited the mountains at that day. A woman, usually of very low grade, would take up with a desperado, live with him as long as she could stand his cruelty, then leave him.

"Do you want to make some money?" asked the sheriff, pulling a handful of glittering gold pieces from his pocket and exhibiting them temptingly. He was watching the woman's eye and saw covetousness in it. "If you'll turn Jaycox over to us I'll give you ten of those; they're $5 each."

"I'm powerful bad off for money," replied the woman thoughtfully. "I dunno where I'm goin' to get a bite to eat when I leave yere, and there's nothin' to take with me. I suppose you wouldn't pay before you git Jaycox, would ye?"

"No. I wouldn't like to do that, but if you agree I'll give you one of 'em to bind the bargain."

The woman held a yellow disk in her hands, wiping it and thinking. "If he hadn't said what he did to me before he went away I wouldn't do it."

"Where is he?"

"Up there," motioning in the direction of the pocket.

"Is there any outlet?"

"One. Only he and me knows it."

"Suppose you go to him, pretend to make up your quarrel with him and bring him back. We'll hide and take him in."

"I don't know as I kin find him."

"Oh, yes, you can. Just as soon as we git him I'll give you the rest of the money."

The mention of the gold appeared to decide the woman.

"He may be up the canyon, and he may have gone down. I'll go up, and if I don't find him I'll go down. Anyway, I'll git him for you."

Putting the dishes in the cabin, she started off. Most of the time she was hidden from their view, but at times they could see her climbing over a rock. Half an hour passed and she did not return. From the cabin they could see any one who moved out of the canyon, and one of the party was deputed to watch. Presently they saw the woman passing down. They hailed her, but instead of replying she simply waved her hand to them and passed on.

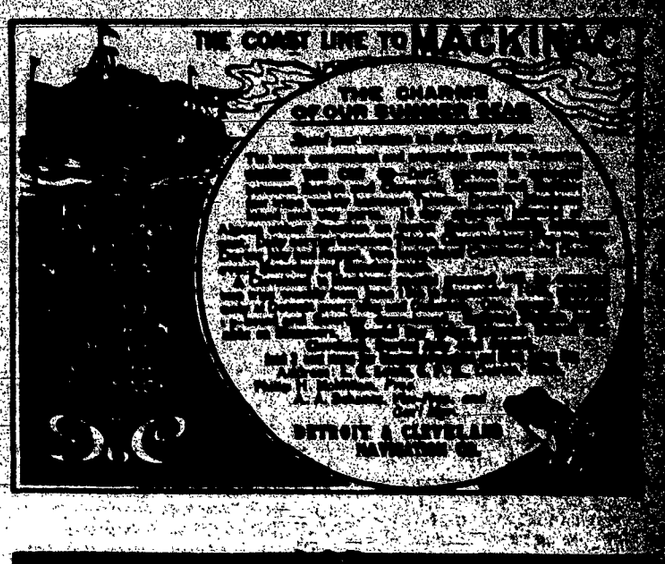
An hour passed, and the sheriff, becoming impatient, started with his men up the canyon. There was no egress. When they had gone as far as possible they saw their quarry sitting on a stone smoking a cob pipe. They called on him to surrender, which he did.

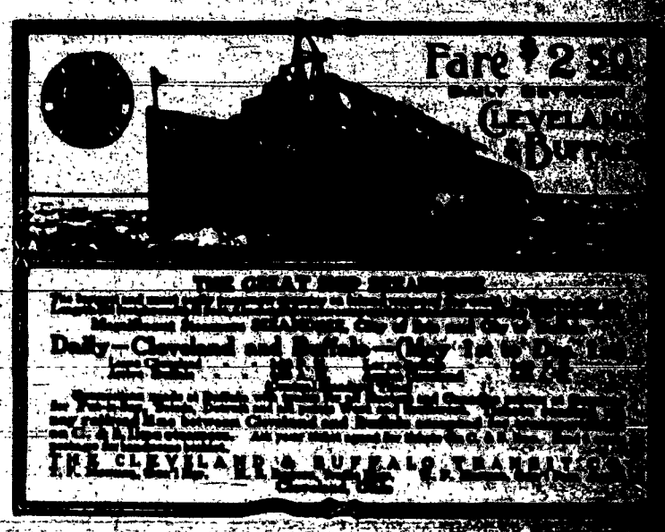
"By thunder," exclaimed one of the men who had approached the horse thief with a pair of handcuffs, "it's the woman!"

And so it was. She had exchanged clothes with Jaycox, and it was he who had passed down the canyon.

"Do you think, sheriff," asked one of the men, "that it was a put up job on us from the first?"

"No; I don't think that. What I think is—well, you never can tell just what a woman is going to do. She doesn't always know herself."





"Onyx" Hosiery

TRADE MARK

THE Best Hose for the entire family, Women and Children, can always be found in the "Onyx" Brand.

FOR Quality, Style and Wear, get the "Onyx" Hose in Cotton, Lisle, Lisle Thread or Pure Silk, from 25c. to $3.00 per pair. Look for the genuine without trade-mark "Onyx" on every pair. Sold by all dealers.

Lord & Taylor - - New York

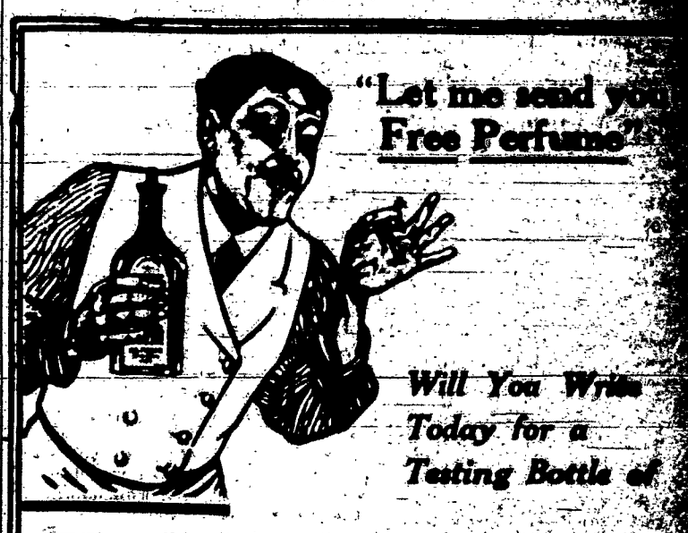
Wholesale Distributors

3-in-One Oil Co. Cleveland, Ohio

3-in-One is a light, pure oil of unusual penetrating power. 3-in-One is a perfectly working machine oil. 3-in-One prevents rust on tools, machinery, guns, etc. No gums. No acid. A little 3-in-One in a gun barrel and gallons of powder will not rust or corrode the barrel. Sprinkled on a piece of black cheesecloth it catches all dust. 3-in-One absolutely prevents rust on guns, barrels, metal surfaces, etc. 3-in-One lubricates everything, clocks, sewing machines, etc., by penetrating into the minute metal pores and forms a permanent lubricant. Sample Free—3-in-One—Free. Write today for generous free sample and 3-in-One Dictionary of hundreds of uses.

3-in-One is sold in all good stores in 3-oz. bottles 25c. (1 oz.), 50c. (3 oz.), 75c. (½ pint). Also in new patented Handy Oil Can, 25c. (3 oz.).

3-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
42 BA Broadway New York City



ED. PINAUD'S LILAC

The most wonderful perfume value ever offered. Its vogue is unequaled. Wherever you go, in city or village, the best people use ED. PINAUD'S LILAC. Test it yourself.

Perfume your handkerchief with it. Use it in your steamer and bath. Spray your linen with it. It has many uses—it is a constant delight to refined men and women. Men say it is a perfect after-shaving preparation, so refreshing and lasting. Remember the price, 6 oz. bottle 75c. It is a wonderful value. Ask any dealer or write us direct. Send 4c. today for our liberal testing bottle. Enough for 50 handkerchiefs. Address our American office.

PARFUMERIE ED. PINAUD
Department M
ED. PINAUD BUILDING NEW YORK