

COMING!

COMING!

COMING!

The Greatest, Grandest, the Largest and the Best of America's Big Amusement Enterprise.

The Great Wallace Shows!

Lofty in Conception, Splendid in Organization, Regal in Equipment, Ideal in Character, Omnipotent in Strength, the Most Moral, the Purest, Cleanest, Mightest and Most Magnificent Amusement Triumph of the Nineteenth Century.

THE EIGHTH WONDER OF THE WORLD!

Honorable Conducted!

Honestly Advertised!

Three Rings, Two Stages, Half-Mile Race Tract, Colossal Menagerie, Royal Aquarium, Museum, 1,000 Features, 100 Phenomenal Acts, 20 Hurricane Races, 25 Clowns, 4 Trains, 10 Acres of Canvas, 20,000 Seats, 1,500 Employes, \$4,000 Daily Expenses, 6 Bands, 50 Cages, 15 Open Dens, a Herd of Elephants, a Drove of Camels, the World Ransacked for Famous Performers, and the

Finest Horses

Of Any Show on Earth!

\$3,000,000 Capital

It has been necessary to employ this enormous sum to Equip and Organize what we believe to be the Finest and Completest Circus ever placed before the People of North America. Our Aim being to maintain it in its Proud Position

The Best Show On Earth!

The Old, the State and Commonplace

Have no part here, with Modern and Thoroughly Up to Date Ideas, our patrons witness only the New, the Novel and Sensational. Feats of skill by the Most Eminent Artists of the Old World and the New. A Complete and Refreshing Departure from the entertainments afforded by any other show traveling. WE ARE THE ONLY EXPONENTS OF THE NEW CIRCUS, and are the first to break away from old methods, old ideas, old acts, old people and old features.

SEE RALSTON,
THE HIGH DIVER,

Whose Feat of Leaping from the Washington Monument, 555 Feet is Unparalleled!

Gives a Free Exhibition Daily.

We have a cumulative and comprehensive contempt for the old-fashioned circus advertiser who flounders around in a mass of verbiage, bragging and lying about his attraction and unable to make one statement

good with his show. We wish to say that our parade is a true index to the greatness and resources of this one, and as it costs you nothing to see it, come and bring your family and witness if we have lied.



CHEAP EXCURSIONS

Will be run on every Line of Travel to enable visitors from a distance to attend the Famous Exhibition of this

Mighty Monarch of all Shows!

Remember the Date!

NEVER DIVIDES!

NEVER DISAPPOINTS!

Our Menagerie

Comprises the Noblest Specimens procurable of all Strange Animals, noted for their Beauty, Scarcity of Ferocity. Every Clime and every Continent is represented, and a Liberal Education in Zoology can be acquired in one examination of our Vast Collection of Mammalian, Saurian, Simian, Amphibian, Ornithological and Reptilian Wonders.

Our Hippodrome Race

Are the Greatest ever witnessed under canvas. A fortune expended in Thoroughbred Race Horses enables us to Reproduce the Imposing Scenes of the Famous Coliseum: Scenes of Wild and Tumultuous Excitement which Evoked the Thunderous Plaudits of the Caesars who Ruled Rome when Old Rome "Sat on her Seven Hills and from her Throne of Beauty Ruled the World." No Show on Earth has ever provided such an Entertainment for its Patrons.

OUR STREET PARADE.

Given at 10 a. m. Daily is a Monstrous Spectacular Exhibition a Triumph of Money, Good Taste and Art. Beautiful Women, Beautiful Horses, and Beautiful Costumes. A Veritable Sunburst of Splendor. No other Show on the Face of the Terrestrial Globe could afford such a Display.

NO GAMBLING DEVICES OF ANY KIND TOLERATED.

WILL EXHIBIT AT RENNSLAER, FRIDAY, SEPT., 4, 1896.

The Yeoman Pioneers.

The following report of a family reunion is taken from the Ohio State Register, of Washington C. H., as there are many relatives living in this county, and several were present at the gathering.

One of the largest birthday celebrations which ever took place in Fayette county, was at the pleasant country home of Oscoo Yeoman, in Wayne township, on Saturday, August 1, when nearly 1000 people assembled in honor of the 85th anniversary of the birth of Mrs. Osea Yeoman, who, with her husband, Mr. Ira Yeoman, are probably the oldest pioneer couple in Fayette county.

Several hundred invitations were sent out, which in nearly every case were responded to, all coming with well filled baskets and prepared for a big feast and a pleasant time generally.

The crowd was made up of old and young, from far and near, but a noticeable feature of the day was the large number of pioneer citizens who had come to pay their respects to the aged couple, and talk over a days of long ago, when Fayette county was a wilderness, and which these hardy pioneers and their descendants have made to blossom as the rose.

Music, feasting and merry-making was the order of the day in the afternoon, when a short address was made by Mr.

A. Reid, of this city, giving a story of the aged couple and their relatives, and of which the following is a synopsis:

Ira Yeoman was born in the

year 1808, near Buffalo, N. Y., and his wife. Osea McElwain Yeoman, was born in 1811, near Good Hope, Ohio, he being 88 years of age and she 85.

The grandfather of Ira Yeoman came from England before the Revolutionary war. His name was Stephen Yeoman and he had four sons—Walter, Gilbert, Samuel and James Yeoman, who was the father of Ira Yeoman.

Ira Yeoman had nine brothers and sisters, viz: Abigail, Stephen, Joseph, Cyrene, Alva, Lydia, Jared, Minerva and Samantha. His brothers and sisters, excepting the wife of David Garringer, went farther west than Ohio, and all save him of the family are deceased.

His mother was Sarah Bates and she was the daughter of Stephen and Lydia Bates, who came from Vermont, and were formerly of English descent.

Osea Yeoman was a daughter of Robert and Jane McElwain, who formerly came from Pennsylvania, and located first at Maysville, Ky., and afterwards, in 1810, came to this county, settling on the lands now owned by Jesse Eyman.

Robert McElwain was born in 1879, and was married to Jane Taylor in 1804, and there were ten children—Jane, John William, Osea, Robert, Nancy, Samuel, Thomas, Eliza and Minerva. But three are living—Osea, Robert, Nancy Stookey and T. N. McElwain. He was the first Justice of the Peace in Wayne township, and people came to him from far and near to settle their difficulties.

The father of Ira Yeoman emi-

grated to Ohio with his family of seven children in 1815, first coming to Columbia, a small village near Cincinnati, which was laid out a few years before by Nathaniel Massie, who was one of the first surveyors and settlers to begin the development of this part of our State.

He remained at this village till in the fall and then removed to Wayne township, where he lived till his death. Ira was then but seven years of age, and one of the thrilling incidents of his voyage on a raft down the Allegheny river, near Pittsburgh, was the lodging of their crude vessel in the top of an elm tree, it being a time of very high water. People rescued them, however, with boats, and his father purchased a flat-boat to complete their journey to Cincinnati down the Ohio river.

On coming to this township, the first winter was spent in the woods in a house which they built and moved into all in the same day. It consisted of a pen built with poles, and had no floor or windows. The first school he attended was held in a barn, and the principal schooling he has in after years to reflect about was that obtained in the clearing.

The old couple were married in 1830, and while but one child, Robert, was the result of their marriage, yet it seems to them an exaggeration of figures to count their great and great-great grandchildren.

Mr. Yeoman has been one of the substantial and trusted citizens of this township and county.

He was township treasurer for

fifteen years and clerk for two

years, and also served as County Commissioner for three years, showing at least that he had the confidence and good will of his fellow men and that they considered him worthy of public trust. We are happy to congratulate them on this occasion

for the good gift of Providence in sparing them both to enjoy this long voyage of life with unbroken union, each to share the joys and sympathies of the other, as they so peacefully drift into the sunset of a well spent life.

The following letter from A. J. McElwain, a relative, was then read, which closed the day's exercises:

Casstown, Ohio, July 28, 1896.

My dear mother, brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins, one and all, assembled in re-

nnion.

I anticipate the hand-shaking and happy greeting of this hour.

It is with regret that I am not with you today, I should greatly enjoy meeting you all once more.

It is not the great distance which prevents it. But my obligations on the Sabbath are such that I cannot be with you on Saturday. I can well remember the happy days of by-gone years.

I have not forgotten Uncle Ira's fish trap of years ago.

So many things come rushing through my mind that I can hardly refrain from tearing loose from obligations and starting at once for the scenes of childhood and youth. But still I know that obligations to God and man must often be met only by sacrifice on the part of some one; such seems to be my lot on this occasion. As you are thus enjoying yourselves

in this our first reunion I can find time to think of you all as you now are—from the little babe to the greatly advanced years of some of you. You are mingling as you never will again. The call will come soon for some of you.

On these occasions it is well to pause a moment to call up the absent ones. Will you let me do this? I will not speak of the living absentees but of those who have laid away to rest, "until He, whose right it is to reign, shall come again."

First of all to me is my own dear father. He was torn from me so early in life that I can scarcely realize what he was to us as a father. But so did his mild, loving faithfulness impress my boyish days that he lives in my mind as a green tree. Then the flower of the family, Ureba, who fell so early in life, whose last shout of dying victory still lingers in my ears. I know that my brothers and sisters will agree with me when I call her "the flower of the family."

But back still in childish memory is little brother Tommy of whom I knew so little. He lingers in my memory, not as a playmate, but only in death.

Now comes Grandmother McElwain to my mind. Oh how we all did love her. Her motherly wisdom won all our hearts. Then Grandfather and Grandmother Todhunter. These three were spared to us so long the ray of sunshine from them still lingers.

Then we have uncles and aunts who, as well as cousins, have passed on before us. I cannot take your time to speak of these one by one, but you will pardon me if I speak of these by name.

Uncle William McElwain, long may his manly habits live in our memory; wisdom and manliness combined in him. My last visit with him was about two years before his death, and although that mind was not what it once had been, yet to me that hour

was one of great satisfaction. He planted knowledge in my heart that still lives. I also wish to speak of Aunt Sallie Ann, as we called her. To me she was a mother while in her home. She loved to do for others.

I also wish to speak of Aunt Jane Todhunter. But few women ever graced God's footstool or man's home that was her superior. Her smiles and greetings were from her heart. The tears shed at Aunt Jane's grave was worthily shed. So I could go on calling up one after another, but my time nor yours will permit of it.

Of my own family I have three sons, Albert Earl, age 25, married; has two bright little girls. He lives at Kings Mills, O., near Cincinnati; he is an insurance agent. Guy Wilber, age 28, single, lives in Webster Grove, Mo.; and is owner and editor of the Webster Times. Perry Alford, age 16, is still at home. At this writing we are all enjoying life. The good wife and children join me in asking God's blessing to rest upon your reunion.

There is a reunion beyond this vale of tears.

There is a reunion unbroken by onrolling years,

There is a reunion far beyond the sky,

There is a reunion where friends never die,

There is a reunion I long to see, A blessed reunion awaiting you and me;

There is a reunion far up above, There is a reunion where all is love,

There is a reunion bright and fair,

What a reunion when we all get there.

Yours in family ties,
A. J. McElwain.