Wichita Eagle

ORIENTAL VENGEANCE.

HOW THE CHINAMAN HAS PAID HIS DEBT TO THE CAUCASIAN.

He Was Forced to Buy Opium, and He Has Taught the White Man to Smoke It—A Terrible and Constantly Spreading Vice.

Nearly half a century ago the Chinese were induced, by use of the cannon argument and the slaughter of uncounted thousands of their brethren to permit the importation of opium from the East Indies. In thus "opening a market for trade," civilization forced a terrible vice upon a vast people and reaped an apparent profit in hard cash from the bloody transaction.

But the outcome of the business demonstrates that the profit was far more apparent than real. A baffled Oriental does not limit his dreams of vengeance by the boundaries of a lifetime. He makes his hatred hereditary, and bequeaths to his son the accomplishment of the plans he has been unable to carry out. Sooner or later patient, persistent, unrelenting hate will carve some way to its appointed goal and stand grinning in ghastly glee above the corpse of the victim.

A civilized nation compelled China to use opium. China in return has presented the whole world with a pipe for use in smoking the drug, and introduced an almost incurable vice among the Caucasian race. Her majesty's Indian empire no longer grows the poppy for Mongolian consumption alone, for slaves of the narcotic exist everywhere at the present day.

Not long since a gentleman who has spent several years as a merchant at Canton said: "Abstractly China does not care for the emigration of her citizens. They are allowed to go abroad for the purpose of bettering their condition, but I think I am in a position to state it as a fact that when they depart they are given to understand that one of their duties is to spread the habit of opium smoking. To my mind they are made the agents of a fiendish Oriental revenge for past injustice and injury."

At any rate, it is from the Chinese that the habit is acquired, and it is by them that the implements for self destruction are furnished. These latter are cheap or costly, according to the means of the purchaser, and consist of a pipe, a bowl, a lamp, a tray, a bottle of oil, a yin hoc or bodkin, and a toy or box for holding the prepared opium. The pipe is of bamboo, and is tipped at either end with bone, ivory, silver, gold or mother of pearl. The lowest price of a new pipe is $1.25, but the same item when thoroughly seasoned

SCENE IN A DEN.

with opium is valued at $25. Near one end, mounted about with brass, is the aperture into which the bowl is inserted. The bowls are of three grades. Those of red china clay cost eight cents each; the second grade, of dark gray or slate color, are valued at thirty-five cents, and the highest quality, the black, brings fifty cents. The lamp can be purchased for sixty cents; but if it is caged with East Indian silver filagree work it may be held at as high a sum as $100. The tray is simply an ordinary tea tray for holding the various utensils.

The oil used is either olive or peanut, and the yin hoc is a bodkin of steel pointed at one end and flattened at the other. The toy is an air tight box, in which the supply of prepared opium is kept. It may be of bone, worth only forty cents, or of solid gold or silver and diamond studded. The opium is of four grades, and is sold in packages of five taels. The cheapest variety is worth $7.50 a can and the costliest $11.50.

These are the materials and here is the manner in which the keeper of an opium "joint" utilizes them in serving his customers: First he cleans out the bowl and dampens the top with a sponge. Then he takes the cover from the tray, dips in the sharp end of the bodkin and brings out a bit of pasty opium the size of a pea. He holds this half an inch from the flame of the lamp until it swells to the dimensions of a small walnut, and the original color changes from that of black molasses to a Vandyke brown.

The sizzling globule is next withdrawn from the fire, carefully rolled about on the bowl of the pipe and again subjected to the flame. After a third and final cooking it is deftly deposited in the center of the bowl. One long whiff of twenty seconds' duration and the pill is gone. The process of cooking occupies about two minutes. Five pills will make an amateur drowsy and eight will put him to sleep, but a "fiend's" daily ration is forty pills and upwards.

So many difficulties and dangers hedge about the acquirement of the habit that it seems wonderful that any one persists in smoking the deadly drug after the first experiment. If even the slightest breath of air enters the mouth when the smoke is inhaled the devotee is certain to suffer from an acute attack of wind colic, for which the only specific is a slice of lemon covered with burnt opium. A curious thing about the prepared drug is that it hardens if exposed to the air, but the atmospheric effect on a cooked pill is to soften it to its original semi-liquidity.

Opium smoking is no longer confined to the back rooms of Chinese laundries. It has gone beyond that now, and finds its home and its white patrons in more luxurious quarters. Probably no large city in the United States is without at least two or three lavishly appointed resorts where the unhappy victims of the vice meet to indulge in their suicidal propensities. They are arranged in series of apartments abounding in rugs and couches, and it is the custom of the regular patrons to group themselves in parties of four, generally two men and two women, who recline about the little flickering lamp and pass the deadly pipe from hand to hand, the most expert of the quartet attending to the cooking of the pills.

In New York city several "joints" lie within a stone's throw of Sixth avenue and Twenty-eighth street. Near this corner is a fruit store which is open day and night. The clerk on duty after dark is an expert mandolin player, and the place is a favorite resort for the sated "fiends," who sit hour after hour dreamily listening to sweet strains of music and indulging in reveries born of poisoned blood and semi-paralyzed brains. As they muse and ponder the hours slip away and the dawn comes on apace. The mandolin tinkles out the "Sweet By and By" and the pale faced relics of lost manhood and womanhood glide out to seek fresh distraction or the merciful oblivion of sleep.

There are the "Yenshee quas," the "opium devils," to whom the Chinaman points derisively as they totter by his laundry door.

FRED C. DAYTON.

A BIT OF ENGLISH POLITICS.

How Joseph Chamberlain and the Caucus Were Defeated.

[Special Correspondence.]

BIRMINGHAM, Eng., March 10.—It is morally certain that every guide book, historical or other description of Birmingham refers to the town somewhere as the "birthplace" or "home of the caucus." Englishmen do not seem to know that the caucus is of American origin. Perhaps they have forgotten that it was in vogue in Boston before the Revolution, and that one Samuel Adams was a controlling figure in it. From its successful operations have arisen the political conventions of America, the secret work of the caucus proper having been extended to public discussions. The caucus in England has always been private, and today it can hardly be said to exist at all.

In Joseph Chamberlain's youth it was in its glory, and he made it the direct stepping stone to high position. Through the caucus he ruled the town, for Liberalism was more prevalent in Birmingham then than now. Not an office was filled before the caucus had quietly decided who should be the successful candidate, and no measure of reform or improvement was passed without its assent. The Conservatives, or Tories, naturally felt rebellious, but they could not help themselves for many years.

One of the earliest blows struck successfully at the power of the caucus was delivered by a gentleman who has been during his whole business career an employe of the United States government. This is Mr. J. F. Brame, United States vice consul at Birmingham. Mr. Brame entered the service of the American consul as clerk nearly thirty years ago, and gradually rose to his present position, the highest he can hold under the United States government unless he should change his allegiance and become an American citizen. He had neither fortune nor family to assist him to make a place for himself, and he was a Conservative in a Liberal community.

One day he waked up with the idea that he would like to be a magistrate. The estimation in which a judge is held in America is no criterion for judging of a similar officer here. An English magistrate is a very important, highly respected and influential member of the community. Mr. Brame had to admit that the case was well nigh hopeless, but he went to work, nevertheless, to secure the prize. Magistrates are appointed by the lord chancellor, generally upon the recommendation of residents of the town under consideration. There was no vacancy in the board, but that didn't matter if the lord chancellor could be persuaded to make an appointment. Mr. Brame told his friends what he wanted, and together they went to work to get up a petition asking for his appointment. It was circulated quietly, and so well was the candidate esteemed that many members of the caucus itself appended their signatures. They did so, doubtless, with the conviction that they would thereby make Mr. Brame feel well, without supposing for an instant that he could secure the appointment.

After several months the petition was ready, signed by nearly all the prominent men of the town. Mr. Brame then took it directly to Joseph Chamberlain, offering to permit the local "boss" to put it through the machinery caucus if he should wish to.

Mr. Chamberlain was astonished at finding so many names of his followers on the list, and it is said that he let loose his well known temper with a vengeance at the caucus meeting. Some of his colleagues were disposed to the plan of strengthening the caucus by fathering Mr. Brame's petition, but Chamberlain knew better. Mr. Brame and men like him should be taught a lesson not to interfere with Birmingham government unless they were asked to by the presiding powers. Chamberlain's will was law, and the caucus refused to sanction the petition.

It was accordingly returned to Mr. Brame, and there everybody except the candidate supposed the matter was done with. Even he was nine-tenths in doubt, but he dispatched his petition to the lord chancellor and patiently awaited the result.

About two weeks passed when a tremendous flutter was occasioned in the town hall by a note from the lord chancellor demanding that the town charter be sent to him. What could he want with it? The question was answered in a few days when the document came back from London and the town clerk saw that the board of magistrates had been increased by one, and that one was Mr. Brame. It was a sensation locally and a most damaging blow to Mr. Chamberlain's influence.

FREDERICK R. BURTON.

A Heiress' Boots.

For a wealthy heiress Mrs. Henry Gladstone didn't go in alarmingly for boots and shoes to complete her wedding trousseau. She had about eight pairs for outdoor wear, and a dozen for indoor. There were several pairs of satin shoes to match her different gowns, two or three of quilted satin for bedroom wear, and a good many plain shoes. But this is not considered "going in" for boots and shoes.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Game of Cocked Hat.

From a scientific standpoint cocked hat is as far superior to tenpins as a game of baseball is to one-old-cat. It calls for greater control of the ball, a surer estimate of distance and a steadier nerve on the part of the player. That element of luck which is involved in the spotting of the pins in the tenpin game is so far done away with as to form no important factor in the player's success. There are only three pins and only three spots on which to place them, and the pin boys are pretty sure to spot them correctly when they have so little to do. To make a strike, the head pin must be struck by the ball at such an angle that the pin will fly off to one corner while the ball glances off to the other. A small ball must necessarily be used, and the exertion is therefore much less than is requisite in rolling the larger balls in the tenpin game. Practice will develop the player's skill in properly curving the small balls, and this very practice cannot fail to be of benefit in the regular tenpin games. Once the player becomes proficient in cocked hat he will not care to give it up.—New York World.

SHADY ANCESTORS

The Perils of Hunting Up Back Number Family History.

A ROGUE SOMETIMES REVEALED.

Queer Discoveries Sometimes Made by an Old Man Who Is Engaged in Preparing Pedigrees for Rich Americans—Handsome Actors and the Girls Who Adore Them.

[Copyright, 1890.]

NEW YORK, March 29.—Do you cherish the arcadian idea that the wealthy classes of this glorious metropolis snap their fingers at monarchical pride in blue blood? I can fancy you—whoever you are—saying "yes," with all the folds of the Star Spangled Banner fluttering proudly in your voice. Then permit me to shake my head pityingly and solemnly at you, for I was of the same opinion until one fine morning about a week since, when I strayed into a little shop in a forgotten corner of the city. On the spot I wrote myself "egregiously an ass," as Shakespeare so aptly puts it.

LOOKING UP ANCESTORS.

Now what do you suppose I stumbled on to so upset my preconceived theory? Nothing less than a very small, very old man who makes his living by unearthing grandpapas and grandmammas for ambitious Americans at so much per head. My illusions took to their heels, and I felt my rampant democracy shrivel before the proofs of American shoddiness contained in his ten thousand records.

He was such an old, tiny man, and his gaze was so terribly retrospective it almost seemed as if he had known Adam intimately. He sat in a maze of cobwebs and old clocks, a ghoul among his dog eared tomes, a bright eyed specter, with fingers hooked from much turning of leaves, and lips dry and shrunken, as if nothing more substantial than book dust had ever crossed them.

Records smelling of age were piled around him or packed in chests over three hundred years old; he sat on a stool covered with faded tapestry from which the figures had long been blurred, and his antiquated hat and coat were hanging on one of the branches of a candelabrum, which looked as if it might have held candles during Washington's toddling days. Altogether he was a queer old man, living in a very queer shop, a character round whom Dickens could have woven an admirable charm of mystery and romance.

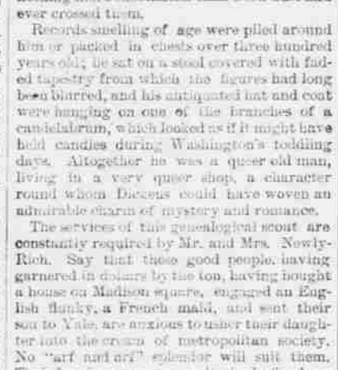
The services of this genealogical scout are constantly required by Mr. and Mrs. Newly-Rich. Say that these good people, having garnered in dollars by the ton, having bought a house on Madison square, engaged an English flunky, a French maid, and sent their son to Yale, are anxious to usher their daughter into the cream of metropolitan society. No "arf and arf" splendor will suit them. Their longing eyes are unalterably fixed on that apparently unattainable height where the golden edged 400 stand in a state of perennial condescension to the masses stumbling and clambering as best they may far, far below.

But McAllister is proof against the seductive chink of their silver dollars.

"Who was your grandfather?" he asks with an uncompromising stare through his monocle. "Did he have anything to do with signing the Declaration of Independence? Was he one of that small body known as the Pilgrim Fathers, whose reputed numbers keep increasing yearly? Perhaps some distant relative took Lady Washington down to dinner at some time or another, or some little thing like that? Almost anything will do, you know."

After this suggestion Mr. and Mrs. Newly-Rich go forth in search of an ancestor and sooner or later they find themselves in the dusty little shop where my illusions came toppling about my ears.

Given the names of the families on both sides and as much of their history as possible, the old man proceeds to trace his patrons' family backward. If necessary he is sent to England or France, as the case may be, to continue the search there, and woe to their ambitious hopes if he comes back without tidings of one progenitor worth spending of!



ALVARY IN THE HANDS OF HIS ADMIRERS.

This sometimes happens, and it becomes his painful duty to make the fact known. What long forgotten skeletons his palsied fingers drag from their cupboards! How he rattles the bones before the horrified eyes of the would be aristocrat before relegating them again to the cobwebs of the past! What stories of hate, disappointment and crime start out bristling with all their early horror from his worm eaten tomes!

Young Mr. Money Bags wanted to sink into his patent leathers when he found that his earliest known progenitor had languished in Newgate for helping himself from another man's till. And Miss Crœsus, who put on great airs because her profile was said to resemble the Princess of Wales, had sudden recourse to her vinaigrette when told beyond a doubt that an ancestor of hers had been hanged in Hertfordshire for the combined offenses of horse stealing and wife beating in the early part of the Eighteenth century.

"But isn't this all very shoddy?" I asked, with a comprehensive glance, which took in the cobwebs, old clocks and the gayly illuminated heraldic documents scattered everywhere.

"Not at all," whined the old man; "I can show you Scripture for it. Every record I send out bears this verse: Numbers, chapter ii, verse 2: 'Every man of the children of Israel shall pitch by his own standard, with the ensign of their father's house: far off about the tabernacle of the congregation shall they pitch.'"

He seemed to think this argument conclusive. To me it was a trifle vague, but probably to Mrs. Newly-Rich, happy in the possession of a brand new grandfather, it would read like a direct message from heaven.

Why, I wonder, do so many girls under 30 fall in love with our handsome actors? It is a problem for a psychologist to solve. Perhaps it's the luster of the footlights, or the lines which another man's brain puts in their mouths, or the romance, the color, light, the poses, the fictitious, attractive environment. It may be any one of these or all together. It is always the actor, however, who makes the impression, and never the man—the bepowdered, bewigged gallant or the brigand in a dare devil slouch hat, and not the languid modern "dude" who lolls against the Moorish portico of the Hoffman house cafe.

Kyrle Bellew used to have his throngs of worshiping damsels waiting for him in the mud outside Wallack's. Max Alvary was openly kissed in the street and pelted with roses by a throng of enthusiastic women after his farewell appearance at the opera last season. Herbert Kelcey's portrayal of the handsome young divine in "The Charity Ball," at the Lyceum, has brought many recruits to the standing army of girls, who swear by the curl of his mustache and the classical cut of his nose.

As for Maurice Barrymore, with his musical drawl and his magnetic eyes, which he somehow manages to make look blue over the footlights, he stands pre-eminent as the recipient of more "mash" notes than any man on the metropolitan stage. How many ardent expressions and exclamations on scented paper have gone to light his cigarettes as he lolls in his dressing room between the acts! For, besides being married, his tastes run only to boxing and bulldogs instead of romance. The girls know this, and still the notes, monogrammed and otherwise, pour in.

Henry Miller and young Sothern have done their share toward lacerating girlish hearts as well as hearts old enough to know better across the line of lights which separates the real from the mimic world. The former is married and is the domesticated papa of a small family, and the latter's indifference to women is well known; but do you suppose that makes any difference? Dear me, no! Enthusiastic maidens in Redfern gowns rave and write just the same, and experience a thrill when they encounter either on Broadway.

During the long run of "The Mikado" here, when the since famous Courtice Pounds, as Nanki-Poo, sent his melodious tenor notes pulsating among the forest of ropes far up in the flies, there was one young woman whose infatuation for him was so great she unconsciously made herself conspicuous to all the attaches of the theatre. I'll tell you about it. Having watched her idol from the remoteness of a dollar seat for nineteen consecutive times, she decided on the luxury of a closer view—yea, and on the very front seat.

THEIR HANDS UPON THEIR HEARTS.

The ticket seller gave a slight cough and twitched his eyebrow as he saw her loom up for the twentieth time, but he did not smile—who ever saw a ticket seller smile!

"I want a seat in the front row of the orchestra for next Saturday's matinee," said she of the bounding heart and blonde tresses.

"All gone. Will three rows back do?"

"No. I'll take it for a week from Saturday."

"All gone, too."

"Two weeks then."

"Gone."

"Three weeks," came promptly, and the light of battle was in her eye. She'd see her Nanki-Poo from a front row seat, or know the reason why.

"Those tickets are not printed yet. You can have one reserved if you like to take so much trouble."

She did like and flashed a calcium light glance of indignation on him.

"Will you be sure," she asked, with impressive earnestness, "to save me one right next the stage?"

The ticket seller looked grave and sad.

"I'm sorry," said he, "that the musicians have to come first. I don't believe this could be altered, but perhaps if you saw the manager"——

She did not wait to hear the rest of the sentence, and a diabolical gleam of satisfaction overspread the ticket seller's face.

"That's one on her!" said he tersely before he subsided into his normal state of petrifaction.

Well, the long looked for matinee arrived, and so did this young woman, having first sent a note to the fascinating tenor that she'd be there with an enormous bunch of violets on her left shoulder. She also made the modest request that in singing "The Flowers That Bloom in the Spring" he would lay his hand upon his heart as a sign to show that he appreciated her admiration.

Oh, what burning humiliation was crowded into the hours that followed! One after the other as the players appeared their amused glances sought out the young woman with the violets on the front row. Courtice peeped at her behind his fan, but so did Ko-Ko, the chorus and the man who played the big violin. Courtice laid his hand on his heart with the rhythmical regularity of a mechanical toy, but so did Ko-Ko and so did the chorus, while the man with the big violin hid his head behind it in a convulsion of laughter. Ridiculous asides were put into the original text solely for her benefit. The whole company ogled her from the wings, and Poo-Bah went so far as to wink at her. Perfidy! She had been betrayed.

Her cheeks flamed hotter and hotter. She was so close to the footlights their radiance was full upon her face and her suffering was plainly visible to her tormentors. Hard American "grit" made her sit the play out without even removing the violets, but one incipient footlight romance died and was buried that day under a front row orchestra chair.

EVELYN.

A Pretty Dessert.

Pistachio nuts salted are so expensive an item and such a picturesque addition to the table that they ought to be prepared at home. Take a cup of the shelled nuts, blanch them, and, after removing the skins, stir in a tablespoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of oil. Let the nuts stand for half an hour. Then put them in the oven to become crisp, but not to brown. A few chopped pistachios scattered thickly over a charlotte russe add to the appearance and flavor of the dessert. Salted pistachio nuts should be served in tinted porcelain, that will throw up the exquisite color of the nuts. They are also pretty in low filagree bonbon dishes of frosted silver.—New York Tribune.

A Chelsea Girl.

The other day a little 5-year-old girl called at a Broadway toy store and asked if they had any little dolls for a cent. A pretty little earthenware doll was handed out, and the little girl took it in her tiny hands, gazed into the doll face as if admiring its beauty, and then, raising it to her lips, gave it a fervent kiss. "I jes wanted to kiss little dolly—dat's all I wanted!" and she handed the little image back to the astonished salesman and tripped lightly out upon the busy street with a beaming smile of satisfaction.—Chelsea Record.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skimmed milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

CONSUMPTION, SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD.

All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

CUT WITH THE KNIFE.

And Knocked Out on the Very First Round.

The Missouri Pacific railway knocked them all silly when it announced cut rates to St. Louis and Pueblo.

Remember, commencing March 7th, cheap rates will go into effect to St. Louis and points beyond, also to Pueblo, Denver and other western points via the Missouri Pacific railway.

If you are going east, west, north or south, buy your ticks via the Missouri Pacific railway.

It is the shortest line to St. Louis by 48 miles and over two hours the quickest. Elegant new reclining chair cars just received from the Pullman Co., on all trains.

These chairs are free to all patrons of the Missouri Pacific railway. Come and get our rates. We are here to stay. City ticket office 137 North Main street. Depot corner Second and Wichita streets.

E. E. BLECKLEY,
Passenger and Ticket Agent, 137 North Main street.

"Frisco Line" to St. Louis and the East.

The best, quickest and most direct line from Wichita to St. Louis and all principal eastern, southeastern and northern cities.

The Frisco line runs two daily express trains from Wichita to St. Louis without change, equipped with Pullman palace sleepers and free reclining chair cars. No other line does it. Close connections in St. Louis union depot with solid vestibule express trains, without change, to Chicago, Louisville, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Pittsburg, Philadelphia, New York and Boston.

The popularity of this line being universally acknowledged by all competitors, all passenger trains of other railway lines entering Wichita from the north, south and west arrive in time to connect with the Frisco line fast express trains to the east.

If you cannot purchase through tickets reading via Frisco line from your starting point, it will pay you to purchase to Wichita in order to secure the advantages and comforts of this line.

For further information regarding rates, time, connections and through reservation of sleeping car accommodations call upon or address W. D. Murdock, ticket agent, 122 North Main street, or Oak street union depot.

D. WISHART,
Gen. Pass. Agent,
d56-tf St. Louis, Mo.

The Missouri Pacific Railway

has inaugerated another cut to Colorado points. Only a few dollars are needed to go to Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver via the Missouri Pacific railway—the shortest line to Colorado. If you contemplate taking a trip east or west, remember you can save money by calling at 137 North Main street. 110-6t

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. d64 tf w46 tf

Now is the Time to Go East or West.

Read the following cut rates via the "Great Rock Island Route:"

To Chicago.....$14.10, first class
To Chicago.....$11.10, second class
To Denver.....$8.25, first class
To Colorado Springs.....$8.25, first class
To Pueblo.....$8.25, first class

Corresponding low rates to intermediate points and points beyond. Ticket offices, 100 East Douglas avenue, corner Main street, and at Passenger station. 110 tf

Window glass, plate glass, colored glass, bent show case glass, enameled glass, mirror plate both German and American, at J. A. Bishops, 150 N. Market st. 105 12

Don't forget the low rates to Chicago, St. Louis, Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs via the Great Rock Island. 110 tf

For wall paper go to 150 N. Market st. J. A. Bishop has the finest line of samples in the southwest. 105 12

Keep This for Future Reference.

The Fort Scott, Wichita & Western railway "Missouri Pacific Route" is the only line running solid trains through from Wichita to Kansas City and St. Louis. Leaving Wichita at 9:15 p. m. you arrive at Kansas city next morning at 7 o'clock. Pullman palace sleeping and free reclining chair cars through to Kansas City and St. Louis without change. Remember if you go via the Fort Scott Route you are not dependent on main line connections at Junction Point, but you go right through on solid trains. This is the only route whose main line runs through Wichita. All trains are made up here and run through solid to Kansas City to St. Louis. It is the shortest line by forty-eight miles and two hours the quickest. Two trains daily to St. Louis and all points east. Ticket office 137 North Main street. Depot corner Second and Wichita streets.

E. E. BLECKLEY,
Passenger and Ticket Agent, 137 North Main street, Wichita, Kan.
H. C. TOWNSEND,
G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Cut Rates via the "Great Rock Island Route."

Commencing March 8 the Rock Island Route will sell tickets from Wichita at the following rates:

Chicago, first class, $14.15; second class, $11.15.

St. Louis, first class, $11.15.

Commencing March 16, Denver, Pueblo and Colorado Springs, $8.75.

Remember the Rock Island is the only line running through vestibule reclining chair cars free. Trains leave Wichita at 7:00 a. m. and 9:55 p. m.

If you are going north, south, east or west call at the city ticket office, 100 East Douglas avenue, and get the lowest cut rates.

C. A. RUTHERFORD,
97 tf Ticket Agent.

Emigration to the West.

If you have friends in the east who contemplate coming west, or if you are going east, remember you can save time and money, likewise your friends, by buying tickets over the Missouri Pacific railway, the shortest line between St. Louis and Wichita by 48 miles and over. Two hours the quickest time. This is the only line giving you choice of two routes, either via Kansas City or Fort Scott. Elegant free reclining chair cars between Wichita and St. Louis, also between Kansas City and Wichita, without change of cars. Pullman sleepers on all trains. Be sure that your tickets read via the Missouri Pacific railway and thus save annoyance of changing cars and unnecessary delays.

Remember also that no charges are made by porters for ruling in chair cars. These porters are paid by the company and are not allowed to charge any one, be they local or through passengers. They are hired to attend to the wants of the traveling public.

City ticket office, 137 North Main street, Wichita, Kan.

E. E. BLECKLEY,
Passenger and Ticket Agent.
H. C. TOWNSEND,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, St. Louis, Mo. 110tf

Varnish in large and small cans at J. A. Bishop's, 150 North Market street. 105 12

Announcement.

J. A. Bishop has bought out the Wichita Paint and Glass Co' at 150 North Market street, and will continue the business at the same place with a full stock of paints, oils, varnish, glass and wall paper. 105 12

Mirror plates at J. A. Bishop's, 150 N. Market st. 105 12

Why use poor coffee when you can buy the best just as cheap? Fuller's fresh roast can not beat. 202 East Douglas. 97tf.

Notice.

Those in correspondence with friends in the east who contemplate visiting Wichita on business or pleasure in the near future, should be advised of the series of homeseekers excursions to be run by the popular Frisco line from St. Louis to Wichita on April 23, May 20, September 9, September 23 and October 14, 1890.

These tickets are good to return thirty days from date of sale and are sold at the extremely low rate of one fare for the round trip. The Frisco line is the only line running two daily express trains between St. Louis and Wichita without change.

D. WISHART,
General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.
d100tf

Three hours the quickest to St. Louis—Missouri Pacific railway. 124 tf

The City Plumbing Company.

No. 116 South Lawrence avenue, is still at the front with better facilities than ever for doing all kinds of plumbing, gas-fitting and sewer connecting, promptly and in the best manner. d100 tf

For Sale or Trade.

Three hundred and twenty acres good land three miles west of Valley Center at $15 per acre. Only $1,000 cash required, or will trade. Fine residence on Waco street between Third and Central, east front, at a very low figure, small cash payment. Fifty feet and ten room house on Emporia avenue, one and a half blocks south of Douglas avenue; small cash payment. Fifty feet and ten room house and stable on New York avenue between First and Second streets, for sale very cheap on easy payments. Northwest corner Fourth avenue and Central, 75x140 feet, for sale cheap.

THE SHEPARD & CHAPMAN MORTGAGE CO., 92tf 203 Sedgwick Building.

LAND OFFICE BLANKS.

We have a full line of land office blanks of all descriptions. Orders will be filled and sent by return express. See list of blanks on another page.

This office is prepared to furnish all the blanks which are used in connection with proving up homesteads in Oklahoma. We use Coop's blanks, which are the only blanks printed that have been approved by the land commissioner at Washington. 123tf

Free Reclining Chair Car Service to Denver and Return, via the Santa Fe Route.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe are now running daily free reclining chair cars on their night train to Denver. Passengers leaving Wichita at 4:30 p. m., will arrive at Pueblo for breakfast the next morning, Colorado Springs at 10:30 a. m., and Denver for dinner. In addition to free reclining chair car service Pullman reservation may be had upon application at union ticket office and union depot.

W. D. MURDOCK,
d101 tf Pass. and ticket agent.

Old papers for sale at this office—25 cents per hundred. 23tf

Notice.

We are aware that we are becoming very conspicuous from the advertising that we having lately from several quarters. We are much obliged for the same, but we are willing to give $100 reward to find the party or parties that write the anonymous letters signed "Shipper" and mail them to the patrons of this market.

99 tf VANDIVER & BRYAN.

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Stanton's American PENNYROYAL PILLS

Ladies requiring the most delicate cases. Married ladies and those expecting them according to directions will find them safe and infallible. Genuine, 50 per cent stronger than the ordinary English article and absolutely harmless. Stanton's American Pennyroyal Pills are GREEN in color, in ROUND boxes, sealed with red Trade Mark. At Druggists everywhere or by mail, $1. Full particulars, 4 cts.

Specific Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR MEN ONLY!

A POSITIVE CURE For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind; Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD Fully Restored. How to Enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS of BODY, absolutely including HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Not to be found in 41 States, Territories, and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation, and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Coal! Anthracite, Canon City, McAlester, Crushed Coke, Weir City, Walnut, Mineral, Pittsburg Smithing. Yard, 341 West Douglas.

Branch office 137 North Main. Telephone 199. d133tf SCHWARTZ BROS.

LITHOGRAPHED and Printed Letter Heads, Note Heads, Envelopes, Business Cards, Wedding and Party Invitations, Calling Cards, Luncheon Cards, Bonds, Mortgages, Certificates of stock, etc., at the Wichita Eagle office, Wichita, Kansas.

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LIST YOUR FARM!

The Immigration Committee is hard at work and enquiries for Kansas Lands are coming in from all sides. Send full description of your farm with price to

Smithson & Co.

200 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

THE CRYSTAL ICE COMPANY.

Now ready to supply all wishing their Pure Distilled Water ice, in small pieces. Office and Factory Cor. Osage and Pearl streets. West side. Order Books at W. W. Pearce, 205 East Douglas Ave, and Occidental Hotel, cor. Second and Main. Telephone No. 562. J. A. SOUTH, Secretary. d138 tf

Occidental Hotel.

Makes Prices to Suit the Times.

Transient rates.....$1.50 per day
Day board.....$4 per week
Room and board.....$5 to $6 per week

402 FRANK WILLIAMS, Proprietor.

THEY WANT

A Cook, A Servant, A Chambermaid, A Young Man, A Situation, The Price of a Hackney Coach, The Real Estate Market, To Trade, To Rent a House, To Borrow Money, A Responsible Girl, Many other Things.

Read and Advertise in Our Want Column.

E. S. POWELL, President. R. T. BEAN, V.-Pres. F. W. WALLER, Jr., Cashier.

Fourth National Bank.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

PAID UP CAPITAL, - - $200,000
SURPLUS, - - - - - - 16,000

DIRECTORS:

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CITY MAP.

A handsome lithograph map of this city, containing the names of all the streets, parks, colleges and public buildings, hotels, etc. A complete map, twelve by fifteen inches, on linen paper, can be had at this office for 10 cents each. 45

H. E. LAWRENCE, Pres. O. MARTINSON, V. P. J. A. DAVIDSON, Cashier.

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B. LONGBARD, JR., President. L. D. SKINNER, Cashier. J. F. ALLEN, Vice President. W. H. LIVINGSTON, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL, - - - - - $100,000
SURPLUS, - - - - - - 80,000

DIRECTORS:

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PAID UP CAPITAL, - - $ 500,000
STOCKH'D'RS' LIABILITY, 1,000,000

Largest Paid Up Capital of any Bank in the State of Kansas.

DIRECTORS:

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Do a general banking business. United States, County, Township and Municipal Bonds bought and sold.

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Wichita National Bank.

PAID UP CAPITAL, - - $250,000
SURPLUS, - - - - - - 50,000

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Do a General Banking, Collecting and Brokerage Business.

Eastern and Foreign Exchange bought and sold. United States bonds of all denominations bought and sold. County, Township and Municipal bonds bought.

IF YOU
Want money,
Want a clerk,
Want a partner,
Want a situation,
Want a servant girl,
Want to sell a farm,
Want to sell a house,
Want to buy or sell stock,
Want a good horse or mule,
Want to sell plants or grain,
Want to sell groceries or drugs,
Want to sell household furniture,
Want to make sale barn bonds,
Want to sell or trade for anything,
Want to find customers for anything,
READ AND ADVERTISE IN OUR

TWO -:- CENT COLUMN

Advertising obtains new customers.
Advertising keeps old customers.
Advertising liberally always pays.
Advertising makes success easy.
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ADVERTISE
AT ONCE
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