

Wichita Daily Eagle
GEO. R. FEARING.

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

Lowest Prices in the City. Largest Stock in the State.
CHAS. T. CHAMPION,
WHOLESALE HEADQUARTERS FOR
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Office and Typewriter Supplies, Summer Sporting Goods,
118 East Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas.

GETTO-McCLUNG BOOT AND SHOE CO.,
Manufacturers and Wholesale Dealers in
BOOTS & SHOES.
All goods of our own manufacture warranted. Orders by mail
promptly and carefully filled.
185 and 187 N Market Street, Wichita, Kansas.

GLOBE IRON WORKS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Steam Engines, Boilers and Pumps, and Dealers in Brass Goods, Rubber and
Hemp Packing, Steam Fittings, Etc. Repairing of all kinds of Machin-
ery a Specialty. Orders promptly filled for all kinds
of Sheet Iron Work. All kinds of castings made.
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MANUFACTURERS OF
IRON FENCING,
Architectural, Wrought and Cast
Iron Work for Buildings.
Factory: South Washington Avenue
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KASAS SPRING BED CO.
DEALERS IN—
Feathers and Manufacturers of Woven
Wire Mattresses, Cots and Cribs,
Curtains and Upholstered Cots,
Spring Beds, Mattresses,
Pillows and Bedding.
S. E. Cor., 2nd St. and Mead Ave

THOMAS SHAW
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Pianos and Organs
Sheet music and books. All kinds of musical
instruments. Brass band and orchestra music. 129 Main
street, Wichita, Kansas.

Trimble Bros. & Threlkeld,
WHOLESALE
HARDWARE
Special attention to mail orders.
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AREY FURNITURE CO.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FURNITURE, CARPETS
BEDDING, ETC.
255 and 257 North Main Street.

D. W. STALLINGS & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
STALLING'S PALM OIL TOILET SOAP
It beautifies the complexion and keeps the
skin soft, smooth clear and healthy. For
sale by druggists and grocers.
526 Chicago Ave. - Telephone 39

L. M. COX,
Manufacturing Confectioner,
And jobber in Flies, Dates, Cigars, Foreign and Domestic Nuts, Cider,
Paper Bags, Paper Boxes, Candy Jars, Trays, Etc.
215 and 217 South Main St., - Wichita, Kansas.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.
(Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.)
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices.
233 and 235 South Main Street, - Wichita, Kansas.

WANTED TO MANAGE ONE.
An Enterprising Speculator with Eye
Vainly Seeking for a Suicider.
There was a passive, far away look in
his watery eye as he sat on the pile of
lumber and looked toward the lower
bay. When a man came down the pier
and stood there gazing into the water
and the mournful stranger slowly got up
and wearily dragged himself over to the
place where the man was. He looked at
the man a long time, while the other
kept his eyes moodily turned away.

"Stranger," he said at last with a long
drawl, "you are going to commit sui-
cide."
The other looked at him in contemptu-
ous silence.
"I can see it in your face, my friend.
You are going to commit suicide."
He waited for an answer, but none
came.

"Yes," he went on, not in the least
discouraged, "I see it very plainly."
The would-be suicide impatiently
turned his back.
"O, don't think that I want to dis-
courage you. I have often thought of
doing the same thing myself, and I
honor you for your resolve. No doubt I
shall some day follow your admirable
example."
"O, you know too much," said the other
gruffly, speaking for the first time.
"Mind your own business and I'll mind
mine."

"No, my friend, that isn't the way to
look at it. I am your friend. Now I'll
tell you what I want to do. I am by
nature and training a manager. I want
to see if I can't conduct a first class sui-
cide. I don't mind telling you, since
you are soon to leave this world—oh,
don't shake your head. You need not be
afraid to be honest with me. I don't
mind telling you, I say, that I have not
been a very successful manager. I had
poor luck with those walking matches,
and sneering people have said that my
athletic games, picnics and other schemes
were almost failures. But you see a sui-
cide is such a very simple affair. I
wish you would stop your idiotic
talk, and proposed the man addressed.

Cigar Headquarters. Cor. Main and First Streets.
W. T. BISHOP & SONS,
WICHITA, KANSAS.
Send us a Trial Order or Call and See Us.

FINLAY ROSS
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
FURNITURE, CARPETS, ETC.
The Largest Establishment in the State.
Nos. 119 and 121 Main Street, - Wichita, Kansas.

J. W. HAWN & CO.,
Wholesale Grain and Commission Merchants,
Elevators, on A. T. & S. F., Frisco and Missouri Pacific Tracks.
Wichita, Kansas.

F. G. SMYTH & SONS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Farm Machinery,
Five carriages, buggies, carts, etc. Genuine Gold-
en Bitch wire. Corner of Douglas and Lawrence
streets.

L. HAYS,
WHOLESALE
SADDLES,
Saddlery Hardware, Manufacturer of Pipers,
Horn and Blowing Instruments, Furs, wool and robes.
12 Douglas Avenue, cor. Water St., Wichita, Kan.

SWAB & GLOSSER,
TAILORS
And Jobbers of Woolens and Tail-
ors Trimmings.
145 N Main Street, - Wichita.

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS,
OTTO ZIMMERMAN, Prop.
Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne
Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve
Food, also General Western
Agents for Wm. J. Kemp's Extra Pale.
Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

E. VAIL & CO.,
WHOLESALE
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.
106 E Douglas Ave., - Wichita.

M. A. MCKENZIE & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF
Fine Carriages, Buggies, Phaetons and all Styles of Vehicles, and jobbers in
Carriage Builders Supplies, Buggies, single or in car load lots.
Wichita, Kansas.

SPRAY YEAST.
The quickest, strongest and purest
Dry Yeast on the market. Will
keep a year in any climate.
Price, 5 cents per package of 7 cakes
For sale by all wholesale and retail
grocers.
Manufactured by Corner & Farnum
factory, Corner Kellogg and Mosley
Avenues.

CORNER & FARNUM,
ROYAL SPICE MILLS,
Jobbers and Manufacturers of Teas,
Coffee, Spices, Extracts, Baking
Powders, Blending, Cigars, Etc.
112 and 114 S. Emporia Ave.

MCCOMB BROS.
Manufacturers, Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in
SADDLES & SADDLERY HARDWARE.
Correspondence Solicited.
121 E Douglas Ave, Wichita, Kan

BURR FURNITURE CO.,
Wholesale and Retail
FURNITURE
125 East Douglas Ave.

FOREST CITY COAL CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
COAL!
Weir City and Rich Hill Coal
a Specialty.
119 N Water St., - Wichita, Kan

E. J. FOSTER,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Queensware, China, Glassware, Fancy
Goods, Plated Ware and Decor-
ated Ware of all kinds.
Lamps and oil specialties.
219 Douglas Ave. - Wichita, Kan

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.,
WHOLESALE
Dry Goods; Notions; and; Furnishing Goods.
Complete Stock in all the Departments.
119, 121 & 123 N Topeka Ave., - Wichita, Kansas.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.,
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET.
Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocers fixtures.
Sole agents for the state for "Grand Republic" Cigars, also sole proprietors of
the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands.

THE HYDE & HUMBLE STA. CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Books; and; Stationery,
Wall Paper, Wrapping Papers.
114 N Main St., - Wichita, Kan

WICHITA STEAM LAUNDRY.
Makes a specialty of doing work for
outside towns and cities. Agents
wanted everywhere. Write for terms.
Best Work in the State.

FLOUR DEPOT.
C. Eisenmajer Sr. Milling and Elevator Co. of
Haskell, Kan., carry a full line of hard and soft
wheat flour at their agency in this city. Send for
prices and samples.
OTTO WEISS, Agent, 235 N. Main, Wichita.

Took a Business Interest in Him.
On an excursion down the river a
young physician fell overboard and
seemed in imminent danger of drown-
ing. Owing to the earnest efforts, how-
ever, of a solemn looking man dressed
in black he was saved. On being asked
why he so eagerly himself he could only
answer: "I know him; he is one of my
best friends. Although I am an under-
taker, I should certainly be sorry to bury
Dr. Killum."—Philadelphia Times.

A Pittiable Case.
The patrol left us at daylight, but their
work for the night was not done. They
were to be on duty until midnight. They
arrived at the ranch, and for the next
six months I was hard at work as a sheep
herder, and neither saw nor heard much of
the outside world. Then one day I was
called in by my range, which was about
five miles from Haskell. I went in to
see a couple of visitors there—two
gentlemen who had lately arrived from
England. One of them, a Mr. Cullen, was
from my own town of Sturtevant, from
Massachusetts. They had come on a tour
of inspection, and I was glad to see
an investment, neither of them intending
to remain, but to do the business through an
agent. They had purchased 2,000 sheep of
Mr. Barlow as a starter, and had taken a
ranch above us on the Durbin river. My
first work was to see that the sheep were
driven to the south of us, and we had been
called in to receive instructions. Both of us
had been to see the agent, who had already
secured their land and built the house and
stable for the business. This man had come up
from Adelaide with them, and was a
southern man named McFarland. The other,
who was an Irish lad of 30, was O'Hara.

When we made ready to start the two
gentlemen were mounted on horses. The
overseer drove the black wagon, followed
by a black cow, and a black pig, and
I was on foot. On the third night, when at least
ten miles from any settlers, and more than
that from any regular highway, we found
a natural valley in which the sheep could
be herded, and our own camp was made in
a grove of ironwood, near a water hole.
We had finished supper and were grouped
about the fire when one of the dogs barked,
and we looked up to find ourselves covered
by five rifles. There were five men,
hard looking men forming a half circle
about us, having crept up into the grove
so softly that the dogs had not heard them
until the last moment.

"Trail up or under you got?" shouted a
voice, and every one of us threw up his
hands.
"Now, then, the first one of you who
makes a shy move will get a bullet! Close
in, boys!"
The five advanced to our feet, each keep-
ing his gun leveled, and when I could see
the man who had spoken I at once identi-
fied him as Herbert Sam. The man whom
I had befriended months before. He recog-
nized me almost as quickly, and taking a
step forward said:

"Well, boy, you did me a good turn that
day, and I'll not forget it. Move over to
the left. Now, then, gentle, who are you?"
The gentleman gave him their names
and told him their business. They were
pretty badly frightened, as I could see,
while the overseer trembled like a man in
a chill. As he was a big, strong fellow,
and had laughed at the idea of bushrang-
ers meddling with me, I could not under-
stand his fear until Sam spoke again.

"Better and better!" he said, as a fierce
look came into his eyes. "Boys, here's
that overseer who set the patrol on our
track down below, and who wasn't satis-
fied with that, but must turn out to help
them. I think we have made a good haul of
it."
All our arms were in the wagon, and we
were helpless to offer any resistance. The
first thing they did was to dismount the two
gentlemen and the overseer of everything
of value, and then each one was lashed to
a tree. O'Hara was ordered to sit down
beside me, and the black took matters so
coolly that nothing was said to him. The
rangers signed him to turn to and get
supper, and he cheerfully obeyed. When they
had eaten and had polished their pipes
Sam turned to me with:

"And so you didn't tell the police that
you gave me food and a pistol?"
"No, sir."
"I know you didn't, for I was that tired
out that I laid myself down for two hours
almost in your camp. Even when they
told me who you were, and that a price was
set upon my head you hadn't a word to
say."
"Nor, sir."
"Tell me, you boys have nothing to fear.
We have nothing against you. After a
day or two you may get even with them."
There was no sleep for anybody until
after midnight, and I don't think the two
gentlemen or the overseer slept at all. I
knew they were wide awake when I
opened my eyes in the morning. All of
us had a little dinner, and then the wagon
was finished, and then the wagon was
robbed of whatever they fancied, and hauled
off about thirty rods and up to a deep
gully. The oxen were turned loose with
the sheep, and when we set out Sam and
two of the men rode the horses and the
rest of us went on foot. One outlaw on
foot went ahead and the others closed up
behind us, and the general direction was
to the north. Every mile took us into a
wilder and more unsettled country, and it
was so broken that I felt that I could not
get out even if I turned free.

At about 4 in the afternoon we reached
the ranger's camp, which was in a wild
and desolate spot. I don't think they
intended the gentlemen any harm from the
start, but that the overseer's doom was
sealed by all felt certain. A man who
too, for I observed that he was constantly
on the watch for an opportunity to bolt.
It came as we entered the camp. Roaming
that they meant to pay off the old score he
suddenly dashed for a thicket. He took
them off their guard, and if an accident
had not happened the men would have
been clear off. Half way to the thicket a
stone turned under his feet and threw him,
and as he got up one of the men shut him
down in his tracks. They left him lying
there and went into camp, saying that
they had meant to torture him some, and
that he had got out of it too easy.
The two gentlemen were very closely
guarded, but O'Hara and myself were
allowed to walk about as we pleased. We
had taken over \$1,000 from the two and
bore them no grudge, but for five days and
nights we were prisoners and in their
power.

On the morning of the sixth day, when
it was plain to be seen that they were off
for another adventure, the four of us were
turned loose and told to make our way
home. They had taken all of thirty miles
was the wrong way, and we traveled twenty
miles in that direction before we found
out the trick. We were away a week in the
scrub, living on roots and berries and
doctored wild fruit, before we reached a set-
tlement, and were then all of thirty miles
from Haskell's. We were a long looking
lost when we finally reached home, and
while Mr. Cullen was taken with fever to
die in about ten days, Mr. Williams was
so broken up that he had only long
enough to get down to the creek. A year
later Sam and two of the outlaws were
caught, tried at Haskell, and O'Hara
and I saw them drop from the gallows.
They had asked us to identify Sam in
court, but we had refused ourselves. He
was a bad man, with the blood of many
victims on his hands, but he had given us
our lives and played fair.—New York Sun.

THE BACHELOR'S COAT.
Old coat, for some three or four seasons
We've been jolly comrades, but now
We part, old comrade, forever:
To fate said the Bachelor I bow.
You'd look very well at a dinner:
I'd wear you with pride at a ball,
But I'm dressing to-night for a wedding—
My own—and you'd not do at all.

You've too many who stain about you.
You're scented too much with cigars;
When the night shines full on your collar
It glitters like myrod steam.
You'd look well at my wedding,
They seem inappropriate there;
Nail down't use "diamond powder,"
She tells me it ruins her hair.

There's a reprobate looseness about you
Should I wear you to-night, I believe,
If I came with my wife from my sister
You'd laugh in your wicked old sleeve
When you felt there the strenuous pressure
Of her hand in the delicate glove.
That is telling me, oh, get away,
Her trunk is as deep as her love.

So go to your grave in the wardrobe
And furnish a feast for the moth!
Nell's glove shall betray its sweet secret
To you, more innocent eigh.
It's time to put on your evening gown,
It's made in a fashion quite new;
But, old friend, I'm afraid it will never
Set as easily on me as you!
—Boston True Flag.

A GRATEFUL OUTLAW.
The day I arrived in Adelaide, Australia,
I was 30 years old, and my pocket
contained a dollar for every year I had lived.
Lusk was with me. On the second day
after my landing I hired a sheep raiser
who had a ranch on the Murray river, near
his junction with the Darling, and on the
third we started off up the country. We
had two teams—that is, two teams of two
covered wagons, each loaded with supplies
and each driven by three yoke of oxen.
It was about Christmas time, and the
weather was very ugly, and we aimed to
make only fifteen miles a day. We had a
full week's journey before us, and a great
deal of much interest happened until the fourth
day. We went into camp a little earlier
than usual on that afternoon, as one of the
wagons needed repairs. Our vehicles, after
coming to a halt, stood about twenty-five
feet apart. While I was building a fire to
cook supper by one of the black water
after rabbits, and McCall took the other
wagons to help out and bring back a
lever with which to raise the wagon off its
wheels. I was thus left alone for a few
minutes, and they had scarcely disappeared
from sight in the scrub when I started out
out of the thicket on the other side and
came running up to me. His face and
hands were scratched and bleeding, his
clothing in tatters, his hat gone, and he
had such a wild and terrible look that I
should have run away from him had he
been able to do anything but stand and stare
with mouth wide open. McCall had told
me of escaped convicts and hard cases who
had taken to the bush to make a living by
robbing, and the man had come upon me
so suddenly that I was knocked out for the
moment.

"For God's sake, young fellow, give me a
bite to eat!" he said, as he stood before me.
"Don't be afraid of me—I'm a sheepherder
who has been lost in the bush for three
days."
I stepped to the wagon and handed him
a piece of bacon, some hard crackers and a
handful of tea, and then found voice to ask:
"But why not stop with us for the night?"
"Thanks, but I'm in a great hurry to get
back to my herd. I know where I am now,
and I can get there in three hours. Any
match?"

I gave him some, and he looked all
around to make sure that we were alone,
and then said:
"Young fellow, do me a greater favor
still. Lend me your pistol and knife until
tomorrow, when you will pass my station.
And, furthermore, be kind enough not to
mention to any one that I was here. Do
this and you shall never regret it."

I handed him my knife and pistol, promised
what he asked, and he shook me by the
hand and disappeared in the scrub. Ten
minutes after he had gone I figured it out
that he was a bushman who had been hard
lured by the police, but it was all the same
to me. He could have taken what he
wanted for all of me, as I felt perfectly
helpless, and I was thankful that he had
come and gone without knocking me on
the head. Just as McCall came up to
the lever there was a clatter of hoofs, and
I looked up to see five mounted men ride
into camp. They were in the uniform of
the patrol, and the appearance of the
horses and men showed that they had had
a long ride of it.

"Well, Capt. White, what is it?" asked
McCall, who seemed to know every one of
the five.
"Been after Ballarat Sam again," replied
the captain as he dismounted.
"And lost him?"
"Lost him, yes. We struck him
near Dobney's yesterday morning, and he
led us a chase of fifty miles during the day.
We killed his horse about dark last night
and had him surrounded in the scrub. He
got out, however, and we did not get his
track until about noon today. We followed
it to the creek, two miles above, and there
lost it. Haven't seen him since, of course!"

"I only wish we had. There's a reward
of \$200 on his head, I hear."
"It has been increased to twice that,
show on his body and I'll make a rich
man of you."
The patrol turned their horses loose and
had supper with us, furnishing apart from
their own rations. They then were gen-
eral talk and story telling until about 10
o'clock, and then all but one man turned
in for the night. I had been introduced all
around, but had taken very little part or
interest in the conversation, being sure,
from the first words spoken by the captain,
that I had met Ballarat Sam and owed him
to make a fresh start. I thought at first
of telling the whole story to the
patrol, but they were so noisy, so loud
and so full of a fair that they would
give me an awful raking down, even if
they did not laugh at me, and so I
kept my mouth shut, and so I
decided to keep a still tongue and let the
case work out as it would.

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had taken over \$1,000 from the two and
bore them no grudge, but for five days and
nights we were prisoners and in their
power.

On the morning of the sixth day, when
it was plain to be seen that they were off
for another adventure, the four of us were
turned loose and told to make our way
home. They had taken all of thirty miles
was the wrong way, and we traveled twenty
miles in that direction before we found
out the trick. We were away a week in the
scrub, living on roots and berries and
doctored wild fruit, before we reached a set-
tlement, and were then all of thirty miles
from Haskell's. We were a long looking
lost when we finally reached home, and
while Mr. Cullen was taken with fever to
die in about ten days, Mr. Williams was
so broken up that he had only long
enough to get down to the creek. A year
later Sam and two of the outlaws were
caught, tried at Haskell, and O'Hara
and I saw them drop from the gallows.
They had asked us to identify Sam in
court, but we had refused ourselves. He
was a bad man, with the blood of many
victims on his hands, but he had given us
our lives and played fair.—New York Sun.

While a Jersey City blacksmith was
turning off horseshoes the other day a
man stood in the door and watched him
for a while, and then slowly advanced,
stooped down and carefully picked up
an old shoe which had been kicked aside
weeks before. He held it ready to drop
on the instant, but after a minute grinned
all over his face and chuckled:
"See ain't he?"
"Who said it was?" asked the smith.

"But that's where I've got dad. He
picked up one yesterday, and we heard
him holler seven miles. Dad says my
shoe is too thick, but I ain't hollerin'
any to speak of, am I?"—New York Sun.

A Harvard Athlete Who Is After
Page's Laurels.

RUNNING HIGH JUMP RECORDS.

Page's Best Effort Was 6 Feet 4 Inches,
and the New Claimant for Honors Has
Cleared 6 Feet 1-4 Inch—His Peculiar
Style.

Since the retirement in 1888 of W. B.
Page, the world's amateur champion running
high jumper, all performances in that
game have seemed second class, although
compared with the ability of the average
high jumper of the records accomplished
during the last two years are very
good. Page's best figures at the game, 6
feet 4 inches, are so much out of reach that
high jumpers occasionally let slip signs of
discouragement in regard to equalling that
phenomenal record, but one athlete,
George R. Fearing, who is shown in the
accompanying picture, has recently dis-
played a form which has tended to alter the
opinion of some concerning the future of
the game.



Fearing is a very tall and rather slender
athlete, standing 6 feet 1 1/4 inches in jump-
ing, his weight being 158
pounds. He is 30
years old, and entered
Harvard university last
fall. Previous to his
entering college he had
made quite a reputation
as an all round
runner and jumper.
At the intercollegiate
games he cleared 6 feet
and at the Berkeley
Oval in the spring of
1889 he thrilled the
spectators by winning
four first prizes
against good marks.
He also took second
in putting the twelve
pound shot. His wins
were: Running high
jump, 5 feet 3 inches;
100 yard hurdle, 3 feet
high, 16 3/4 sec.; one-
quarter mile run, 1:15
sec.; one-half mile run,
2:10 sec. He was a school
boy then, but these
performances were quite
different from the ordinary school boy's
performances.

When it was learned that he was to enter
Harvard predictions were made that that
college had a sure winner in one or two
events, and at the last intercollegiate games
held in May he captured the running high
jump with great ease, clearing 6 feet 1 1/4
inches. On April 12 of this year he won for his college
the 1,500 yard run at the indoor championship
games held at Boston, defeating several
crack athletes from New York city.
On account of the board floor twelve lap
track, with sharp corners, which he must
clear, he was not worthy of mention, but he defeated his
men. Some weeks previous to this event
at the handicap games of the Boston Ath-
letic association he won the running high
jump of a board floor at 5 feet 10 1/2 inches,
which stands as the second best record
record to Page, who has cleared 6 feet.

As the intercollegiate games approached
James G. Lathrop, the celebrated Harvard
trainer, openly said he did not know
whether to have Fearing stick to middle
distance running or have him devote his
energies to the running high jump. Either
game Lathrop said he could undoubtedly
be a champion at, and it was far more per-
petuating to train a man like Fearing than
it was a man with less ability. But judg-
ing by his records it seems that the run-
ning high jump is Fearing's best game, for
on May 20, at the games of his college on
Holmes Field, he made a record at this
event which places him the second best
man this country has produced and the
best man now in active competition. He
cleared on this day 6 feet 1 1/4 inches,
his own best record being 6 feet 1 1/4 inches.
His clearing this height one week before
the intercollegiate games dampened the ardor
of intending competitors in the running
high jump at this great college event, and
so little did he save himself for the jump
on that day that he had to rest about
fifty feet from the bar. Fearing starts at
about thirty or thirty-five feet away and
strides up rather slowly, giving a decided
spring which makes one think that if he
would only try a little harder he could do
more. It is a peculiar style, and is quite
different from that of other jumpers. It
is the opinion of many followers of ath-
letics that within the next two or three years
Fearing will make some more great rec-
ords.

The Associated Press.
Father—I think I saw you in rather
close contact with that young man last
evening. I demanded an explanation.
"Clear—it's all right, father. He's a
member of the press association.—Low-
ell Citizen.

One Effort of the Ice Feminine.
"Be a mean sort of a fellow."
"Was he any more mean?"
"I asked him to punch and he ordered
a board of cracked ice. I had to borrow
money to pay the bill."—New York
Times.

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the sudden Throat and Lung Troubles
to which young people are subject.
Keep this medicine in the house. Hon.
C. Edwards Lester, late U. S. Consul to
Italy, and author of various popular
works, writes:—

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sorts of climates, I have never, in thirty
years, had any cold nor any affection of
the throat or lungs which did not yield
to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral within 24
hours. Of course, I have never allowed
myself to be without this remedy in all
my voyages and travels. Under my
own observation, it has given relief to a
vast number of persons, while in acute
cases of pulmonary inflammation, such
as croup and diphtheria in children, life
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be to recommend its use in light and
frequent doses. Properly administered,
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