Wichita Eagle

AMUSEMENTS.

CARLTON OPERA CO.

Jeannie Winston's operatic training and methods were never seen to greater advantage than with the Carleton company. The wedding party in the first act of "Nanon" as given by the Carleton company, is extremely amusing. In this scene Clara Windom appears in a make-up, that, although bordering on the grotesque, gives evidence of her ability as a character-actress, and the same applies to her performance in "Erminie."

Opera house Monday and Tuesday evenings.

RUNNING WILD.

It is a long time since the Court Street theater has put on a better play or had a better house than that of last evening. After the galleries and boxes had been filled by people who could get no seats anywhere else, the last of the comers went away to return perhaps some other night. "Running Wild" is much funnier than the average light fun, the puns and sayings are new and taking, and the claim of miscellaneous made by the show bills, is well founded, for not only in the imitation but in the regular songs all acquitting themselves creditably. "Running Wild" will continue to keep all in an uproar.—Buffalo Express.

Thursday and Thanksgiving matinee at Crawford opera house. Advanced sale of seats at usual place.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

F. M. C.

The Fraternal Mystal Circle meets this Friday evening at 7:30 o'clock at K. of H. hall, Getto building. A full attendance is requested. PERCY LONGLANDS, W. Recorder.

The Altar chapter of St. John's Guild will meet with Miss Marlow, in the Fletcher block, this (Friday) afternoon at 4 o'clock. GENEVIEVE MARLOW, Secy.

Do not forget the basket social to be given this evening by the Unitarian ladies at Council hall, 213 S. Water street. A musical and literary programe will be rendered and the Unity club will be organized. All are cordially invited, without regard to church connections.

ATTENTION KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

There will be a regular meeting of Mt. Olivet commandery No. 12 K. T. this evening at 7:30 sharp.

By order R. C. DEAM, E. C.
J. A. HOLLINGER, Rec. pro tem.

REAL ESTATE.

(Furnished by the Deam Abstract Co.)

The following transfers of real estate were filed for record in the office of the register of deeds.

Rufus Cone, shf, to Henry Smith 35 blk 12 Allen & Smith's add 26 28 blk 11 Allen & Smith's add shf d..	75
J F Conley to M E Bricker 60 and 62 Ford ave Tilford's 2d add w d.....	1
Florence E Chambers to Charles A Schwendinger 5 and ea half 3 ave D Sherwoods add w d.....	1400
Geo C Mastin to C C Fees north 200 ft lot 11 blk D Fee's subdiv w d....	1
Geo C Mastin to Catharine L Ranson south 101 ft lot 11 blk D Fee's subdiv w d.....	1
S D Wallace to Mary E Hazzard w hf se qr 33 25 2e w d.....	1450
Wm Burris to John Becker ne ¼ sw ¼ 22 26-1 w	1200
Addie M Trickey to John W Walters sw ¼ 30-28 2 e.....	2650
Frances C Rowley to Charley Seiver n ½ se ¼ 12-26-2 w.....	2600
Peter Vulgamore to Jennie Martin 81 83 Chicago ave West Wichita...	200
Peter Vulgamore to Julia A Baenish 85 87 Chicago ave West Wichita...	200

ANIMAL REMEDIES.

Ammonia is extracted from the manure of animals.

Ordinary potato bugs, dried and powdered, are used for raising blisters.

A tree insect of Mexico, the lac, dried and powdered, serves as an admirable astringent in cases of dysentery.

Real hartshorn, made from stags' horn, is a medicinal article now, being made into shavings for market, boiled to a jelly, and prescribed by physicians for rickets.

The cochineal insect is mostly known for its use as a dye, but it has also an additional value for relieving neuralgic pains and for checking the spasms of whooping cough.

Powdered cockroaches contain an active principle called "anti-hydropin," which is most effective in the stimulation of the kidneys, and serves as a check to the complaint mentioned.

Musk, derived from two little sacs on the belly of the musk deer, is regarded as a most important remedy for nervous troubles. It would be more used were it not that it is so costly.

The digestive fluid of the pig, known as "pepsin," is valuable for indigestion or dyspepsia. For the same purpose the fluid is scraped from the inside of the gizzards of barn yard fowls and sold.

A green insect called the "Spanish fly," reduced to a powder, is applied most effectively as a blister inflaming the skin through the operation of an active principle which the powder contains, called "cantharidin."

Leeches are caught for market in swampy places, mostly with rakes, though sometimes animals are driven into shallow waters infested by them in order that they may be fastened upon by leeches and bring them out by the quantity.

Crabs' eyes are employed to some extent as a remedy for acid stomachs. They are not actually the eyes of the crab, but simply small concretions of lime found in the stomachs of crayfish at the time when they are about to cast their shell and make new ones.

Isinglass is simply the swimming bladders of fishes, by the expansion and contraction of which they change their specific gravity and rise or sink at will. They are simply split and dried, having the interior membrane taken out. They are readily dissolved and are most valuable as a constituent of many preparations useful to invalids.

DAUGHTERS OF EVE.

Mrs. Lease, the Kansas prohibition orator, weighs 200 pounds.

Mrs. Andreas, of Pomona, Cal., has a geranium bush that is thirty feet high.

Laura Jean Libby, the Brooklyn authoress, in the last five years has made $40,000.

Miss Frances E. Willard is credited with the ambition to be elected a bishop of the Methodist church.

Dr. Catherine Northrop is one of the prettiest of Philadelphia's now numerous young lady physicians.

Mrs. Harrison has given notice that hereafter no visitor to the White House is to be admitted to the red parlor.

Blanche Willis Howard, now the wife of Dr. Teufel, of Stuttgart, is said to have a different finger ring for every day in the year.

Mrs. Mary B. Morgan, who has served as county superintendent of schools in Nebraska, is also the editor of a newspaper published at Alma.

The beautiful London house in which Whistler painted a peacock room now owns as its mistress the Mrs. Leyland who was Miss Jennie Chamberlain.

Carmencita, the Spanish dancer, will be consigned to immortality by two portraits—those which John S. Sargent painted in Paris, and that which William M. Chase is to paint in New York.

Georgiania, Dowager Baroness de Ros, of London, who is 95 years old, danced at the ball given at Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo. She was a daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who gave the ball.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher recently attended an apron sale held at the residence of Rev. S. B. Halliday, Brooklyn. The affair was under the auspices of the King's Daughters, for the benefit of the Beecher Memorial church.

Countess Elizabeth Koenigsmarck, said to be the handsomest woman in Germany, was recently wedded in a novel dress of red and white, the color of her husband's regiment. The bridesmaids also wore gowns of scarlet and white.

Miss White, a missionary attached to the China Island mission, is only awaiting an auspicious opportunity to attempt a feat which no Englishman has accomplished in the last half century, that of entering the dominions of the Grand Lamar.

ODD OLD RELIGIOUS TITLES.

One of the early religious books published bore the title, "The Snuffers of Divine Love."

In the Seventeenth century a quaint title given to a book was "High Heeled Shoes for Dwarfs in Holiness."

"Crumbs of Comfort for the Chickens of the Covenant" was the title given to one of the early religious works.

"A Pair of Bellows to Blow Off the Dust Cast Upon John Fry" was a religious book published in the Seventeenth century.

In Cromwell's time was published a book on charity whose title was "Hooks and Eyes for Believers' Breeches."

An old time pamphlet had for its title "Salvation's Vantage Ground of a Loupfing Stand for Heavenly Believers.

A religious pamphlet published in 1636 is called "A Most Delectable, Sweet Perfumed Nosegay for God's Saints to Smell At."

An odd name given to a religious publication in the olden time was, "The Spiritual Mustard Pot, to Make the Soul Sneeze with Devotion."

Another religious writer in the early days called his book "A Shot Aimed at the Devil's Headquarters Through the Tube of the Cannon of the Covenant."

An imprisoned Quaker published a book which he called "A Sigh for the Sinners of Zion, Breathed Out of a Hole in the Wall of an Earthen Vessel, Known Among Men by the Name of Samuel Fish."

An ancient work was called "Seven Sobs of a Sorrowful Soul for Sin, or the Seven Penitential Psalms of the Princely Prophet David, whereunto are also annexed William Humuis' Handful of Honeysuckles and Divers Godly and Pithy Ditties, Now Newly Augmented."

Another lengthy religious title was "A Reaping Hook, well Tempered for the Stubborn Ears of the Coming Crop; or Biscuits Baked in the Oven of Charity, Carefully Conserved for the Chickens of the Church, the Sparrows of the Spirit and the Sweet Swallows of Salvation."

In the Studio.

Sculptor—There. How is that for a polar bear?

Critic—Admirable. So original, too. Totally unlike any polar bear we have seen before.—New York Herald.

Where She Was.

Mrs. Gazzam (to Sadie Bloobumper)—Where's your mamma, Sadie?

Sadie—She went over to Mrs. Gargoyle's two hours ago to stay five minutes.—New York Sun.

He Buys a Watch as He Buys Clothes.

Wun Yam—How muchee smallee lawtch?

Jeweler—Seventy-seven dollars.

Wun Yam—Me no takee. Buy clock tlicees big two diollee.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Elephants at Work.

The Hon. Carter H. Harrison, in his "Race with the Sun," describes a visit to some timber yards and saw mills in Rangoon, where he saw what he calls the lions of the city—the working elephants. The lumber is not sawed into boards, but the slab is taken off and the good stuff left in the form of square timber. The logs are many of them three feet in diameter and thirty or forty feet long. These the elephants draw from the river and pile in systematic order. Then, when they are needed, they roll them to the ways and assist in adjusting them for the saw.

After the log is cut the elephant goes among the machinery, takes the slabs away and carries the good timber and piles it up or lays it gently upon the ox carts to be hauled off.

While we were present a carpenter wanted lumber from a particular log which was under several others. One of the mousters rolled the upper logs off and pushed the chosen stick to the mill. The way was not clear—the log butted against the others. He pushed these aside and guided his piece through them with a sagacity almost human.

His stick became wedged. He pushed and tugged; it would not budge, but at a whispered word from the mahout and the promise of nice food he bent to it. Still it stuck. With a whistle audible for half a mile, he got on his knees, straightened out his hind legs, and put his whole force into a push. He was successful. We could almost read his satisfaction in the gentle flaps of his huge ears and the graceful curve of his proboscis as he put it up to the mounted mahout, asking for his reward.

Sticks more than two feet thick and twenty feet long are lifted bodily upon the great ivories, and are then carried off and laid upon the gangways so gently as not to make a jar. We saw one of the elephants carrying such a timber along a path not three feet wide among masses of loose logs.

He had to plant his fore feet upon the logs, and thus walk a considerable distance. He looked as if he were walking upon his hind legs. The corner of a frail little bamboo hut stood in his way. He lifted the log over the roof, and bent his body so that his sides gently scraped the corner of the house and did not shake it. A hundredth part of his weight would have caused it to topple from its pile foundation.

Wages of Cincinnati Teachers.

A principal of a district school gets $1,900 salary; an intermediate principal, $2,100; the high school principals, $2,600, and the superintendent, $4,500. There is but one man in the city getting as low as $750. The superintendents of music and drawing get each $2,100, and the principal of the normal $2,000, or $10 per day.

The average daily wages of the teachers is $4.13, or $826 per year. They teach six hours per day, and get from 35 cents an hour up to $2.50. In other words, some of the principals make more money in one hour than many workingmen do in two days.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Woman's Worst Enemy.

The worst physical enemy woman has ever had has been the narrowness of life which gave her so little to think of that she had endless time for worry. She gains in physical force with every step she takes toward intellectuality and spirituality. Nor does she harden her heart toward humanity and despise the home. The whole question of the home, instead of being ignored, is being treated with scientific care and unsparing devotion.—The Chautauquan.

IN THE MEADOWS.

Tramping through the meadows
In the summer day,
Under the blue arch of sky,
When the clouds go sailing by
On their windy way.

Through the bending grasses,
Tall and busy green,
All alive with tiny things,
Stirring feet and whirring wings,
Just an instant seen.

Down each fragrant hollow,
Up each little hill,
Leaping ditches, crossing brooks,
In the heart of shady nooks,
Fresh, and cool, and still.

Past the spear like rushes,
Swaying to and fro,
And along the river's bed,
Where grows the broad leaved arrow head—
I wonder where the bow?

Lost somewhere in the meadows,
Like what I meant to sing;
Who can tell what way it went,
Or lies it in my mind unbent,
A bow without a string?

—Richard Henry Stoddard.

A SCARED WATCHMAN.

In order that the thousands of weary people in our great cities, and particularly in the large manufacturing towns, may lie down at night and sleep in peace it is necessary that many of their fellow men shall keep watch and ward. There is the ever imminent danger of fire to be guarded against, as well as depredations by thieves and burglars, explosions of gas, damage by water and electricity, and a hundred other perils incident to modern life. This necessity makes the night watchman, one of whom I have been since I was 20 years old.

As nearly as I can learn, there are at present in the United States not far from 40,000 of these nightly watchers, not including night policemen, and I often think what an army they would make if marshaled in forty regiments and placed on parade upon Boston common or in Central park, with their dark lanterns, "paralyzers" and revolvers.

Not all night watchmen carry weapons. Many of them do not own a pistol, and there are some who do not even carry lanterns. In certain factories lanterns are prohibited, on the ground that fire will be more readily discovered by a person who goes about in the dark. It is my opinion that every intelligent watchman should be provided with a small dark lantern. The possession of such a lantern would have saved me one of the worst frights I ever had. I will tell the story presently.

Another device, or badge of the craft, which many night watchmen carry is a "watch." It is not a watch for keeping time, but a contrivance for keeping watch of the watchman; for although most watchmen are trusty and honest, there are shirks who would sleep and fail to make their regular rounds if there were no means of exposing their neglect.

The "watch" is an apparatus contained in a circular metal case, weighing from one to three or four pounds, which the watchman carries, either in his hand or suspended across his shoulder by a strap. It can be opened for the insertion of a paper dial, by means of a key which is always in the possession of some trusted agent of the firm or company, who, having put in a fresh dial, gives it into the hands of the watchman when he appears for duty each evening at 6 o'clock.

But this is not the only key; it is a watch of many keys, and the other keys are distributed to different rooms or points throughout the building, yard or territory which it is the watchman's business to patrol. There may be twenty such keys, each chained securely at its station.

The watchman visits these stations in order, one after another, and in passing inserts the key at a keyhole in the watch and turns it around. The revolution pricks a record upon the dial, and so adjusts the mechanism that the only key which will fit the hole next time is the one which ought in proper order to succeed. These records stand opposite the time of night at which they are made, and any neglect on the part of the watchman to visit a key station at the required time, which is usually once in thirty minutes, or once an hour, is certain to be exposed when his watch is opened and inspected next morning.

There are other expedients for insuring faithfulness on the part of watchmen. In some factories and foundries, instead of a portable watch and key stations, electric buttons are distributed about the premises. The watchman as he makes his rounds presses these, and in so doing punctures a record in a dial inside a patrol clock in the private office of the firm.

As I look back over my life as a night watchman the only satisfaction I have with regard to it is in the thought that it has been a useful service, and that if I had not rendered it some one else would have been obliged to do so. It is not an enjoyable vocation. I feel as if I had never seen half enough daylight and sunshine. My eyes seem no longer adapted to daylight; they blink like those of an owl in the daytime. I now sleep fairly well in the daytime, but did not at first, and many watchmen complain that they never sleep soundly.

As a rule a watchman's life is quite uneventful. One night is like another, and month follows month with nothing to break the monotony of darkness and silence. But now and then some startling incident occurs.

During my first year as a night watchman, when I was little more than a boy, so to speak, I was watching in a large cotton factory in one of the manufacturing cities of Massachusetts. After the hundreds of operatives had departed, at 6 o'clock, the different rooms of the mill were locked up. The custom now is to leave them open.

I carried a large ring of keys that fitted all the rooms, and my schedule of duties required that I should make the round of the entire factory once every hour.

In the spinning room and in each of the weave rooms there was a "watch clock," connected with the works of which was a movable dial that ascended slowly inside a closed case below the face of the clock, and into this the watchman was required to drive a peg every time he made his rounds. The peg was inserted at a little round hole in the case, and immediately ascended out of sight.

The pegs corresponded to the hour, and were carefully inspected by the superintendent every morning. A watchman who twice failed to drive his peg at the proper hour was dismissed. This would be deemed a rather clumsy device at the present time, but it then answered its purpose very well.

My orders were to unlock the rooms and walk in the dark down the long aisles between the rows of looms, peering about for the least glimmer of fire, listening for any unusual noise, and sniffing the air for any unusual odor, as of smoke or gas.

For a long while it gave me very "pokerish" sensations to enter the dark rooms and go about alone amid the new silent machinery, whose dim outlines gave me an odd feeling. Occasionally I would hear a slight ping in the iron or steel work of the looms, or the stillness would be broken by a hollow gurgle in the pipes.

I carried a stick with which to feel my way; and all the little raps that I made, as well as my footfalls, sounded so loud that I would actually find myself going on tiptoes. A dark lantern, which I could now and then open to send a ray of light ahead, would have been a great comfort to me.

I would not have admitted to myself then that I was afraid; but I know now that on many nights I did actually suffer much from that kind of timidity which may be described as "night fear." In after years these feelings wore away; but during the first year I would often hear my own heart thumping hard and fast and my ears ringing, as I stood still to listen and sniff the air.

A little after 11 o'clock one evening as I unlocked the door of one of the weave rooms I heard a noise that sounded like a pair of small pincers or a pair of shears dropped to the floor down toward the further end of the room. The sound came very distinctly to me, for the room was as still as a tomb. I stopped short and listened for fully a minute and then said, "Who's there?"

There was no reply. I reflected that it was probably a pair of shears, left carelessly lying on a loom by some one of the mill girls, which had at length slid off to the floor. I walked slowly along the passages between the looms, rapping on them with my stick. It was quite a dark night in August. Clouds had risen; and I had once or twice heard thunder, as if a shower was gathering over the town.

I thrust my stick in between the looms, but detected nothing unusual. But just as I stopped to drive a peg at the watch clock I fancied I heard a faint rustle among the looms behind me. I experienced a sudden sensation, too, as if there was some one else in the room.

I went back and passed entirely around the room and down the center, listening and poking about with my stick, then I went out and locked the door.

It began to rain, with a few flashes of lightning and a good deal of thunder growling in the heavens. This continued till after midnight. When I made my rounds between 12 and 1 o'clock, I heard nothing unusual in the weave room; but upon unlocking the door a few minutes past 1, I again heard a peculiar sound, like the half sigh, half snore which some persons make when partially waked from sleep.

It startled me even more than the first noise I had heard, although the thought came into my mind on the instant that it might be from a draught of wind. But I called out again, loudly and plainly, "Who's in here?" and added that whoever was lurking there had better be getting out in haste.

Then after a moment I started down the room, ripping pretty hard on the looms and posts to keep up my courage; for although it seems little to tell of by daylight, my feelings in the dark were quite another matter.

I did not meet anything unusual, however, and was returning from my circuit of the room, along the opposite side, when I again heard a rustle just across from where I stood, and at the same instant saw a dark object pass one of the windows. I knew then there was a person in the room—a thief or burglar, probably; and the idea took possession of me that the rascal was moving along to reach the door ahead of me, perhaps to waylay me there. Moved by a sudden spasm of fear, I made a rush for the door and, gaining it, turned and shouted:

"None of your tricks! I've seen you. What are you doing here?"

I got no answer; but as I strained my eyes in the blackness, I saw the same dark, shadowy object slowly pass another window. It was moving stealthily toward me. I was badly frightened, for I had no weapon save my stick, and I thought it likely that the miscreant had a knife.

I stood in the doorway, with my left hand holding the door, ready to jump back and shut it, if the fellow made a charge on me. I felt sure that he was moving slowly toward me; yet I did not like to turn and run away.

"Stop where you are!" I shouted in as savage a tone as I could utter. "Answer now, who are you and what are you doing here!"

Even before my words were out I caught a glimpse of something or some one, apparently in light colored clothing from head to foot, not three yards from me, and I was about to leap backward and shut the door when, with a piercing screech, a woman sprang against me to get past, and at the same moment struck me in the face with some sharp pointed instrument so painful a blow that I staggered and nearly fell.

The blood flowed profusely, and my assailant got past me, although in attempting to seize her I retained a portion of her clothing in my hand. She ran down a flight of stairs into an ante-room and escaped into the street. A watchman on the canal bank, who had heard the scream, attempted in vain to stop her; and he, too, received a blow in the face, dealt with what it was subsequently ascertained was a pair of shears.

I bound up the wound in my cheek and remained on duty till morning.

The garment which I had captured was a large white apron or skirt such as many of the mill girls wore, and as it was then customary with them to place their names, in stencil, upon the garments, the superintendent with whom I left my prize called the owner to an account next day.

When bidden to explain her exploit the girl asserted that about half-past 5 the previous evening she had stopped her looms to mend up, but that, being very tired, she had, while sitting on the floor between them, fallen asleep, and had from this cause remained in the mill when the rest went out at 6 o'clock. Later she had waked, but finding the room locked had decided to remain quiet until morning.

When asked why she had not asked the watchman to let her out, she declared that I "hollered" and "talked so terribly," that she was afraid of me, and that finally, when she found that I had seen her, she was "awful scared" and had run past me.

As the girl had never been caught in any mischief previously her story was generally accepted, and the laugh was rather against me. It was always my own opinion, however, that the girl had staid in with her shears for the purpose of stealing some factory cloth.—J. P. Apgar in Youth's Companion.

An Ambidextrous Compliment.

Miss Sharpleigh—You are looking quite well to-night, Mr. Smolwytte.

Smolwytte—Thanks; but, really I'm not feeling so well—a bit stupid, you know.

Miss Sharpleigh—How strange! I never saw you looking more like yourself.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Female Athlete.

Mrs. H. E. Burmeyer, of New York, is an unusually accomplished athlete. She walks thirty miles at an outing, at a pace of three miles and a half an hour; makes a day's journey on a bicycle on rough roads without resting, climbs mountain peaks with neatness and dispatch, is a long distance skater, an excellent swimmer, a dexterous and powerful cascist, a sculler and rower who might compete with a college crew, and a gymnast who lifts 325 pounds of iron when out of practice and 625 when at her best. Withal she has abounding health.—Harper's Bazar.

Some Uses for Borax.

Sprinkle places infested by ants with borax and you will soon be rid of them.

Blankets and furs put away well sprinkled with borax and done up air tight will never be troubled with moths.

A little borax put in the water before washing red or red bordered tablecloths or napkins will prevent their fading.

Ringworms will yield to borax treatment. Apply a strong solution three times a day; also dust on the fine dry powder very often.—Exchange.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

Interesting Facts and Theories About the South African Diamond Mines.

How did the South African diamonds ever get there? How much deeper are we going down? Are diamonds going to be found in as large quantities as at present? There are various theories as to how these mines have been formed, but all agree, says a writer in Longman's Magazine, in attributing them to volcanic action.

They are all funnel shaped, the sides of the funnel being composed of a dense igneous rock, known in miners' parlance as "reef." It is of a soapy nature, easily acted upon by the atmosphere, consequently most dangerous, as large pieces weighing hundreds of tons get detached. There are no means of shoring it up; and without warning these enormous slices will slide off into the working portion of the mine, burying the claims and sometimes killing the employes. The whole of the funnel is filled with this "blue" ground, the reef sloping at various angles, but on an average of one in fifteen. The theory is that in time the sides of the reef will meet at some great depth.

The hot liquid containing the diamonds was forced by some great cataclysm of nature through the solid earth, the bulgings in the sides of the mines being very soft and shaly, showing where the rock was not sufficiently hard to resist the enormous pressure. Now it has been observed that in Kimberley there must have been ten distinct upheavals: in Dutoitspan, twenty-five; in Bultfantein, three or four, and in De Beers three; and this has been proved by the varying nature of the ground. If one upheaval only had taken place the center of the funnel would have contained one particular kind of soil. As the miners go deeper a great alteration is noticed in the character of the soil. They have actually found pieces of the top reef and top soil at a depth of 400 feet. This shows that in the succeeding upheavals vacuums were formed and the whole funnel became in a state of tumult, the upper layers of oxidized earth returning to their ancient depths to give place to the other carbonaceous matter, which by successive exposure to the atmosphere became oxidized, and assumed the yellow color seen so frequently in the heath and embankments of rejected debris.

Codfish is picked up and bones and skin removed, then it is packed in old fruit cans with paper neatly pasted on the top when the original covers of the cans are missing.

Strange Wanderings of Derelicts.

An interesting instance of the strange wanderings of derelicts at sea, which throws light on the old stories of drifting relics carried from America to the coast of the Old World before Columbus sailed, is furnished, says The Times Democrat, by the Atlantic pilot chart for September. On Nov. 26, 1886, the Port Royal buoy, having gone adrift, began its career of adventure off Charleston harbor. Drifting out into the gulf stream it remained in the warm waters of the current during the remainder of the year, gradually moving northward in a zigzag course, probably under the influence of conflicting winds. It was last seen in the gulf stream on Dec. 4, 1886. Three months later it was discovered floating off the eastern edge of the gulf stream, some 200 miles north of the Bermudas. Then it started for a more southern latitude, and during the month of May voyaged along past the southern side of the Bermudas.

For more than a year it was lost sight of, but although it had been in and near the track of the great hurricanes it was seen in good shape on June 9, 1888, 600 miles northwest of the Bermudas. It remained in that neighborhood, always drifting, and sometimes retracing its tracks, but never venturing more than 100 miles in any direction. It was seen by passing vessels several times during this period. At last it took another trip south, and according to the latest advices on Sept. 25 last, it had again got below the latitude of the Bermudas, but keeping 500 or 600 miles to the eastward of the island. It was still in good condition.

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

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

DIRECTORS:

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B. LOMBARD, President. L. D. SKINNER, Cashier.
J. P. ALLEN, Vice President. W. H. LIVINGSTON, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL, - - - - $100,000
SURPLUS, - - - - - 82,000

DIRECTORS:

John R. Carey, George W. Walter, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, Ken Harris, J. M. Allen, P. V. Healy, B. Lombard, Jr., Peter Getto, L. D. Skinner, James Lombard.

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

DIRECTORS:

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