Wichita Eagle

A ZETLAND WINTER.

Now frowns the sun god on the northland dark,
And turns away the brightness of his face
From hill and shore and sea a dreary space,
And stills the glad some singing of the lark.
Now lies the northland all snow sheeted, stark,
And steel cold skies are ever steeped in night,
Save where the moon elves dance in silver light,
And gleaming stars the rapt eye's limit mark.
Hence comes it that the fiery northland heart
Is touched with sorrow, and the tale of doom,
And sings the winter's deep encircling gloom,
In living words, whence soul fires glowing, dart;
That mighty thoughts like wild auroras sweep,
And fling their splendors o'er the northern deep.
—J. J. Haldane Burgess in Chambers' Journal.

AVERY'S START IN LIFE.

Making my fortune at mining had been the waking dream of my not very happy boyhood in which I had been kept busy in my father's store, by terms attending school and working out my mathematics at odd hours until I was able to enter college, where I took the engineering course, much to the surprise of my father and his wife, who in consequence gave me but slight help; but I persevered, and by a hard struggle won my degree, and immediately started west.

While yet on the outward bound train, near the great Rockies, there was a delay caused by the wreck of a freight train, and I, fresh from the lecture room of a master mind in the science of engineering, was able to make some suggestions which proved of practical value, and attracted the attention of one of the solid looking passengers who was also traveling west. I found he was interested in my history, and I soon told him who and what I was, and what I hoped to accomplish, first hoping to secure employment as civil engineer in some railway company, and then strike for the mines.

I found I was talking to a practical civil engineer, who had been in the employ of the Union Pacific railway when it was being built, and he related anecdote after anecdote of the early days as the train rattled over the boundless plains.

On the limbs of a certain tree he had seen a victim of Judge Lynch swinging in the breeze. There he had witnessed a railroad construction gang, consisting of three hundred men, imprison a contractor in a railroad tie pen and keep him in the hot sun, on bread and water, until he had signed their pay checks.

Parks Fort was celebrated as the scene of the Parks massacre; the three Parks brothers found dead in their "dugout," while a dead Indian pony and pools of gore on the ground outside showed how dearly they had sold their lives.

As we sat in the smoking car that evening Mr. Thompson told me many a tale of camp life, and finished his sketches by a thrilling tale of how he made his fortune.

"I had," he said, "done very well at my profession as civil engineer, and after some years took to mining to make a speedy fortune. I worked hard only to find that I had planted all my savings, some fifteen thousand dollars, in wild cat mines and barren prospect holes. About this time I received my little inheritance and was made guardian to my young sister. Her small fund, two thousand dollars, I invested in small tenement houses carefully secured to herself, and I, having an opportunity to buy a cattle ranch at about half its value, entered upon the cattleman's business and tried to forget that fortunes are sometimes made at mining, fearing lest I be tempted and lose all I had again.

"However, I found I was considered to be quite an authority on mining matters and engineering, report, with its usual accuracy, investing me with an imaginary fortune made at those pursuits, and I was often consulted by amateurs and looked up to as an authority upon those topics.

"One day Frank Colton, who had been my first instrument man in engineering days, but was now a miner, came to me with a bit of ore, which he handed to me with the question, "What do you think of that, Mr. Thompson?'

"'It is the finest bit of ore I have seen since I came to Colorado,' I replied, with enthusiasm. 'Where did you get it?'

"'From the Mascot mine. I own the hole, and this is a sample of what I have struck.'

"'If there is more of the same mineral, and enough of it, you are in for a fortune. I wish you luck, my boy,' said I.

"'Yes, but I need money to go on with. Come out and see what it looks like in the bed.'

"The next morning Frank and I mounted a couple of bronchos and set forth. Some six or seven miles from town we turned off abruptly to the right, followed a narrow trail up a short gulch across a beautiful little park, up a narrow winding canyon, and over the crest of a hill. Nestled among the cedars stood a low cabin.

"'Here is my cabin, and yonder is the mine,' said Frank, pointing to a windlass over a hole in the ground some two hundred feet distant. 'But let us have some grub before we go further. Walk in and make yourself at home.'

"The interior of the cabin was dark, dirty and forbidding, and uninviting as a place of human abode. There was one pane of glass set into the wall for lighting the domicil, and a good big fireplace. A rough table, two or three benches and some rude berths fastened to the wall completed the furniture. 'Help yourself to pot luck, professor,' said Frank. Fat bacon, hot biscuit and untrimmed black coffee served on tin dishes made a meal for a hungry man, quickly served and hastily eaten.

"After dinner we went out and inspected the mine. We investigated the pile of ore on the dump and then climbed down the ladder in the manway. The main shaft was over a hundred feet deep. At a depth of forty feet and again at eighty feet crosscuts had been run and connected by a winze. From the bottom of the shaft a drift had been carried some twenty feet to the south. Here some fine ore had been exposed. Having thoroughly explored all the workings we came to the surface.

"'This old fashioned whim can hardly serve your purpose, Frank,' said I; 'you need a steam hoister for that depth of shaft and quality of ore, I should think.'

"'Yes, sir; that is where the trouble lies. If I had steam to depend on I'd ask no odds of a Gould, for that mine is a sure bonanza; but it costs all it's worth right here to hoist that ore with a whim.'

"It was too late for me to think of returning that night, so we spent the few hours of daylight in looking for mining timber, water, and then at the prospect generally. Supper fare was a repetition of dinner fare, as was the breakfast next morning.

"Certain golden dreams were floating before my mental vision, for I knew of parties who would take hold of the enterprise if the outlook for a rich find was favorable.

"Frank Colton confided his exact position to me on our way back. He had to sell within the next two weeks or lose his mine, as he had given a lien on the property for $3,000. His creditors were extremely anxious to secure the mine, so Frank would accept anyterms that would satisfy this claim and leave him a share in the mine. I talked the matter over with Judge Stirman, an old friend, the railway superintendent, and he proposed that we should together buy the mine. I was to raise my share of the money on my real estate. In three months' time the judge would buy up my notes, and would sign an agreement to give me my paper back for my interest in the mine in case I wished to close out during the year.

"In order to raise the sum I needed I put a mortgage on my sister's property, now much increased in value, and on my ranch, feeling secure in doing so, as I was assured of being released by the judge in case of tight times.

"We put in steam hoisting works and built a wagon road. The Mascot barely paid expenses. One day we would strike rich ore to blast through barren rock tomorrow. Time was passing.

"Judge Stirman was plunging into many speculations and was reported to be making a mint of money, but times were ever tight with us. One day he sent for me.

"'How d'ye do, Thompson. Some one must go into the field, as I want to run a line through Muggin's Gulch to Romero, in the San Luis country. We want to freight out the coal and oar of that region, and so does the Aspen and Midland. Now, we must be in ahead of them, and must have some one who will succeed. I am authorized to make terms with you, and if you will select your party and go right to work we are prepared to push the Mascot just the same as if you were on the ground, and you can hold your shares intact and have the pay of construction engineer to the new line also. Can you go?'

"'In three hours, if I can pick out my own surveying party, and have the pay guaranteed to them that will secure them,' said I.

"'Agreed. Quick work to beat another line and secure the right of way is the measure to win, Mr. Thompson.'

"Here was luck. I could redeem my property and that of my sister, which would be in a bad way should I not live, and still keep my shares in the Mascot mine. I gladly took the field; and hard as I worked I won, and in securing the right of way for the D. & R. G. attracted the attention of many of the stockholders of the railroad.

"As my year was nearly up, and the shares would have to go on the market to save my own and my sister's property, you may guess how close a shave I ran for my all, as I never could have redeemed the property had the mine failed. But she did not fail, and I sold out a cool hundred thousand worth of shares, cash down, and am still a stockholder."

I drew a deep breath when Mr. Thompson finished his story, and sunk any pride or hesitation, and boldly asked if there was any place, however humble, for a green college lad like myself.

"Give me a chance, Mr. Thompson. Let me prove myself," said I, most humbly.

"Well, my boy, I don't mind telling you that that was a cute, and to me a new and neat trick you displayed in making that turn around that smash up yesterday. And if you have a mind to come with me to Carbondale I might find a place there on a logging gang at $50 per month and found. You could test your college learning there, and if you handled your men well, and did as well as I am sure you can do, you will soon find advancement, as the D. and R. G. are building new lines out to new mines and coal beds all the time. I want to get clear of all engineering work, as I want to travel."

"Thanks, Mr. Thompson; I am only too thankful to be allowed a place anywhere. I accept your offer gladly."

Here was luck! I, Cyril Avery, who had struggled so long to be independent, was on the high road to fortune, engaged engineer to a logging gang for the D. & R. G. R. R. What a bragging letter I wrote my half sister, Lida Avery, when I got into Carbondale, Colo., that afternoon.

I had to purchase my outfit, and equipped myself in a broad white felt hat, blue flannel shirt, corduroy pants, a roll of blankets and some reading matter. The next morning we were in camp at Willow Park. We pitched our tents under a big cottonwood tree, by the side of a clear little mountain stream. The change was delightful at first, but it always becomes tiresome. A tent is so warm when it is warm, and so cold when it is cold. Then a steady diet of pork and beans, beef and potatoes, canned corn and tomatoes becomes wearying. Soon came the task of "fluking" the logs down the slide; no more time for monotone and vapors.

There was a rush at headquarters, and I was sent for and put in charge of the construction gang on the line, and found myself in a position requiring knowledge, skill and power to command and direct two hundred men.

It was three weeks before I was relieved, and then to my great relief Mr. Thompson himself, whom I had not seen since the day of my arrival at Carbondale, rode into camp, and shaking my hand heartily, said:

"How is that logging gang doing, Avery?"

"How does this piece of engineering do, Mr. Thompson? Will it pass?" said I.

"Ay, they do tell me down at Stirman's that you are the present engineer of this line."

"Thanks, Mr. Thompson, all due to you."

What better fortune could a friendless, almost beardless, college boy ask than to be made engineer of the line of the D. and R. G. railroad up Thompson's Creek canyon, at $180 per month, and be able to take stock in Thompson's pet, the Mascot mine, which is proving a bonanza, indeed.—M. J. Gorton in Independent.

A Common Freak.

When P. T. Barnum was in the museum business in New York one of his most jovial friends was Gaylord Clark, a famous litterateur in the days of our fathers. They were a well matched pair of practical jokers. One day when Mr. Clark dropped in at the museum, as was his custom, Mr. Barnum, apparently much excited, hurried his friend into the private office and said: "Gaylord, I was about to send for you. I want your advice. I have a chance to purchase the most wonderful of all zoological freaks. It's at first a perfect fish, then it changes to a four legged land animal, then it climbs trees and"——

"Bah, you're joking," interjected Mr. Clark.

"On my honor, I am not," impressively replied the showman; "but the expense."

"Oh, hang the expense," interrupted Mr. Clark, brimful of enthusiasm over the business project of his friend; "if you can get any such freak as that your fortune's made. But what's the thing called?"

"Well," replied Mr. Barnum, with just the faintest suggestion of a twinkle in his left eye, "it belongs to the batrachian family of animals, and in the vernacular is called the—the—tadpole!"

Made the Colored Waiter Turn Pale.

"My wife and I were taking dinner at the Wyoming Valley hotel, and a great big strapping darkey was waiting on us. I was in a hurry, and told him I wanted dinner as soon as possible. So he hustled about for my order of fish, and soon brought it to me. I caused the fish to disappear, plate and all, before his eyes and then said, 'I thought I told you to bring me some fish in a hurry.' The darkey insisted that he had brought it, but as it could not be found he was finally brought to believe that he had not. By this time the attention of the whole room was drawn, so as soon as the darkey would bring me anything I caused it to vanish, until that poor old darkey was nearly wild. Finally I asked for a cup of coffee, and he had scarcely set it before me when I looked at it and said, 'Why, I asked you for coffee this is tea.' That was the last straw, and the old darkey, with eyes almost starting out from his head, staggered up to the head waiter, and throwing up his arms, cried out, 'Foh de Lord sake, lemme go home; dat man is de debil!' Imagine the roar that went up in that dining room."—Marician Keller in Hazleton Sentinel.

LIFE'S LARGESS.

In every heart some seed of goodness grows,
In every path some bud of beauty springs,
In every sky some rainbow color glows,
In every hedge some woodland warbler sings;
And he who in life's largess hath no part
Hides deep an ivied ruin in his heart.
—Mrs. M. A. B. Kelly in Frank Leslie's Weekly.

THE TRAVELING RING.

At the unearthly hour of 3 a. m. the discordant Alpenhorn wakes the guests of the Hotel Rigi-Kulm to give them an opportunity for seeing the sunrise.

The hotel is on the very summit of the mountain, and in front of it stands a platform.

You can see the sunrise as well and better from the window of your own room, but there is an extra charge connected with the use of the aforesaid platform, and you would feel as if you were swindling the management out of the admission fee if you were to see the spectacle from any other point of vantage than the one provided for the purpose.

But this is neither here nor there.

Miss Viva Merrick, of Chicago, hurriedly donned a morning gown and hastened down stairs at the sound of the horn.

Ragged patches of mist rose lazily from a lake of bluish fog that filled the valleys; rugged mountain tops and sharp crags rose in bold outline, like coral reefs upon a sea of floating dampness.

Everybody, including the young lady, felt uncomfortable.

The greenish half light that precedes day would make the rosiest complexion appear pale, dull and lifeless, and rob any face of its beauty; it was therefore quite unselfish in Capt. Percy Dempster, R. E., on leave from India, to offer his greatcoat to Miss Merrick as a protection against the icy wind that blew sharply from the glaciers. But he was a gentleman, and would have done as much for any lady, young or old, preferably, of course, the latter, otherwise he would have tendered his coat to the young lady's aunt first.

Any one anxious to know just how that day "the glowing orb cast its ruddy glamor o'er the somber, snow clad giants of the Swiss Alps, whose majestic," etc., is referred to Baedecker's Handbook of Switzerland, which also furnishes estimates on the probable expense of the sight.

As usual, everybody felt better as soon as the first rays of the sun had gilded the edges of the long stretched clouds.

As the captain looked for his overcoat he could not repress the ejaculation, "By Jingo, what a pretty picture!" and he dropped his single eyeglass to see better.

Frau Professor Holtzhacker began to rhapsodize, "Yes, eet ees wonterfool, wonterfool, shplentit, grossartig, wirklich gar zu nettt!" because she thought he meant the sunrise. But he didn't.

Miss Merrick's head just peeped out of the captain's greatcoat, her cheeks all aglow with the rosy light of the new born day. Her eyes shone and sparkled with pleasure, and the crisp morning breeze scattered a few stray locks of golden hair that had found their way from under the dainty traveling cap.

Greuze or Fragonard or Jacquet could not have wished for a better model.

If there is any man who finds fault with the captain for taking advantage of the coat incident to introduce himself, then let his neighbors watch that man.

It was not accident that placed Dempster at the ladies' table at breakfast, but the "Herr Ober-Kellner" (head waiter). Consideration—two francs.

Miss Merrick's vivacity and esprit formed a refreshing contrast to the monastic primness of her maiden aunt, and the young officer found her more charming as their acquaintance progressed.

What difference does it make whether one goes from Luzerne to Interlaken and thence to Zurich, or vice versa? Hardly any under ordinary circumstances. But if it is a question of keeping in the company of a deucedly clever little lady by reversing a proposed route it makes all the difference in the world.

And that is why the captain feigned pleased surprise that the intended line of travel of the ladies should coincide with his own plans, which it did not.

But, as everybody was pleased, it did not matter that he changed his route.

The summer passed very agreeably to all, and left a deep impression upon the captain.

First he dropped his single eyeglass for good, in deference to the common sense of Miss Merrick; next he abjured brandy and soda as a concession to the aunt's temperance principles; then he became solitary and taciturn when the young lady was not around, and ultimately he contracted the dangerous habit of looking at the moon long after everybody had gone to sleep.

No one could have called Miss Merrick a flirt, but womanlike she thoroughly understood the subtle art of keeping her adorer in hot water by being alternately coy and cold.

Which showed that she liked him, or she would not have teased him.

At Scheveningen, in Holland, the whole affair came to a climax.

It was during an early morning stroll down to the beach. They sat down in a couple of those odd wickerwork chairs. For awhile they discussed the morsels of gossip that are repeated every season about somebody or other. The scandal is always the same, only the names of the parties change.

Suddenly both grew silent. He began to draw figures in the sand with his cane, and she beat a tattoo with her dainty slipper while gazing out upon the sea and the outgoing fishing boats in an abstracted manner.

The captain spoke first. "About a year ago," he said, "I picked up a ring in Simla, India, which bears on its inner surface the initials 'V. M.,' which are your initials." Miss Merrick listened in mute surprise, which changed to astonishment when the captain took a ring with two diamonds from his pocket. He next took her right hand, which hung by her side, with his other hand. Hers was a very pretty hand, and the most pleasant thing about it, to the captain, was the tiniest suspicion of a responsive touch.

What he had to say as he placed the ring upon her finger was so interesting that she did not interrupt him.

Some men will ask the hand when a girl shows them a finger.

They returned to the hotel long after breakfast time.

Before entering the captain said: "By the way, darling, why did you look so surprised when I placed the ring upon your finger? I should think that you must have expected something of the kind all along."

Miss Merrick had forgotten all about the incident in the pleasurable excitement of the captain's proposal. But now she took the ring off her finger, examined it carefully, and spoke: "Percy, dear, don't be offended, but this has always been my ring. I lost it five years ago, in Newport, R. I., and I can tell it to be the same ring by a tiny flaw in one of the stones, aside from the initials."

And now comes the strangest part of this narrative, to wit—the story of the wanderings of Miss Merrick's ring. It took two years to ascertain all the facts about it, but the captain insisted upon establishing a clear chain of evidence which would begin with Miss Merrick and end with himself, or rather with both.

The loss of the ring had first been noticed by the young lady on her return from a shopping tour in Newport, where she was spending the summer. She would hardly have suspected that the elegantly dressed man who had assisted her into her carriage had deftly slipped the ring off her finger while doing so. It was Handy Bill, probably the most expert pickpocket and sneak thief in America. Mr. Twygg, the celebrated detective, happened to see the theft because he had been watching the man. Unfortunately, Mr. Twygg's business in Newport was of so delicate a character that he could not allow his presence to become generally known by arresting Handy Bill, and therefore he did not molest him for the present. Some two weeks later an opportunity offered for a confidential chat with the thief, the outcome whereof was that he delivered the stolen ring to the detective and left town the morning following.

Mr. Twygg carelessly put the trinket into his pocket and—returned to New York.

One day not long after a Russian detective called at the office of his American confrere. Paul Sergiloff's mission to the United States was to deliver certain documents to the Russian minister and to gather information concerning a Nihilist agitator sojourning in Canada.

It so happened that his first point in prospect was Newport, where the Russian envoy was spending part of the summer.

As Mr. Twygg searched for a match in his pocket with which to help the Russian to fire for his cigarette he felt Miss Merrick's ring. What could be more natural than that he should ask his visitor to deliver it up to its fair owner, or that Sergiloff should courteously assent?

But Miss Merrick had left Newport, and in the excitement incident upon the receipt of a cipher telegram recalling him to Russia at once, the Russian forgot to return the ring to Twygg, and carried it with him to St. Petersburg.

One morning they found him there, dead, in a narrow alley.

A bullet wound in his temple showed the manner of his death, and the cause for it was evidenced by the circumstance that the entire front of his vest had been partly cut and partly torn away.

The deed was done by Nihilists anxious to secure certain papers that Sergiloff was supposed to carry in his inner vest pocket.

A few months later the murderer and some brother Nihilists were arrested, and underwent the farce of a Russian trial for political offences.

If there is any country on the face of the globe where murder is excusable under circumstances, then it is in the dominion of the czar, provided the circumstances be that the victim belongs to the class of hired perjurers, thieves and cutthroats which, as a grim joke, are enrolled in the secret political police of Russia.

However this may be, the murderer was hanged and his comrades went to Siberia. To one of them he had given the ring before being executed.

What fearful days and weeks and months of weary travel those were for the unfortunates destined for the lead mines!

The exile, who had the ring concealed in his boot, managed to escape between two stations.

No pen can describe the adventures and hardships of the fugitive journeying through a country in which the natives hunt escaped exiles as they would wolves; no words can do justice to his sufferings as he traveled alone through the vast solitudes.

On the edge of the Khirgis-Steppe he joined one of the large caravans of escaped convicts that continually travel eastward.

It is easy for an exile to obtain assistance in Samarkand, or, for that matter, most anywhere in Central Asia, although it is, or rather was, extremely difficult for traders to enter the territory.

In Samarkand the ring left the hands, or rather the boot, of the owner, and was traded for an outfit that would disguise its wearer into a dervis.

The new possessor of the circlet was a Persian merchant traveling to Herat.

Everybody from Khiva and Buckhara and Samarkand and Tashkend and even Teheran goes to Herat, and that is why there is always such a thieving rabble there in spite of a strong British garrison.

And one fine morning somebody snatched the Persian's leather pouch. The merchant set up a great hue and cry, and the thief was captured after a long chase by a young mule driver from Jelallabad.

Overcome with joy at the return of his valuables the Persian presented the young fellow with the ring.

Would it be possible for a good looking mule driver to wear a diamond ring without exciting comment sometimes?

Mrs. Dudley was the first European lady who saw it, and told young Ambrington about it. Two days later the pretty widow wore it.

Old "Indians" will remember the scene up Simla way that terminated the engagement of the two.

Ambrington received his letters and presents back. They made nearly a carload. He reciprocated by packing her tender missives, etc., into an envelope. Ambrington always was a fool, and within three years after coming into his estate he had acquired the reputation of being the most gullible spendthrift in the service. But he had had a most sincere admiration for Mrs. Dudley, who was really a charming woman. Her actions in public were, however, such, occasionally, as to give rise to unpleasant remarks. But she was simply thoughtless.

One day Capt. Dempster made a remark to Ambrington to the effect that the latter was neglecting a sweet girl in England for the sake of a woman who could not begin to compare with her.

Ambrington was nearly drunk at the time, and he made a scene. Next morning his friend received his deputies, and they met early on the following day, pistol in hand. There they stood facing each other, each ready to kill the other. One, two, three—fire!

Two shots rang out almost simultaneously, and Ambrington reeled and fell. They thought at first that he had been mortally wounded, but he wasn't. The bullet had squarely hit a ring in his watch pocket, and had driven it into his chest with such force that it broke one of his ribs and imbedded itself in the muscles.

Of course after one of the combatants had been hurt they were in honor bound to be good friends, in token whereof Ambrington eventually gave the ring to Dempster. When he heard of the latter's engagement he went on a glorious spree because he felt so good.

Miss Merrick, or rather Mrs. Dempster, has an extraordinary influence over him, and even expects to make something out of him—eventually.—M. de [illegible] in Pittsburg Bulletin.

Settled in Advance.

An old lawyer who occupies an office on Griswold street found a new tenant alongside of him the other day—a stranger who had come to Detroit as an agent. The lawyer entered, introduced himself, learned that the tenant had leased for a year, and then said:

"We shall see considerable of each other, being so close together, and I should like an understanding in advance. If a bill collector comes up and asks for you what shall I say?"

"None will come, as I shall pay cash for all I get."

"Good! That is also my way. Will you want to borrow any money?"

"No, sir."

"Nor I, either. Want any one to back a note for you?"

"No, sir."

"Splendid! Liable to ask me to sign a bond?"

"No, sir."

"Beautiful! Ever get drunk?"

"No, sir."

"Magnificent! One more question: You don't want me to answer your telephone?"

"No, sir."

"Shake! We shall be the best of friends, and I hope you will stay for five years."—Detroit Free Press.

SCALE BOOKS!

THREE FORMS.

STANDARD,

HOWE AND

FAIRBANKS!

When ordering state WHAT form is wanted.

SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

PRICE LIST:

Single Book.....$ 75
Three Books..... 2 00
Six Books..... 3 75
Single Book by mail, prepaid..... 85

Address,
THE WICHITA EAGLE,
Wichita, Kansas.
R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.
☞ Orders by mail promptly attended to.

L. C. JACKSON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in all kinds of

Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

AND : ALL : KINDS : OF : BUILDING : MATERIAL.

Main Office—112 South Fourth Avenue. Branch Office—183 North Main Street
Yards connected with all railroads in the city

THE WICHITA EAGLE

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

PRINTERS, BINDERS AND BLANK BOOK M'FRS.

All kinds of county, township and school district records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago and New York and guarantee work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business to

R. P. MURDOCK, - - - - - - Business Manager.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

The Former Has a Relapse and Practises High Jinks Again.

I am deeply pained to be obliged to inform the public that Mr. Bowser has had a relapse. It wasn't entirely unexpected, but was still something of a shock. Mr. Bowser's "good streak" lasted eleven days. During that time he took me to the theatre twice, paid a millinery bill of $12 without a word, raised the cook's wages fifty cents per week, acknowledged that I could buy groceries cheaper than he could, insisted on allowing me $5 pin money per week, and was so different from his usual self in other ways that I was quite bewildered. He went away from the house Saturday noon fairly beaming with goodness, and as he reached the bottom step he turned and said:

"Tra-la, chickey! We'll run down town this evening and see about getting some new silverware."

When he returned I was at the door to meet him and to greet him, but he waved me aside and growled:

"Come, now, but don't be playing baby at your age!"

"Are you sick, Mr. Bowser?"

"No!"

"Has anything happened?"

"No! What's the matter that supper isn't ready? If that good-for-nothing, lazy cook doesn't get up and stir her stumps more lively I'll fire her on a minute's notice. Mrs. Bowser, you never have any first class help in the house!"

"Why, Mr. Bowser! You told me only yesterday that Anna was the smartest cook you ever saw in a kitchen!"

"Never did! Never said a word which could be twisted around to mean such a thing!"

"And you raised her wages?"

"I did that to smarten her up, but it is no use. Discharge her to-morrow!"

At the table Mr. Bowser found fault with the biscuit, the tea, the cold meat and everything else, and finally called out:

"Mrs. Bowser, are you stone blind?"

"Of course not."

"Then how came you to buy such honey as this? Any one but a blind woman could see that it is buckwheat and not clover. Why, a dog wouldn't touch it!"

"But you ordered it yourself."

"What!"

"You ordered it of Green through the telephone Thursday. Don't you remember you had to spell out the word honey before he could understand?"

"Never! Never telephoned! Never spelled out the word! Better take it out and bury it!"

After supper I began to get ready to go down town, when he suddenly looked up from his paper and asked:

"What's up now?"

"Why, you said we were to go down town this evening."

"You must be crazy! Don't you suppose I ever want a night to sit down and rest myself? It's a wonder there's a woman left alive on earth! It's nothing but gad, gad, gad, from morning till night. What do you want down town?"

"You said we'd see about some silverware."

"Silverware! Silverware! Great Scots! but is the woman a lunatic! We've got bushels of it now in the house! We've got it in the closet, down cellar, upstairs and in the garret! It'll be the insane asylum next!"

"Mr. Bowser, didn't you call me chickey when you went away at noon?"

"Chickey! Never!"

"But you certainly did."

"I certainly didn't! Chickey? Well, when I get as soft as that I want some ice wagon to run over me!"

About 8 o'clock that evening he removed his shoes to put on his slippers, but suddenly paused and inquired:

"Is there a darning needle in this house, Mrs. Bowser?"

"Why, certainly."

"And a piece of sheep twine?"

"What on earth do you want of sheep twine?"

"I want to darn this hole in my sock. Some men's wives can see such things in half an hour, but this one has been here three weeks. I've got to darn it, the same as I have to sew on my own buttons. I suppose I'll have to make the bed and sweep the floor in another week."

"Those socks were all right when you changed Sunday. I'll darn 'em the first thing in the morning."

"Not much! The limit has been reached!"

He wouldn't even let me get a darning needle for him, but he hunted one out of the basket, and then, instead of taking yarn, he got a piece of twine which had come around a package, and began to sew back and forth across the hole. He also made a determined attempt to look like a martyr, and he succeeded so well that the cook, who had looked in for a moment, beckoned me out into the kitchen and whispered:

"I knew it wouldn't last, ma'am—knew it all the time! He's got his high jinks on again, and now nothing will go right for the next month."—Detroit Free Press.

The Duke of Bedford prided himself on opposing all local improvements in London. He was a bitter foe of that progress which the metropolis now considers necessary to her salvation, and he fought every attempt to open new streets through his property.

DAVIDSON & CASE

Successors to
John Davidson, Poineer Lumberman of Sedgwick County.

ESTABLISHED :-: IN :-: 1870.

A Complete Stock of Pine Lumber Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand.

Office and yards on Mosely ave, betwee Douglas ave. and First St. Branch yard at Union city, Oklahoma and El Reno I.T

J. P. ALLEN,

Druggist.

Everything Kept in a Firstclass Drug Store

108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE.

WICHITA, - - - KAN.

The Coming Method.

Hopeless Lover—That's your final answer, is it, Marie?

Unresponsive Maiden—It is, Harold. I cannot be your wife.

"Then there is nothing left for me but death!" (At a restaurant half an hour afterward to waiter)—Bring me a few oysters.—Chicago Tribune.

The Office Boy.

Editor (to office boy)—How do you spell "tautology?"

Office Boy (promptly)—I don't spell it at all.

—Editor (angrily)—What did you go to school for?

Office Boy (sadly)—Because I had to.—Washington Star.

Too Slow.

"Say, aunty, do get a move on you. Run like the horses do."

"Oh, no, Frankie; it wouldn't look well for me to run like that."

"Then you might as well take me home again. This pace is just killing me."—Life.

Always Ahead.

"Well, there's one consolation," he said to the iceman as they were discussing the weather. "Ice must be cheaper next summer."

"Well, perhaps."

"But there's no perhaps about it. There's lots of it all over the north this winter. You fellows will have to come down."

"Yes, I suppose the price will be somewhat lower, but there's the offset, you know."

"What offset?"

"Why, the solidity is only 50 per cent. of last year, and it will melt twice as fast."—New York Sun.

Her Pet Name.

Mrs. Dix—Why does your husband call you his "good resolution?"

Mrs. Hicks—He says I am always "broke."—Munsey's Weekly.

M. W. Levy, Pres. A. W. Oliver, Vice-Pres.
C. A. Walker, Cashier. H. T. Kramer, Asst. Cashier

Wichita National Bank.

PAID UP CAPITAL. . . . $350,000
SURPLUS. 50,000

DIRECTORS:

S. H. Kohn, A. W. Oliver, M. W. Levy, L. A. Walton, S. T. Fulton, N. F. Niedeslander, W. R. Tucker, John Davidson, J. C. Sutan.

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.

E. B. Powell, Pres't. G. W. Larimer, V. Pres't.
C. E. Frank, Ass't Cashier.

Fourth National Bank.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

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

DIRECTORS:

J. T. Campbell, E. B. Powell, G. W. Larimer, Oscar Barnes, H. O. Graves, Amos Houck, Joseph Morse, R. T. Bean.

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. 85,000

DIRECTORS:

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

MISSOURI :-: PACIFIC

RAILWAY.

The most popular route to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago and all Points East and North, also to Hot Springs, Ark., New Orleans, Florida, and all points South and Southeast.

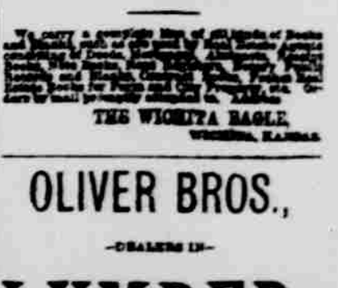
SOLID DAILY TRAINS
—BETWEEN—
St. Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo and Denver,
—WITH—
Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars
—VIA THE—
COLORADO SHORT LINE
The Shortest Route to St. Louis.

5-DAILY TRAINS-5

KANSAS CITY TO ST. LOUIS.
Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.
Free Reclining Chair Cars.
H. C. TOWNSEND.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE



Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Ry.

Including Lines East and West of the Missouri River. The Direct Route to and from CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND, DAVENPORT, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS, WATERTOWN, SIOUX FALLS, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. PAUL, ST. JOSEPH, ATCHISON, LEAVENWORTH, KANSAS CITY, TOPEKA, DENVER, COLORADO SP'NGS and PUEBLO. Free Reclining Chair Cars to and from CHICAGO, CALDWELL, HUTCHINSON and DODGE CITY, and Palace Sleeping Cars between CHICAGO, WICHITA and HUTCHINSON. Daily Trains to and from KINGFISHER, in the Indian Territory.

SOLID VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS

of Through Coaches, Sleepers, and Dining Cars daily between CHICAGO, DES MOINES, COUNCIL BLUFFS and OMAHA, and Free Reclining Chair Cars between CHICAGO and DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS and PUEBLO, via St. Joseph, or Kansas City and Topeka. Excursions daily, with Choice of Routes to and from Salt Lake, Portland, Los Angeles and San Francisco. The Direct Line to and from Pike's Peak, Manitou, Garden of the Gods, the Sanitarums, and Scenic Grandeurs of Colorado.

Via The Albert Lea Route.

Solid Express Trains daily between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, with THROUGH Reclining Chair Cars (FREE) to and from these points and Kansas City. Through Chair Car and Sleeper between Peoria, Spirit Lake and Sioux Falls via Rock Island. The Favorite Line to Watertown, Sioux Falls, the Summer Resorts and Hunting and Fishing Grounds of the Northwest.

The Short Line via Seneca and Kankakee offers facilities to travel to and from Indianapolis, Cincinnati and other Southern points.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply at any Coupon Ticket Office, or address

E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager. JOHN SEBASTIAN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.
CHICAGO, ILL.

REAL ESTATE AGENTS.

[illegible]

THE WICHITA EAGLE,
WICHITA, KANSAS.

OLIVER BROS.,

—DEALERS IN—

LUMBER.

WICHITA, KANSAS.

Yards at Wichita, Mayfield, Wellington, Harper, Anthony, Garden Plain, Anthony, Arkansas City, Andale and Haven.