Wichita Eagle

IN THE SEPOY WAR.

RELIEF OF THE LUCKNOW GARRISON BY GENERAL HAVELOCK.

He Fought His Way Through the Mutineers' Lines, Carrying Strength and Hope to the Imprisoned—Re-enforcements Followed and Massacre Averted.

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LUCKNOW, the capital of the British department of Oude and the seat of the chief commissioner, fell before the mutinous sepoys May 21, 1857. The commissioner, Sir Henry Lawrence, fortified the residency and a considerable space around it preparatory to a siege, pending the arrival of relief from some regular British troops. Early in July Sir Henry was mortally wounded, and the news reached Gen. Havelock at the close of a successful campaign, ending with the recovery of Cawnpore July 17. Cawnpore was the nearest British station to Lucknow, and forty-two miles distant. Havelock set out at once with 1,500 men.

The rebellious sepoys did not purpose to allow Havelock a simple march between Cawnpore and Lucknow. He fought two battles successfully, and then that summer pest of India, the cholera, set in, and in a few days his effective force was reduced to 1,000 men. On the 12th of August he attacked and routed an overwhelming force of rebels that were lying in wait to attack him. The victory cost him 140 men, and, warned by his experiences on the first ten miles of march, he decided to return to Cawnpore. On the 16th he fought a large body of sepoys under the chief rajah of the district, Nana Sahib, drove them off, and then gave his army a month's rest. During this interval Cawnpore was placed in a state of defense, so as to be held by a small garrison while the main army was marching upon Lucknow.

Meanwhile the situation at Lucknow was critical in the extreme. The besieged at the residency numbered 900 Europeans and 700 loyal natives. They occupied the residency and outbuildings and were completely surrounded, the rebels mustering about 50,000. The latter maintained a continual fire upon the residency, and in time compelled the evacuation of the upper portion. They also ran mines beneath the outbuildings and occasionally stormed the intrenchments. These tactics were adopted by the wily rebels in order to wear out the endurance of the imprisoned men. In addition to overwork, fighting, exposure and insufficient food, the besieged went through a season of cholera and other diseases.

For some days at the beginning of the siege the sepoy fire caused an average loss to the besieged of ten daily. Intrenching tools were scarce in the British camp, and the few that could be secured were ultimately carried off by deserting laborers. On the 24th of July a spy from Havelock's camp reached the residency with intelligence that a relief force was marching up from Cawnpore, and for thirty-five days an anxious vigil was maintained to note the approach of succor. The lookout was stationed on the tallest building within the British inclosure, and in the range, of course, of hostile fire. The unequal contest raged without intermission for weeks, or until the coming of Havelock on the rebel rear. Then a large force was drawn from the ranks of the besiegers to form a line facing the other way.

On the 22d of September Havelock arrived within cannon sound of Lucknow, and ordered a royal salute fired to announce his presence, and it was heard by the beleaguered garrison with joy. But the entrance to Lucknow was not to be cheaply won. The sepoys had placed cannon to sweep every bridge and exposed crossing and the buildings swarmed with sharpshooters. The 23d, 24th and 25th were passed in continuous fighting in the streets and outlying villages, and on the evening of the last day the head of column rested under the shelter of an Indian palace, 500 yards distant from the British inclosure around the residency.

The Seventy-eighth Highlanders were ordered to advance. The roadway had been trenched crosswise by the rebels and cumbered with obstructions. Sepoy marksmen were in hiding in front and alongside.

Cannon blazed across many a square, sometimes lighting up the roadway and guiding the brave Highlanders toward the

TO THE RESCUE.

goal. The leader of the line, Gen. Neill, was killed, and the men halted to wreak vengeance upon the sepoys in the building whence the fatal shot came. But Havelock was at the front and gave the word to press on. On they went, charging and cheering, to the very gate of the besieged residency. The joyous welcome has been celebrated in song and story. Relief, long prayed for, long expected, was at hand.

The wounded and sick soldiers and the women and children of the united columns numbered 1,500, and there were not sufficient carriages to remove them in the event of opening the road back to the Ganges at Cawnpore. But the relief column added new blood to the defense. The loyal natives in the garrison were on the point of deserting on account of the privations and rigors of the protracted siege. Even with the aid of friendly sepoys the garrison had not been sufficient to properly man the lines. These were already so contracted that the rebel batteries were within 600 yards of the residency and the quarters.

The morning after his arrival Havelock took the aggressive, and by several bold sorties cleared the rebels away from a space over a thousand yards in length between the residency inclosure and the city on one side, and as far as the river Gumti on the rear. Many rebel batteries were spiked and the gunners bayoneted, and in this way the dangerous fire of some of the nearest cannon was silenced and the besieged secured greater freedom. In the territory retaken by these sorties many mines were found ready for loading. One of them had already reached as far as the principal defensive work, and a delay of a day in the arrival of Havelock might have placed the besieged in the power of the cruel sepoys.

But if Havelock had missed the chief mark at Cawnpore, and had brought something short of complete salvation to the distressed garrison of Lucknow, his daring work had turned the tide in India and broken the backbone of the mutiny. He had proved that Europeans could battle with summer heat, disease, and every other hardship of a campaign in the tropics and whip the sepoys against odds. All India rang with his praises, and the small garrisons at the several stations could look without flinching at the enormous numbers of rebels around them, counting upon a day of reckoning when the English soldiery should get to work. Early in November Gen. Sir Colin Campbell marched on Lucknow from Cawnpore with about 5,000 European and loyal native soldiers. On the evening of the 15th he signaled to the garrison that he was at hand. The next morning the fighting began, watched from the roofs of the garrison buildings with painful interest. The road was cleared by Sir Colin's artillery until he reached an immense garden called Sekundur Bagh. The inclosure stood in his pathway, and was surrounded by a high wall of solid masonry loopholed for rifles. At this point the rattle of musketry began. British cannon were brought up within forty yards and the wall was breached. Through small openings a handful of men entered, and with the bayonet cleared the way for others. The astonished rebels threw down their arms and begged for mercy, but in vain. Bayonet, rifle and revolver did their bloody work until every sepoy in the garden had been slaughtered. Two thousand rebel bodies were removed from the inclosure. On the 17th the last sepoy position fell, and on the 19th all the non-combatants of the garrison were removed by stealth. Soon after reaching Sir Colin's main encampment, Gen. Havelock fell ill, and on the 24th he died. Sir Colin brought to his bedside news of

"DINNA YE HEAR THE SLOGAN."

his elevation of the order of Bath and congratulations for having first carried relief to Lucknow. GEORGE L. KILMER.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW.

Oh! that last day in Lucknow fort;
We knew that it was the last,
That the enemy's mines had crep surely in
And the end was coming fast.

To yield to that foe meant worse than death.
And the men and we all worked on;
It was one day more of smoke and roar,
And then it would all be done.

There was one of us, a corporal's wife,
A fair, young, gentle thing,
Wasted with fever in the siege,
And her mind was wandering.

She lay on the ground in her Scottish plaid,
And I took her head on my knee;
"When my father comes home frae the plow," she said,
"Oh! please then, waken me."

She slept like a child on her father's floor
In the flecking of woodbine shade,
When the house dog sprawls by the half open door,
And the mother's wheel is staid.

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,
And hopeless waiting for death;
But the soldier's wife, like a poor tired child,
Seemed scarce to draw her breath.

I sank to sleep, and I had my dream
Of an English village lane
And wall and garden, till a sudden scream
Brought me back to the rear again.

There Jessie Brown stood listening,
And then a broad gladness broke
All over her face, and she took my hand
And drew me near and spoke:

"The Highlanders! Oh! dinna ye hear
The slogan far awa'?
The McGregor's! Ah! I ken it weel;
It is the grandest of them a'.

"God bless the bonny Highlanders;
We're saved! we're saved!" she cried,
And fell on her knees, and thanks to God
Poured forth like a full flood tide.

Along the battery line her cry
Had fallen among the men,
And they started, for they were there to die.
Was life so near them, then?

They listened for life, and the rattling fire
Far off, and the far off roar
Were all; and the colonel shook his head,
And they turned to their guns once more.

Then Jessie said: "The slogan's done;
But can ye no hear them noo?
The Campbells are comin'! It's nae a dream:
Our succors ha'e broken through!"

We heard the roar and the rattle afar,
But the pipers we could not hear;
So the men plied their work of hopeless war,
And knew that the end was near.

It was not long ere it must be heard,
A shrilling, ceaseless sound;
It was no noise of the strife afar,
Or the sappers under ground.

It was the pipe of the Highlanders,
And now they played "Auld Lang Syne;"
It came to our men like the voice of God,
And they shouted along the line.

And they wept and shook each other's hands,
And the women sobbed in a crowd,
And every one knelt down where we stood
And we all thanked God aloud.

That happy day when we welcomed them in
Our men put Jessie first;
And the general took her hand, and cheers
From the men like a volley burst.

And the pipers' ribbons and tartan streamed,
Marching round and round our line;
And our cheerful cheers were broken with tears,
And the pipers played "Auld Lang Syne."
—Robert Lowell.

"The Great American Grass Fiend," as James B. Olcott, of South Manchester, Conn., is sometimes called, on account of the remarkable knowledge of sward grasses that he has acquired, has an extensive grass garden of his own, and has become so expert in his branch of botany that he can distinguish by sight, smell or taste any of the grasses he is familiar with.

Tradition says that the fashion of giving and receiving gifts and choosing a valentine originated with the knights of foreign courts, who met for tournaments of fighting and feasting. The fair damsel of that period chose her knight, who, for twelve months, was her troubadour and sworn to do her bidding.

Professor Charles F. Chandler advises people who live in lodging or boarding houses to carry about with them a pair of pincers with which to replace the three-foot-an-hour gas burner they ordinarily send her with a six footer.

GONE BEFORE.

There's a beautiful face in the silent air
Which follows me ever and near,
With smiling eyes and amber hair,
With voiceless lips yet with breath of prayer
That I feel but cannot hear.

The dimpled hand and ringlet of gold
Lie low in a marble sleep;
I stretch my hand for a clasp of old,
But the empty air is strangely cold,
And my vigil alone I keep.

There's a sinless brow with a radiant crown,
And a cross laid down in the dust;
There's a smile where never a shade comes now,
And tears no more from those dear eyes flow,
So sweet in their innocent trust.

Ah, well! And summer is come again,
Singing her same old song;
But oh, it sounds like a sob of pain,
As it floats in the sunshine and the rain
O'er the hearts of the world's great throng.

There's a beautiful region above the skies,
And I long to reach its shore;
For I know I shall find my treasure there,
The laughing eyes and amber hair
Of the loved one gone before.
—Rochester Post-Express.

BETWEEN THE TIDES.

In the seaside village of Littleport the tide in the affairs of men which leads to fortune must be taken at its ebb.

At high water few signs of life are to be seen about the docks. The harbor opens majestically into Long Island sound, bounded by the lighthouse promontory on the right, and the curving shores of Point No Point on the left. But an hour after the boats at the wharves have swung to the ebb a keen eye may discern a green streak in the very midst of the waters of the bay, which lately seemed to feel the life and stir of the deep sea currents, and presently stretching midway across the mouth of the harbor, rises Silver Bar which, at low tide becomes an island of fine white sand and shells. In Littleport harbor flood tide means comfort and security.

Each fisherman, as soon as the waters subside, seeks his happy hunting ground, and Silver bar was Ben Fryer's special preserve.

Near Ben's little house lived a Mrs. Godfrey and her son, Mark, a boy of 14. Between the latter and the clam peddler there existed a tender friendship fostered by long habit.

"I wonder, Mark," he now began with evident effort.

"Well, what do you wonder, Ben?"

"You see, Mark," Ben observed, "somehow I trust you. You say what you mean, and you are pretty sure to do what you say. 'Tisn't so with everybody. Some people hang out more than they wash."

Mark did not mar the force of this tribute by any weak response.

"Did it ever strike you," said Ben, "that when it comes winter I feel that the evenings are rather long?"

"My mother sometimes says you must be lonely," Mark replied.

"That is kind of her. That is what I should have expected of her," said Ben.

"What are you going to do about it?" inquired Mark, eager that Ben should come to the point.

"About your mother?"

"I mean about your evenings."

"Oh, just so," said Ben, pleased to find an easy road to full confession. "I had thought of"— Here he broke off, confused. "I'm 30 years old," he remarked, plaintively.

"What of that?" said Mark.

"My mother used to tell me I ought to get married," explained Ben. "But while she lived I never thought much about it. You see, a man needs to get a fixed idea in his mind. And so long as no girl seemed to hold out any enticements I didn't like to offer any inducements."

"I should think not," said Mark, with natural scorn.

"And," Ben opened, "it is a widow."

"You don't mean to say you are actually going to get married, Ben?"

"Well, yes, Mark. She seems to calculate on it. Marriage hasn't been a habit of mine, and perhaps it is one of the things a man ought to begin on when he is young, but Mrs. Brown says better late than never."

Ben was, in fact, to be married on the following day.

Mark instantly grasped his friend's meaning.

"Ben," said he, forcibly and briefly, "you go on your wedding journey, and I'll dig the clams and peddle them till you come back."

This settled all difficulties, for Mark knew all the secrets of Silver Bar, having many a time helped to load up the boat with clams.

This went on all the week. Day by day, of course, the tides grew later, and on Friday it was high water at 2 o'clock.

Mark started out at dawn and made one successful trip; then, as an east wind was blowing and the sky was half veiled with clouds, he decided to go again in the afternoon and secure a sure supply of clams for Saturday, before bad weather should come.

The strong east wind held the waters in the bay, and although it was almost three hours past the turn of the tide the bay was still half submerged when Mark reached it.

However, he drew up his skiff, set to work, and by 5:30 had filled two baskets with clams, had dragged them across the sands and was about to empty them into his boat when he paused and rubbed his eyes.

Where was the boat?

He had, as usual, pulled it as high as possible out of the water, and here was the very furrow he had made in the firm, white sand. But the boat itself was gone!

Looking across the bay, Mark thought he espied it beyond the beacon, near the lighthouse rocks.

Half laughing at the absurdity of the predicament, he fastened his handkerchief on the end of his clam pick and set it up in the sand, then gazed ruefully toward Point No Point a mile away, and wondered if he could swim the distance.

Not very far away was a schooner, mainly laden with shingles, all sails set. She was beating her course in the face of the east wind, and had sailed well into the harbor mouth to gain purchase for her long tack. This gave Mark an opportunity. He seized his pick, ran to the very verge of the bar, and waved the signal frantically toward the vessel, shouting at the top of his lungs. By good fortune some one on deck happened to be looking through a glass at Littleport.

An instant later down dropped a boat; two red shirted sailors jumped into her and rowed with all their might toward the bar. In less than ten minutes Mark had scrambled into this welcome dory, having first thrown in his clams, which the men said would be a welcome addition to their supper.

Almost before he had realized what had happened Mark was on the deck of the schooner, answering the skipper's questions.

By this time the sun had looked out from beneath a fissure in the bank of clouds in the west, sending forth one fiery gleam, then had sunk beneath the horizon.

Night descended almost on the instant, for the whole face of the water by this time was covered with mist.

The captain told Mark he could not spare the time or the men to send him ashore, but that they would take him to New London, for which port they were pressing all sail, and which they hoped to reach by daylight.

Mark could only accept the situation. He took supper with the captain and his little daughter, a girl of 12.

She was a delicate, pretty creature, with great shy eyes, and uttered not a word.

Her father told Mark she had been very ill in the spring, but that the long voyage in the Aurora with him had quite made her over.

They were already fifty-six days out from Galveston, having been driven off their course by cyclones as they rounded the cape.

There had been anxious hearts at home, no doubt, the captain said, looking at his little girl, who smiled back; but, please God, they would be safe and sound in New London to-morrow.

Mr. Briggs kept his post generally at the bows, but occasionally walked the length of the schooner, and finding Mark leaning against the rail, stopped and flung him a word.

"A black night. Lucky I know every inch of the sound from Hell Gate to Point Judith," or again:

"The captain always says I have eyes like a cat, and can see better in the dark than in the light."

A steam launch had kept along with the Aurora for some time in an irritating way, twice crowding on all steam and passing them, then falling back.

Once or twice it had approached in a way which made Mr. Briggs use strong language. Here it was again altering its course, and apparently bearing down upon them, ready to try to cut them in two.

"What does the fellow mean?" screamed Mr. Briggs. "Port your helm!" he cried to the man at the wheel. "Port, I say!"

The launch skimmed past their bow, almost, as it seemed, grazing them. At the same instant Mark heard a sound which made him turn with a sickening apprehension.

A sudden flash struck his eyes, which seemed to come almost from the zenith; below was a huge lighted mass which was advancing upon them with tremendous speed.

Mr. Briggs was still gazing wrathfully after the steam launch.

"Starboard your helm!" shouted Mark, in a voice he did not recognize as his own. "Hard to starboard!"

The order was heard on the deck of the steamer as well. There was a shriek of the whistles, the engines slackened.

The two vessels almost touched, then the Aurora caught the wind, and in another instant they were yards apart.

The captain had heard the word of command, the rushing of feet and the sharp turn of the wheel, and was already on the companionway.

"Mr. Briggs," he shouted, in a voice of fierce accusation, "we were very near that steamer!"

"We saw her," said Mr. Briggs.

By dawn they were off New London, and the mate himself offered to row Mark ashore that he might catch the early train. As they neared the wharf Mr. Briggs took off his gold watch and chain and handed it to Mark.

"What is that?" inquired the boy.

"I should like to present it to you," said Mr. Briggs.

"I should not like to take it," said Mark, "thanking you all the same."

"But you did me a good service," said Mr. Briggs.

"I don't know what you mean."

"I mean that we should have been run down by the steamer if you hadn't spoken in time. We would not have had the ghost of a chance. We were burning no lights on our lee side. I feel grateful to you for my own sake, but you probably saved the captain's life, his little girl's life, everybody's life on board, perhaps."

"If I did," said Mark, "then certainly I need no present. I shall have something to thank God for all my days."

And the tears rose to his eyes as he thought of the captain's little daughter sleeping in her berth.

He bade Mr. Briggs good-by, took the early train and reached Littleport at 10 o'clock.

It was a wet day, with a gale of wind. As he neared the inlet he saw to his surprise and relief one of the fishermen putting in with Ben Fryer's skiff in tow.

The tremendous tide of the night before had carried it quite unhurt high up on the green slopes of the lighthouse promontory.

Since the boat was safe Mark could hardly regret his adventure, although his mother had been terribly anxious.—Ellen Olney Kirke in Boston Globe.

The Great Deserts.

There was once a gentleman who spent a day in Verona, and it rained all that day. Five years afterward the gentleman spent another day in that fair city, and it rained all that day. And the gentleman afterward wrote a book, and on the ground of his experiences asserted that it always rained in Verona! As with Verona so it has been with the deserts of the globe. The great Australian desert shrinks every year it is better known. On the presumed desert land of a lifetime ago the finest sheep in the world are now raised. The desert was mapped on hasty generalizations on insufficient samples.

So it was with the American deserts; so it is with the Asiatic deserts; so it is with the African deserts. Thirty years ago the map of the Sahara showed an unbroken stretch of sand. The map of today shows a tract of country with patches of sand, but diversified with hills and water courses, and even in places consisting of light, airy park land, with widespread grassy tracts interspersed with forest.—New York Ledger.

A Snake Linguist.

Some Americans who were recently going through the Jardine des Plantes of Paris stooped to look at a big rattlesnake in a cage. It lay motionless, apparently asleep, but when two of the party, who had lingered behind, began to converse in English the snake moved, lifted up its head and gave every sign of being intensely interested. They hastened to tell their companions that the snake understood English. The whole party then returned to the cage. The snake was apparently asleep again.

They conversed loudly in French, but the snake did not give the least sign of being conscious of his surroundings; then some one spoke in English. Instantly the reptile raised his head and moved it back and forth, showing the same alertness that he had when the language was spoken in his hearing a few moments before. This curious experiment was tried a number of times, always with the same effect. On inquiry the party learned that the snake was from Virginia.—St. Louis Republic.

There Was Money in It.

Bystander—You worked hard, sir, to save him from drowning.

Rescuer—You bet I did. He owes me $10.—Light.

A Long Stay.

Briggs—Hello, old man! I haven't seen you for a dog's age. On a vacation?

Griggs—No. Cricket match.—Week's Sport.

Lying Versus Stealing.

There is a half truth in the reply of the child in the following incident, which is quite impressive; but a lie, frankly acknowledged, is as much a "thing taken back" as is the return of anything that has been stolen.

She came to her mother with the question, "Which is worse, to tell a lie or to steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad that she couldn't tell which was the worse.

"Well," said the little one, "I've been thinking about it, and I think it is worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing you can take it back, unless you've eaten it; and then you can pay for it. But," and there was a look of awe in the little face, "a lie is forever."—Youth's Companion.

THE SPRING POETS

Do not have the beautiful budding season to themselves. Melodious as they are they do not attract as much attention as the tell-tale symptoms that make their appearance when the blood is impure and the system is in a state of disorder. The boils and eruptions that take advantage of the season to tell their story are dumb, but eloquent. Their meaning cannot be mistaken. Spring is not by any means a beautiful season to those whose systems have been neglected until the warning comes in the shape of boils and eruptions. It is a season, however, that can be thoroughly enjoyed by those who are thoughtful enough to take time by the forelock. A bottle or two of the great tonic and blood purifier S.S.S. will accomplish wonders. It drives out and destroys all humors of the blood. James L. Boyle, of Atlanta, writes: "I had awful sores and pimples on my face, and after using two bottles of S.S.S. I was cured."

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The Bookkeeper Is in Jail.

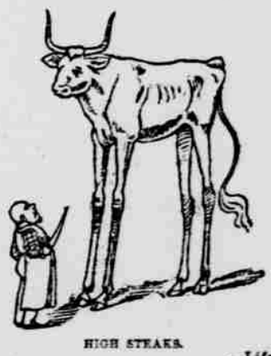
Late last fall Messrs. Ruggles & Farnsworth, boss draymen at 100 California street, San Francisco, announced that they had been allowing their bookkeeper and confidential man, Nathaniel Green, to run things pretty much as he pleased, and consequently he was "short at least $5,000." He forthwith retired from the public gaze, and then they decided that the shortage was "nearer $10,000."

NATHANIEL GREEN.

Thereupon they saw Mr. Green's wife, who owns some property in the city, and filed with her a written agreement not to prosecute if Mr. Green would fork over all he had of theirs. The next report was that he was in Panama, then in Honolulu and finally in Japan; and the next that the shortage had reached $30,000.

All the reporters in the city tried their prettiest, but could get nothing out of Messrs. Ruggles & Farnsworth except that Mr. Green was laboring to straighten the books, but they did not know where he was. Finally Mr. Green appeared on the advice of his wife's attorney, and now the firm concede that his shortage "may reach $33,000." He is in jail, and all the property the firm can get hold of will not pay over a third of the loss.

Illustrated from Nature.



HIGH STEAKS. —Life.

Slam Her In.

The story is told of an editor who had met with an accident. When he recovered consciousness his rival was present and yelled in his ear:

"I'm very sorry for you, sir."

"You are, eh; what for?"

"They say you've broken your spinal column."

"Confound that boy! He's dropped the form again. Fill it with slugs and slam her in."—American Grocer.

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The Burglar Game.

A new English game is called "The Bobbies and the Burglar." It is played on a checker board with seven pieces; six bobbies and one droll little burglar. The burglar is placed on the middle square, and the moves are all directed toward him. Each piece has its own move, and the game consists in the capture of the burglar by the six bobbies in twelve moves. If at the end of the twelfth move the burglar has still a way of escape, the person who manages his moves has won the game.—New York Ledger.

Philanthropy's Oversight.

The fact is that while we have been giving of our money, our labor and our prayers to convert the heathen in distant countries, we have been in danger of forgetting that we have heathen right here at home, scattered in squalid little settlements among our New England hillsides, and living lives almost as devoid of light and reason as any pagan over seas.—Boston Journal.

A Healthy Location.

City Man (looking for a home in the suburbs)—I like this place very much, but I am told it isn't healthy.

Agent—Ain't healthy? D'ye see that mule over in that field? That mule hez lived here all his life, an' it ain't a week since he kicked a locomotive off th' track.—New York Weekly.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO.

To clean tombstones. To polish knives. To clean dishes.
To renew oil-cloth. To scrub floors. To whiten marble.
To renovate paint. To wash out stains. To remove rust.
To brighten metals. To scour bath-tubs. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth.
Surgeons to polish their instruments.
Confectioners to scour their pans.
Mechanics to brighten their tools.
Cooks to clean the kitchen sink.
Painters to clean off surfaces.
Engineers to clean parts of machines.
Ministers to remove old chapels.
Barbers to clean the barbershops.
Hostlers on brasses and white horses.
Artists to clean their palettes.
Wheelmen to clean bicycles.
Housewives to scrub the marble floors.
Chemists to remove some stains.
Carvers to sharpen their knives.
Shrewd men to scour old silver bath.
Soldiers to brighten their arms.
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Wichita National Bank.

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

DIRECTORS:

S. H. Kohn, A. W. Oliver, M. W. Levy, L. J. Wallace, S. T. Tuttle, N. F. Niederlander, W. R. Tucker, John Davidson, J. C. Rutan.

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. R. 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. R. Powell, G. W. Larimer, Oscar Barnes, S. 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. - - - - 8,000

DIRECTORS:

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

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