Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are requested to announce that W. A. Caldwell is a candidate for the office of Register of Deeds, subject to the action of the Republican nominating convention. d59-tf

ED. EAGLE:—Please announce that I am a candidate for sheriff, subject to the decision of the Republican convention. JOHN WILSON. d4w6-tf

We are requested to announce W. W. Hays as a candidate for the office of sheriff, subject to the action of the Republican convention. d35-tf

I hereby announce myself as a candidate for Register of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican convention. If nominated and elected will endeavor to make a good officer, and if defeated for the nomination will cheerfully support the nominee of the convention. L. D. WESTGATE.

Kansas City and Return Cheap.

On August 18 and 19 excursion tickets will be sold to Kansas City and return at the rate of one lowest first class fare for the round trip. These tickets are good for return passage to and including August 21, 1891. Free reclining chair cars and Pullman sleeping cars on our Kansas City trains without change.

E. E. BLECKLEY,
P. and T. A., Missouri Pacific Ry.,
77tf 120 N. Main street.

Kansas City and Return via Santa Fe Route.

The Santa Fe route will sell round trip tickets to Kansas City at $6.15 on August 18 and 19, good returning until August 21. Three trains daily, equipped with Pullman sleeping cars and free reclining chair cars. For further information call at city ticket office, 158 N. Main street, and Douglas avenue station. W. D. MURDOCK,
77 3t D. P. A.

"Excursion Rates to Kansas City and Return."

The Rock Island will put on sale August 18 and 19 round trip tickets for $6.15, good returning until and including August 21, 1891. Via taking the Rock Island train leaving Wichita 8:55 a. m. you arrive at Kansas City 5 o'clock p. m. or by leaving on the 9:55 p. m. train you arrive at Kansas City 7 o'clock a. m. Both trains have elegant free reclining chair cars through to Kansas City without change. The night train has also a Pullman palace sleeping car which runs through to Kansas City. This rate is for the public at large. For further information please call at city ticket office 109, corner Main street and Douglas avenue. W. H. WISHART,
75-6t C. T. and P. A.

To All Whom It May Concern.

Notice is hereby given that in conformity with an order of the district court made in the matter of the assignment of the Savings bank of Wichita, Kan., I, the undersigned assignee of said bank, will, on the 20th day of August, A. D. 1891, at my office in the Sedgwick block in the city of Wichita, Kan., pay on the allowed claims against said Savings bank 30 per centum thereof.

d73-6t GEO. H. BLACKWELDER, Assignee.

OFFICE OF WICHITA PLUMBING AND PUMP COMPANY.
WICHITA, Aug. 1, 1891.

We have now removed our stock of pumps, hose, plumbing and engineer's supplies to the Firebaugh building, No. 152 North Market street, where we would be pleased to see all our old friends and customers.

A. T. BUCKERIDGE,
d65-tf Manager.

Something New—Through Cars Between St. Paul and Kansas City.

The traffic between above cities has so increased that the Great Rock Island route has instituted a new order of things, and has put on their trains, a through car between these points. The cars run on this service are Pullman combination chair car and sleeper, and are the embodiment of comfort. The price charged for this especial service is but little conpared with the accommodation given.

See that your tickets read via the Albert Lea route (C., R. I. & P.; B. C. R. & N., and M. & St. L. Ry's). Maps and time tables sent on application.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,
Gen'l Tkt & Pass. Agt.
E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Manager.
General offices: Chicago. 33 tf

Quick and Comfortable Trip.

Two new trains have been added to the already excellent connections east that the Great Rock Island route has been offering to its patrons.

The Lake Shore and Michigan Southern has put on a new train, leaving Chicago daily at 10:30 a. m., and the Fort Wayne (Pennsylvania lines), one at 10:45 a. m.

These are daily trains, scheduled on fast time, and arrived at New York city next afternoon at 2 o'clock, and via the first mentioned Boston passengers reach their destination two hours later.

The fast vestibuled express from Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, via both Kansas City and St. Joseph, arrives at Chicago at 9:50 a. m., daily, and the vestibuled express from Omaha and the Iowa main lines arrives at Chicago at 8:05 a. m., dail. JOHN SEBASTIAN
General Ticket and Passenger Agent.
E. ST. JOHN, General Manager. 33-tf

Blanks.

Blanks of all kinds used in real estate transactions, court proceedings, justice blanks, all kinds and descriptions, can be purchased on the first floor, in the busines office. tf

Remember Well and Bear in Mind

That if you are going to Washington Oregon or Idaho, or any Pacific coast points, it will be to your advantage to go via the Missouri Pacific railway. The reason is that you will save time and layovers at junction points. The fast Pacific express leaves Wichita every day at 5:55 p. m. via the Missouri Pacific railway, depot corner Second and Wichita streets. City ticket office, 120 North Main street.

E. E. BLECKLEY, P. & T. Agt., Wichita.
H. C. TOWNSEND, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis.
101 tf

To New York in 40 Hours and 15 Minutes.

On and after July 19 a change of time will become effective between Wichita and New York, so that a passenger leaving Wichita on the Missouri Pacific railway can reach New York in 40 hours and 15 minutes. The train leaves Wichita daily at 1:15 p. m., arriving in New York at 2:30 p. m. the second day following. Only one change of cars is necessary, which is made in the St. Louis Union depot. This is several hours quicker time than can be made by any other line out of Wichita. Seats free in chair cars. Pullman sleeping cars if desired.

E. E. BLECKLEY, P. & T. A.
d51-tf 120 North Main street.

The Missouri Pacific railway is the only line running an afternoon train Wichita o St. Louis, leaving Wichita at 1:15 p. m. and arriving at St. Louis 7 o'clock next morning; 48 miles the shortest line and three hours the quickest time. 127tf

When you go, take the Frisco line to St. Louis and the east for the reason that it is the only Wichita line running two solid trains daily without change of any class to St. Louis morning and night, and it is the only line having palace reclining chair and Pullman sleeping cars in morning and night trains. Always on time and sure of making eastern connections at St. Louis union depot. 94tf

Blank charters and all kind of legal blanks for sale by

THE WICHITA EAGLE,
d71 tf Wichita, Kansas.

THE CAMORRA'S VICTIM.

[In Rome a band of the Mala Vita fraternity—an offshoot of the Camorra, an organization of robbers and assassins—179 in number, were nearly all convicted of the crime charged against them, after two months' trial, and received sentences of from six months' to fifteen years' imprisonment. The Mala Vita is somewhat similar to the Mafia. That so large a number should be tried and convicted in Rome is proof that such dangerous organizations have existence in Italy, despite the assertions to the contrary made in connection with the New Orleans affair. The Carbonaria, the Camorra and kindred organizations have existed in Italy for hundreds of years.—San Francisco Argonaut, June, 1891.]

I.—IN THE SHADOW OF VESUVIUS.

Were you ever in Naples, with its straggling, uneven streets, its jumble of palaces and hovels, its foul prisons, its tawdry theaters, its beggars asleep in doorways or demanding alms from tourists, its galley slaves, its fishermen, its cemetery and its long stretch of seashore? Where, across the glassy bay, Vesuvius, under its canopy of smoke, is muttering fiery threats from its parched throat, at the same time interposing its shadow between the fierce rays of the noonday sun and the panting city nestling at its feet? Where the very thieves and lazzaroni, wild and uncouth, perhaps, still have a picturesque character of their own that seems the natural result of their romantic surroundings?

When I went to Naples some years since I soon fell into the ways of the place. I listened to the opera at San Carlo, I strolled in the cool of the evening in the public gardens, I enjoyed moonlight boat rides on the bay, and at last—I gambled. Not to any serious extent, but still I gambled. The national game of morra—in which tongue and eye contest, and in which the only implements required are the respective ten fingers of each player—fascinated me.

There was a certain little inn in a retired quarter of the city which I had accidentally stumbled upon one evening, where the game was in noisy progress among half a dozen couples. At the invitation of a bright, pretty girl I took a lesson in the game. Her brown, plump hand, glistening with heavy gold rings, flashed before my eyes, now with all fingers outspread, now with one, two or three extended, while I put up my own fingers and vainly tried to call the aggregate number. We played for several hours, during which I called for—and paid for—innumerable bottles of thin red wine, which the stalwart fishermen, who were the principal patrons of the house, consumed with much relish. The bottles of wine were the stakes for which we played, and if my opponent, Marcella, ever lost it is certain the pay for the wine always came from my pocket.

But what did I care? Marcella's dark eyes, demurely shaded by long lashes, looked into mine from time to time with an expression that to a young man of twenty-five is undoubtedly flattering. She was evidently interested in me, while I quickly wove a romance about her, lifting her high above the commonplace plane to which she belonged, and crowning her in my imagination as one of Italy's fairest and noblest daughters. Pretty she was, undeniably. Her lithe figure bent from side to side with easy southern grace, and she threw out her fingers in the game and uttered a number in her soft, native tongue. She was to me the ideal Neapolitan maiden, and I cared no more for the few francs I had lost than for the dark, scowling visage of the young fisherman sitting in a corner apart and regarding me with an evil eye as he slowly drank his bottle of wine.

The next evening I was again at the inn, to renew my acquaintance with Marcella and try my fortune with her at morra once more. But I was too late. The game was in full swing, as usual, but the dark visaged young fisherman was engaging Marcella's attention, and the two were throwing up their fingers at each other in apparent oblivion of everything save their own game. I called for some wine and sat watching them, after being gratified by a nod and a smile from the girl. I was obliged to admit that the young fisherman, whom Marcella familiarly addressed as "Pietro," was a handsome fellow. His clear cut features—the nose a trifle too thin, perhaps—the high, smooth forehead, the swarthy cheeks, the black mustache shading the well shaped mouth, and the large, glittering eyes were all of the most pronounced Italian type. His dress was that of a prosperous fisherman on a gala occasion; striped shirt open to the throat, with a black silk handkerchief tied loosely around, knee breeches, thick woolen stockings and heavy shoes.

On his head he wore a large soft hat, while at his waist was a red sash, from which I fancied I could see the handle of a knife peeping as he moved. As I entered he favored me with a scowl, of which, however, I took no notice as I carelessly seated myself. He was evidently Marcella's lover and he was just as evidently very jealous of every word she spoke to any one else.

At the end of half an hour Marcella said: "Pietro, I am tired. I will not play any longer." Then she turned her back upon him and walked over to me. She accepted the glass of wine I offered, clinked it against mine and cast down her eyes with delighted modesty as I paid her some conventional compliment.

"Marcella, when are we to play morra again?" I asked.

"Now, if you please. Come!"

She threw up her hands. I accepted the challenge, glancing toward Pietro as I did so. His eyes were fixed upon me with a stare that became almost fierce in its intensity.

"You are an amiable looking object," thought I. "Guess you don't like being cut out by an American."

I saw Pietro walk quietly out of the room, and soon I forgot about him as I yielded to the charms of Marcella's sweet voice and her no less sweet glances.

I was turning toward the door, some two hours later, with my pockets a good deal lighter and my heart in a flame—for Marcella had put the finishing touch to my infatuation by allowing me to kiss her full, warm lips as she whispered, "Addio!"—when Pietro stalked into the room. He bestowed a look of hatred upon me and placed his hand heavily upon Marcella's plump shoulder, whispering a word in her ear.

She drew back with a start, the color fading from her cheek.

"Pietro!"

"Quick! I come from the society!" was his response, as he held out his open hand.

"But Pietro"——

"Pay!" he hissed.

I saw it all. This evil looking fisherman was a member of the dread secret order, the Camorra, whose adherents are to be found all over Italy, and whose power, though now on the wane, is still felt in some parts of the country, particularly in Naples. Composed of thieves, bravos, brigands and desperadoes generally, laughing at constitutional laws, and demanding its tithe of every money transaction among the lower classes, whether it be the sale of a few fish, the alms of a mendicant, or the winnings of a gamester, it is held in a sort of reverential dread by its victims and its claims are seldom disputed. Its members, pledged to allegiance by terrible oaths in a cup of human blood, are ever ready with the stiletto when ordered to use it by the secret tribunal, and though many foul murders are traced to the Camorra, it is seldom that punishment follows a crime of that nature.

Pietro, representing the society, was demanding from Marcella a tithe of her winnings from me.

I was an American and had not that superstitious respect for the Camorra with which the peasantry of Naples are imbued. I therefore asked Pietro, in a by no means gentle voice, what he wanted.

"Do not say anything, signor," put in Marcella, appealingly. "I will pay. Pietro is right," as with trembling fingers she counted out half the silver she had won from me and placed it in the fisherman's hand.

He did not speak a word to me, but, as he turned short around on his heel, his right hand stole to his sash, and I saw his fingers close on the hilt of his stiletto.

I was full of indignation as I walked home, and I determined that the next time I met Pietro I would make him disgorge in spite of his stiletto. I struck a match to light my cigar and caught a hasty glimpse of two dark figures spring from a doorway. Then a pair of arms were thrown around my neck from behind, a handkerchief was tied over my eyes, and Pietro's voice said: "Keep quiet and you will not be hurt. I want to introduce you to my friends."

I was grasped on each side and led I knew not whither. In a few minutes we stopped and entered a house that smelled like a wine shop. We went up a flight of stairs. I heard a door shut and locked, and the bandage was removed from my eyes.

I was in a low ceiled, dirty walled room, and was surrounded by about a dozen as villainous appearing fellows as ever I saw in my life. At my side stood Pietro, carelessly fingering the hilt of his knife in his broad red sash. The rest of the company were evidently thieves and cutthroats of the lowest character. A man of perhaps fifty sat at the head of the table in the middle of the room, regarding me from beneath his grizzled eyebrows, as he passed his hand thoughtfully over his brown face, which was a network of wrinkles and scars.

"So this is the man, is it, Pietro?" said he.

"Yes. He has been heard to express contempt for the society several times, and tonight when I was collecting for a game of morra, he interfered to try and cheat the Camorra of its just dues," said Pietro.

"Very well, Pietro. You will deal with him in the usual way."

Without another word, three of the most savage looking men in the room seized me, while two others emptied my pockets and placed the contents on the table. I was then hustled through a doorway into another room and locked in.

It was pitch dark. Not a sound could be heard from the next room, where I had left Pietro and his amiable friends, and I supposed they had dispersed after making me secure.

"This is a pretty fix for a law abiding American citizen. I will make somebody suffer for this," I thought indignantly.

Ah! what was that? Surely, a ray of light! Yes; the floor opened almost at my feet and a candle in the hand of a woman came up the trap. The woman was Marcella! She held up her finger for silence, and stepping up the ladder, which led from a lower room, shut the trapdoor and stood facing me. I seized her hand impulsively.

"Hush, signor! The Camorra! They will kill you!"

"What for?"

"It matters not. You have offended them. It is all through Pietro. He was jealous of you. But, ah! signor, you are so handsome!"

"I cannot help Pietro's being jealous," I said; "but why should the Camorra mix itself up in his personal affairs?"

"They are bound by oath to help one another. Besides, you interfered with him when he was collecting money for the society."

"Well, but"——

"Hush! There is no time to lose. In half an hour Pietro will return. He will give you a knife and tell you to defend yourself. Then, before you have time to put yourself on guard, he will drive his stiletto into your heart. Your body will be at once taken across the bay, and before you are missed the crater of Vesuvius will have swallowed it and no one will know. The Camorra guards its secrets well."

"The bloodthirsty villains!" I ejaculated as an irrepressible shudder passed over me.

"I am here to save you," continued Marcella, putting one of her pretty little brown hands on my breast. "Listen! You must leave Naples to-night—at once. Give me a letter to your landlord, so that he will let me have your trunks, and I will send them after you. You know you told me you had 10,000 francs in one of them when I did not want to take the money I had won from you. I have brought a piece of paper and a pencil."

The little rascal! She had a good memory and took more notice of my careless remarks than I had thought. No wonder I felt flattered. I wrote the note, as directed, telling my apathetic Italian landlord that I had been suddenly summoned to Rome on important business, and directed him to let the bearer have my trunks. I had paid him a month's rent in advance that very morning, and he would be only too pleased to get rid of me on those terms.

"Now," said Marcella, when she had carefully deposited the note in her bosom, "in ten minutes I will be back. Then you must come quietly with me, without saying anything, no matter what you may see or hear. Your destination will be Rome. Thence you must return to America as soon as you can, for it is no longer possible for you to stay in Italy and live. Pietro would follow you everywhere; in the theater, in your own private rooms, in the streets, even in the church, he would be always waiting for his chance."

"Marcella, I will do as you say," I murmured, as I kissed her hand. "You are my guardian angel."

She opened the trap, blew out the candle and went down the ladder, shooting a bolt in the floor as she disappeared. At the end of ten minutes, during which I fancied every moment I could hear Pietro's footsteps, Marcella returned and led me down the steps into the very room in which I had played morra with her a few hours before.

"You must be blindfolded, signor," she said.

I did not like it, but when Marcella put her soft hands on my face as she secured the handkerchief I could make no further objection. She took me into the open air, and assisted me, blindfolded as I was, to climb into some kind of vehicle, which I presumed from the smell was one of those unwieldy wagons with canvas tops so common in southern Italy.

"Addio, signor! When you are far away in your country give a thought to poor Marcella, and—beware of Pietro! Here is the money I won from you last night. It will pay your fare to Rome. I will send your trunks there and you can arrange to have them sent to you in America. The wagon will carry you a good many miles before morning. Then you can take a train the rest of the way and get back to America as soon as possible. But promise me you will not say a word about Pietro or—or—me! Promise Marcella this, will you not?"

Of course I promised. Then I exchanged one more farewell with Marcella, and, as the wagon rumbled over the stones, I pulled the handkerchief from my eyes and found myself sitting in the not very clean straw, while the driver, whoever he was, walked by the side of his horses in the darkness.

In spite of the danger threatening me, I dropped into a sound sleep. When I awoke it was broad day, and the wagon had stopped at a little railway station in a town of which I never learned the name. Just as I got out of the wagon a train came puffing along on its way to Rome. The driver of the wagon was nowhere to be seen, so I ran hastily into the station, secured a ticket and took seat in a railway carriage. As the train moved slowly away I looked over to the wagon. The driver was standing by his horses, and my head swam when I saw that the striped shirt, the slouched hat, the red sash with its half concealed knife, and the evil looking eyes fixed upon me, were at once those of the driver and of—Pietro!

II.—THE CAMORRA SPEAKS.

"Now, where can Jack be?" I muttered to myself, as I sat alone in the library of Jack Vandyke's home in New York three weeks later.

The servant—a trim little parlor maid—had shown me into the dim, comfortable apartment, with its sleepy odor of Russia leather; its bookcases on two sides of the room, with busts of Schiller, Shakespeare and Milton gathering dust on the tops; its large, easy chairs and solid table; its open fireplace, in which the fire had burned low, and its stained glass windows, through which the last rays of the dying sun were streaming. She would send Mr. Jack to me, she said. He was in his studio painting. Would I please sit down for a few minutes?

I seated myself in one of the roomy leather chairs, with my face toward a door.

"Poor Marcella!" I mused. "What a terrible life for her, among all those rough, brigandish fellows. And Pietro! Surely she could not care for him, with his crime stained hands, always itching to drive a stiletto into somebody's heart. What a long time Jack is! This quiet room makes me drowsy. Wonder what Jack would think of Marcella. * * * Should like another game or morra. * * * Marcella! * * * Marcella! * * *"

What was that?

With a start I was broad awake. Surely I could not be mistaken! I saw a face for one instant—a face I could never forget! A face that scrowled at me murderously! The face of Pietro!

With an effort I arose from my chair and crept across the room. It was imagination of course. I threw open the door. Just as I thought! There was no one there. I walked back to my chair, leaving the door partly open.

What a long time Jack was! I would wander up the stairs to his studio and look for him if he did not come soon. Strange that I should think I saw that ruffianly Italian. I——

Pietro!

There he was again! No doubt about it this time! He stood in the hallway, glowering through the half open door at me. He was dressed exactly as I had seen him in Naples—striped shirt, slouched hat, red sash, with the handle of the stiletto just showing. A long, dark overcoat hung over his left arm.

I could not move. The power of the Camorra, then, was practicably illimitable. Its emissary had followed me to New York, had even gained entrance to the private house of my friend in his thirst for blood.

I was watching Pietro breathlessly. Then I saw that he was standing in the glare of a gas jet, which the parlor maid had lighted in the hall, and that he evidently could not distinguish me in the shadows of the library, though he knew I was there. He was looking stealthily around, his fingers toying with the hilt of his dagger. He must have followed me in the street, wearing the overcoat to conceal his Italian dress, and would kill me whenever and wherever he found me, even though detection and capture were certain. The Camorra demanded implicit obedience, regardless of consequences to its servants.

If Jack would only come we might together disarm the ruffian! I slipped out of my chair and crept around by the wall to get behind the door. I would pounce upon him as he entered, and perhaps by taking him unawares, prevent his using his knife.

Hardly had I reached my ambush when he stepped cautiously into the room. The light was full upon the red sash, which threw up a lurid reflection on the swarthy face, giving it an even more devilish look than usual. I waited until he was fairly inside, and then, gathering all my strength, sprang at his throat. It was the onslaught of a desperate man, and it was effective. We went down together, but I never released my hold. With my right hand I held his throat only; with my left I prevented him reaching the stiletto. We struggled over the floor, but I knew that my only chance was to maintain my hold until assistance came. If he once got the knife in his hand I was lost. Not a word did he say, but with his left hand he struck me in the face again and again as he tried to drag away from me. The strife was too fierce to have lasted long. I felt my strength giving way, while the muscles of Pietro were scarcely strained. Then, just as I felt that I must resign myself to a merciless conquerer, somebody stooped down and with one mighty wrench pulled the wretch away from me as my friend, Jack's, voice said:

"What's all this? What are you doing? Who are you?"

I staggered to my feet, and saw that Pietro was standing in a group of terrified servants behind Jack Vandyke, panting and looking at me with the scowl I knew so well.

"It is I, Jack; your old friend, Arthur Westmont! Do not let that scoundrel get away!"

"Well, so it is—Arthur. Welcome home, old boy! The girl told me there was a gentleman waiting to see me, but I had no idea it was you, or I would have come down before. But what were you doing with that fellow?" pointing to Pietro. "Is he drunk?"

"The Comorra! The Italian secret society! You have heard of it, Jack. This man followed me from Naples to murder me!" I said breathlessly.

"Murder you?" interrupted Jack.

"Murther, is it? Then, begorra, it's yerself that nearly murthered me, bad cess to yez!" said a voice that undoubtedly came from Pietro's mouth. "An' phawt's the Kimorrer, onyhow?"

My jaw dropped with astonishment as Jack Vandyke burst into a hearty laugh.

"Why, Arthur, this is Patsy Murtigan, a model who has come to pose for me for my new picture, 'The Bravo.' He never was outside of New York since he came into it, ten years ago. You have made a very funny mistake."

"He is the very counterpart of Pietro," I gasped.

"Is he? Well, he does make up well for an Italian desperado, certainly. Patsy," he continued, turning to "Pietro," "I guess I will not use you today. It is nearly dark. Go change your clothes and go home, unless you have something more to say to Mary there," pointing to the trim parlor maid, who blushed furiously. "I suppose it is on her account you have been prowling around here, nearly frightening this gentleman out of his life."

The terrible "Pietro" glanced shyly at the parlor maid (he had not such a murderous look, after all), and there was a general rush kitchenward by all except Jack and myself.

When I related the story of Pietro and Marcella to Jack, and told him how I had given the girl a letter to my landlord, so that she could forward my baggage, Jack said:

"You have been the victim of a very nice little confidence game. I happened to hear of Marcella when I was in Naples, and know that she is in league with an unsavory gang of thieves that make special war on the pockets of Americans. Your trunks and the 10,000 francs will never reach you. Rest assured of that."

Here, then, was the end of the Marcella romance. She was only a common sneak thief who had been making a fool of me. Of course Pietro had been the driver of the wagon, and he had helped me to run away from himself. A very neat plot all through, I was obliged to confess. The only consolation I had lay in the fact that I had not told Marcella the truth about my baggage. The 10,000 francs existed only in my imagination, and my trunks and the contents were not worth much more than a hundred dollars altogether. My experience was worth that, I reflected.

But I never hear the word Camorra without a shudder.—George C. Jenks in Pittsburg Bulletin.

How to Fight a Duel.

The practice of dueling is practically extinct in this country, and soon will be, doubtless, in all parts of the world. Sensible minds everywhere see the absurdity of it, though men in passion, or acting under a false notion of honor, may sometimes yield to the foolish requirements of the "code."

At one time two well known Frenchmen, Cham, the caricaturist, and Philippe Gille, a man of letters, had a violent quarrel in a theater after the play was over. Their friends interceded, but only made matters worse.

One of the men challenged the other. Seconds were named on the spot, and both men insisted that the preliminaries of the meeting should be arranged at once.

The seconds stepped into an adjoining room to make the grim arrangements for the duel, leaving the two principals in the same apartment.

"What shall be the weapons?" the second of one party asked; "pistols?"

"No," said another; "with pistols it is all over so quickly that one has no chance to see anything."

The partition between the room in which this discussion occurred and the one in which Cham and Gille, glaring at the floor, were waiting, was so thin that the two men heard every word.

At the remark just quoted they looked up at each other.

"That isn't very funny to hear," said Cham.

"Hardly," said Gille. "We'd better go out on the stage."

They went out into the solemn gloom of the deserted stage and found that also unpleasant.

"Let's go out on the street," said one to the other.

They went out and presently saw a good many people going into a restaurant. They followed mechanically and sat down at a table.

Half an hour afterward, when the seconds had completed the arrangements for the fight, they were surprised not to find the principals where they left them; and when they went in search of them they found them supping merrily together, entirely reconciled.—Youth's Companion.

Dog History from Ancient Coins.

There is an important group of about forty coins containing outlines of dogs which deserve careful study. The interest of some of them is mainly mythical, as with Lælaps, the hound of Actæon, presented to Cephalos by Procris; or with the dog of Segeste, which symbolized the river Crimisus. But there are enough to show how extensive were the operations of the dog fancier in early times. The coins afford no evidence of the development of a spaniel, there being no example of a pendulous ear, or of a mastiff, though bulldogs were undoubtedly known in the arenas of imperial Rome. But they prove conclusively—what is shown, indeed, by the less artistic products of Egyptian pictography—that the ancients had four kinds of dogs—the wolf-dog, the hound, the greyhound and the terrier.

The Umbrians had their wolfhounds, the Apulians of Asculum their greyhounds, the more rugged hunters of the Tuscan forests their fox dogs. The favorite dog of Artemis Laphria, as on the coins of Patræ and Sparta, was a greyhound, while Actæon's dogs must have been halfbreed deerhounds. Rhegium, if the coins may be trusted, had his sheepdogs, the Macedonian city of Mende its terriers and Cumæ, just above the Bay of Naples, to which all the luxuries of the ancient world were brought, its poodles. Further pursuit of this line of inquiry would probably throw some useful light upon the direction of canine domestication.—Chambers' Journal.

All for a Dog.

Proud Briton (whose dog has dropped overboard)—Captain, I say, stop the vessel.

Captain—I am not allowed to do that except when a man falls overboard.

Proud Briton (as he jumps into the water)—Now you can stop.—Exchange.

The Effects of Ammonia.

The effects of ammonia upon the complexion are directly the opposite to that of arsenic. The first symptom of ammonia poisoning which appears among those who work in ammonia factories is a discoloration of the skin of the nose and forehead. This gradually extends over the face until the complexion has a stained, blotched and unsightly appearance. With people who take ammonia into their systems in smaller doses, as with their water or food, these striking symptoms do not appear so soon. The only effect of the poison that is visible for a time is a general unwholesomeness and sallowness of the complexion.—Chicago Tribune.

Advance in Dentistry.

The first dental college in the United States was established in 1840 at Baltimore, and at that time no one had to go to a college before practicing dentistry. In 1864 there were but three others in this country, two here in Philadelphia and one in Cincinnati. Even as late as the civil war a college education was not requisite, but at this time there are twenty-six or twenty-eight schools in the United States, and I think nearly every state has laws compelling a collegiate course to the would be practitioner. All the work was done by hand up to 1871, when the dental engine was invented by an American.

In 1840 teeth were filled with gold principally, and with gutta percha and, of course, all the cutting and hammering had to be done by hand. Until 1866 there was no such thing as a rubber dam either, and the use of this has almost revolutionized the practice of dentistry. Then, too, soft gold was used, but now cohesive gold is a very important factor in the art of filling teeth.

The year after the war closed the first automatic mallet was invented, and it sprang into immediate and universal favor. Chisels, excavators and pluggers of one kind and another were then used, but prior to 1871 all the excavating had to be done by hand with these instruments and a few hand burrs. The dental engine, however, lessens the time of torture fully one-half, and does the work perfectly.—Interview in Philadelphia Record.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

FRED RUSH

Of 340 North Main St. furnishes fresh Groceries to his customers at from 10 to 15 per cent less than others. Call and examine.

Making the Victim Look Pleasant.

A photographer at the convention in Buffalo told a reporter of the old days in the west, when the man at the camera used to make the subject "look pleasant" by leveling a pistol at him and saying: "Look right square in the muzzle o' this yer revolver, my man, and remember that I hain't agoin to hev this picture spoiled with any o' your foolin."—New York Sun.

Plenty of Water.

Thirsty Lady—Is there any water aboard?

Captain (excursion boat)—Only 'bout four feet, mum; but please don't tell anybody.—New York Weekly.

Publication Notice.

In the District Court of Sedgwick County, in the State of Kansas.

Cause No. 4,859. Petition for Divorce.—

Allen Kay, plaintiff,
vs.
Fannie Kay, defendant.

Said Defendant Fannie Kay, who is a non-resident of the state of Kansas—will take notice that she has been sued in the District court of Sedgwick County in the state of Kansas, by the said plaintiff, and must answer the petition filed therein by said plaintiff on or before the 24th day of September, A. D., 1891, or said petition will be taken as true, and judgment for plaintiff in said action which is brought by plaintiff to procure a divorce from the defendant, upon the ground of abandonment, will be rendered accordingly. JOHN H. ASH,
d72-5 tues Atty for plaintiff

A. WRIGHT. GEO. STARK MILLER.

THE EVAPORATION

Of the fictitious boom value of real estate has taken out much of true value also. Those buying now will profit by the natural expansion to follow. WRIGHT & MILLER, 107 N. Main St.

All parties going east or west will save money by purchasing their railroad tickets from W. H. Baker, the ticket broker and only member of the American Ticket Brokers association in the city, which guarantees all tickets sold. Office in Manhattan hotel, corner of Douglas and Topeka avenue. d62-tf

Wichita and Kansas City express, Santa Fe route, leaves daily at 8:05 a. m., arrives in Topeka 2:10 p. m., and in Kansas City 4:25 p. m., with no change of cars, reclining chair car seats in which are free. Always on time. Stops everywhere and runs east between stations. 24tf

Santa Fe's Chicago vestibule express connection with which is made at Newton, is the handsomest train on earth. Leaves Wichita daily 10:30 a. m., arrives Kansas City 6:05 p. m. and Chicago 9:15 next morning. Palace library chair cars (seats free) also palace sleeping and dining cars. 24

Advice to Mothers.

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

Go east via the "New Short line, Missouri Pacific "Pleasant Hill route." Through sleeping and chair cars without change Wichita to St. Louis. 58d tf

Tourist Rates via the Rock Island Route.

The Rock Island have placed on sale tourist tickets to Colorado points at special low rates for the round trip, final limit for return passage October 31, '91; also excursion rates to Salt Lake, Ogden, Helena and California points, at a great reduction. Please call at the Rock Island office before purchasing tickets, and obtain reliable information as to routes, rates and time. City office, 109 East Douglas avenue, corner of Main street; depot, corner Mead and Douglas avenues.

W. H. WISHART,
City ticket and passenger agent, Wichita, Kan. 14-tf

For Kansas City, St. Louis and all points, east take the Missouri Pacific railway. The shortest line to St. Louis by 48 miles. No change of cars of any kind between Wichita and St. Louis. Only fifty hours between Wichita and New York City via the Missouri Pacific railway. City ticket office 120 North Main street. 101 tf

"Where Rolls the Oregon."

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

Hotter Bye and Bye.

This is not a sermon. It is only a railroad missionary tract.

If you take a vacation this summer, why not go to Colorado? Nestled around Pike's peak there are plenty of places where one can cool off for a very little money. Manitou, Cascade, Green Mountain Falls and Woodland Park, in the favorite Ute pass, will be lovelier this year than ever.

They are most directly reached via the Santa Fe route. You change cars in union depot at Colorado Springs, and take broad guage trains on our Colorado Midland division for destination. No tedious transfer across the city.

Cheap tourist tickets now on sale, good until Oct. 31, returning. Inquire of local agent Santa Fe route, Union ticket office, corner First and Main streets, or passenger station, Douglas and Fifth aves. 15 tf

Sheriff's Docket.

OFFICE SHERIFF SHAWNEE COUNTY,
TOPEKA, Kan., May 23, 1891.

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Wichita, Kan.

DEAR SIRS:—Enclosed you will find my check in payment for Sheriff docket, etc., for which please accept my thanks. The Sheriff's docket is an especially fine one and I would not do without it for any price. Yours truly, J. M. WILKERSON.
14 tf

Through vestibule sleeper to Manitou via Santa Fe route every day without change. Connection is made at Hurrton with the Colorado train, a solid vestibule from the engine to the rear sleeper. Leave Wichita 4:45 p. m., arrive at Pueblo 6:10 a. m., Colorado Springs 8 a. m., Manitou 8:34 a.m., Denver 11 a. m. 35 tf

Are You Going to Washington Territory?

Parties emigrating to the northwest will find it to their interest by calling at the Rock Island ticket office for information regarding rates, routes and accommodations via this line. Do not not be deceived by agents of other lines as to this route. You are invited to call at the office and be convinced as to the superiority of the Great Rock Island route over all others. By patronizing this line you can have the choice of four different routes west of Denver. For speed, safety and comfort the Rock Island leads the procession. W. H. WISHART, Ticket Agent.

Office 109 East Douglas avenue, corner Main street. 609 tf

Boston Store

THURSDAY

2 GREAT BARGAINS

In Fans.

SEE WINDOWS.

Fans worth 75c and $1.00, go at 25c.

Fans worth $1.75 to $2.50, go at 75c.

All Summer lines at great sacrifice.

New line of our Leader, best ladies $2.00 shoes on earth, just received.

GUESS

—HOW LONG THE—

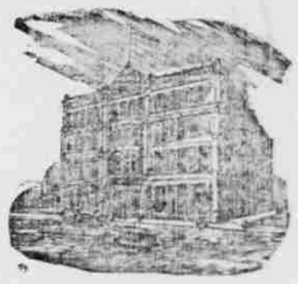
CANDLE WILL BURN.

$130.00 in gold given away.

Boston Store

HOTEL CAREY.

$2 TO $3 PER DAY



METROPOLE HOTEL.

Rates $2 and $2.50 per day. Centrally Located.

G. W. GOODWIN, Proprietor.

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER.

H. C. DUNBAR.

235 NORTH MAIN STREET.

Metallic Caskets and Embalming a Specialty. Orders by telegraph promptly attended. The largest stock of Burial Goods in the state. Telephone 38.

City Map.

A handsome lithograph map of the city showing all the streets and location of the principal buildings, etc., for sale at the office. 59-t

HALE COWLEY, President. A. S. WILSON, Secretary.

KANSAS FARMS

For Sale by

KANSAS HOMESEEKERS' BUREAU.

We have choice farms in every part of the state for cash or on easy terms. Remember that no matter what wild reports you may have heard, that the government reports for seven years show that the cultivated lands of Kansas have produced more than the same number of cultivated acres anywhere else in the United States. Kansas soil well farmed produces more than any other in the United States. Think of this and then come and see it and us. Now is the time to buy before a land boom. If we cannot show you more of the gifts of Providence in the fruits of the earth in the same length of time than you ever saw before, we will pay your expense out here and give you a wagon load of the finest peaches you ever looked at. If you want to see the world's fair come to Kansas. Of course we are the great land men and farm sellers of Kansas, but we mean every word we say and will do it. Write or visit us. If you mean swap or some other nonsense write to some one else. If you mean business write us. We can get you a cheap rate and something else if you buy of us.

Look out for the excursions. Address COWLEY & NELSON, Kansas Homeseeks' Bureau, Wichita, Kansas.

SEALS.

We are prepared to furnish as good a Notary Public Seal as can be made, on Short Notice, at a Reasonable Price.

R. P. MURDOCK, Manager.