Wichita Eagle

STAY, STAY AT HOME, MY HEART.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home keeping hearts are happiest;
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and homesick and distressed,
They wander east, they wander west,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best. —Longfellow.

HIS DUTY.

Bennie Waters got up at daylight that morning to build the fire and warm the room for his mother, who was not strong, and found the keen air of the early spring very trying in their rudely built cabin a few miles out on the plains from the village. All the time he was about this labor of love he was thinking of the fortunate opening likely to be his that day.

He had been searching for something to do in the village, for matters were getting serious in their little home. The mother had been sick so long, and their expenses had been so heavy, that the little they had saved against a time of need was now completely gone. Next to nothing remained for them to live upon; and, if possible, he must find work of some kind to keep actual want from the door.

So for two or three days previous to this morning he had been looking for work, but without success. He was either too young or not strong enough, or they had no work for a boy, and he had become well nigh discouraged. The evening before, however, just as he was about to give up trying further for that day, he had stepped into the store of Field & Swinburne, hardware dealers, and asked if they needed a boy. He was shown into the office, where he found Mr. Swinburne alone.

That gentleman, after making some inquiries as to Bennie's age and where he lived, said:

"Yes, we do need a boy; but Mr. Field is now out of town. You may come tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, and we will see what can be done for you. Mind, now, and be on time, as we shall hire the first boy that comes along."

"What wages would you be apt to pay?" Bennie ventured to ask.

"Oh! two or three dollars a week," answered Mr. Swinburne carelessly. "It depends altogether on how well you work."

So Bennie built the fire, and busied himself in cooking the potatoes—all that they had for breakfast—happy at the prospect before him, and sure that he would do his best to earn the highest wages suggested. On that amount he felt confident his mother and himself could, with proper care, live comfortably until she was able to work again.

The breakfast—if a dish of potatoes can be called a breakfast—once ready, he went to the door of his mother's room and called her.

"Only think, mother," he exclaimed, as they sat down at the table, "I'm to have work today; and if I'm worth it I'm to have three dollars a week, and that'll be enough for us to live on."

"Yes, indeed!" responded his mother. "But I fear you are too young to undertake so much; above all, to take your long walk after each day's work."

"Oh, I can stand it easily enough, mother," he asserted confidently.

When the poor little meal was finished he brought in several huge armfuls of wood, and arranged as far as possible for his mother's comfort throughout the day, and then put on his coat and started.

"Here is your scarf, Bennie," said his mother, calling him back. "It will be chilly as you walk home to-night, and you will need it."

He laughingly took it, not realizing then how it would be of special service to him a little later.

It was not yet 8 o'clock, and he had ample time to reach the village before the appointed hour. The most direct way was down the railroad track, and he hurriedly tripped over the ties, as happy as a boy could well be.

Within a mile of the village the track made a sharp turn to the right and entered what was known as Henway's cut, where the roadbed had been blasted through solid rock for a number of rods. As Bennie reached the curve he, as a precaution, glanced along the track to be sure the 8:45 passenger train was nowhere in sight, and then entered the cutaway.

When about half way through, however, he suddenly stopped, for in front of him lay a large bowlder which had fallen from the cliff above, and completely blocked the passage.

But it was possible to clamber over it, and Bennie began to do so. Then he as quickly got down again. The thought had come to him that the train, No. 27, coming around the curve at full speed, would not have time to come to a full stop before reaching the obstruction, and a smashup, more or less terrible in its results, was inevitable unless some one gave the warning.

But if he waited to warn the train of its danger he could not reach the village at the appointed hour, and might lose the place. Indeed, Mr. Swinburne had distinctly said if he was not there on time they should hire some other boy.

There was not time enough to go on to the village and have some one sent to flag the train. At least it would be a tremendous risk to do so.

The first house back, up the track, was a full mile away, and to go there and leave word to stop the train would also make him late at the store.

For a moment he hesitated. More than this, he actually left the cutaway and went a short distance up over the cliff toward the highway. Then he came back to the track and with quivering lip sat down. He knew it was his duty, whatever the personal sacrifice, to stay there and warn the train.

"I can't leave here," he resolutely said, "even if I do not get work and we have to beg."

The train was late that morning, and for nearly an hour he sat there. He knew it must be already 9 o'clock, and he wondered if some other boy had been hired to fill the place he had only an hour before been so sure of. In spite of himself the great tears would come to his eyes.

The low rumbling of the train at last roused him from the despair into which he was fast falling. Springing to his feet he exclaimed:

"I wish I had a red flag, an I'd stop the train easy enough."

Then his eye fell on his scarf. It was large, and of a bright red color. The next moment he had cut a long stick and stretched his scarf to its widest capacity over one end, forming a wide flag. He now hurried down the track toward the coming train, moving the scarf to and fro as he had often seen the flagmen do.

On came the train. Now it was near enough for the engineer to plainly see him.

The next instant a prolonged whistle which Bennie knew meant "down brakes," rang on the air, and he jumped from the track.

The cars shot by him, but came to a standstill near the curve. The engineer sprang from his cab, asking:

"Well, my boy, what is it?"

"Just step around the curve, any you'll see for yourself," answered Bennie.

The engineer, fireman, conductor and a crowd of passengers hurried into the cutaway, and a moment later stood by the bowlder.

"It is a big morning's work you have done, my lad," the conductor at length said. "Had we come around that curve and stove full force into that rock, there would have been terrible work here. How came you to discover it?"

So Bennie briefly told his story.

"I was going to work for Field & Swinburne down at Scottsville this morning at 9 o'clock, and left our cabin back here a couple of miles to go there. When I got here I saw the rock and I knew I ought to stay to give you warning, though I s'pose I have lost my place by it," he added regretfully.

"How is that?" asked a tall, finely dressed gentleman standing by.

"Why, Mr. Swinburne said I was to be there on time," answered Bennie, "or else they should hire some other boy."

The conductor now decided that, with enough men and proper tools, the obstruction could be removed in an hour or two at the farthest, and dispatched a messenger to the village for them. He also advised the passengers to return to the cars and make themselves as comfortable as possible during the delay.

Then a gentleman spoke up enthusiastically:

"Let us make up a purse for the lad. Here is five dollars toward it."

A hat was passed among the passengers, and a few minutes later the gentlemen announced:

"We have got a hundred dollars. Now where is the boy?"

He could not be found, but a brakeman finally said:

"I saw him go off toward the village with the man the conductor sent down there."

"He'll be back this way by and by likely as not," said the conductor. "If not, it can be left at the Scottsville depot for him."

It was true Bennie had hastened off to the village, hoping he might even yet reach the store before some one else was engaged. But in this he was disappointed, for as he entered Mr. Swinburne's office that gentleman looked up at him and curtly said:

"You are too late, sir; I engaged another lad half an hour ago. Learn next time to be punctual at the appointed hour."

Poor Bennie! Without offering a word of explanation, he left the store and hurried off home. He had no heart to look elsewhere for work that day at least. He knew he had done right, that his mother would approve of his course. Still, he could not get over the great disappointment that had come to him. What in the world should they now do for bread?

As he reached the cutaway, he found the men busy blasting the bowlder to pieces, and he paused to watch them. While he stood there the conductor caught sight of him.

"Look here, youngster," he said, "aren't you the boy that stopped the train?"

"Yes, sir," promptly responded Bennie.

"Well," he went on, "there is a gentleman up at the cars that wishes to see you."

Wondering what could be wanted of him, Bennie went up to the train, clambered into the parlor car and asked:

"Is there a man here who wants to see me?"

"Yes, sir," exclaimed a gentleman, dropping his paper and springing to his feet. "We all want to see you. We want to thank you for your unselfish conduct this morning, and give you this roll of bills, as a token of our appreciation of your act." And he handed Bennie the money.

"I didn't expect nothing," said Bennie modestly and ungrammatically. "I didn't just like to see the train busted up."

"We can well afford to give this money to you," replied the gentleman kindly; "for some of us would have doubtless lost our lives but for you, and had the overturned cars taken fire in that cut none of us could have escaped."

With joyful heart Bennie now hastened home. Nor was his joy any less when his mother, after listening to his story, said:

"I would rather a son of mine should do his duty, even if it forced us to beg, than to have secured the best position by a dishonorable act."

But the good flowing forth from Bennie's unselfish act did not end here. The very next morning, as he was cutting wood at the door, a gentleman rode up and asked:

"Are you Bennie Waters?"

"Yes, sir," replied the astonished boy.

"Well, here's a letter I was asked to leave here," said the man, handing it to him.

It bore the name of "Field & Swinburne," and read:

SCOTSVILLE, Ky.

Mr. Bennie Waters:

DEAR SIR—Mr. Field, of our firm, was upon the train you so bravely warned of its danger yesterday, regardless of your loss. We have decided that we have a place in our store for a boy like you; and we will furnish your mother a tenement in the village rent free, and allow you at first five dollars a week. I trust you will be magnanimous enough to overlook my unpardonable curtness of yesterday; for had you explained the cause of your delay, we should have hired you then and there. At your earliest convenience let us know your decision. Respectfully yours,

GEORGE A. SWINBURNE.

Firm of Field & Swinburne.

Bennie and his mother have already moved into their comfortable home at the village, and he is busily at work in the store. He studies hard evenings, and hopes to thoroughly master the business he has entered. He says:

"I just did that morning what I knew was my duty, and all came out right in the end."

So it will always.—Sunshine.

A Back Covering.

In the days when flogging was in vogue as a punishment in the navy, a Scotchman and an Irishman, on the arrival of their ship in harbor, obtained leave to go ashore for a couple days, and they overstayed the period of leave granted them. When they did put in an appearance they were ordered fifty lashes each. On the day of the punishment a parade was ordered to witness the infliction of the flogging. When all was ready the Scotchman asked, as a favor, to be allowed a piece of canvas on his back while he received his flogging. The captain granted his request, and, turning to the Irishman, asked him if he required anything on his back while he was being flogged, to which he replied, "If ye plaze, yer honor, I'd loike to have the Scotchman on my back, if ye wouldn't mind."—London Tit-Bits.

Nests in Queer Places.

In the journal of the Bombay Natural History society Lieutenant H. E. Barnes gives some interesting particulars about the house sparrows of western India. At Deessa he found that a pair had built their nest in the antlers of a sambur in the veranda. Another pair had appropriated a soap box in the bathroom, and although their nest was destroyed several times they persisted in building a fresh one till they were left alone out of compassion.

A third pair actually built in a deserted bird cage hanging against the wall, and there they reared their brood, in spite of the fact that the cage was often taken down and shown to visitors. Once the eggs were stolen and the birds made such a fuss as led the residents to find them. Lieutenant Barnes also states that these sparrows attack their own image in a looking glass, and will fight it all day long, "only leaving off when darkness sets in, to begin the battle next day." It was found necessary to cover up the mirrors.—Manchester Times.

UNCLE SAM AT THE FAIR.

THE GOVERNMENT EXHIBIT AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

It Will Be Much Larger Than the Government Show at Philadelphia in 1876. Much Regarding Display Was Learned at Paris—A Running Summary.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Aug. 3.—The greatest, most varied, most interesting exhibit at the Chicago World's fair will be that of Uncle Sam. Our Uncle Sam is going to do himself proud, and you and I and every one of us will be proud of him when we go

AZTEC WATER BOTTLE.

to Chicago and see what he is to have there for us to see. Some of us remember that he had a very good show at the Philadelphia Centennial; but what he had there was almost as nothing compared with what he will have at Chicago. In the first place, this is a good deal more of a country now than it was even fifteen years ago, and the government is greater and richer. Besides we know more about expositions now than we did then. Uncle Sam is particularly fortunate in having at his command a number of gentlemen from the military, naval and civil service who have had experience in exposition work, who know what to do and what not to do.

In the second place the government is to spend five or six times as much money at Chicago as it spent at Philadelphia. The government building alone at Chicago will cost more than the whole of the show which Uncle Sam made in the City of Brotherly Love. At Philadelphia the government had 102,000 square feet of exhibition space. At Chicago the principal building alone will have an area of 262,500 square feet, to say nothing of annexes, of open air displays, of the great battleship, of the aquaria, two in number, each 135 feet in diameter. I couldn't begin to tell you all the government intends exhibiting. It will be a World's fair in itself.

A great many people fail to understand the scope of the government show at the fair. At the Paris exposition Uncle Sam was simply a general agent for other exhibitors. He sent out letters to manufacturers and others asking them what they had to sell to foreign peoples, and inviting them to send their samples to him at Paris, and he would see that they were properly displayed. Some sent their samples and some didn't, and Uncle Sam did only fairly well as an agent in charge. He didn't have money enough to make a very good display with, and besides he didn't know much about the business. But while he was very weak at Paris, and our citizens who reside abroad haven't yet done blushing for him, he learned a few tricks there and now flatters himself that he knows something about the exhibition business. Among the things which he

SOUTH SEA ISLAND WARRIORS.

learned was that success depends quite as much upon the manner in which you display goods as upon the goods which you have to display. Installation—that is what the exposition people call it—is an art in which the French and Italians excel, as they excel in most arts.

"Why, at Paris," said Secretary Bickford, of the government World's fair board, "in many lines we had the finest things in the show, but we didn't know how to show them. We had the best wheat, and the best bacon, and a lot of things of that sort, and we got the medals on them. But the Italian and the French exhibits in these very lines attracted fifty times the attention from the people that ours did. That was simply because they were better displayed. They spent hundreds of dollars in displaying to the best advantage a barrel of flour worth six or eight dollars. They could fix up a side of bacon so that it looked like a work of art, and everybody stopped to look at it, while the crowds walked by our display without more than glancing at it. Installation is half the battle in an international exposition, and this is a lesson our exhibitors must learn. They must know sooner or later that, no matter how valuable or perfect their wares, when they go into competition with Europeans they will find it necessary to employ skill and taste and money in properly installing them.

Because Uncle Sam was a general agent for manufacturers and other exhibitors at Paris many people appear to think he is going to play the same role at Chicago. Every day manufacturers write here to inquire if the government is prepared to take charge of their exhibits at Chicago, saying they would prefer to put their goods in the government building. Of course Uncle Sam isn't going into that business at all. The law provides distinctly that the government display shall be one designed solely to exhibit the functions of government. The government produces nothing, sells nothing. Therefore it will at Chicago have nothing to do with articles of trade, with samples of goods, nor even with the products of the soil or domestic animals, except in such ways as the government, through its processes of investigation, education, prevention of disease or improvement of species and methods, is brought into contact with such things.

For instance, our good friend Jerry Rusk imagined some months ago he was going to have charge at Chicago of an immense exhibit of domestic animals. Uncle Jerry wanted to make this exhibit the greatest and grandest thing of the sort that was ever seen. No doubt such a display will be made, but it will not be under the auspices of the agricultural department. This department, under the law, will be able to show its methods of inspection of cattle and meats, and the processes and results of its experiment stations, and the work that it has done in tracing out the distribution and development of animals, crops, fruits, trees, plants and grasses. But the display of all these things in bulk falls under the authority of the agricultural section of the fair itself. So it is in other departments.

And having explained this, let me give you, in a running, rapid way, an idea of what Uncle Sam's show at Chicago is to be. First in spectacular interest, of course, will be the exhibits of the war and navy departments—the military camp, the signal bureau, the hospital and ambulance corps, the field guns, forts mounted with heavy ordnance, the cavalry, army drills and tactics, the great battleship, with its armor, its big guns and machine guns, its electric search light, the sailor lads, the marine corps, the torpedo system, and all the paraphernalia of modern naval warfare, with no end of articles, quaint and curious, illustrative of the history and development of the navy.

Unfortunately, the Capitol, with senate and house in session, cannot be transplanted to Chicago. But there will be a mammoth model of it, and models of all the principal public buildings in the United States. Not only this, but there will be models of the public works, such as canals, lighthouses, improvements of rivers, breakwaters, etc. The life saving service will be there, in active and serious operation

WASHINGTON'S UNIFORM.

should its help be required. The weather bureau, now attached to the agricultural department, will predict the weather "before your face and eyes," so that you may solve the mysteries of the scientific ground hog.

Of course the patent office will make a very striking display. For this the museum of models will be liberally drawn upon, not indiscriminately, but with careful selection of certain lines of invention—like the sewing machine, the reaper, the locomotive—showing the first patents or germs, and all various stages of evolution up to the present time. Probably nothing in the government exhibit or the entire fair will attract more attention than the display which the postoffice department is to make of its function—all the mysteries and marvelous perfection of the mail service unfolded before you. This will include a complete postoffice in operation in full view of the public, the railway mail cars, the wonderful canceling machines and the even more wonderful skill and proficiency of the men who distribute mails, to say nothing of the famous dead letter office and its museum of curiosities.

The Indian bureau will display the methods and results of the work among the American aborigines—villages of Indians transplanted from the plains, women weaving rugs and baskets, Indian schools and Indian home life. But there will be no wild west show, for the reason that the government's function is to repress savagery in the Indian, not to encourage it. Interesting and instructive will be the exhibit which the geological survey is preparing of its explorations under the surface of the earth, with a collection of gems whose value runs to almost fabulous figures. I can only mention in passing, leaving to the reader's imagination to dwell upon, such exhibits as those of the coast and geodetic survey, which explores the coasts and the bottom of the sea; the bureau of engraving and printing, which will show how our money is made; the great government printing office; the fish commission, and many other of Uncle Sam's almost innumerable departments.

A pathetic feature of the government show will be models illustrating the cruel and wanton methods of destruction by which that noble king of the plains, the

WASHINGTON'S CAMP CHEST.

American bison, has been all but annihilated; and Catlin's famous gallery of Indian portraits and pictures, which will speak more eloquently than words of the degeneracy which has come upon the American aborigines through contact with civilization.

I must say a word or two in closing of the part which the Smithsonian institution and the National museum are to take in this grand entertainment which Uncle Sam is now hard at work providing for us. These concerns are a world's exposition in themselves, with their infinite variety of articles illustrative of the methods of savagery and civilization, the ingenuity, the progress, the domesticity, the customs, the habits, the tragedies of all mankind. They will show thousands upon thousands of such articles as the relics of Washington, the swords and other trophies of General Grant both in war and peace, the pottery, the weapons, the articles of dress, the ornaments, the musical instruments, the tools and utensils and what not of all the quaint and curious things you can imagine from all the lands under the skies.

In my opinion Uncle Sam's part of the great show will alone be more than worth the price of admission.

ROBERT GRAVES.

Very Apprehensive.

Miss Winslow (petting the mastiff)—Just see how roguish Bevis looks. Sometimes I think that he understands and appreciates all our jokes.

Charlie Wheeler (who has been there, somewhat grimly)—Yes; I've noticed that he catches on very quickly.—Fun.

A Woeful State.

One of Philadelphia's most prominent physicians, while in Virginia recently, wandered into a village courtroom where a trial was in progress. As he entered a dispute which was being carried on between the prosecution and defense as to the advisability of admitting a certain letter as evidence was ended by the judge desiring that the letter be given to him in order that he might decide the matter. When the letter was handed to him he put on his spectacles, turned it first inside out, then upside down, then sideways, examining it carefully all the time.

"What's the matter with the judge?" asked Dr. Blank of a bystander. "Why doesn't he read the letter?"

"Pshaw!" said the individual addressed, with a world of contempt in his tone, "he can't read readin' readin', let alone writin' readin'."—Harper's Magazine.

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WHAT IS THIS MAN'S HISTORY?

He Is a Murderer, a Farm Laborer and an Authority on the Classics.

The most sensational man hunt of the year has recently been in progress. All northern New Hampshire and Vermont and a considerable section of Canada have been searching for Frank C. Almy, and yet he, though without money and in a woeful condition physically, has evaded his pursuers for the time being at least. His crime was the murder of Miss Christie Warden, one of the most beautiful and talented young women of Hanover, N. H., and the circumstances are to the last degree curious and inexplicable.

Almy was evidently a man of education, some refinement and very extensive reading, yet he could give no account of his past life when he came as a wanderer through the vicinity of Hanover and worked as an ordinary farm hand. He made acquaintance with some of the students at Dartmouth college and surprised them by his classical knowledge. The daughters of Mr. Andrew H. Warden, his employer, treated him with unusual consideration on account of his intelligence and refinement. Thus pleasantly passed the autumn and winter of 1890. Then the man's evil nature began to show itself.

FRANK C. ALMY.

His temper was restrained only by constant effort and occasionally broke out in frightful manifestations. He received letters directed to another name and in various ways seemed a "suspicious character." Mr. Warden therefore dismissed him, and then it was discovered that he had importuned Christie to marry him and threatened her with death if she refused. She declined to tell all the facts and was afraid to go out alone. The threat was literally fulfilled.

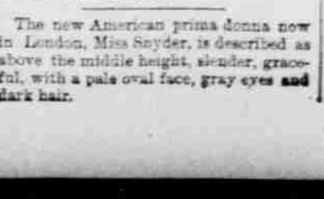
As Christie and Fannie Warden, Miss Louise Goodell and Mrs. Warden were returning home from an evening meeting, Almy suddenly confronted them with a pistol and seized Christie. He fired at the others, but missed them. Fannie, however, stuck to her sister, while the others ran for help. Despite the struggles of the two girls Almy succeeded in dragging Christie into the bushes, where he fired one ball into her head and another into her body, causing instant death. Help was so near that he had but half a minute to escape, yet he did, and then the hunt began. The beauty, intelligence and high character of the Warden girls had made them very popular, and all the men of that and the adjoining counties turned out with guns. Even the professors of Dartmouth college joined in. It was a grand battue, but Almy got through the cordon and reached Montreal. Every step of his progress has been traced, but in Montreal the trail was temporarily lost.

A strange feature of the case is that letters have come from distant places describing Almy exactly and relating some act of violence by him, but under a different name. One woman writes that her own daughter was murdered a few years ago under very similar circumstances, and her description of the murderer is exactly that of Almy. The man seems cursed with an implacable and uncontrollable temper.

THE EPWORTH LEAGUES.

They Now Have a Charming Summer Headquarters at Bay View.

To the Epworth leagues of Michigan belongs the honor of erecting the first practical and pretentious summer headquarters of the order, though the league exists in every state and num-



THE HOME ON THE BAY.

bers its membership by hundreds of thousands. The home is located at Bay View at the head of Little Traverse bay, on Lake Michigan, the picturesque summer city of the Bay View Camp Meeting association of the Methodist Episcopal church, and of the Bay View Summer university and assembly, the latter interdenominational. It is modern in its style of architecture and cost several thousand dollars.

Besides broad and comfortable piazzas and pretty balcony retreats on the three floors, on the first are parlors, reception and lecture rooms, and on the second, in addition to seventeen airy sleeping apartments for league workers that occupy the third as well, is the bishop's room, designed for the use of the bishop appointed to meet the Michigan annual conferences in the early fall of each year. The home is for the use of the order from whatever state its representatives are present at the Bay View assembly. In it the various conferences, receptions and lectures will take place.

The inviting doors of this beautiful home were recently thrown open to the public, Rev. Dr. J. F. Berry, editor of The Epworth Herald, Chicago, delivering the dedicatory and anniversary address, and a grand reception was given at night.

The home is close to Evelyn hall, the palatial summer headquarters of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, dedicated last season, and the five elegant and substantial buildings of the Summer university.

The new American prima donna now in London, Miss Snyder, is described as above the middle height, slender, graceful, with a pale oval face, gray eyes and dark hair.

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In Partnership.

He entered a barber shop in Jersey City the other morning and took a seat in the chair without a word. A young man who was reading a paper laid it aside and lathered him, and then sat down and resumed his newspaper.

"What sort of business do you call this?" demanded the customer after waiting three or four minutes.

"Partnership," was the calm reply.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I lather and my partner shaves. He's gone to breakfast, but will be back inside of fifteen minutes."—New York Evening World.

Progress and Poverty.

Mr. Bilgate (entertaining a friend at his suburban home)—I haven't much elegance to offer you, but this modest little home is the result of years of self sacrifice, and it is very dear to me.

His Guest—Oh, this is delightful! By the way, who owns that elegant mansion across the way?

Bilgate—Oh, that belongs to one of my traveling men.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Oblivious.

Dashaway (calling on Miss Sitmson)—Well, Willie (to her young brother), what prank have you been up to lately?

Willie—I pulled a lot of hair out of sister's head yesterday.

Dashaway—I shouldn't think you would want to be so cruel to your sister as that.

Willie—Oh, she didn't know it.—Brooklyn Life.

Horrible.

Aunt (ending her story)—And three lieutenants fell in the attack.

College Girl—And is it possible there are people in this world heartless enough to kill a lieutenant?—Fliegende Blatter.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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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. A. Walton, S. T. Tuttle, N. F. Niederlander, W. R. Tucker, John Davidson, J. C. Hutchins.
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. Fowell, Pres't. G. W. Larimer V. Pres't. C. E. Frame, Asst Cashier.
Fourth National Bank.
WICHITA, KANSAS.
PAID UP CAPITAL. - $100,000
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J. T. Campbell, E. B. Fowell, G. W. Larimer, Oscar Barnes, S. O. Graves, Amos Houck, Joseph Horne, R. T. Bean.

S. Lombard, President. L. D. Skinner, Cashier. J. F. Allen, Vice President. W. E. Livingston, Assistant Cashier.
State National Bank.
OF WICHITA, KAN.
CAPITAL. - - - - $100,000
SURPLUS. - - - - 20,000
DIRECTORS:
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