

Wichita Daily Eagle

W. J. Appling, a prominent farmer from east of town was here yesterday. His business has been largely on the county and he reports that a large amount of plowing is already done for fall wheat sowing.

The Rector's Bible class will begin the study of church history today at St. John's Episcopal church. The course will consist of twelve lessons on the continuity of the English church and the development of the prayer book.

Mrs. W. H. Taylor, Jr., of Garden Plain, was in the city yesterday calling on some of the specialists here in regard to having her hearing, which has been quite deficient for several years past, partially if not wholly remedied.

Mrs. W. O'Brien, of Garden Plain, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Julia, and Miss Gertrude Hymer, were in the city yesterday en-route to Winfield, where the young ladies will enter the Southwestern Kansas Conference college.

Harry W. Bishop has taken full charge and control of the McManan police patrol of this city. Mr. B. intends giving his full and personal attention to the business. Merchants and citizens of Wichita can depend upon good service as Mr. B. has had nearly ten years experience in this line of business.

J. F. Shearman, deputy clerk of the United States courts here, received an order last night made on the 27th inst by Judge Riner, United States district judge of Cheyenne, who will preside, directing the United States marshal to adjourn all the federal courts here next month until September 21.

W. E. Stanley's Sunday school class had another one of those social reunions for which it has become famous, locally, at the teacher's residence Friday evening. And what a time the forty odd youngsters did have eating watermelons and fruits and playing at the conventional games suitable to such occasions.

Major Shanklin, who is at home from Washington, is suffering somewhat from a slight attack of malaria. In a brief call yesterday he gave it as his opinion that the issues of the national campaign would insure a Republican administration. The next Democratic move will consist of standing around and criticizing the efforts of the Republicans, have to go into a bill and on record as to what they mean by "tariff reform."

Judge Sloss arrived home yesterday morning from Illinois, where he had been suddenly and unexpectedly called to the funeral of his aged mother of whose fatal sickness he was notified by telegraph while in the heart of the Rocky mountains. He started immediately for his boyhood's home, but also who had watched over all his youthful days with the unflinching solicitude of a mother's love, had folded her hands to any further duties of this life and closed her eyes for the last time to this world, and to the faces of her loved ones.

One of the most enjoyable birthday gatherings was given by Miss Nellie Friday, of 1245 N. Market street, Friday evening, in celebration of her 16th birthday. The evening was passed with games and amusements, and at a late hour lunch was served, after which the party dispersed with the usual happy returns of the day. Those present were: Miss Olla Johnson, Olive Clayton, Maggie Parker, Blanche Neely, Etta Adams, Corn Adams, Hal McCoy, Jess Smith, Glad Smith and Geo. Kestler.

Mr. James P. Winn, who has been connected with the auditor's office of the Southern Express company here for several years, severed his connection there during the past week. As an earnest testimonial of their good wishes and good feelings, the boys in the office presented him with two beautiful sleeve buttons and two elegant diamond studs. But what Mr. Winn more than all else appreciated was the following letter signed by every employee of the office:

SOUTHERN EXPRESS CO. AUDITOR'S OFFICE, Memphis, Tenn., Aug. 19, 1891. James P. Winn: We are much surprised on hearing that you severed your connection with this company on the 15th inst. We trust you will be advantaged by the change to the great west. As an earnest testimonial of our best wishes for your success and happiness, please accept the enclosed "souvenir."

It is an unusual occurrence for a clerk to leave a large office like this without the ill wishes of some of the employees. We trust men here, we have yet to hear anything but kind words and best wishes toward you.

We feel assured should you at any time desire to return to first love, there will be an opening for you.—Memphis Times.

Mr. Winn is the father of Dr. W. H. Winn of this city, and is here. He came, he saw, and is conquered.

A LOST BOY. About 6 o'clock last evening two boys, one about 8 years old and the other a little older, were playing near the Twelfth street depot on North Main street when the older boy went away telling the little fellow to wait there until he returned. Up to about 3 o'clock this morning he had not been seen again and the little fellow who had waited faithfully all this time was taken in by the kind-hearted operator at the depot.

The boy gave his name as Shields, but said that his folks had just moved here from El Dorado only a few days ago, and because of not being familiar with the names of the streets, could not tell where he lived. He was taken out of the cold and well cared for last night, and it is supposed that he will be claimed by his parents today. The whereabouts of the older boy is still a mystery.

AMUSEMENTS. In this day of elaborate scenic effects in plays it is not enough that the environment of a drama shall be good—it must be great. It is with this principle in mind that Manager Williams has reinvested Katie Emmett's play, "Wails of New York," with stage accessories. Beginning with the first scene and going through the piece act by act, Manager Williams has had new sets built and painted of the most elaborate description for this popular play. There is the glimpse of Castle Garden which is exceedingly realistic; the reproduction of Old Trinity church, which is very life-like; the Tombs police court, recognizable at a glance to many, and the great Harlem railroad bridge scene, showing two trains crossing in opposite directions at the same time. It is in this incident which affords one of the most thrilling climaxes of the play. Willie Hufus (Katie Emmett) and the junior wait Gertrude, are caught upon the bridge with the two trains approaching. Willie quickly climbs down between the ties with the little child and hangs by his hands while the child clings to him. A passing boatman comes to their rescue and they are saved. It is one of the most successful mechanical scenes ever seen on the stage. There is also a great fire scene, managed with extreme cleverness. All in all "The Wails of New York" is a scenic production par excellence. Crawford's opera house Monday and Tuesday evenings, Aug. 31 and Sept. 1.

THE COURTS.

PROBATE. Notice of approval of W. H. Good as administrator of the estate of R. R. Fulton, deceased, filed.

Marriage license granted to W. W. Ring, of Wichita, and Katie Callahan, of Cincinnati, O., also to Julius Johnson and Lulu Goodrich, both of Valley Center. They were married by the judge in his office.

ANNOUNCEMENTS. First M. E. church—Owing to the illness of Dr. Phillips, of Winfield, he will not be able to fill the pulpit as announced. Rev. N. E. Hanson will preach at 10:30 a. m. and Dr. H. H. Hoss will lecture at 8 p. m.

The King's Daughters of the Unitarian church will meet Tuesday afternoon with Mrs. Childs, on South Water street. All members requested to be present.

United Brethren church, corner of Ida avenue and Prince street. There will be no services in the morning. Preaching at 8 p. m. by Rev. S. Garrigus, pastor. Everybody welcome.

W. C. T. U. The regular monthly mothers meeting of the W. C. T. U. will be held in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian church, next Tuesday afternoon at 2:30. Every mother invited to be present. CARRIE FEGLEY, Sec.

SPIRITUALIST MEETING. Mr. and Mrs. Allen will lecture at Justice Tucker's court room, 289 North Main, today at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. These will probably be their last lectures for the present. Subject for lectures will be submitted by the audience. All are invited.

The ladies of the Relief Corps will give one of their famous basket socials September 7, at Garfield hall. Some of the best talent in the city will fill the program. There will also be a cake, baked by Mrs. J. P. Allen, with a handsome ring to be disposed of, also a quilt to be raffled off. Come out everybody and help us and enjoy an evening brimful of fun.

COMMITTEE. A. O. U. W. Business of vital importance to the lodge will come before No. 22 at its meeting tomorrow night, business in which every member is interested. A full attendance is therefore desired. Lodge opens at 8 o'clock, sharp.

J. S. H. SHIELDS, M. W. There will be the usual services at the Emporia avenue M. E. church today. Rev. W. L. DeGroot, of Topeka, will preach at 11 a. m. and Rev. T. P. Wooten will preach at 8 p. m.

IT WAS NO USE. He Had Reason for His Actions, but Something Was Wrong. When the train pulled up into the way station the young woman was standing on the station platform surrounded by several other young women, who were all talking at once. The young man stood a short distance away, holding a big valise.

"Hop on there, Maria!" he called out. "Don't be all day about it." "Every girl in the crowd, with the exception of the one addressed, exclaimed, "Oh!" and looked as though something dreadful had happened. She retorted: "Hop on yourself if you want to. I'm coming."

The other girls said "Oh!" again, and the young man got on the train. Then he called out again: "Can't you get a move on you, Maria? You'll talk an arm off of some one." "I'll come when I get ready, Jacob," she returned.

She had hastily kissed the girls good-by and boarded the train, while they retired to a corner of the station and held a whispered conference over something that seemed to trouble them. "Hop down there!" he said as they came to a double seat. "You don't mind riding backward and it bothers me."

She sat down, and he put the big valise on the seat beside her and then settled himself comfortably on the other seat, while the old lady two seats behind exclaimed, "Well, I never!" and some one else muttered, "The brute!"

For fifteen minutes after the train started he pretended to be reading a paper and she was looking out of the window. But every minute or two he glanced at her over the top of his paper and her gaze frequently rested on his face.

And she seemed to be proud of him. Suddenly she turned toward him with the exclamation: "Jacob, do you need every paper in this car?"

He threw her over one he had in his lap. "I wonder you didn't think of it before," she said. "You're able to speak out if you want anything!" he retorted. "You've got a tongue!"

There were more comments from various portions of the car and every one seemed to be wondering what he would do next. Ten minutes later he looked stealthily around the car. Every eye was fixed on him or the young woman who was looking shyly over the top of her paper. He threw his down.

"Maria," he said, "they've sized us up! We can't fool 'em and there's no use trying."

A moment later the newly made wife's head was pillowed on her husband's shoulder, and as she looked up into his eyes she suggested: "Perhaps we overdid it, Jacob."

"Perhaps we did," he said, "but this is better anyway."

Then he kicked the papers into the aisle and they carried on a whispered conversation for ninety miles.—Chicago Tribune.

Samples Displayed. I saw a display in the window of a downtown restaurant yesterday that did not seem to me to hold forth great promises of a very palatable meal. There was a large glass case full of war relics—cannon balls, canteens with bullet holes in them, rusty muskets and saw-edged swords—the case having the label, "A good dinner here, thirty-five cents."

It might suit the human ostrich, but me never!—Boston News.

Don Cameron is reputed to be worth \$5,000,000, a third of which is in Washington real estate, where, next to Senator Sherman, he is the heaviest senatorial property holder.

Ex-Cabinet Officer Carl Schurz has great, grand hands, but they are very artistic in performance and more delicate than the touch of a woman when they wander over the ivory keys of the piano.

Baron de Gonderitz, the Brazilian India rubber merchant, is an energetic man of Portuguese birth, forty-one years old. He is a shrewd and very porly figure, with light complexion and red hair.

THE MAN WITH A BITE.

He Worked on Their Sympathies and Drew the Fifty-Luce.

A man sat on the end of a bench in Battery park with his left hand bandaged up, and I was about to ask him the cause when a man and his wife, who were sightseeing and waiting for the boat on the Liberty route, stopped to question him.

"I was bitten on the hand by a dog," he replied to their query. "Not a mad dog?" asked the woman. "Yes, he was suffering with hydrophobia the worst way."

"By George!" exclaimed the husband, "reg'lar mad dog, eh?" "Yes, sir."

"Henry, give him ten cents," said the woman. "Here, I've got two nickels myself. How did the dog come to bite you?"

"It was in a park up town, ma'am. Some children were playing near where I sat, and the dog was making for them. I grabbed him and he bit me."

"Just jumped right out and grabbed him, eh?" asked the husband. "Yes."

"And saved those innocent children?" asked the wife. "Here's another nickel!"

"Was the dog frothing?" asked the husband. "Very badly, sir."

"Eyes like balls of fire?" "Yes, sir."

"Wall, here's ten cents more. Did he get away after he bit you?" "No, sir. I threw him down and choked him to death."

"By George! Hear that, Hanner! Here's another nickel. He'd make an all-fired plucky constable, he would! Any danger of your running mad?"

"I'm afraid there is, sir. This is the ninth day, and I felt like barking a few minutes ago."

"Did, eh? Hear that, Hanner? Wall, we'll have to be going. We want to catch that boat. If you should run mad while we are around here—"

"There'd be no danger to you, sir. I'd remember how kind you were to a suffering man."

They were rather hurried in their gait as they headed for the dock, and when they had gone I slid along up to the man and asked:

"In case you run mad do you wish me to write the particulars to your poor old mother, or don't you want her to know how you suffered and died?"

"I'd rather you spare her, sir," he replied as he carefully closed his left eye and got up and wandered away to find an investment for his capital.—M. Quad in New York Evening World.

One Word Was Spelled Backward. The night editor rushed into the proof-room, and exclaimed: "How in thunder did you come to pass it?"

"It's all the fault of the copy readers," answered the head proofreader, excusing his department on general principles. "We can't be expected to read copy and proof too."

"No, no, of course not," admitted the night editor, "but, by George, you ought to catch ordinary mistakes in spelling!"

"Is it a word spelled wrong?" asked the head proofreader anxiously. "Is it spelled wrong?" exclaimed the night editor. "Why, man, it's spelled backward—understand? Spelled backward!"

"The copy readers ought to be more careful," said the boss of the proofroom. "They're always making bulls."

"They! cried the night editor. "They! Hang it, didn't you people in this room pass it? And the first edition's gone to press! Lord! won't there be a howl, though! If it were only a letter misspelled or something of that sort it would be bad enough. But spelled backward—clean, straight backward!"

"I don't see how it happened," said the proofreader apologetically, and looking a bit worried. "What was the word?"

"G-a-g." The night editor shot out of the room again and by the time the proofreaders had figured it out he was fortified behind three imposing stools and seven forms of type.—Chicago Tribune.

He Knows. Proprietor of Dry Goods Store—If a lady, after examining a piece of dress goods, had expressed her satisfaction with it, would you ask how many yards she desired?

Appliment—No, indeed. I should ask her where she would have the sample sent.

Proprietor—I guess you'll do. I see you've had experience.—Boston Transcript.

A Horse That Split Firewood. "Speaking about horses," said Colonel Calliper, "reminds me of a horse that was once owned by a friend of mine who lives at Storkville Centre, Vt. This horse was just an ordinary hundred dollar horse until he turned out to be a trotter. He got so, finally, that he could move in pretty near three minutes. That made him worth about \$300, which meant a good profit for the owner; but, unfortunately, just when the horse had come to that point he developed also as a kicker. He could kick hard and faster than any horse I ever saw. He kicked out one end of the bars and smashed his stall and broke up everything within reach, until they put him in an iron stall, which they had built expressly for him.

What is



Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrup, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. "Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, we were free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it." UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY, Boston, Mass. ALLEN C. SMITH, Phys.,

The Centaur Company, 71 Murray Street, New York City.

BANKER AND BRINKER. The Great Tandem Team That Recently Broke the Half Mile Record. One of the greatest bicycle tandem teams on the track today rides under the colors of the Buffalo Athletic club. The team is

composed of W. D. Banker and F. M. Brinker, and the feat that placed them prominently before the public was the breaking of the world's half mile tandem record at Detroit July 17. The old record was 1:13 1/4; the new one is 1:05, and it is believed that the Buffalo team can do the mile in 2:15.

Another event that made the team prominent was its defeat of W. F. and G. M. Murphy, the famous Brooklyn team, July 11, in a race for the New York state tandem championship at Syracuse. Banker and Brinker rode a pneumatic tired tandem which is said to be the only one in use in America. Banker is a veteran rider, having won four National L. A. M. championships and numerous other important contests. He has been champion of Pennsylvania six times, and with W. F. Gassler made a world's half mile tandem record at Syracuse in 1890.

Brinker, who stands at the left in the picture, is a comparative newcomer in the wheeling world, but he is looked upon as one of the most promising men in America as a tandem specialist.

Bicyclist Peter J. Berio. Here is a picture of that well known bicyclist Peter J. Berio, who attracted considerable attention as the only one of the seventeen suspended wheel men last year who was not retrained this season with the others. The new charges against him did not prevail, however, and Berio is now an amateur in good standing. Since 1887 Berio has entered about 100 races, winning seventy-eight prizes, twenty-two second prizes and a few thirds. In 1889 he won the one, five and ten mile championships of New England, defeating E. C. Anthony, the three mile New England championship, defeating Horland Smith, and the twelve and a half mile road race of the Boston Athletic club. In 1890 he defeated many of the best American riders, and Laurie and Willes, of England. Berio is equally good as a sprinter and long distance rider. He holds a number of important records, and under the Manhattan Athletic club's colors this season will endeavor to lower the one mile American record. Berio is twenty-four years old and rides at 155 pounds.

Ex-Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin, looks and acts more like a minister than a shrewd, calculating politician. He wears a black frock coat, white cravat, shiny silk hat and a sanctimonious look.

Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, owns a complete set of the autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. The costliness of the autographs is in the ratio of the obscurity of the signers.

Lady Florence, him along a trail of crumbs, napkins, dish towels, forks and things, into a kitchen that looks like the interior of a boarding shanty on a new railway after a Saturday night fight. She draws a long sigh of relief. "How you frightened me! It's all right officer; my husband has been getting himself a lunch."—Philadelphia Press.

A Gotha lawyer once threw a peasant out of doors because he did not want to take up his case. He afterward sent him a bill of two marks "for his trouble."

Another, on receiving the present of a hare from one of his clients, wrote to thank him and then charged four marks for the letter. On the Hamburg exchange a stranger once asked a lawyer: "Is this coat worth ten shillings?"

"Yes," replied the lawyer, as he put the coin in his pocket and took out 2s. 4d. "Here's your change; 6s. 8d. is my regular consultation fee, you know."—Philadelphia Blatter.

Legal Items. A Gotha lawyer once threw a peasant out of doors because he did not want to take up his case. He afterward sent him a bill of two marks "for his trouble."

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Gratitude. It is a rare virtue; but the grateful people, that S. S. S. has cured, after physicians had declared them incurable, number way up in the thousands. Oscar Wiles of Huntington, Ky., says: "For years I was afflicted with a blood taint, that baffled the skill of the best

PHYSICIANS. The disease affected my eyes until I was almost blind. I am thankful to say that a few bottles of S. S. S. cured me entirely. My eyesight is completely restored, and my general health is better than it has been for years."

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Wichita National Bank. PAID UP CAPITAL..... \$350,000 SURPLUS..... \$50,000 DIRECTORS: R. H. Egan, A. W. Oliver, M. W. Levy, H. H. Whitcomb, J. C. Walker, Cashier, H. T. Kramer, Asst. Cashier. 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.

Fourth National Bank. WICHITA, KANSAS. PAID UP CAPITAL..... \$250,000 DIRECTORS: J. C. Campbell, E. N. Powell, G. W. Layman, Oscar Barrett, H. O. Gentry, Adria Rosch, Joseph Stone, R. T. Cook. L. D. Reeves, Cashier, W. B. Livingson, Asst. Cashier.

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