

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

CHICAGO LUMBER CO.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
LUMBER DEALERS!
Corner First Street and Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago, Yards, 2nd and Iron streets, Chicago.
A. Smith, salesman. Geo. L. Pratt, and Geo. W. Cron, Resident Partners.

F. P. MARTIN,
Wholesale and Retail
Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames,
Mountings, Picture Glass, Enamels, Screens, Etc.
First quality French China for decorating.
Everything in the line of Artists' Materials at St. Louis or Chicago prices. See only descriptive Art Store in the state. Mail orders promptly attended.
114 NORTH MARKET ST.

WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES.
THE GETTO-McCLUNG BOOT AND SHOE CO.,
135 and 137 N Market Street, Wichita, Kansas.
Are now in receipt of large consignments of Goods for the Spring Trade, to which they invite the attention of merchants. Orders by mail carefully filled. Send for price lists.

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.,
WHOLESALE
Dry Goods, Notions and Furnishing Goods.
Complete Stock in all the Departments.
119, 121 & 123 N Topeka Ave. - - - Wichita, Kansas.

THOMAS SHAW
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
Pianos and Organs
Street music and books. All kinds of music. Street, Wichita, Kansas.

J. A. BISHOP,
Wholesale and Retail
WALL PAPER
Paints, Oils and Glass.
150 N Market St., Wichita, Kan.

E. VAIL & CO.,
WHOLESALE
WATCHES, JEWELRY,
CLOCKS AND SILVERWARE.

J. P. ALLEN,
Druggist.
Everything kept in a First-class Drug Store

CHAS. LAWRENCE,
DEALER IN
Photographers' Supplies!
103 E Douglas Avenue.
Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection

W. C. WILLIAMS,
Wholesale and Retail
Dealers in the California Powder Company's Sporting Powder.
Full line of guns, fishing tackle, nets and Tackle. Complete Supplies. Orders filled to order with either "white" or "black powder." Factory made shells kept in stock. "WICHITA" IS BEST.
119 E Douglas Ave., WICHITA, KAN.

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS,
OTTO ZIMMERMANN, Prop.
Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Food.
Agents for Wm. J. Lemp's Extra Pale, Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET
Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, Scales and grocers fixtures. Sole agents for the state for "Grand Republic" cigars, also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands.

WICHITA TRUNK FACTORY
If you want a good Trunk or Valise why not call at once at the factory, where you will get the best grade for the least money.
We have marked Trunks down, so it will pay you to examine the grades and prices.
This reduction will only last for 15 days.
H. HOSSFELD,
125 W. Douglas Ave

BUTLER & GRALEY
Wholesale Dealers
PIECED & PREPRESSED
TINWARE.
Job Work of all kinds promptly attended to.
213 South Main, Wichita, Kan.

SOLIDAY BROS.
Manufacturers of
High Grade Baking Powders, Fruit Extracts and Vinegars, Grinders of Pure Spices, Tea Importers.
127 & 129 N. Market St.

Geo. L. Pratt, Prop. A. T. Buckridge, Mgr.
WICHITA PLUMBING AND PUMP CO.
Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in All Kinds of
Wood, Iron and Chain Pumps,
Either for Driven or Open Wells.
Pipes, Fittings and Pipe Fitters' Supplies.
Telephone 116. Office 121 N. Market, Wichita, Kan.

M. DERMODY & CO.
PLUMBERS.
Steam and Hot Water Heating, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Pipes, Plumbers, Steam Fitters and Engineers Supplies. 110, 112, 114, S. Lawrence Ave. Telephone 81.

Huse & Charlton Crockery Company,
Importers and Jobbers of
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, LAMPS, PLATED-WARE and CUTLERY.
220 North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.
Mail Orders Given Prompt Attention.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.
(Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.)
WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices.
233 and 235 South Main Street, - - - Wichita, Kansas.

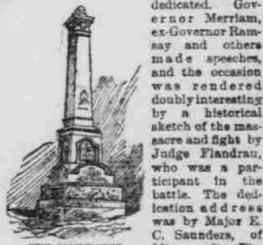
LEWIS B. SOLOMON
Wholesale Cigars,
BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, WICHITA, KANSAS.
Our leading brands of 5 cent cigars are La Marca De Norte, La Flor De S. Domingo, Key Brand, King Court, Havana Club, etc. Merchants sending in orders will receive prompt attention, all goods guaranteed. We also carry a full line of Key Brand Imported and Domestic Goods.

THE WICHITA OVERALL AND SHIRT MANUFACTURING CO
MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF
Overalls, Jeans, Cassimere and Cottonade Pants; Duck Lined Coats and Vests; Fancy Flannel and Cotton Overalls; Canton Flannel Undershirts, Drawers, Etc.
Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita, Correspondence Solicited

Wholesale Notions.
We are Ready for the Fall Business.
Our stock of Dry Goods Notions, Fancy Goods, Furnishing Goods, Stationery, School Supplies, Druggist and Grocery Sundries is as complete in variety as will be found in any place in the west, and at prices to merit the attention of the closest Cash Buyers.
MAXWELL & McCLURE,
237 and 239 South Main Street

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO.,
Wholesale Grocers,
203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET.
Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

THE SIEGE OF NEW ULM.
A Monument Appropriately Marks the Historic Spot.
Ever since the Sioux outbreak of 1862, in Minnesota, the people of New Ulm and vicinity have had a pleasant custom of assembling on the anniversary of the siege of that place to commemorate the dead and honor the living defenders. And as heeling time changes refer to the past, these gatherings become more delightful, all the survivors who took part in the defense taking the place of honor as to the veterans of the civil war.
The last gathering was of unusual interest, because a monument to the dead was dedicated. Governor Merriam, ex-Governor Ramsey and others made speeches, and the occasion was rendered doubly interesting by a historical sketch of the massacre and fight by Judge Flandrau, who was a participant in the destruction of a building about 160 years old. The occupant who had to leave it, greatly to his regret, looks very much older than the building, though he is but eighty-seven, and both man and house have curious histories.
Mr. Daniel F. Tieman was twice mayor of New Ulm, and member of various times of the common council and state senate. He bought and moved into the house in 1868, and it looked nearly as old then as when he left it, but he had kept it in good condition. The heavy timbers were massive and sound. He bought it of Thomas Buckley, who got it in 1807 of parties who obtained it from the representatives of an Englishman named Lavelle, who was living in it in 1792. Lavelle was a great hunter, and used to gallop over the island with a pack of hounds, but was finally killed in the parlor by another Englishman with whom he had an impromptu duel.
While it was untenanted after his death, a band of thieves made it their rendezvous. A mob attacked them and many of them were killed—one tradition says as many as twenty—and their corpses lay in the parlor for several days. Then the American Revolution came on and the British officers used the house. One night two of them,



ports regarding the weather in all sections of the Continent are to be believed. Visitors to Switzerland complain of persistent storms, and say that the slight of magnificent rainbows was the only reward of their tour through the little republic. Land-slips and snowfalls are of frequent occurrence. In Austria-Hungary heavy hail and thunderstorms and the continuing rains work terrible mischief to the crops and cause alarming floods. In Vienna the weather has been so wet that the inhabitants lost one of their great popular celebrations—the fetes in honor of St. Anne—when the most beautiful Anne of the town is proclaimed the queen of the day. The rains doled in from France and Belgian watering places, and tourists who want warm and sun have to go as far south as Greece, where the summer is phenomenally hot, much to the benefit of the current crop. Central Europe is steadily growing colder. During the last six years the temperature has decreased little by little in the temperate countries, while rising in more northern climes.

Williams and Grentoux, were stabbed to death in their sleep by unknown parties, supposed to have been "patriots" of the class that robbed the lines. Thus some twenty people have been killed there. Of course the house was hanted, according to old tradition, but ex-Mayor Tieman declares that the ghosts never troubled him.

A Dismal Day's Shooting.
The doings of the amateur sportsmen often furnish food for laughter. One day not long ago three newly arrived Englishmen went hunting wild geese in the central provinces of India. After they had killed sixteen animals and wounded nine they came near losing their lives as the hands of native farmers. They had made a mistake and, instead of geese, had slain domesticated buffalo in daily use as beasts of burden.

A Famous Old Mansion.
A recent extension of West One Hundred and Twenty-seventh street, New York city, compelled the destruction of a building about 160 years old. The occupant who had to leave it, greatly to his regret, looks very much older than the building, though he is but eighty-seven, and both man and house have curious histories.
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THE OLD TIEMAN DWELLING.
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TO SUCCEED EDMUNDS.
Redfield Proctor to Go from the Cabinet to the Senate.
Governor Page, of Vermont, has named Secretary of War Redfield Proctor as senator for that state.

FOOTLIGHT FLASHES.
Great Falls, Mon., is to have a \$500,000 opera house.
An attempt is being made in Milan to institute a free theater. So far it has not succeeded.
Ellen Terry's daughter, under the name of Ailsa Craig, is going to adopt the stage as a profession.
The German Hebrews of Philadelphia are to have a theater of their own on Eighth street, south of Lombard.
An Australian girl named Mank Meyer, who not only plays music but writes it, has been favorably received in Europe.
The late Israel Pielaisman, who was the manager of the Walnut street and Park theaters in Philadelphia, did his first theatrical work as an usher.
A Chicago grocer is said to have such confidence in the dramatic genius of Mrs. Leslie Carter that he has consented to advance money for her second tour. She lost about \$30,000 last season.
Mrs. Mary Wray is eighty-seven years old and probably the oldest living actress in this country. She is an Englishwoman. A daughter, Ada, is the wife of the well known comedian, John Wild.
Sardou's first comedy was a failure. He was a youth of twenty-three when he made this first venture into a field in which he afterwards became famous, and was at that time a teacher of mathematics.
He was once gossiped lately, says a writer in the New York Herald, that Miss Lillian Russell was soon to marry Mr. Carl Strickmann, the tenor whom Mr. Amburg brought to this country a year or so ago.
Rose Coghlan and Robert Mantell are no longer under the sheltering wing of Augustus Pison. That manager has renewed his contract with Scamiani, however, and has, besides, his stock company and "The Power of the Press," all of which will be on the road this season.
It is computed by a French contemporary that Sarah Bernhardt has earned 6,500,000 francs during her professional career of a quarter of a century. From her first American tour she made a clear profit of 600,000 francs, and it is expected that the pecuniary gain of her present tour will amount to 200,000 francs.

BIBLE STATISTICS.
In the Old Testament there are 39 books, and in the New Testament there are 27—total, 66.
In the Old Testament there are 929 chapters, and in the New Testament there are 263—total, 1,192.
In the Old Testament there are 33,714 verses, and in the New Testament there are 7,999—total, 41,713.
In the Old Testament there are 320,432 words, and in the New Testament there are 157,550—total, 477,982.
In the Old Testament there are 2,729,109 letters, and in the New Testament there are 825,380—total, 3,554,489.
In the Apocrypha there are 14 books, with 123 chapters, 6,221 verses, containing 125,160 words and a total of letters amounting to 1,060,516.
This statement is usually taken from an English Bible, as given by the indefatigable Dr. Horne in his introduction to the study of the Scriptures, and is said to have occupied more than three years of the compiler's life.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

FIGHT WITH A BOA.

Terrible Conflict on a Lagoon in Venezuela.

KILLING OF A MONSTER SERPENT.

The Battle Was a Fierce One, and Before It Ended the Snake Killed a Member of the Attacking Party—Perils of a Journey Through the Forest.

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SPENT some time recently in the interesting town of Pracuete, Cabelle, which has the best harbor in Venezuela, and unlimited possibilities for a man fond of a negative electricity. The water would be exceptionally healthful, I believe, if it had a decent sewer system and the great lagoon behind it were properly drained. But that lagoon is certainly mischievous. The water in it is indescribably foul, and from the harbor up grows more and more so until it finally comes to an indeterminate ending in a vast level plain of gray mud, baked as hard as brick by the fierce heat of the sun during most of the year. In the rainy season that plain is a shallow lake, for then a terrible pour down the bed of the Rio Seco or Dry river, which at all other times is a crooked line of hot, white and black pebbles and rocks, like an arid path through the forest up into the fastnesses of the mountains. Here and there in its course are pools, some of them mere stagnant ponds screened from rapid evaporation by the dense masses of foliage above, while others, being fed by springs, are almost permanent. In and near one of the latter class, at a distance of some four miles from the town, as Senor Jose Martinez assured me, a monster water boa made its home. It had been there for years.

I of course did not believe him when he described the creature as "a monster," but no matter about that, a moderately sized one would surely be an interesting sight. I wanted that boa. Jose looked astonished when I told him so and remonstrated.

"We, senor," he urged, "are well enough here with our good Carupans rum, and the boa is well enough there in his pool. Have you not a proverb warning you to let well enough alone? You have no idea how quick and strong and devilish the water boa is. Believe me, senor, he does not desire our acquaintance, and we would do ill to force it upon him."

But opposition stimulated my insistent arguments, and at a time Senor Jose yielded to my arguments, saying:

"Very well. I will guide you to him, but your risk will be greater than my profit. Let us see. I cannot go tomorrow, for that is a public festa, or upon the next day, which will be that of my patron saint, or upon the day following, since I have to attend the annual commemorative masses for my cousin Jaime, who died seven years ago, and that brings us to Sunday, when we cannot afford to lose the cock fighting. But upon Monday, the fifth day, I will conduct you. But I warn you again it is not wise."

Wise or not, I was determined to get that boa's skin if I could. Upon the fifth day Jose said "manana" (tomorrow). Those people always say "manana" when you want them to do anything. But early on the ninth day I caught him at his house, with half a mile of the boat's home and led him to his promise. He took with him a peon, whom he called Pablo, a skillful and courageous hunter, and I was accompanied by my boy Tom, a very stupid but well meaning darkey from Curacao, who carried my magazine gun. Jose and Pablo were armed with machetes.

The road we had to travel was abominable. Rocks, big and little, half concealed by vegetation, caused constant stumbling and hurts. Without the machetes we could not have made our way through the tangle of interlaced tough vines, some of them covered with thorns. Perspiration blinded us, and a myriad varieties of insects, with and without wings, bit us, stung us and burrowed in our skins. Once Tom came near treading upon a huge cascabel—a serpent exactly like our North American rattlesnake in appearance, except that it bears no rattling rattle. Again Jose, clutching my shoulder, suddenly jerked me backward and at the same time made a lightninglike flourish in the air with his machete, shearing off the head of a long, thin snake that dangled by its tail from a branch directly in our way, and which looked to my inexperienced eye like the loose swinging end of a liana (vine). He explained to me that it was the most venomous snake in those forests, and its habit was to dangle in that fashion and strike at the eyes of men and beasts coming within its reach. It was gray, hardly thicker than a lead pencil and fully five feet long, with a flat, broad, malignant head and needle pointed curved fangs, from the tips of which, under slight pressure, issued small drops of greenish venom—fluid death.

I took my interest in snakes, and by no means so assured as I had been that I wanted the water boa. If he had been just a little farther away, I think I should have been in favor of "letting well enough alone," as Jose had suggested, but it was near the pool, in one of the paths by which wild animals came to drink, that our encounter with the swinging snake took place, and a few steps more brought us to the boa's home. The pool, though not more than eighteen feet wide and forty in length, was, as Jose affirmed, in some places very deep, probably twenty or thirty feet, being simply a huge cleft in the bedrock. Near the upper end of it was the yawning mouth of a cavern, big enough for three or four men abreast to walk into, penetrating to unknown depths in the mountains.

The big snake did not appear to be at home either in the pool, sunning himself on the great rocks at the lower end of it—where he had often been seen by my guide—or among the branches of the adjacent trees to which, as I was informed, he sometimes climbed. The sun was now near the zenith and the great opidian had, supposedly, retired to the cool depths of his cavern for a nocturnal siesta. Pablo suggested that if we sat down quietly a little while the monster would catch scent of us and come forth to learn if we might be eaten. The idea of using one's own self for snake bait is not altogether alluring, but nothing better suggested itself to us, so we tried Pablo's scheme. It did not work. At the end of an hour I had ceased to believe there was any boa there, and against Jose's earnest remonstrances took steps in harmony with my newly formed convictions. With just sufficient prudence to carry my big revolver cocked, ready for instant use, I stepped into the mouth of the cavern. The shadows grew very thick a little way inside, and I could barely make out that there were great crevices in the rock above, leaving ledges like shelves, and being washed them a sloping path that tended downward to perfect darkness. All was very still.

Groping about I found a loose stone, threw it into the darkness and heard it bounding and clinking afar off. I thought I heard something like a very faint sigh or a hiss.

I raised my pistol and fired. A dry leaf moved slightly by a gentle wind just afterward, but as it was not repeated I concluded it was but a trick of my imagination. Just as I reached that it was a foolish and useless, if not really dangerous, thing to attempt exploring a cavern without a light, and was about turning to go out, I caught sight of a little spot that glistened, something that was touched by enough light from the opening of the cave to give back a reflection like a dull sparkle. Without really thinking of possible consequences, beyond waking things up in that gravelly place, I raised my pistol and fired at the spot. The next instant I was conscious of having stirred something into great commotion, for I could dimly see what appeared to be huge billows tumbling in the gloom, and through all the thunderous echoes reverberating in those subterranean vaults could hear some ponderous thing in rapid, forcible motion. I did not run out of that cave, I drew. So far as I know I did not touch ground between the spot where I fired and the other side of the pool, where my companions were. When I told them the little I knew of what had happened, both Jose and Pablo said: "You have shot the boa. It was he that killed him. If you have not killed him he will come out directly to plunge into the water. Let us wait and see."

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I RAISED MY PISTOL AND FIRED.

We waited an hour. Then we coincided in the opinion that the creature must have been killed by my chance shot, and made a reconnaissance in force to assure ourselves of the fact. I walked in advance, with Senor Jose just behind me and Tom on my right, Pablo bringing up the rear. Before we got in half as far as I had been before, something enormous darted down from one of those overhead crevices, past me, straight toward my unfortunate boy Tom. I was so startled by it that I did not realize it was the boa. The ridiculous thought that flashed into my mind was that it looked like an open door on the end of a city water main. Poor Tom had not time to utter a single cry, for the terrible creature's enormous mouth fairly engulfed his head, and then I saw nothing for an instant but folds of a seemingly interminable cylindrical bulk, coiling, rolling and rolling with increasing swiftness and appearing to concentrate itself into a huge ball.

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UNCLE SAM'S BIG CANNON.

Interesting Tests of the New 12-Inch Gun at Sandy Hook.

Sandy Hook, eighteen miles southeast by south of the Battery, or lower end of New York city, is historically an interesting old place, but in general finish rather the least attractive in all that region. It is literally a "sandy hook" of land, with a wharf for military purposes, a life saving station and quarters for the officers stationed there, with other military belongings chiefly incomplete or long ago completed and abandoned.

The place is of unusual importance now, however, because the big guns and other destroyers are tested there before the United States accepts them, and the necessity of choosing this isolated spot is shown by the fact that windows have been broken five miles away. So the officials recently sent word all along the adjacent shore, now thickset with summer cottages, "Open your windows today, for the great 12-inch gun will be tested at the Hook."

The 12-inch gun is the heaviest ever built in the United States. The test was under supervision of Lieutenant W. W. Gibson, proof officer of the station, and was witnessed by many officers and invited guests. It was in fact a trial of the powder made by Dupont for this gun.

For the first shot 300 pounds of powder were used, the ball weighing 1,000 pounds. When the signal was given there followed a stream of fire from the cannon's mouth, an immense cloud of black smoke, a clap and roar which rattled the spectators' teeth and the ball struck the sand under the target, 300 yards away. It plowed a tunnel through a forty foot ridge, went on and buried in the next. The testing machinery showed a pressure of 19,000 pounds to the square inch in the cannon, and a velocity of 1,475 feet per second in the projectile. A load of 550 pounds of powder was then inserted. The pressure for this discharge was 24,000 pounds, and the velocity 1,518 feet.

The third charge was 400 pounds, and the jar was terrific. Men 200 yards away were shocked all over. The third projectile struck the second one in the sand ridge and split it in two. The pressure was 31,000 pounds, and the velocity 1,750 feet. The next shot was fired out to sea; load, 440 pounds, the largest allowed. All eyes were fixed upon a sloop in the distance, to the left of the projectile's track, and a sea gull apparently right in it.

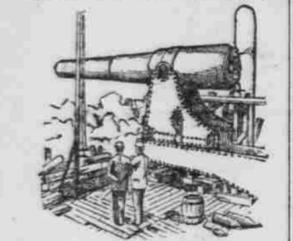
The report was apparently divided this time. The sea gull fell to the water as if paralyzed, but soon recovered. The panic on the sloop was great. Though the projectile went 100 yards to the west, the crew dropped everything and huddled down in a group. The velocity was 1,965 feet per second, but it is not known whether the plug could not be unscrewed, and so the pressure must remain unknown till the breech plate can be taken off. The inner gearing is evidently damaged. One trial only was made with the 12-inch steel mortar, which "kissed itself" clear off the platform and into the loose sand. The requirement is a powder that will give a velocity of 1,975 feet per second, and Dupont must try again, as his product is still 110 feet short of it.

No Fakirs at the Fair.
It is expected that after all, even if adults and children are placed on the same level in the matter of the original admission fee at the Chicago World's fair, they will at least be able to see everything that is to be seen without the expenditure of a single extra dime. Possibly the directors did not have it in mind, but at the same time their ruling will enable a man or woman who goes to the fair with a purse that isn't very thickly lined to invest a little more freely in moments, ornamental as well as useful, than would be possible if they were compelled to pay their way into every side show that their fancy led them. So the rule will be a good one all around, the visitors will be better satisfied and the exhibitors will reap at least a proportion of the benefit.

An Equine Veteran of the Mexican War.
Tuanho is said to be the oldest horse in the United States. He is the property of Robert Maas, of Louisville, and was born nearly half a century ago. He was ridden by Mr. Maas' grandfather during the Mexican war, and has the scar of a gunshot wound, received at Buena Vista, on his right flank. Tuanho lives on soft foot, as he has lost all his teeth. He is a large bay, with a white star in his forehead, and is a great favorite among the children of the neighborhood.

A Good Thing from Japan.
Among the latest curiosities brought to the United States is the mosquito trap, a hardy Japanese plant to which scientists have given the name of vinocitricum acuminatum. It is a complete flytrap and on a large and permanent scale. The odor at-

Madamba, king of Segon, Africa, who was elevated to his present position by Colonel Archibald, was formerly in the French telegraph service in Africa. Madamba is a native of the country, but before accepting his regal state he made it a condition that his situation of king should be considered as an absentee to that of his original employment.



HOW THE CANNON LOOKS.

HOW THE CANNON LOOKS.