Wichita Eagle

PERIQUE TOBACCO.

The Reason for Its Peculiar Flavor and the Method of Curing.

In the case of perique tobacco the stripping of the midrib from the leaf causes the leaf to fall into two lateral halves, which are placed on top of each other in such a manner that the blade of one half of the leaf alternates with the apex of the other. These are then twisted into what are called "torquets." These torquets are folded upon themselves, side by side, and are placed in strong boxes, which are about twelve inches square, and subjected to pressure.

After twenty-four hours these torquets are taken out and repacked in the same manner as before every twenty-four hours for a period of a week, the idea being evidently to subject the torquets to a uniform pressure throughout. After this period has elapsed these torquets are repacked every three days for about two weeks. During all this time the tobacco is subjected to a constant, steady pressure with a press of the most primitive kind.

I should not forget to state that after the tobacco has been placed in the press one week a black juice flows out of the box, which has a pleasant odor, not unlike freshly cooked prunes. Square pieces of cottonade, 18 by 18 inches, are laid out, and on these the torquets are opened, or, to use the term of the English speaking Arcadians, the torquets are unraveled, great care being necessary to separate each leaf.

The largest leaves are laid upon the cottonade first, so that when rolled the largest leaves will serve as a covering of the carrotte presently to be described. The smaller leaves are placed longitudinally upon the larger ones until three and one-half to four pounds are placed upon the piece of cottonade, the ends of which are turned inwardly. The cottonade and contents are now rolled into carrottes, the ends of the cottonade are pulled out and a string tied to each end to prevent the carrotte from opening, and the whole wrapped in a clothesline usually made of cotton.

The wrapping is performed in the primitive manner that characterizes the operation throughout. Use is made of a windlass and a rope; the end of the rope is made fast to the carrotte, passed around a post (driven into the ground), a twist is now made around the carrotte, and with each turn of the carrotte the pressure is increased. This is continued until the whole of the carrotte is enveloped; the end is made fast by passing it through several turns of the rope. This finishes the carrotte, but, before it is placed upon the market, it is allowed to age, which is usually from six months to a year. During this time the tobacco is allowed to undergo a slow fermentation, which gives the aroma and taste that distinguish this tobacco from all others.

The amount of perique grown and manufactured has averaged, during the five years preceding 1890, 19,000 carrottes of four pounds per annum. Wholesale tobaccotists have expressed the doubt that any modern method would produce tobacco with as fine flavor as that produced by the old and primitive manner just described.—Pharmaceutical Era.

How a King Keeps Cool.

Although one may not keep cool, it is some satisfaction to read how others manage it. There is the king of Siam, for instance. He is said to have in one of his country palaces a wonderful pavilion. It was built by a Chinese engineer as a refuge for the king during the extreme heat of summer. The walls, ceiling and floors are formed of pieces of plate glass an inch thick. They are so perfectly fitted together with a transparent cement that the joints are invisible and no fluid can penetrate. The pavilion is twenty-eight feet long and seventeen wide, and stands in the middle of a huge basin made of beautifully colored marbles.

When the king enters the pavilion the single door is closed and cemented. Then the sluice gates are opened and the basin is filled with water. Higher and higher it rises, until the pavilion is covered and only the ventilators at the top connect it with the open air. When the heat of the sun is so great that the water almost boils on the surface of the freshest fountains this pavilion is deliciously cool. And this is the way the king of Siam cools himself off in hot weather. It sounds very delightful.—Exchange.

An Automatic Wrapper.

One of the most ingenious and at the same time practically useful among the automatic machines which have been introduced is a device which forms, fills, weighs and seals packages in those establishments where large quantities of goods, such as fine cut tobacco, soda, starch, etc., are constantly put up. The operation by which this result is accomplished, though decidedly novel, is not at all complex in any particular, the machine consisting merely of a series of forming blocks, receptacles, folders, gummers and feeders, all working in mutual harmony, so that the packages are smoothly and continuously produced.

The forming blocks successively size the paper, which instantly afterward is wrapped around them, folded and gummed at the end; the paper sacks are then plunged into receptacles filled with the commodity with which they are intended, finally folded on top and sealed. —New York Sun.

It Felt So.

An Irish servant girl came to her mistress one morning begging permission to go to the dentist to have an aching "toot" filled, saying that it had been going "thumpity-thump, thumpity-thump!" all night.

When the girl returned, her mistress asked:

"Well, Katie, did you have the tooth filled?"

"Oi did, mum."

"What did you have it filled with?"

"Oi don't know just phwat it was, mum, but from the way it fales Oi should t'ink it was t'under and loightning he'd put into it, mum."—Youth's Companion.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THREE OCEAN QUEENS.

TWO ARE DISCROWNED, AND A THIRD HAS ATTAINED SUPREMACY.

The Wonderful Speed Developed by the Teutonic on Her Last Westward Atlantic Voyage—Old Time Records of the Constellation and Rousseau.

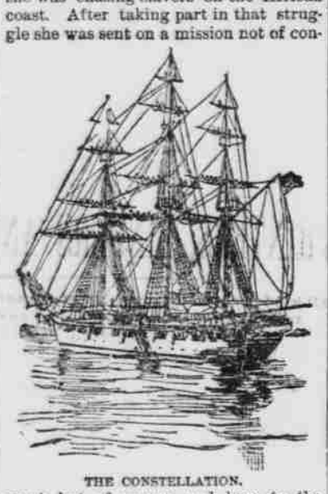
One morning recently the great passenger steamer Teutonic reached her dock at New York city and was hailed queen of the ocean. She had "broken the record" by making the distance between England and America in 5 days 16 hours and 31 minutes. No human device save the cable's electric spark has up to date traversed the Atlantic so swiftly, and consequently the Teutonic wears the crown until it shall be wrested from her by a more powerful vessel.

While this great triumph of marine architecture was racing westward there swung at their moorings, where they still doze in the lassitude of old age, two vessels that were in their time as much

THE TEUTONIC.

admired and applauded as the Teutonic is today. One is soon to be broken up and of the other it is announced that she has made her last cruise. The latter is the once famous sailing frigate Constellation. She was the second vessel completed for the first regular American navy, having been launched at Baltimore Dec. 7, 1797. There were sixteen stars on the flag she flew then. Now forty-four dot the azure of the banner that tosses in the breeze above her ancient but sturdy decks. Her builders did their work well, and the excellent condition of her live oak timbers shows that they designed the vessel "on honor."

And what a record the Constellation has! During the Mediterranean contests of 1805 she was with Decatur's squadron. Then through years of peace she cruised the waters of the world and was everywhere declared the finest battleship afloat. When the civil war broke out she was chasing slavers on the African coast. After taking part in that struggle she was sent on a mission not of con-

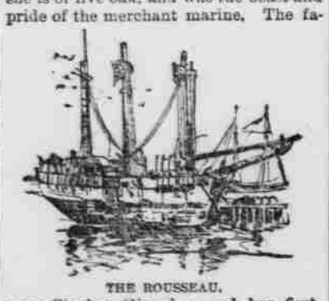


THE CONSTELLATION.

quest, but of mercy, and bore to the starving people of Ireland a cargo of provisions. Later on she took American exhibits to the Paris exposition, and last crossed the ocean in 1880, to bring home the relieved officers and sailors of the Mediterranean squadron.

Now she figures on the list as the "practice ship of the Naval academy," and has on board the first, third and fourth classes of cadets. Commander Colby M. Chester is in command, and the other day he had as his guest at dinner Nathaniel Richards, a retired sea captain, ninety-four years of age. In 1821 Richards was master of a whaling vessel which went to pieces on the Chilian coast. He and his crew were made slaves and put to work in the mines. The captain escaped, got to Valparaiso and was rescued by the Constellation, which carried him home. The dinner which took place at New London was in celebration of the event.

Another vessel built "on honor" was the bark Rousseau, launched at Philadelphia in 1800. Like the Constellation she is of live oak, and was the boast and pride of the merchant marine. The fa-



THE ROUSSEAU.

mous Stephen Girard owned her first, and he started her on her career as a whaler. In eighty years of seagoing the Rousseau had phenomenal good fortune and cleared for her various proprietors over $200,000 profit. Here are some of her recorded feats as a "blubber hunter:"

N 8, 1837, Pacific ocean: returned Dec. 10, 1840, with 2,010 barrels sperm oil.

Aug. 7, 1845, north Pacific ocean; returned Feb. 4, 1849, with 1,700 barrels sperm and 550 barrels whale oil, and 7,000 pounds whalebone.

Oct. 17, 1853, north Pacific ocean; returned July 5, 1857, with 29 barrels sperm and 794 barrels whale oil, and 3,000 pounds whalebone; sent home on the voyage 121 barrels sperm oil and 6,426 pounds whalebone.

Now she lies, an abandoned old hulk, in the Acushnet river at New Bedford. Her days of usefulness are over. Once she was queen of the icy northern seas. Now she is discrowned, degraded and a sleeping place for tramps. Swift footed sailers like the Strathearn have succeeded her. The Constellation has been retired by modern improvements in warfare and the creation of the white squadron. Among passenger boats the Teutonic is regnant. How long before she, too, will become a back number?

SEVEN MILES IN TWO HOURS.

A Harrowing Experience of Our Friend Mr. Maskittrick.

[Special Correspondence.]

BRANCHVILLE, N. J., Sept. 7.—It is all well enough to say that figures do not lie, but with all due respect to the author of the well known, time honored maxim, they cannot always be relied upon as truthful on a milepost. I have just been driven over from Centreville, a distance of seven miles according to the wayside mileposts, and about twenty if the facial expressions of the weary equines go for anything. Perhaps the drive seemed much more than one of seven miles on account of the motion of the steeds. It is not with unkindly feelings toward the stage line that I state that the horses walked nearly the whole distance. When it takes an hour to travel three miles according to the milepost records, you naturally feel that the distance is considerably greater. But the horses, although considerably too thin and small

"THEY JUST GUESSED AT THE DISTANCE."

for the harness—until they had been watered at the wayside trough—made up in intelligence what they lacked in flesh. But we do not care for intelligence in a stage horse—what we want is speed. If it is true that the race is not always for the swift, then stage horses would probably prove more lucrative to their owners on any race course than in the monotonous roles they are now enacting.

Yet it is barely possible that their slowness was due to the indulgence of the driver, who seemed a man of a considerate, sympathetic turn. He seemed to have less regard for the value of time than a day laborer, if his slowness goes for aught. He would pause anywhere along the road to chat of this and that with any one he happened to meet. In fact, the horses would come to a standstill of their own accord whenever they met another horse or horses, and would fall asleep to dream of creamy clover fields, until awakened by the whip coming in contact with their ribs as with a xylophone. Here and there he would stop to deliver or to receive a letter to take to the postoffice, and sometimes he would be called to a halt by a farmer whose watch had "gone dead on him" the night before, and who would set it according to Milford time. At one part of the journey he stopped at a farmhouse, where a girl came out and handed him a letter and a paperbagfull of pink peaches. He staid there a trifle longer than at the other places where he stopped, and seemed loath to continue, although he knew he was due at Branchville at 11 o'clock. I thought I saw him look fondly back several times, when he turned around to ask me if my blanket was all right, and I became more fully confirmed in this suspicion when I looked down the road and saw the girl still standing at the gate, as though lost in a pleasant dream.

"These mileposts are not strictly reliable, are they?" I asked, to divert him.

"Guess they be," he replied.

"Been surveyed, I suppose?"

"No," he responded, "they just guessed at the distance."

It seemed to me that they had given good measure, unless, as I remarked before, the gait of the horses made the distance appear greater than it really was.

"Ought to see how they guide you out west where I used to live," remarked the driver, as he picked a fly neatly off the neck of the white horse with the sienna polka dots.

"How did they do it?" I inquired.

"In looks," he replied. "If you asked a man the distance to some place he would tell you eight looks. That would mean to travel as far as you could see, which would be one look. From that spot as far as you could see would be two looks, and so on until you had traveled the eight." When we reached Branchville, which we did at last, I was really more weary than if I had walked, and the driver, accustomed as he was to the tedious journey, was so fatigued that he had to take a short run up and down the road to rest himself.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The Notorious Buzzard Gang.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 7.—"Buzzard gang" is anything but a poetical name. There is nothing of the Claude Duval style about it, but to the people of Lancaster, Dauphin and Lebanon counties, in Pennsylvania, it is terribly significant, for the gang had its headquarters in the Welsh mountains where the three counties corner, and for many years the Buzzards were accused of every crime done within fifty miles.

The recent letter of Abe Buzzard to Colonel A. K. McClure (an uncommonly well written letter), asking the colonel to intercede for Abe's pardon, has stirred up the people of the Welsh mountain vicinity and set them to retailing anew the atrocities of the family. There were six Buzzard boys—Martin, Jake, Ike, Abe, John and Joe. Their father was a soldier and died in the service. Their mother married again, but still went by the name of Mary Buzzard, and the people relate that when she "worked out around the country she took the kids with her and they stole for the family kitchen."

Be that as it may, Mary was sentenced in 1867 to six months in the Lancaster county jail for larceny, and in a little while Martin, John and Abe were with her. Scarcely had they been discharged when Abe, Jake and Ike were arrested in a lot, and thereafter arrests and escapes followed in rapid succession. Abe soon gained the title of "The Terror of Welsh Mountain." He was hard to catch and harder to keep. At length all the boys and several other prisoners escaped in a batch, and then $1,000 reward was offered for Abe, who was under a thirteen years' sentence for burglary. While dozens of detectives were after him he astonished the sheriff by walking into his office and surrendering, announcing that he had got religion.

He claims that his term was to have been reduced nine years, as the principal witness against him, one Mary Goodenderfer, acknowledged on her deathbed that she had committed perjury, and that Abe was not guilty of the particular crime for which he was sentenced. His brother Jake died in prison of consumption. Another brother disappeared. The other three have settled down to be hard working farmers. And now Abe writes a very able and pathetic appeal for pardon. B.

The Collection Bag.

In some churches years ago the collection was taken in small, close meshed nets with short handles. The latest thing made for this use, the collection bag, is a modification of the old fashioned net. It is a cone shaped plush bag seven inches in diameter and seven inches deep. It is secured to a hoop to which is attached a handle two or three feet long, as may be desired. The collection bag sells for four dollars. It has been in use about one year.—New York Sun.

Bad Boys and a Turtle.

The boys have been keeping the fire department busy of late. Some boys caught a turtle and poured oil over it, near the city's house for storing naphtha, on Dwight street, then set the shell on fire. The turtle ran up to the door of the house, and in an instant the whole interior was in flames. An alarm was sounded, and the department worked over two hours before the flames were subdued.—Holyoke (Mass.) Cor. Springfield Republican.

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.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
LUMBER DEALERS!
Corner First Street and Lawrence Avenue.
Chicago Yards, 36th and Iron streets, Chicago.
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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 Innocencia" brands. 45

—LEWIS B. SOLOMON—
Wholesale Cigars,
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Our leading brands of 5 cent cigars are La Marca De Merito, La Flor De Studley, La Perfecta, Key Stone, King Corn, Havanah Cigarros. Merchants sending in orders will receive prompt attention, all goods guaranteed. We also carry a full line of Key West Imported and Domestic Goods.

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Sole Agents for the Celbrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market.

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MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF
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A New Motor Engine.

A new method of working motor engines with hot gases and steam is now creating no little interest in English circles. According to this plan the mixture of the steam with the hot gases, to form a charge for doing duty in the working cylinder of the engine, is effected in the following way:

First, the chamber having supplied a charge of mixture to the working cylinder and been afterward open to an exhaust, hot gases are passed through to clean and dry it, and while the chamber is still full of hot, dry gases it is closed. Steam at a suitable pressure is now admitted, mixing there with the hot gases, and forming the working mixture for use in the cylinder. This mixture, being at a high pressure, expands in the cylinder, which, after the former has done duty in effecting a stroke of the piston, is opened to the exhaust, and the spent mixture allowed to escape.

For a single acting engine, one mixing chamber is said to suffice, while a double acting engine requires at least two, in each of which the process takes place; but the chamber or chambers to supply actuating fluid to one end of the cylinder, or of each cylinder, must be separate from those that supply the other end, in order to allow ample time for the process of cleaning out, drying, filling with hot gases, admitting steam, etc. —New York Sun.

A Point for Suburbanites.

A few days since there was published the particulars of a case on the Little Miami railroad wherein Mr. Watters declined to pay his fare, having neglected to place his commuter's ticket within his inside pocket for the convenient reference of the conductor. The train was held for quite fifteen minutes for him to get off. He did not get off and the train men did not put him off. It is understood that the conductor has since been discharged; but that is not all of it. The commuters out along the line have been talking about it ever since, and not long after the occurrence two Camp Dennison citizens became so excited in reviewing it that they came to blows and had to be drawn apart by mutual friends.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Began With "A."

In London one evening, writes a correspondent, I was looking for the Alhambra. Not knowing exactly in which direction it was, I stopped to inquire of a passerby, when suddenly the name of the theater escaped me entirely.

The situation was awkward, but I said: "Do you know where that large theater is near here—the name begins with 'A!'"

The man replied at once:

"Oh, you mean the 'Ayrmarket, sir."—Youth's Companion.

Willing to Follow Directions.

Photographer—Raise the chin a little, please.

Victim—Am I all right otherwise?

"Yes."

"Just want the chin a little higher?"

"Yes. That's all."

"Anything to accommodate you."

[Takes out his false teeth, closes his mouth and his chin comes up to his nose.] —Chicago Tribune.

WITH A HEALTH DOCTOR.

EARLY MORNING SCENES IN TENEMENT HOUSE DISTRICTS.

Half Starved Babes and Children That Live on Decayed Fruit and Nourishment That Is Worse—Deadly Smells Abound and How They Are Corrected.

Twenty minutes in one of the districts of the summer corps of the board of health will enable any one to obtain an idea of how the tenement house people live. Imagine that you have accepted an invitation to spend twenty minutes with one of the summer doctors.

It is a hot August day, 8 o'clock in the morning. The air even at this early hour is stifling. Are you surprised to find life astir here? Remember you are in the midst of the poor people, who begin their day's labor at 6 o'clock. Entering our district, nothing escapes our eyes. See this stand on the corner piled up with fruit, beautiful to behold, suggesting a garden in the tropics. But what is that odor? And this wee newsboy—what does he want to buy?

Curiosity to see what the child is going to buy, also our duty impelling us to discover the cause of the odor, hold us a moment. We see that he buys two peaches for a cent, and then for the first time notice that the luscious heaps consist of piles of decaying fruit thrown promiscuously together—rotten pears, bananas and peaches; this rotten fruit selling at two and three for a cent. We mildly accost the owner and tell him such fruit is not wholesome; it ought to be thrown away.

He "doesn't care" about the unwholesomeness of the stuff. We then show our badge and make him throw it away. We pass on thinking that we have saved the lives of many children, an ounce of prevention being better than a pound of cure.

Pushing our way we proceed. It is really pushing our way, for the street is lined with mothers, each holding a baby in her arms, with another dragging on to her skirts. Some are sitting on the stoops, some in the areas and others on the curbstones; in fact they are all over. Suddenly we hear a pitiful wail from a little baby. We know what that means—it means that the baby is thirsty. The mother also thinks she knows. She gives it the breast. The poor baby, after clutching it eagerly and taking many swallows, releases it and again cries that same pitiful, forlorn wail.

BLESSED WATER.

Can any one be ignorant that nothing can quench thirst but water? Milk is a poor substitute. Here is a chance to give a private lecture, and presently we are telling the mother that the baby needs water to quench its thirst; the hot weather makes it sweat a good deal; it loses a great deal of water and so needs a great deal. A passing ice wagon furnishes a scrap of ice. It does one good to see how eagerly baby sucks it. This mother lives in a house where there are fifteen other mothers, and asking her to tell the others, we walk away feeling sure before night all these babies will be drinking water. We have told her to boil the water, put it on ice and then give it to the baby to drink.

Looking up and down the street we see that it is very dirty. Going over to investigate a pile of dirt, we see on its uphill side a pool of stagnant water which is almost green. Given a hot August day, a peck of garbage and the universal dust, and we have a germ breeding center. The people inhale this air all day and all night.

Looking around we see the houses that need us most—dirty, filthy houses. No wonder the people camp out in the streets all day—yes, and all night. We see a group of mothers and children standing at a hall door. They make room for us to pass. We stop to speak to them. Noticing a weary, white faced girl of about twenty years, and seeing a child clinging to her dress, we ask her about the baby, then about herself. She tells us that the baby is a year and a half old, still nursing. Asking her if she does not know that babies should be weaned at nine months, the answer we receive is, yes, that she knows, but it does not hurt it and it saves the cost of buying milk for the baby, for they are very poor.

DEATH IN THE CELLAR.

Out in the yard we notice a child about three years old, with an old man's face—this face being characteristic of ricketts, that disease now becoming so common among poor people. This little one is busy eating an apple skewered on a stick, and eating it as if it were its entire breakfast; not dessert or any relish, but its whole meal. In contrast to this one and other dirty children, three clean children attracted attention, and what a contrast!

Our twenty minutes is almost up, but we can hardly tear ourselves away from this gypsylike encampment. A last look at them forces a smile, as we see a German housefrau with her basket of lunch, blanket and knitting. She has evidently come from an upper story to spend the day on the sidewalk. In the hall we meet a pleasant faced, motherly woman; she is evidently the janitress. We ask her about the number of families in the house, children, plumbing, sickness, etc. We notice a distinct odor in the hall. We'll try the cellar. She lights us down there, and answers glibly all our questions. We are really ashamed to have suspected anything wrong in the cellar, but the odor is a danger signal, which says, "Take heed; danger."

We look around the cellar; all clean and dry. We are just going to leave when we see a relieved look in her face, and suspecting at once something wrong, begin to pry about from end to end. Knocking on one end of the wall we find it not solid, but hollow. We pull one of the boards out and discover the the cause of the odor. There lies an underground lake, fed not by springs, but by an old leak in the sewer! This, at least, the authorities can deal with. We report the case at once.—New York Herald.

The Much Abused Publisher.

It is proper to remember that publishers are the only class of business men whose sins, real or imaginary, come into literature. Their clients have the ear of the public and sometimes of posterity, and are likely enough to assume that the details of their personal concerns and grievances are as interesting to their readers as they may have been important to themselves. If the complaints against lawyers, bankers, physicians and merchants, on the part of their respective clients, were in like manner from time to time put into literary form, the misdeeds of publishers would, in comparison, sink into absolute insignificance.

Why should authors, presumably of adult age and sound minds, plead the "baby act" in regard to their contracts (or their failure to make contracts) any more than the clients of lawyers, architects or stock brokers? Persons who, whether through their own bad judgment or through the wrong counsel of their advisers, pay more for their housebuilding than they had intended to, or who find themselves losers instead of winners in litigation or in financial speculation, do not burden the public with their complaints, and if they did would certainly be laughed at for their pains.—George Haven Putnam in Forum.

Wonders of Science.

Blinks—If you have so much trouble with your teeth, why don't you get artificial ones? The idea of being bothered that way in this marvelous age of scientific and mechanical progress! I got a full set only a few months ago.

Jinks—Indeed! Are they a success?

Blinks—Success? I should say so. Why, I can almost eat with them.—Good News.

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is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures
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SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK.
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Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.