Wichita Eagle

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

GRIZZLIES FIGHT TO A FINISH.

Terrific Battle Between Giant Brutes Witnessed by an Old Hunter.

Professor Dyche, of the state university, is a great hunter and spends his summer among the wilds of the northwest getting specimens for the museum of the institution. During these trips he gets acquainted with all the guides and hunters of the region in which he is hunting, and the result is that when any of these men get to civilization they endeavor to call at the university to see Dyche and his museum. One of these men, George Ayers, while in Lawrence on a visit, told a story of an adventure which he had in the mountains of Washington. He lives in a country where the grizzly bear grows to an enormous size, and while he has never been successful as a hunter of the animals, he has killed two or three bears.

The story he told me was of a combat between two grizzlies which he witnessed from the safe retreat of a tall tree, where he had fled from the approach of one of the brutes. Ayers says that it lasted long enough for him to get over his scare and pay close attention to what was going on. He had been hunting, having started at daylight, and at 2 o'clock he was surprised by meeting a huge grizzly in his path. He did not have time to do anything but climb a tree, and the old brute immediately laid siege to him and attempted to reach up at him. While this was going on Ayers heard a noise up the trail, and there was another bear coming down toward his tree. He thought he was in for a night of it, as the two would keep him there until he was starved or some one came to his assistance.

He was mistaken, however, for the two bears were evidently not friendly and one of them undoubtedly thought that the other was poaching on his preserves, for the animals no sooner saw each other than they roared and rushed at each other, bent on fight.

Then ensued one of the wildest scenes ever witnessed in the mountains—a battle between the kings of the forest. The animals fought with a skill that showed them both to be the victor of many a previous conflict. They skirmished for position and boxed with the dexterity of trained pugilists. Suddenly one made a savage rush at the other and they were locked in an embrace that was terrific. They roared and howled and bit and clawed each other in a most horrible manner. The whole place was torn up, small trees being uprooted in the struggle of the enraged brutes. With an awful snort one tore away from the other, and then they began their sparring tactics again, but it was evident that the first bear had got much the worst of the tackle.

Round and round they went again, until a second rush was made, and then came the most fearful death struggle. It was evident that one or the other would be dead before the other would give up the fight.

They fought savagely, biting and gouging until one of the brutes fell, and the other got a grip on his throat which soon ended the fight and the fallen bear's life. After biting and clawing the fallen enemy until there was no possibility of there being any life left, the victor set to work to eat his fallen foe. He then retired up the mountain, leaving Ayers alone. Ayers got down and skinned what was left of the dead grizzly, and now has the hide with the great hole in the hip to show that the story is true.

The skin measures 8½ feet in length and is 7 feet across its broadest place. Ayers says the bear weighed not less than 2,000 pounds, and was as large as the largest bull. He has had the skin prepared for a rug with the hole in it, and this hole gives him the opportunity of telling his story.—Kansas Cor. Philadelphia Press.

The Seven Golden Cities.

The "Seven Golden Cities," one of the most popular legends of the latter part of the Dark Ages, were said to be situated on an island west of the African coast. The island is represented as abounding in gold, with magnificent houses and temples, "the high towers of which shown at a great distance." The legend also relates that at the time of the conquest of Spain and Portugal by the Moors, when the inhabitants fled in every direction to escape slavery, seven bishops, followed by a great number of people, took to ships and put boldly out on the high seas. After tossing about for some time they landed on an unknown island, the famous spot which in after years became the seat of the "Seven Golden Cities."

"This island," Heylyn says, "was exactly in midocean." After all had landed safely the wise old bishops burned the ships to prevent their followers from deserting and founded the cities which have become so famous in song and story. This mysterious island was often sought by the early navigators. Those who went in search of it and never returned were popularly believed to have been detained by its inhabitants.—St. Louis Republic.

She Was Surprised.

An up town housekeeper has a cook who knows very little English. One of the gentlemen of the family, who breakfasts late, is accustomed every morning, upon rising, to call down the speaking tube that he will soon be ready for breakfast, and he usually prefaces the message with a few words in which he informs the person at the other end of the tube who it is that's speaking. "It's Mr. Jones," he generally says. The cook was instructed by her mistress to answer Mr. Jones' announcement with an "All right, sir," and for a day or two after her advent into the house all went well. But there came a morning when, for the life of her, the cook could not think of the prescribed answer, and Mr. Jones was greatly surprised when, on calling down "It's Mr. Jones," he received the reply, "Is dot so?"—New York Times.

A Brave Priest.

On one occasion a wretch armed with a cleaver pursued the Abbe Maury, but without recognizing him, saying: "Where is that Abbe Maury? I will send him to say mass in hell!" The abbe stopped, and seizing his pistols, said, "Yes, but you shall come and serve me there; see, here are my cruets," (the two vessels for the water and the wine). The populace applauded heartily, and he walked off triumphant.—Gentleman's Magazine.

Everybody Afraid of a Big Head.

Probably the reason why people are so liberal in their praise of men after they are dead lies in the fact that flattery is not likely to give a dead man the big head.—Boston Transcript.

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.

CHARMS IN IRELAND.

SOME OF THE REMARKABLE CURES FOR CHRONIC AILMENTS.

An Invalid Irishwoman's Account of Several Superstitious Cures for Her Delicate Health—The First One "Done" Her No Good, So She Tried Another.

Superstition is still rife in Ireland to an almost incredible extent. It is almost a religion with the lower orders; it is indeed part of their religion, being composed largely of an unwavering faith in the power of prayer to heal diseases, but not in prayer alone—here comes in the superstitious element, which requires that prayer should be aided by the use of some charm more or less absurd.

It is not very long since I went to visit a very poor woman who had been for some time in delicate health. I was surprised to find her standing at a table making some oatmeal bread.

She answered my greetings by saying: "Deed, thin, your honor, ye find me doin what I couldn't do this many a long day. I didn't shtand at that table to make bread for six months until today."

In replying I rashly concluded that in some of her frequent visits to the dispensary she had at last procured a bottle from the doctor which had done her good.

She sniffed disdainfully. "The docthor is it. Ah, the docthor never done me a ha'porth o' good. I quit takin his medicines entirely. It was awhile ago. I was that bad in me hart that I thought I'd do no good at all, at all. It 'ud be here, it 'ud be there within me. I never knew where it 'ud be; but it wasn't in the right place at all. Well, ma'am, I heerd there was an ould woman beyant at Cruxty that had a charrum for the like o' that, an done great cures. 'Wid the help o' God,' says I, 'I'll go into the town on Monda' to the market, an maybe I'll meet wid her there.'

"It was long since I shtood in the market indeed, an whin I got in I was fairly bet up wid the inward pain. Well, I met the ould woman an axed her would she do the charrum for me. 'Throth I will, acushla,' says she, 'wid a heart and a half; but it's only ov a Thursda' I can do it; so, av ye'll come to me next Thursda' I'll be ready for ye, an wid the help o' God ye'll be cured.' 'Oh, wirra, wirra!' says I, 'I couldn't go next Thursda', for Mick has to go to the fair at Bally-James-Duff wid the pigs, an he'll want the cart, an if I have to wait till the Thursda' afther it's dead an buried I'll be.'

"Well, whin she seen the shtate I was in an how bad I looked she studied awhile, and thin says she: 'Well, we'll see what we can do, an maybe, wid the help o' God, it'll come out right. On next Thursda' at 12 o'clock be thinkin o' me' says she. 'Be thinkin o' nothin but me, an I'll say the prayer for ye, an maybe it's what it'll save ye, as ye can't come. But ye'll have to come the next Thursda', for it must be done three times.' Well, your honor, I woke this mornin (this was Thursday) as wake an donny as ever, an at 12 o'clock I began to think o' the ould woman at Cruxty.

"I bethought an I bethought of her long enough, an afther awhile, 'Biddens,' says I, 'wipe that table an put the male on it an bring in a sup o' wather.' 'Oh, mamma,' says she, 'you're not going to make bread, are ye, an you not able to shtand?' 'Do what you're tould, child,' says I, 'an lave me alone.' Well, wid that I got up an wint to the table where you're honor found me, an med the bread, an sorra a ha'porth on me the worse. I'm thinkin the charrum's workin, an next Thursda' I'll go to her meself."

The following week I went to see her again to hear how the charm progressed. She had been to Cruxty and had seen her old woman. All that occurred there was that the old woman had taken both her hands in hers and repeated a mysterious form of words over three times.

My friend did not look very much better, but she said the charm was working; but as it took as long to cure you as you were ill before you tried it, it would be long before she could expect to be quite well.

As I spent that summer away from home, some months elapsed before I saw her again. Soon after my return in the autumn I looked in one evening to see how the charm was progressing. I found her as usual seated by the fire on a low stool leaning against a sack of chaff. The "childher" were all out, and her only companions were some hens pecking about the floor. Of course my first inquiry was for her health.

"'Deed, thin, your honor, I'm donny enough, but I'm betther nor I was; an wid the help o' God I'll be gayly in short."

"Has the old woman's charm not cured you yet then?"

"Is it th' ould woman's charrum? Ah, sure that done me no good! I'm thryin another wan now. Maybe it wasn't the right cure for me. Anyway, I wasn't gettin better, an I heerd ov a man up at Ballanagrancy has a grand charrum, an ye needn't go to him yerself nayther, for it's all done be manes ov an egg."

"An egg!"

"Yes, your honor, an I'll tell you all about it. I sent Briny to him wid the egg last week, an where did he find the man but out rapin in the field. So he threw down the rapin hook. 'Come on,' says he to Briny; 'come over to the hedge there. Now, gossoon,' says he, 'tell me is it the hartache your mother has?' 'Sure, I dunno,' says the gossoon. 'Well, gim me the egg,' says the man. 'The hartache is the only thing I have a cure for, an I'll know soon enough if that's what it is when I take the egg in me hand.' Well, ma'am, he tuk the egg from Briny an shut his hand on it and began to say the prayer.

"Well, your honor, if it wasn't the hartache I had he wouldn't be able to say wan word o' the prayer! But it's the hartache I have, sure enough; for he said the prayer all through; an then he gev the egg back to Briny, an, savin your presence, ma'am, the egg all shweated in his hand. 'Now, Briny,' said he, 'take that egg back to your mother an tell her to boil it on the fire; but nothin must come betune her an the fire while it's boilin; an when it's boiled she must take it off the fire an open it; then she must throw the first spoonful a-through the house, an ait the rest ov it. An she must ait three eggs like that in three weeks; an, plaze God, she'll be cured ov the hartache.'"

"And did you follow all his directions?"

"Throth I did, your honor. I'm afther aitin the second egg yestherda', an I think the charrum is workin well in me. This mornin, when I woke first, I felt terrible bad. I couldn't scarce breathe, an I sat up in the bed to thry to get aise. Well, ma'am, when I sat up, me hart gave a grate lep an fell down into me ribs and shtayed there awhile, and then it gev another lep an got 'round into me back.

"Well, it played away awhile in the small o' me back, an then it crep 'round under me arrum an fell back into its right place. So that's what the charrum done for me, ma'am; an plaze God, now me hart is in it's right place, I'll soon be cured all out."—Chambers' Journal.

A MODERN PORTIA.

A Tragic Method Adopted by a Romantic Young Woman to Answer a Lover.

The scene was set in a drawing room in West Brompton, and a strange idea came into her mind. She was romantic, and all kinds of strange ideas flitted in and out of her pretty little silly head.

Stamping as hard as she could an elegant patent leather boot on the carpet, throwing back her shoulders, her dress tightened over her bosom, which was heaving like the Mediterranean, and pointing to the Japanese cabinet in the corner of the room with a commanding gesture, she said in the peremptory tone of one who will not brook contradiction, whom nothing can turn from a set purpose:

"Open one of those three drawers."

The young man precipitated himself toward the Japanese cabinet.

"Don't be in such a hurry, pray. First hear what I have to say."

He stopped suddenly, as if she had told him that the drawers were charged with dynamite, ready to explode as soon as the cabinet was touched.

"Open one of those drawers, and be careful how you choose, for in each one I have placed an answer to the favor you have been praying for so long. I have made up my mind to let this speak for me, and if you put your hand on the paper on which 'Yes' is written then I must yield to you. Then I am yours. But if the paper in the drawer says 'No,' you understand, 'No' it must be."

"I am sure it will be against me," said her Bassanio, who was not so poetical as he was an ardent lover. "Oh, I say, it is not fair, you know; it's really too cruel of you, 'pon my soul it is."

"You must take your chance," she replied tragically. "At any rate, I shall have this consolation, if you choose the answer you want, it will be fate that gives me to you. Tell me, do you believe in fate?"

"I don't know," he answered, hesitating between the three drawers. He paused every now and then to look into her face for guidance, but he found none there; so closing his eyes and trusting to providence he elected for the middle drawer. He opened it, took out a tiny roll of scented pink paper and handed it to her.

"Well, what's my sentence?"

"Read it yourself," and she held up the rose leaf of paper upon which was written one word—Yes.

So she was his. His, his, his! As if to take immediate possession he put his arms about her and pressed her to him. She did not resist. She had given her word and she resigned herself to her fate. With her lips clinging to his the young man was not entirely happy, for after a few moments of supreme ecstasy, he became suddenly cool.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked, noting the change and looking amorously into his eyes. "Are you not happy now?"

"Not quite."

"Not quite. Am I not yours?"

"Yes, but I owe you, don't you see, to chance. I won you by chance. You did not come to me of your own free will, did you now?" and the poor fellow looked so ridiculously disconsolate that she could not help laughing in his face.

"Don't be so silly," she said, tightening her arms about his neck and standing on the tips of her toes to reach his lips, for he held his head high in the air; "you needn't look so glum, for if I must tell you, you old darling, I put the same answer in every one of the drawers!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Remedy for Life's Ills.

We are all born young, and most of us are born poor. Youth is delightful, but we are always getting away from it. How different it would be if we were always going toward it! Poverty is unpleasant, and the great struggle of life is to get rid of it, but it is the common fortune that in proportion as wealth is attained the capacity of enjoying it departs. It seems, therefore, that our life is wrong end first. A remedy that is suggested is that men should be born rich and old. Instead of the necessity of making a fortune, which is of less and less value as death approaches, we should have only the privilege of spending it, and it would have its natural end in the cradle, in which we should be rocked into eternal sleep.

Born old, one would, of course, inherit experience, so that wealth could be made to contribute to happiness, and each day, instead of lessening the natural powers and increasing infirmities, would bring new vigor and capacity of enjoyment. It would be going from winter to autumn, from autumn to summer, from summer to spring. The joy of a life without care as to ways and means and every morning refitted with the pulsations of increasing youth, is almost impossible to imagine.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

The Popularity of Poetry.

After all is not poetry as pleasant a pastime as another? It is to many as keen a delight as cricket, and it is not so expensive as tennis, even though once a year you bribe a publisher to set his imprint on your title page. Herein indeed shall we find the true explanation of the popularity of poetry. The dilettante, to whom more active sport is distasteful, must needs find a pursuit. In business hours the poet may be journalist or schoolmaster, a Girton graduate or a lady interviewer. What if he or she devote her leisure to trifling with rhyme and rhythm?

Is there an accomplishment more elegant? And some outsiders there are who find pleasure in what are called literary circles; who are gratified to hear of the last transaction Mr. Jones concluded with his publisher, to sympathize with the last injustice inflicted by an envious critic upon Miss Smith. To such tiresome societies a volume of minor poetry is an open sesame. So the army of minor poets is swelled, who write verse like an exercise and whose form is beyond impeachment. But it is only remarkable as a fashion.—National Observer.

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THE HOTEL ROYAL DISASTER.

The Conditions That Made It Inevitable A Warning Against Like Construction.

The Hotel Royal disaster in New York last Sunday morning was precisely what might have been expected. It is precisely what may be expected in every other hotel or public and private building where the same conditions

HOTEL ROYAL FIRE.

exist. The number of such fire traps in every large city in the country is by no means small. A spark of fire in the silent watches of the night, when the chances against its discovery are infinite and every one is oblivious to the threatened danger, is all that is needed to disclose their existence and appal the public.

The conditions for a disaster were exceptionably favorably in the Hotel Royal. The building was an old one. Its interior was of wood, dry as tinder. In the center, from the basement to the roof, ran an elevator shaft around which wound the only stairways that led to the corridors on the different floors. This shaft, these stairways and these corridors were all of the most inflammable material. With an undiscovered fire in the rubbish that is usually permitted to gather at the bottom of elevators, what was to prevent the lightninglike extension of the flames from basement to roof, from this column of fire to the stairways and thence to the farthest end of every corridor? Nothing, in the case of the Hotel Royal. Nothing, in the case of every other structure like it.

Under such circumstances what fate awaited the 165 or 175 guests sleeping in the rooms off the burning corridors? Could it be different from the one that overtook the unknown number burned to death and the greater number severely injured? The moment they opened their doors on being awakened by the alarm of fire flames and smoke barred their way to the stairways. But even if the corridors had been clear escape was cut off in that direction. The fire from the elevator shaft had already made the stairways impassable. The only remaining chance for escape was through the windows of the rooms.

One can imagine the conditions under which this would have been adequate. But these conditions did not exist in the Hotel Royal. There were only two fire escapes. It was impossible for the panic stricken and frantic guests to seek safety through these in the few minutes

HOTEL ROYAL RUINS.

that separated them from death. Four or five fire escapes would have been none too many. For those shut from this avenue there remained only the rope escapes so much derided by hotel men. But with one of these not every room was provided in obedience to the law. Many guests in the rooms that did have them were thus enabled to save themselves. This is the reason why the death list was not greater. It is the reason, too, why the criminal responsibility of some one was not greater also.

Licking Thumbs to Bind a Contract.

Goths and Iberians completed an agreement by licking and joining their thumbs, as Scotsmen once did, and Moors still do. Druidic lovers once betrothed themselves by licking their respective master fingers and then pressing them together, as they vowed to remain faithful to each other for ever and a day. Etch now an Under man signifies his assent to a proposition with, "We may lick thoomb upo' that;" if he does not suit the action to the word like the dentiment who in 1682, on being challenged to mortal combat by his own sergeant, accepted the duel by licking his thumb, saying, "There is my parole for it."—Chambers' Journal.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Everything Comes to Him Who Waits.

—Texas Siftings.

The Largest Diamonds.

The largest diamond in the world is the Braganza—weight, 1,680 carats. It was found in Brazil in 1741 and is now one of the Portuguese crown jewels. Much doubt exists as to its being a genuine diamond, the government never having allowed it to be tested.—St. Louis Republic.

A Horse Made a Priest.

Incitatus, the famous horse of the Roman emperor, Caligula, was actually consecrated as a priest, had a manger of pure ivory and was never given a drink from anything but a gold pail.—St. Louis Republic.

What Then?

Parson Baxter—I'se mighty sorry to heah dat you and your wife keeps on a fightin like cats and dogs.

Sam Johnsing—I'se mighty sorry myself, but dar's no help for hit. I has prayed to de Lawd about me and my wife—dat one ob us be tucken away.

Parson Baxter—'Spose de Lawd heahs yer prar and one ob you be taken away—what den?

Sam Johnsing—Ef de Lawd heals my prar and one ob us is tucken away, den I'se gwine ter move to Washington and marry a white woman.—Texas Siftings.

The cubit, Latin cubitus, an elbow, is a Hussiap standard of length from the point of the elbow to the end of the middle finger.

Pears' Soap

Agreeable soap for the hands is one that dissolves quickly, washes quickly, rinses quickly, and leaves the skin soft and comfortable. It is Pears'.

Wholesome soap is one that attacks the dirt but not the living skin. It is Pears'.

Economical soap is one that a touch of cleanses. And this is Pears'.

All sorts of stores sell it, especially druggists; all sorts of people use it.