Wichita Eagle

BIRDS IN TIERS.

The Amusing Antics of a Cagefull of Songsters.

Three tiers of brilliantly colored little birds was one of the many pretty sights I often saw in the bird-market in Paris. To lighten his burden, the owner of these pretty songsters had placed a great many of them in one cage. The cage had but a single perch—a long one, to be sure, yet at best it could hold only one third of the birds. As you may suppose, all places on this perch were always in great demand, and usually its whole length was fully occupied by the tiny warblers, crowded together in jolly companionship. Flying about the cage in all directions were those not fortunate enough to secure "seats," and their antics in endeavoring to find a resting-place were very pretty and clever. Alighting on the seated ones, they would wedge their tiny feet between two of them in an attempt to reach the perch; and sometimes they succeeded; but more often a second tier of birds was started by the new comers coolly getting upon the backs of the first. A slight disturbance of the center of gravity, however, and all would come tumbling down. Then there would be a great commotion and a perfect medley of color, as the birds rushed again, pell-mell, for the coveted places. Presently quiet would be restored, and the two tiers of birds again successfully completed.

But there were still others flying about or hopping around on the bottom of the cage, who also expected to get resting-places. To perch on top of the second tier was indeed a very pretty and a very difficult performance, as there was considerable wobbling in the lower tiers, even at the lightest touch of a hovering bird. Finally, with dainty wings and feet outstretched in slow descent, a bright little acrobat would start the third tier. But alas! the next bird might prove a careless little fellow, and would upset them all.

However, in spite of accidents and carelessness, the third tier was often finished, and sometimes it lasted even several minutes before it was demolished. But when the pyramid was completed, usually some hungry little chap in the first story, spying a dainty morsel lying on the bottom of the cage, would withdraw his support, to the disaster and confusion of the crowd.

Thus it went on, all day long—incessant change of place and form and color. Happily through it all the little acrobats were as merry as birds could be, pouring out their liquid music into the golden sunshine, joyously twisting and shaking their bright little heads. The grand music of old Notre Dame cathedral, close by, was not more charming than that of this pretty feathery choir singing under the kind inspiration of a soft June sky.—Meredith Nugent, in St. Nicholas.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

The Military Service It Requires of Its Citizens.

The imperial ministry of war forms the supreme nucleus of the whole military power of the monarchy. It is divided into four sections, comprising fifteen departments, in which are united the many branches of the personnel of the organization, disposition of troops, administration, the affairs of justice, health, debt, etc. The naval section, with its two departments for business, forms an independent part of the imperial ministry of war. There is also in each of the two parts of the empire a ministry of national defense, to which the affairs of the landwehr and landsturm are submitted. The landwehren of the single parts of the empire form bodies constitutionally separated from each other. Since the new defensive laws of 1889, the army of first-class, as well as the imperial and royal landwehr, is unconditionally subject to the commands of the kaiser, and relatively to those of the imperial minister of war.

But the restriction upon the employment of the royal Hungarian landwehr abroad or in other parts of the empire has been fixed by the decision of the representative bodies, though it may be employed without the leave of these bodies if there is danger in delay.

The language of the service is German, excepting in the Hungarian landwehr, where the Hungarian and Croatian dialects prevail.

The military system is based upon the required service of every man for twenty-four years after reaching his majority. The regular required service is as follows:

First. In the first class, ten years for the army and its Ersatz reserve (substitute reserve), that is, three years in line and seven in reserve; ten years in the Ersatz reserve for those directly appointed to the same; twelve years for the armed forces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, that is, three years in line and nine in reserve; twelve years for the marine, that is, four years in line, five in reserve, and three in marine defence.

Second. In the second class (landwehr), two years after completion of required service in the standing army, or twelve for those directly appointed to the landwehr or its Ersatz reserve.

Third. In the third class (landsturm), three years before entering upon the age for required service, nine years for all who had left the marine and the landwehr, twenty-one years for all who have been appointed directly to the landsturm.—Harper's Magazine.

When to Cut Hickory.

It is a universal opinion among most mill-men and lumber-dealers, that hickory should not be cut while the sap is rising in it; they claim that it will powder-post if cut in this condition. Hickory cut in this stage makes the strongest and toughest of hickory. The powder-post mentioned is the grinding of the wood up by worms into fine powder; this can easily be prevented by simply barking the tree as soon as cut, which is very easily done, and by shaving off as soon as sawn, a little of the outside of the tree that adjoins the bark, if it is not all cut off in edging. Hickory cut in this condition and not treated in this manner, will sometimes in outward appearance seem perfectly sound, but when cut into be found a mass of powder and dust.—Mechanical News.

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.

COCKERILL'S LETTER.

The Career of a Once-Bright Social Star of New York.

Edward Gould and His Fiancee—Gotham's New Rialto and the Cause of the Change—The Wealth of the Country.

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Three years ago this week Mrs. James Brown Potter, in the two little rooms she then lived in at the Brevoort house in this city, said good-by to her little daughter Fifi, and to her husband, James Brown Potter, Esq., of this city, a good-looking man of unexceptionable morals and manners, and sailed for Havre. The cable now brings news of the dissolution of the dramatic partnership she had then formed and has since maintained with a person known by the name of Kyrle Bellew. The whole subject of this beautiful and interesting woman's extraordinary mischance in life once more occupies the minds of the friends whom she once counted here by the hundreds, and of the acquaintances and admirers, for she has undoubtedly the "fatal gift of beauty," who might have been numbered by the thousand. I consider that there has been no more tragic development of nineteenth century social life than the career of Cora Urquhart, off and on the stage. Something over fifteen years ago in London, I heard one evening, at Brompton, a reading by Rev. Bellamy Bellew, a gifted man of splendid presence and excellent repute. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, tall and erect in form, florid-faced and white-haired. I was struck by the man's appearance as he walked to the rostrum from which he read, the imperious dignity of his eye, which seemed to search out the remotest corners of the hall, his perfect mastery of the language, and the tender grace and manly feeling with which he rendered some of the most beautful selections in the English language. I never heard the "Bridge of Sighs" given more tenderly than by him; nor the death-bed scene from Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop," nor Jean Inglelow's magnificent ballad of "The Noble Mercer." Rev. Mr. Bellew's silvery white hair fell in soft ringlets around his neck, but there was nothing effeminate in his appearance or bearing. If there was an inherited taint of any kind in the constitution of the young man who at that time was making something of a reputation on the stage under the name of Kyrle Bellew, those who know his father must believe that taint came from the other side of the house.

I remember well hearing, indeed, at that time that there had been domestic unhappiness in the Bellew household, the head of which had obtained a separation from his wife. The particulars were kept quiet and I never heard them. Shortly afterward Rev. Bellamy Bellew, who was certainly one of the most popular readers in London, although not a favorite of the fashionable set, died, and soon afterward his slender and personally well-endowed son became a favorite among a certain class of New York theater-goers. I have never been able, on subsequent visits to London, to learn that this curled and oiled young man with the long hair and the spatulated fingers was considered either an ornament or a pillar of the English stage. I am inclined to believe, indeed, that his reputation has been largely the result of undeserved, but well sought, newspaper publicity, spread abroad perhaps in a large measure by that interesting but not very sagacious specimen of the female community known as the "matinee girl." In London Bellew was recognized as having some originality of idea about the dress of a young leading man; he was among the first to affect the fob chain and the expansive collar and cuffs, which have since become a byword in other directions. But I have never seen reason to believe that the fellow had any depth of thought or originality of conception, or that there was anything in him to attract the undoubtedly numerous young women, some of them not as silly as they might have been, who have fallen victims to his baseness. That the Sothern boys did not club him to death in a gutter long ago for his conduct toward their sister, brought out in semi-legal proceedings in Chicago a year or two since, I have not yet ceased to wonder.

From time to time there has been put in circulation a story that Bellew's real name was Higgins, that he was the son of an Irish bricklayer and that he had a wife and nine children down in the Whitechapel region in London. I am convinced from facts in my own possession and from conversations with Londoners of to-day that this gracious reprobate is in reality the son of a worthy father, who bore with honor the name the son has disgraced. It was when Mrs. James Brown Potter was living with her husband and beautiful little daughter in a modest apartment looking out over Washington square—that being before the Tuxedo craze—that this young woman, who had acquired a taste for amateur theatricals, made the acquaintance in a semi-professional way of Kyrle Bellew. A woman whose personal gifts might easily have enabled her to make honorable allies and friends in any walk of life to which she chose to address herself seems from the first to have been a victim to the fascinations of this perfumed young Assyrian bull, and gradually to have fallen so completely under his control as to lose all desire to keep up even the semblance of womanly honor, and to make of herself a mark at which every honorable wife and loving mother in the land might feel tempted to point the finger of scorn. As a woman I pity her; as a beautiful woman I admire her. The degradation which began with this man Bellew's acquaintance, the fatal fascination which led her to become a professional actress, and to go jockeying around the world in his company, to exile herself from friends and country, as well as to bar forever the doors of all honest homes against her, has now culminated in the separation in London of the two principals in this sad drama, and in the stranding of this fair wreck upon the shoals of the stage; for, with all her faults, it still remains true that the poet might well have said of her:

"If to her lot some common errors fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."

The young daughter, whom Mrs. Potter deserted three years ago this month, has now blossomed out into a beautiful, refined and intelligent maiden, worthy of the surroundings which her father's means and social position and her lineage on his side, at least, have provided for her. Since his wife's departure from his home and his country the course of this man has been one which has excited much interest. He has lived quietly in his cottage in Tuxedo, has attended strictly to his business in the coffee trade at the foot of Wall street, and has gone about the world in a quiet, dignified manner, thoroughly ignorant, to all appearances, of any reason to the contrary. He is a man now, I should judge, of some forty-three or forty-five years of age, quiet in manner, brown-haired, brown-eyed, beardless and wearing a mustache. Mr. Potter is exceedingly particular about his raiment, and his personal habits are refined to a degree. All the devotion that a father could lavish upon a daughter he has delighted to give to his. When his friends have asked him whether he proposed to take proceedings to secure a divorce from this woman, who insisted upon dragging his name in the dirt of three continents, he is declared to have said that so long as he took no overstep to put on record the disgrace of his daughter's mother there need be no record of it to which her friends and acquaintances in after life could have cause to call her attention; that the social world winks at cankers which are known to all, and are yet smothered under the decent garb of semi-secrecy, while the first rash hand which lays them bare serves no better end than to make them more ignominious and excite public scorn and denunciation.

Mr. Potter belongs to the famous Potter family of which the bishop is the head and to which the Browns of banking fame are closely allied. Under the terms of a will now in force, Mr. Potter is, I understand, at no very distant date to come into quite a handsome competency, and I have heard that within a year or two offers of a considerable sum in cash were made through a firm of New York lawyers to Mrs. Potter in return for her abandonment of the name she has borne only to disgrace. These overtures resulted in nothing and it is the very irony of fate that Australia and India and England and Scotland and Ireland and Ceylon and Japan and China should have heard of the names of Brown and Potter, both entitled to respect on the American continent, only through the fictitious title of such a woman to bear them. It was, I believe, the inadequacy of her husband's income to maintain her in the social state which she thought was her due that, according to Mrs. Potter, first inspired in her mind that discontent which led to her subsequent adoption of the stage career. If, as she then said, she adopted the dramatic profession for the money she could make out of it, in her present almost penniless condition, as I hear in London, she must be a victim of remorse. At the time that she made this objection to her husband's means, beside the moderate income from investment to which he was entitled, he had, I hear, even then this handsome expectancy, and was also making at least six or eight thousand dollars a year in his business. The home she forfeited, the daughter she cast off, and, to put it on its very lowest basis, the income of twelve or fifteen thousand dollars which she might now be enjoying in that home and with that daughter, must at present look exceedingly attractive to this would be Cleopatra. The cable reports that she feels bitterly toward the United States, and says that she has too many enemies and critics to think of returning here. It must be remembered that she has only what she has made for herself, and that no honorable men, at least, are disposed to put an obstacle in the way of an erring, misguided woman who seeks forgiveness.

YOUNG GOULD'S ENGAGEMENT.

The announcement of young Edward Gould's engagement to the daughter of Dr. George F. Shrady, of this city, will call renewed attention to the millionaire wizard and his affairs. Mr. Edward Gould is twenty-six years of age. He has his father's swarthy complexion greatly intensified, and his beard and hair are of the unmistakable Gould type. He is in no sense a handsome young man. There is something of the pirate in the dark and forbidding countenance of Edward, while George, the elder brother, is a truly handsome and attractive person. A great deal has been said in the newspapers from time to time about young Edward's remarkable business capacity. The fact is that Edward was never a studious boy, and while yet at Columbia college he undertook to do some speculating on his own account. When his father discovered it the youth protested that he preferred a business career to a professional one, and so he was taken into the Western Union building, where his talents, such as they are, have been utilized.

But he really has no great aptitude, however much fondness he may have for it. George is a thorough business man, and is thought by most of the people who know him to be entirely capable of succeeding his father, at least in the management of the properties which they now hold. I was talking to a gentleman the other day about Jay Gould's prolonged stay in the west and southwest. He said that Mr. Gould had for a long time suffered from a bronchial affection which was aggravated by the salt air of this locality. He found great relief for this in the dry, far western country, and the probabilities were that he would spend considerable of his time there for the next year or two. When last heard from he was at Eads, Col. This same gentleman, who is quite familiar with Mr. Gould and his affairs, says that he has unquestioned evidence that Mr. Gould's wealth to-day, not estimating prospective values at all, is not a dollar less than $150,000,000. It has been said of most men who apply themselves strictly to business that they lose health in gaining wealth and then lose wealth in trying to get back the health. But there is no likelihood that Mr. Gould will exhaust his accumulations in this industry. He is struggling now, however, for what his money cannot buy, but I observe that he spices his time and adds to his own entertainment by occasionally absorbing a small western railway and adding it to his already gigantic system.

Dr. George F. Shrady, the father of the handsome young woman to whom young Gould is engaged, is one of the most eminent of the medical and surgical practitioners in this city. He achieved distinction in connection with the pathetic case of Gen. Grant. As the editor in charge of the Medical Record, the recognized organ of the regular medical fraternity of this city, he has made himself a leader of thought and scientific investigation. Young Mr. Gould seems to be celebrated for two things. He is a good horseback rider and he has been known to swim the Hudson river opposite his father's country seat at Irvington.

NEW YORK AS A FINANCIAL CENTER.

"New York will some day become the center of more wealth than any other city in the world." So said a business man to me who has means of acquiring important information in financial affairs. "Either London, Paris or Berlin can at present buy us many times over," said he. "The ease with which the Bank of France dumped enough money into the Bank of England to avert a panic, which would have been worldwide in its effects, is a splendid example of the fraternity of capital. This fraternity and good feeling is probably born of necessity and expediency rather than genuine affection; but in any event it exists. You may set it down as a fact that capital on one side of the world will stand for and sustain capital in distress on the other side. When France needs help England can be depended upon to come to her rescue, even though she has to pawn the crown jewels and cut the prince of Wales' portion. There is less

I asked my friend for some specific reasons why he thought New York would become the richest money center in the world.

"It is the commercial and financial center of the United States. The natural resources of this country are practically exhaustless. What our farms will not grow we can dig from the bowels of the earth—coal, iron, oil, marble, gold, silver, pretty much everything of great value except diamonds. The country has only begun to produce. The old world is waning. Its mines are becoming exhausted. The tin mines of Wales are even getting down to hard pan, and it is thought not to be worth while to prospect for any others like them. Our American tin mines may be largely mythical, but those of Cornwall cannot always be depended upon. The capital of the country is flowing into New York in a golden stream. The rich men, and the money makers, who will some day be the rich men, all gravitate this way. There are over 1,500 millionaires in the city of New York now, and a large percentage of these are millionaires many times over. Think of it! Fifteen hundred means the population of a good-sized village, and everybody a multi-millionaire!"

A NEW "RIALTO."

Among the notable changes in New York city is the removal of the "Rialto" from Fourteenth street to the neighborhood of Twenty-eighth street between Broadway and Sixth avenue. For years the Morton house and adjacent cafes constituted the resort of all unemployed actors and theatrical people around town. It was here that they gathered to gossip and guzzle, and one could find at different stages of the season assembled here every phase of Thespian, from the track walker up to the heavy "swell" who had played the whole season with Booth. But with the actors, as with all things else, the movement in New York is northward, and the new "Rialto" is to be found on Twenty-eighth street now. Passing through there, the other morning, I saw upon the lofty steps of a new and pretentious dramatic agency at least twenty-five artists of various degrees and classes. Grouped about were other professional gentlemen, while up and down the street and in and out the agency passed all shades and phases of the professional feminine; most of them bleached as to hair, tawdry and loud as to attire. I was particularly struck with the appearance of these male actors as compared with the school of a quarter of a century ago. These fellows of to-day have the appearance of gamblers and men of sporting proclivities. They run to checked trousers, striped shirts, variegated belts and stomach bands, russet shoes and every conceivable shade of hat band. The clerical-looking, high class actor of a quarter of a century ago, with his turned down collar, dark garments and long hair, is missing.

THE WEALTH OF THE COUNTRY.

When Mr. Porter of the eleventh census gets around to it he may be able to show that the capital invested in commercial enterprises in this country is not far from $60,000,000,000. In 1880 it was something over $40,000,000,000. It has been estimated that Mr. Porter's figures would show the present amount to be $50,000,000,000; but I have seen estimates which lead me to believe it will be $10,000,000,000 above these figures. England can show nothing like it. This is an enormous increase in ten years, and shows the earning power of the money which is invested in business enterprises in the United States, and, with a continuous stream from this vast body of capital flowing into New York, it bears out what my friend has said, that this city will some day be the greatest center of capital in the world. A very good idea of the magnitude of some of the transactions in real estate and other branches of trade can be had by an occasional visit to the Real Estate exchange. Not the largest sales are reported on the open board, but in that atmosphere one hears of the fat slices that are occasionally cut off, and in this way may obtain an idea of "richest New York."

JOHN A. COCKERILL.

A Curious and Beautiful Spot.

Probably no other part of the world, excepting, perhaps, Yellowstone park, contains so many natural curiosities as Modoc county, Cal. The first, from a historical point of view, is the famous lava beds—scene of the Modoc war—a country of rocks so full of caves that lakes and rivers are swallowed up, leaving nothing but a faint murmur to show their course through the bowels of the earth. In many of the caverns an army of men could hide, and in some places the intense heat of the rocks is evidence that internal fires are raging. In all parts of the country can be found mammoth hot springs, belching forth water strongly impregnated with minerals, and often close by will be caves of the purest ice. Medicine lake is a wonder which draws many visitors annually—a body of water that does not contain a living thing and at certain hours of the day is full of a gelatinous, spongelike substance that sinks and leaves the water clear. At the lake are two mountains, one of pure obsidian, the other of pumice stone, in layers.

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Tutt's Tiny Pills
The first dose often astonishes the invalid, giving elasticity of mind, buoyancy of body, good digestion, regular bowels and solid flesh. Price, 25cts.

A Terrible Rifle.

The very latest invention in the way of magazine small arms, and one not yet submitted to the United States army board, is the gun that has just been put in test by the Italian authorities. The rifle is four feet long and of the smallest caliber yet attempted, .256-inch. The speed of the bullet is 2,860 feet-second, and as regards its penetrative force it is said that the ball will pierce two mattresses and two planks five inches thick at a distance of nearly a mile. Loading is effected by means of chargers containing five cartridges arranged so that a repeating fire may be obtained until the magazine is exhausted. Many of the experts who attended the trials are of the opinion that the weapon is the most destructive at present existing among European armies.

How Different Animals Eat.

The cat always turns a rabbit's skin inside out, leaving it reversed like a glove. The weasel and stoat eat the brain, nibble the head, suck the blood, and leave the body. A fox always leaves the legs and hinder parts. It generally bites the head off to begin with, and then skins the body neatly, as it hates the fur in its mouth. A dog tears it to bits, while crows and magpies peck the eyes out before touching the rest of the body.

Valuable Spoons.

Collectors who pick up strictly genuine apostle spoons for a couple of dollars a spoon will be interested to know that a set of twelve such spoons was recently sold at Christie's in London for two thousand dollars. They had silver-gilt stems, surmounted by gilt figures of the apostles, but their great value arises from the fact that they were a present from Charles II. to the wife of Sir Robert Clayton, lord mayor of London.

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RIDING A CROCODILE.

It Is a Very Lively Experience, Though Hardly a Pleasant One.

A cayman from a neighboring lagoon had occasionally poached among our ducks, says the engineer of an estate in India, as reported in "Tales of Travel," and we had been for some days on the lookout for him. One morning we discovered him lounging in one of the ponds after a night's plunder.

I ran for my gun and fired at him. The shot merely stirred the old rogue up; he thrashed about in the water for a minute, and then left the pond and started for the morass.

I tried to get aim at his head, but was unable to do so. At this moment David, an African wainman, came up, and before I realized his purpose, he had thrown himself astride the crocodile, grabbed his fore paws and held them doubled up across the creature's back.

The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout; and though able to move his feet freely and slap his tail about, he could not bulge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a fruitless endeavor to grub himself onward. He was obliged to move in a circle, and of course was pretty nearly confined to one spot.

The African kept his seat. He received some hard jerks, but as his seat was across the reptile's shoulders, he was well out of danger from jaws and tail so long as he held on.

"Shoot 'im! Me got 'im!" the fellow called to me.

I reloaded my gun, and getting good aim at the crocodile's head, soon put an end to his mischief. The old fellow measured fifteen feet.

A QUEER RAILROAD.

Run by Three Men and with Occasional Grades of Six Feet to the One Hundred.

A curious little railroad train goes crawling up and down the mountain from Tres-Pinos to Burt's lime kiln in the Gavilan range, San Benito county, Cal., every day. It is probably the strangest railroad that was ever seen; yet, until the Helena Independent noticed it, not a word was ever printed regarding it. The train moves on a curious single track and is drawn by an engine set low on it. Both the engine wheels and those which support the cars have a single, pivot-like piece of steel which sets in the slot track, for it must be borne in mind that the track has a slot in it not unlike that seen on a cable track. In addition to this each wheel has a flange on each side of it, so that it cannot get off the track, no matter how abrupt the curves. The road as completed is now nine miles long, but when pushed through as intended it will be fourteen miles in length. Three men run it. These consist of an engineer, fireman and a brakeman. In one place there is an eight-hundred-foot grade mounted at the rate of six feet to the one hundred, yet the engine puffs right along with three loaded cars, not in the least bothered in any way. There is one grade a quarter of a mile long in which an average of four feet is gained to the one hundred. One curious thing about it is that the wheels are in a sense rollers. They reach from one side to the other. The flanges hold them on, assisted by the pivot, past which each half of the wheel comes down.

Didn't Want One.

Agent—Madam, I have sold one of our justly-celebrated folding-beds to every one in the neighborhood with the single exception of the spinster lady who lives across the way.

Lady of the house—Why wouldn't she buy one?

Agent—She said there was no chance for a man to get under it.—Judge.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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John Davidson, Pioneer Lumbermen of Sedgwick County.
ESTABLISHED :-: IN :-: 1870
A complete Stock of Pine Lumber Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand.
Office and yards on Mosley ave. between Douglas ave. and First st. and Branch yards at Union City, Oklahoma City, El Reno, Kingfisher, Oklahoma Territory.

M. W. Levy, Pres.
A. W. Oliver, V. Pres.
STATEMENT
Of the Condition of the
Wichita National Bank
Made to the Comptroller of Currency at the Close of Business, May 17th, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$583,950.01
Bonds and Stocks	17,294.71
U. S. Bonds	50,000.00
Real Estate	65,000.00
Due from U. S.	2,250.00
Overdrafts	2,926.49
Cash and Exchange	232,370.69
	$953,791.90

LIABILITIES.

Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	5,410.77
Circulation	45,000.00
Deposits	603,381.13
	$953,791.90

Correct, C. A. Walker Cashr.

W. N. Coler, Jr. Pres. Coler L. Sim, V. Pres. Chas. H. Pool, Cashier.
Sedgwick County Bank,
WICHITA, KAN.
Capital - - - $50,000
DIRECTORS.
W. N. Coler, Jr., Henry A. Forrest, J. H. Longstreet, W. T. Sim, E. H. Anawalt, W. W. Pearce, Geo. Van Werden, R. V. Hewlett, C. W. Southward, Coler L. Sim, Chas. H. Pool.
Opened for Business, May 7th, 1892.

B. Lombard, Jr. President. L. D. Skinner, Cashier. J. P. Allen, Vice President. W. H. Livingston, Assistant Cashier.
State National Bank.
OF WICHITA, KAN.
CAPITAL, - - $100,000
SURPLUS, - - 60,000
DIRECTORS:
John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. V. Healy, B. Lombard, Jr. Peter Getto, L. D. Skinner, James L. Lombard.

MISSOURI :-: PACIFIC
RAILWAY.
The most popular route to Kansas City, St. Louis and Chicago and all Points East and North, also to Hot Springs, Ark., New Orleans, Florida, and all points South and Southeast.
SOLID DAILY TRAINS
-BETWEEN-
St. Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo and Denver,
-WITH-
Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars
-VIA THE-
COLORADO SHORT LINE
The Shortest Route to St. Louis.
5-DAILY TRAINS-5
KANSAS CITY TO ST. LOUIS.
Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.
Free Reclining Chair Cars.
M. C. TOWNSEND.

'WELL BRED, SOON WED." GIRLS WHO USE
SAPOLIO
ARE QUICKLY MARRIED. TRY IT IN YOUR NEXT HOUSE-CLEANING.