

Wichita Daily Eagle

— FOR —

REDDINGS

Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Felons, Boils, Corns, Sties, Bunions, Piles, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Cold Sores, Sore Eyes, Fester, Etc.

RUSSIA SALVE

REDDING & CO. BOSTON, MASS.

PRICE, 25 CTS.

AT A NEWPORT PICNIC.

Where Outdoor Dress Is at Its Freshness.

A Gray-Gingham Gown with White Shoes

At the Plaza Tea-Drawing-Costumes at the Casino-Midsummer and Its Dainty Toilets.

Newport picnics are famous, and if you went to one you wouldn't wonder. The chief cook and bottle washer of the picnic season, Mr. Ward McAllister, hasn't as yet cooked or bottled washed any festivities this summer, but the younger people are getting on bravely without him.

He's not the only person who has the genius to think of cows to make a field seem genuinely rustic; one of the Jerseys in a spot fashion-favored yesterday



was even scratched from an encounter with barbed wire, the grounds establishing her truly flesh and blood character beyond curtil.

It's pleasant when the gray procession of the merry-makers' carriages goes rolling out in the morning between wild rose hedges and under broad oaks and lindens, with the blackbirds chattering and the gulls trilling on one side, and the orioles screaming as they wheel over the reefs at the edge of the surf on the other.

It's pleasant when the picnic shelters are pitched on a cliff top crowned with trees and looking down upon the summer sea; the broad striped awning, blue and white and crimson, and the hooked beach chairs and the swinging hammocks give you the very essence, the lazy, laughter-loving spirit of July.

There are men at Newport, and that's what causes the picnic to make itself picturesque though by so doing it becomes less rural. Where else in these United States would a picnic girl wear the costume in which a plump blonde stood yesterday afternoon, looking off seaward and watching the steamer from Scituate Point, as it came leisurely on, lifting and ducking to the ocean swell?

Her frock was gray—a gray gingham, I imagine, with a cape-like flounce of ecru lace about the shoulders, a black ribbon belt at the waist and three-inch wide black ribbon ruffles at the hem. Under the black hem peeped snow white low shoes, laced with black ribbons. Her little black Leghorn hat was trimmed with gray streamers and clusters of drooping white lily-of-the-valley blossoms.

Are not white shoes an eccentricity? At a picnic you might think so, but there are a breeze on Newport cliffs; shoes therefore are objects of solicited consideration. There is usually a reason for things. The young woman's paradox, by the way, was of gray silk with a deep double flounce of black chiffon and a white ivory handle.

At a Newport picnic you get out of door life and dress at its brightest and prettiest. Here is a pink batiste frock with a narrow black velvet belt and a broad pink and black ribbon caught about the hem and tied in places in a double bow; there is a gray-blue linen with white ribbon shoulder knots fluttering about it, white girdle and long white ends to the Watteau bow between the shoulder blades.

Scrambling down the cliff to the water side is Mrs. George Tiffany's pretty daughter in a white pique frock, with a short round jacket and a quaint



folded waistcoat of pink and white striped silk coming to a point at one side under a big bow with ends. She has a narrow band of white velvet about her white Leghorn, with a mass of soft loops at the back tying one pink rose.

At the bottom ahead of her and fishing brilliant floating balls of red seaweed out of a tide-pool with a tennis racket is Mme. Bonaparte in a black India silk gown, with the plaited back

When Billy 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.

and surplus front of the nun's robe, the little V at the throat filled in with gray and white chiffon, and the sleeves gathered like a bishop's sleeve to a little band of black silk stitched with white and edged with a full fringe of gray and white chiffon.

There is a girl in a basket woven creamy serge who is plaiting oak wreaths for a group of children. She wears a green silk blouse with a folded green wash knotted under one arm and hanging in fringed ends. Her hat is of green chip with white ribbons, and orange-colored silk waist with a very full plaiting down the front. The girls wear orange-colored suedes also and bright tan shoes.

Pique dresses are growing more and more popular. One sees them even on evening occasions worn by the swells, although organdies and fine muslins still hold their own. A pretty white serge gown by a girl at Narragansett the other day had a very dark red vest and a wide soft belt of the same color, run, top and bottom, with three fine gold bands. At the bottom of the skirt was a band of



the same color, similarly adorned with gold. On that same piazza rocked a lady clad in an old rose surah tea gown, cut low and round, and filled in with a yoke of delicately striped China silk in white and pale pink. Where the two joined was a wide ruche of old rose, and pink straps over the shoulders.

Here's a fantastic and unique gown for you, if you will be original. A shot silk of water green and brick color; skirt very slightly draped; two yards of pale green ribbon, arranged in the fashion; waist turned back in the very broadest square cut lapels possible, edged with green silk fringe; vest of Venetian lace over green ground; a bodice of lace that covers all the space left by the lapels; puffed sleeves to the elbows, and a tiny band of lace; gloves that wrinkle up to the elbows; a very broad brimmed hat.

News of another more startling has just come over from Paris. It consists of a pretty flowered foulard in white and faint greens, with a very deep lace ruffle all around the skirt and a bodice draped across in wide lace, with the high belt and an accordion-plaited guimpe. So far the dress is very mild and unassuming, but over it falls a redingote of rich, heavy silk of an extremely dark green, covering it altogether in the back, but stopping short before it closes in front, so as to display a little of the delicate silk gown. Over the redingote again falls a short pelerine, which is exceedingly full over the shoulders, and which is again covered with lace like the flounce. The redingote has no sleeves, but the elbow sleeves of the gown are puffed to the greatest extent allowable, so that the full folds of the redingote stand out well, and with her high rolling collar the dame who wears this gown designed especially for her looks as if she had just stepped from some old picture.

By the way, according to platting is once more becoming the rage. We see it in dress trains, in yokes, in ruffles and in hat trimmings. It has not so perished toils as yet, however, for they hold their own without any trouble.

EVA A. SCURBERT.

Unnecessary Expense.

Among the many stories told of Nantucket by old residents and frequent visitors is one that, while it seems almost improbable, is nevertheless vouched for by unimpeachable authorities.

Some years ago a man in Nantucket was tried for petty larceny, and sentenced by the judge to three months in jail. A few days after the trial the judge accompanied by the sheriff, was on his way to the Boston boat, when they passed a man who was busily sawing wood.

The sawyer stopped his work, touched his hat politely, and said: "Good morning, judge."

The judge looked at him earnestly a moment, looked on a little way, and then turned to glance backward, saying to the sheriff:

"Why, isn't that the man I sentenced to three months in jail the other day?"

"Yes," replied the sheriff, with some hesitation, "yes, that is the man. But you—why, you see, judge—we—don't happen to have anybody else in jail just now, and we thought 'twould be a sort of useless expense for us to hire somebody to keep the jail for three months just for this one man, so I gave him the jail key, and told him if he'd sleep there nights I guessed it would be all right."

—Youth's Companion.

Ice Cream Delivering Machine.

An American company has struck the popular taste in London by the organization of a system of automatic machines on the penny-in-the-slot principle for the delivery of ice cream. This toothsome element of daily consumption in this country is not so commonly used in England, and the ability to obtain it at all hours at slight cost constitutes nothing short of a luxury to many classes of Londoners. The novelty of the machine lies in the combination of the pneumatic deliverer with an ice refrigerator, which is so effective that when the machine is full the supply of ice will, each ice being contained in a separate cardboard box, keep good for a whole week; that is to say, will not melt during that period. It is expected that not only will these machines be well patronized by the public, but by hotel and restaurant proprietors and confectioners, who will be fully alive to the advantages of having a supply of good, wholesome ice cream constantly on hand without any of the risks of damage or spoilage.—St. Louis Republic.

Responsible.

Mrs. Speedles (inspecting her negative)—The sun is no flatterer, Mr. Playte; it refuses absolutely to overlook my freckles.

Playte—True, madam; but you could hardly expect it to reproduce its own handiwork.—N. Y. Herald.

TALKING OF BURGLARS.

All the Ladies Told How They Would Treat One.

Then One of Them Had a Chance to Try It, and the Result Was a Dislocated Ear for Her Husband—Dreadful Tale of Woe.

[CONTINUED.]

We were sitting on the steps of the boarding house, a dozen or so of us. The landlady had just told a story, which had been pronounced good by such of us as were behind with our board money. The story related to a daring robbery that had been perpetrated in the boarding house across the way.

It appeared that some hardened sinner had entered the house in broad daylight, "regardless of his reputation," as our landlady maliciously added. He had taken things very coolly, and among the things which he had taken were various articles of jewelry which had been rather suspiciously worn by a lady with supernaturally light hair. The burglar had remained in her room nearly an hour and had collected every article of value which she was not wearing at the time, but as she generally wore nearly all the jewelry that she owned, he was short a couple of dozen rings and a watch. Perhaps he was feeling sorry for this, when suddenly and unexpectedly the lady returned and caught him in the act. Thereupon she fainted dead away and the burglar removed from her inanimate form those trinkets which the poor fellow might have missed if she had not come back just in the nick of time.

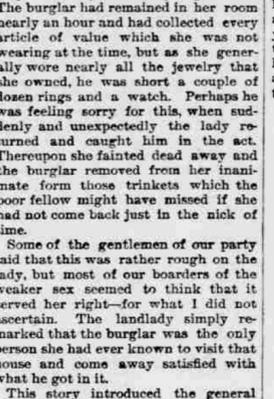
Some of the gentlemen of our party said that this was rather rough on the lady, but most of our boarders of the weaker sex seemed to think that it served her right—for what I did not ascertain. The landlady simply remarked that the burglar was the only person she had ever known to visit that house and come away satisfied with what he got in it.

This story introduced the general subject of burglars, and the ladies began to tell what wise and vigorous articles they would take in an emergency similar to that which had been too much for their neighbor. Their methods of action differed one from the other, but they were alike in this that they left the burglar no earthly chance to escape with his life. One of them said she would grasp her husband's revolver, etc., but when I asked her which end she would grasp it by she was unable to state. Another told how she had once dispersed three tramps by hurling a flat iron at them. This missile had severely wounded the fourth tramp who was approaching from another direction.

Finally an intellectual young woman who had recently been graduated from an advanced educational institution (and had married a man who didn't know whether "Hamlet" was written by Shakespeare or Laura Jean Libby) spoke up in contradiction of them all. She said it was a mistake to resort to violence in such cases. Moral suasion was much better. She knew how it worked because she had had experience with the most hardened ruffians on the face of the earth, having taught school in an eastern seaport town, where, in her opinion, the boys followed piracy as a trade in vacation time.

She said that if she found a burglar in her room she would politely ask him to sit down.

She would then explain to him the enormity of his crime and its inevitable consequences. She would show him



that there was in the house. His confidence somewhat revived the courage of the ladies.

Now, while all this was going on the man who had caused all the trouble might have ascended to the roof and walked to Harlem over the housetops, or he might have walked down the front stairs without molestation from anybody. But he had made no sign. Mrs. Hawkins had no doubt that he was the same man who had entered the house across the way; and, remembering the proof he had there given of being a most deliberate and painstaking thief, she pictured him stowing away all her treasures while she delayed. She was now somewhat calmer and was able to give a partially coherent description of the villain. It was so dreadful that even the tough young man was visibly moved. He bit off another piece of tobacco and admitted that he would like to have a good, reliable club. But his disposition was naturally too prone to strive to admit of his losing the chance of a fight. He advanced up the front stairs, and we followed in his wake.

As we marched up the stairs I took a position at the end of the column, where I could cheer the faint-hearted and drive deserters back into the ranks. At least, that was the way I explained it afterward. Thus it happened that when Billy Murphy, the tough young man, entered the third floor front room, I was not above the second story. When he pushed the door open the excitement among our boarders reached such an uncontrollable frenzy that they all yelled in unison and rushed madly down the stairs bearing me with them. From above there came presently the noise of conflict, and then Billy was heard coming down the stairs with a heavy tread, and dragging something after him.

"Say, I did him up," said Billy. "He wasn't in it, see! He chumped was sittin' in a chair, and I give him me right an' left 'fore he knew where he was. Dere ain't no flies on Billy Murphy."

He cast his victim on the floor as he spoke. The man didn't appear so far as we could perceive in the dim light of the hall—to be capable of doing any further damage, and after a momentary scattering we all rushed toward him.

"Suppose you try a little moral suasion," I ventured to suggest to Mrs. Hawkins. But she had something else on her mind. The man had got upon his feet by this time, and was looking around.

"What the blooming blazes does this mean?" he shouted. "Has everybody gone clear crazy? Here I go to sleep in my own room, and this big tough breaks my head and drags me downstairs. Then you all stare at me like an asylum full of idiots. What in—"

"Oh, George!" cried Mrs. Hawkins, in a voice choked with misery, "how did you ever get in without my seeing you? It's all your fault for creeping up there alone by yourself."

Yes, it was Mr. Hawkins, sure enough. He had got into the house unperceived; had fallen asleep in his chair, and had been mistaken for a burglar by his own wife. When we saw the Hawkinses last that night the power of moral suasion was being exerted, not by the person who originally advocated it, but by old man Hawkins himself. He was trying by a severely logical process, founded on facts and a dislocated ear, to convince his wife that she did not know enough to go in out of the wet.

HOWARD FIELDING.

HOW SHE WOULD MAKE HIM WEEP.

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HOWARD FIELDING.

WE CLOSE IN ON THE BURGLAR.

that riches acquired in such a way could not bring any real and lasting joy to their possessor. She outlined to us fully the arguments she would use, and I was of the opinion that if any burglar took them all at one dose he would not be in a condition to resist arrest, and in any case a few quiet years in the penitentiary would afterward appear to him as a blessed relief.

We talked about this gressome subject for about two hours, and when we were done, I think no lady in the party expected to find fewer than seven masked men in her room when she went up to bed. Only she who had advocated moral suasion preserved a semblance of calm.

We dispersed on the stairway and went to our several cages. I had just reached mine when an unearthly shriek rent the air. I rushed downstairs and most of the others did the same. Two ladies, however, went down on the rear fire escape, and another got into bed and pulled the clothes up over her head.

On the lowest flight of stairs I was overtaken by the advocate of moral suasion, who passed me in a flutter, and, meeting the landlady in the hall, threw both arms around her neck and burst into tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Crowley," she sobbed, "there's a man in my room."

We were most of us in the hall by this time, and we all talked at once. The only other man beside myself went out to find a policeman, and I think he has not found him yet. It devolved upon me, then, to do something. I, therefore, as a preliminary measure of prudence, asked Mrs. Hawkins (the lady who had discovered the burglar) whether she thought, from the appearance of the intruder, that there was any danger of his coming downstairs. At this awful suggestion she released Mrs. Crowley's neck and ran down into

the kitchen, where she affectionately embraced the cook, whom, no longer ago than dinner time, she had reviled.

This gave me an idea. I remembered that there lurked below stairs a somewhat tough young man who waited on the table. The violent manner in which he was accustomed to brandish a loaded soup plate over a boarder's head marked him for one who was utterly reckless of human life. Evidently he was the man to lead an attacking party. I went down to negotiate with him and all the ladies screamed: "Oh! don't leave us alone," and tumbled down the stairs after me.

A brief interview with the tough young man convinced me that my confidence in him had not been misplaced. "A burglar in de house?" said he. "I break his jaw."

At the mention of this desperate deed the woman who had spoken of her husband's revolver in our hypothetical conversation on the steps fell on her knees and implored me to avoid bloodshed. I replied that if keeping at a safe distance from the scene would contribute to a peaceful settlement I knew of no man likelier than myself to accomplish one. By this time the tough young man had prepared himself for the work before him. He provided himself with a fresh chew of tobacco as a nerve tonic, but declined all weapons, though we offered him nearly every-



How is Your Blood?

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed to do me any good.

WILL C. HEATY, YOUNG, S. C.

I was troubled from childhood with an itching eruption on my face, and was cured permanently with S.S.S. WALLACE MANN, MANASSAS, I. D.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SCRAPING CO., ATLANTA, GA.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

\$4.00 and \$5.00 Cash. Hand-sewed, and equal to those costing \$5 to \$10.

\$3.50 Police Heavy Calf Shoe.

\$2.50, \$2.25, \$2.00 Workingmen's Shoes.

\$2.00 and \$1.75 for Boys.

\$3.00 Hand-sewed, \$2.50 and \$2.00 Best Dogskin, for Women.

Take no Substitute, but insist on having W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES, with the name and price stamped on bottom. Sold by

NEFFS SHOESTORE 522 E. Douglas.

FOR SUFFERING WOMEN. DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE.

DR. MILES' RESTORATIVE NERVINE. It cures Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Sick and Nervous Headache, Irritability, Debility, Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, and all the ailments which result from a disordered system. After four years' experience by the best doctors, but without relief, have your Nervine for one week and have not had an ailment since. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine has cured a complete Nervous Prostration. PATENTED, 1885. Sold by

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., ELKHART, IND.

For Sale by HETTINGER BROS 216 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S ORIENTAL CREAM OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER.

It cures pimples, freckles, blotches, and all the ailments which result from a disordered system. After four years' experience by the best doctors, but without relief, have your Cream for one week and have not had an ailment since. Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine has cured a complete Nervous Prostration. PATENTED, 1885. Sold by

DR. MILES MEDICAL CO., ELKHART, IND.

For Sale by HETTINGER BROS 216 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

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

Whitebottle—I see that a quantity of whole oil calmed a very heavy sea the other day.

Gildersleeve—When I was a boy at school I remember that the same thing calmed many an unruly boy.—Detroit Free Press.

All in the Family.

Jennette—Does Miss Boardman get her lovely complexion from her father or her mother?

Gladys (sweetly)—From her father. He's in the drug business.—Chicago News.



Tuff's Tiny Pills

A single dose produces beneficial results, giving cheerfulness of mind and buoyancy of body to which you were before a stranger. They enjoy a popularity unsurpassed by any other medicine.

Send to:

Lord Shadygrove—Of course I can never be very intimate with your father, he being in trade, but he will not be surprised to find me with some insular prejudices, will he?

Miss Manhattan—Oh, no. Nothing foolish or ill-bred that you can do will surprise him.—Life.

Value of Six Pictures.

In 1883 Charles Smith died in England, leaving six pictures, two by Reynolds, three by Gainsborough, and another by Hoare. A professional valuer valued them at £1,190, and the revenue authorities and executors were content. The business was finished so far as the executors were concerned, in 1888. In 1888 the tenants for life in possession of the pictures obtained from the court permission to sell them. Two sold for £10,000 and the rest for £4,500. The revenue authorities, hearing of this, instituted proceedings to obtain payment of further probate duties, but were beaten.—Chicago Times.

No Good There.

Peddler—Madam, I have some fine Biblical mottoes for sale. Here's "Seek and ye shall find," for a dollar. How does that suit you?

Woman—The work is pretty and the price is low enough, but the sentiment wouldn't be tolerated here for a minute. This is the home of Detective No-brain.—Judge.

—Bob Peastraw.—You seem to be feelin' tough to-day. Bill Haystack—Yes, tough as leather. I was up to New York the other day and got skinned, and when I got home father tanned me.—N. Y. Herald.

HAIR CUT BY LIGHTNING.

How Jove Came to the Rescue of a Suffering Telegraph Operator.

The central figure of this tale was a telegrapher named Bogardus, "Bogy," as he is called for short, is known in the telegraph profession from Boston to San Francisco and New Orleans to Toronto. He possessed a roving disposition, a love for good old bourbon whisky, and a mind that was blank as to the value of money. The following occurred in the days when "Bogy" was in his prime.

He had recently been "fired" from the New York office, and for bread and butter had drifted out onto a railroad centering in Pittsburgh to sober up and get a new start. He was always careful of his personal appearance, and, while he could shave himself, the cutting of his own hair was an impossibility. Pittsburgh, some thirty miles from the little station he was at, was the nearest place where he could have the tonsorial feat performed. To go to the city meant another spree and consequent discharge, and "Bogy" knew this too well. But his hair grew, the weather became hot, and he fretted and fumed. The contents of the railroad men didn't add to his comfort.

Late one afternoon, after a very hot day, a thunder storm of remarkable intensity came up, the lightning played hide and seek among the relays, sounders and switchboard in "Bogy's" little 10x10 office. Every minute the storm increased in intensity, and the electrical display was grandly sublime. As the cracks of the bolts on the switchboard became more frequent and the flashes more luminous, "Bogy," not a bit frightened, concluded to put the cut-out plug in the switchboard and thereby save his instruments from burning up in case the lightning became too strong.

On the instant he applied the plug a bolt of lightning struck a telegraph pole about fifty feet from the office and the surplus electricity came in the switchboard and over the wire, and "Bogy's" head was wrapped in flame. The shock threw him on the floor, and for a moment stanned him. Shaking himself together he got upon his feet, and feeling no pain, he congratulated himself upon his lucky escape. There was a peculiar odor in the room that "Bogy" could not readily account for, but concluded it came from the burned silk and wax that made up the covering of the office wires.

He had just succeeded in putting his office to rights and had returned to it, after making a temporary connection where the bolt had struck, when a train drew up for orders.

"Je-susalem!" shouted the conductor, as he saw "Bogy." "Where's your hair?"

"Bogy," in affright, clasped his hands to his head, and, with a startled ejaculation, rushed for the little mirror hanging in a rear corner of the office. One look was enough. "Bogy" hadn't as much hair as a month-old baby, and, strange to relate, the electric flame had not seared his scalp in the slightest. The knock-down blow old Jupiter had given him had driven the thought of his hair for the moment out of his mind, and until the conductor's surprised cry had reached him he thought his hair still needed cutting.—Chicago Blade.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

"Who is that fellow?"

"His name is—well, I've forgotten it again. I never could remember it. He's always trying to borrow a dollar or two from me."

"And you can't remember his name? Lend him the dollar or two some day."—Chicago Tribune.

F. S. DENNIS, THE OLD RELIABLE CITY SCAVENGER.

Leads on short notice to clean Pitty Vagabond and tramp, and to remove from the city. Deal in rags, old clothes, shoes, hats, and anything that will make a search. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Prices ranging from 10c to 50c. Call on or send for catalogue. Office: 12 North Main Street, or call at residence 12 North Main Street.

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, 926.49

Cash and Exchange, 232,370.89

\$958,791.90

LIABILITIES.

Capital, \$250,000.00

Surplus, 50,000.00

Undivided Profits, 5,410.77

Circulation, 45,000.00

Deposits, 608,881.13

\$958,791.90

Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashier.

W. N. COLER, Jr., Pres. COLER, L. BIRK, V. Pres. CHAS. H. POOL, Cashier.

Sedgewick County Bank, WICHITA, KAN.

Capital, \$50,000

DIRECTORS.

W. N. Coler, Jr., Henry A. Forrest, J. H. Longstreet, W. T. Sims, E. H. Auswalt, W. W. Pearson, Geo. Van Warden, R. V. Hewlett, C. W. Southward, Coler, L. B. Clark, H. Pool.

Opened for Business, May 7th, 1892.

B. LOMBARD, Jr., President. I. D. HEINER, Cashier. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President. W. H. LIVINGSTON, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank, OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL, \$100,000

SURPLUS, 90,000

DIRECTORS.

John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. V. Brady, Joseph L. Bowers, Peter Quinn, L. D. Skinner, James L. Leonard.

DAVIDSON & CASE

John Davidson, Pioneer Lumberman of Sedgewick County.

ESTABLISHED IN 1870

A complete Stock of Pine Lumber Shingles, Lath, Joists, Sills, etc., always on hand.

Office and yards on Mosley ave. between Douglas and First st. and branch yards at Union City, Okla., Okla. City, El Reno and Minco, Okla. Home Territory.

SCALE BOOKS! SPECIAL.

Our Scale Books are Printed on Good Paper.

PRICE LIST:

Single Book..... \$ 75

Three Books..... \$ 2 00

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HAIR CUT BY LIGHTNING.

How Jove Came to the Rescue of a Suffering Telegraph Operator.

The central figure of this tale was a telegrapher named Bogardus, "Bogy," as he is called for short, is known in the telegraph profession from Boston to San Francisco and New Orleans to Toronto. He possessed a roving disposition, a love for good old bourbon whisky, and a mind that was blank as to the value of money. The following occurred in the days when "Bogy" was in his prime.

He had recently been "fired" from the New York office, and for bread and butter had drifted out onto a railroad centering in Pittsburgh to sober up and get a new start. He was always careful of his personal appearance, and, while he could shave himself, the cutting of his own hair was an impossibility. Pittsburgh, some thirty miles from the little station he was at, was the nearest place where he could have the tonsorial feat performed. To go to the city meant another spree and consequent discharge, and "Bogy" knew this too well. But his hair grew, the weather became hot, and he fretted and fumed. The contents of the railroad men didn't add to his comfort.

Late one afternoon, after a very hot day, a thunder storm of remarkable intensity came up, the lightning played hide and seek among the relays, sounders and switchboard in "Bogy's" little 10x10 office. Every minute the storm increased in intensity, and the electrical display was grandly sublime. As the cracks of the bolts on the switchboard became more frequent and the flashes more luminous, "Bogy," not a bit frightened, concluded to put the cut-out plug in the switchboard and thereby save his instruments from burning up in case the lightning became too strong.

On the instant he applied the plug a bolt of lightning struck a telegraph pole about fifty feet from the office and the surplus electricity came in the switchboard and over the wire, and "Bogy's" head was wrapped in flame. The shock threw him on the floor, and for a moment stanned him. Shaking himself together he got upon his feet, and feeling no pain, he congratulated himself upon his lucky escape. There was a peculiar odor in the room that "Bogy" could not readily account for, but concluded it came from the burned silk and wax that made up the covering of the office wires.

He had just succeeded in putting his office to rights and had returned to it, after making a temporary connection where the bolt had struck, when a train drew up for orders.

"Je-susalem!" shouted the conductor, as he saw "Bogy." "Where's your hair?"

"Bogy," in affright, clasped his hands to his head, and, with a startled ejaculation, rushed for the little mirror hanging in a rear corner of the office. One look was enough. "Bogy" hadn't as much hair as a month-old baby, and, strange to relate, the electric flame had not seared his scalp in the slightest. The knock-down blow old Jupiter had given him had driven the thought of his hair for the moment out of his mind, and until the conductor's surprised cry had reached him he thought his hair still needed cutting.—Chicago Blade.

CHILDREN CRY FOR PITCHER'S CASTORIA.

"Who is that fellow?"

"His name is—well, I've forgotten it again. I never could remember it. He's always trying to borrow a dollar or two from me."

"And you can't remember his name? Lend him the dollar or two some day."—Chicago Tribune.

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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, 926.49

Cash and Exchange, 232,370.89

\$958,791.90

LIABILITIES.

Capital, \$250,000.00

Surplus, 50,000.00

Undivided Profits, 5,410.77

Circulation, 45,000.00

Deposits, 608,881.13

\$958,791.90

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W. N. COLER, Jr., Pres. COLER, L. BIRK, V. Pres. CHAS. H. POOL, Cashier.

Sedgewick County Bank, WICHITA, KAN.

Capital, \$50,000

DIRECTORS.

W. N. Coler, Jr., Henry A. Forrest, J. H. Longstreet, W. T. Sims, E. H. Auswalt, W. W. Pearson, Geo. Van Warden, R. V. Hewlett, C. W. Southward, Coler, L. B. Clark, H. Pool.

Opened for Business, May 7th, 1892.

B. LOMBARD, Jr., President. I. D. HEINER, Cashier. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President. W. H. LIVINGSTON, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank, OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL, \$100,000

SURPLUS, 90,000

DIRECTORS.

John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. V. Brady, Joseph L. Bowers, Peter Quinn, L. D. Skinner, James L. Leonard.

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