

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 directly with names given.

ESTABLISHED 1886

CORNER & FARNUM

ROYAL COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS

The only Coffee Roasters and Spice Grinders in the state of Kansas. Carry a full line. Lowest prices. Teas, Coffee, Spices, Herbs, Baking Powders, Extracts, Cigars, Spray Yeast, Etc.

112 & 114 South Emporia Avenue.

F. P. MARTIN,
Wholesale and Retail

Artists' Materials, Pictures, Frames
3 Bindings, Picture Glass, Etc., Etc., Etc.
First-class French China for decorating.
Everything in the line of Artists' Materials at 25% below the market price. The only exclusive Art Store in the state. Mail Orders promptly attended to.

Telephone 205
114 NORTH MARKET ST.

THE WICHITA EAGLE
LITHOGRAPHERS,
PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, AND
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS.

111 East Douglas Avenue.
R. P. Murdoch, Business Manager

CHAS. LAWRENCE,
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Photographers' Supplies!

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Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection

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Wholesale and Retail

WALL PAPER
Paints, Oils and Glass.

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THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO.
(Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.)

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS.
Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices.

38 and 285 South Main Street, - - - Wichita, Kansas.

WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS.

OTTO ZIMMERMANN, Prop.

Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champagne Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Kemp's Extra Pale. Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

J. P. ALLEN,
DRUGGIST,
Everything Kept in a First-Class Drug Store

108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE.
WICHITA, - - - KAN.

WICHITA - TRUNK - FACTORY.
Manufacturers and Dealers of Trunks, Valises, Medical Cases, Shawl Straps and Sample cases. A complete line of traveling goods.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.
125 West Douglas Ave. - - - Wichita, Kan.

GEO. H. LLOYD & Co
Harness and Saddlery.

Saddlery Hardware, Leather, Lap Ropes, Fly Nets, Blankets, Brushes, Whips, Collars, Etc.

401 E. Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

FARIES MACHINE WORKS.
Builds and Repairs
ENGINES, BOILERS and MACHINERY.

124 S. Washington Ave Wichita.

EAGLE :: CORNICE :: WORKS.
324 NORTH MAIN STREET.
Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron, and Copper Cornice; Tin, Copper, Iron, and Slate Roofing Work done in any part of the country. Estimate furnished on application.

CASWELL & BUCKLEY.

AYLESBURY-NORRIS MERCANTILE CO
Wholesale Grocers, 138-140 N. Fourth Ave.

We carry a full line of Sugars, Coffee, Syrups, Tea, Spices, Cigars, Tobacco, and all goods usually sold by the trade. We have large stocks of stock and facilities for taking care of our trade and for the sale of the best quality of the stock and facilities for taking care of our trade and for the sale of the best quality of the stock and facilities for taking care of our trade.

Telephone 29.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO.,
Wholesale Grocers

208 AND 205 N. WATER STREET.
Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee, the best package coffee in the market

Getto McClure Boot and Shoe Co.
135 and 137 N. Market St. Wichita, Kan.

Invites the attention of merchants to their large and varied stock of goods for the Fall and Winter trade. An examination is respectfully solicited. A full line of Rubber Boots and Overboots of the best brands constantly on hand. Mail orders carefully filled and satisfaction guaranteed. Goods sold at wholesale exclusively.

WICHITA STEAM DYEING CO.,
Do a general Dyeing business in all branches. Our many years experience and facilities for Dyeing Merchant Work, are unsurpassed by any establishment in the country. Our references are the best.

Office 132 N. Market St. Factory 331 W. Douglas Ave. - - - Wichita, Kansas.
Write us for prices and information.

Wallenstein & Cohn
Importers and Jobbers of
MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

103, 105, 107, 109, East Douglas Ave.

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.,
WHOLESALE

Dry Goods; Notions; and Furnishing Goods.
Complete Stock in all the Departments.

119, 121 & 123 N. Topeka Ave. - - - Wichita, Kansas.

W. C. WILLIAMS,
119 East Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

Wholesale and Retail Gun Dealer.
California Sporting Powder \$5.00 per keg.
Oriental Wing shot Powder, \$5.25 per keg. F. G. H., Wichita, Kan.

THE GOLDEN ROSE.
Gift of the Pope to Queen Amelia, of Portugal.

When the "Golden Rose," the gift of the pope to Queen Amelia, of Portugal, was presented to her by the envoy of his holiness, Marquis Jules de Sacchetti, in Lisbon, in the church of the Necessidades in Lisbon, amid imposing ceremonies, the event marked an epoch of fifty years since a queen of Portugal received this distinguished honor. In 1842 Maria II. da Gloria won it, and she was the first queen of Portugal to get it after a lapse of three hundred years. This golden rose, says the New York Sun, is the premium of the pope of Rome for the best, the most religious, and most virtuous among the queens of Europe; but, unfortunately, there has lately grown up a wicked suspicion that it brings hard luck, because a great many royal ladies who gained it lost their thrones shortly afterwards. It is surely not to be inferred that Leo XIII. sent it to the innocent queen with the diabolical intention to dethrone her and establish a republic in Portugal. It is a beautiful present, thus described in a leading Paris paper: "Upon a tall, triangular socle there stands a sort of chalice with the pontifical arms engraved upon it, and from this there emerges a cluster of golden roses, one of which, larger and in fuller bloom than the others, sparkles with dewdrops all of diamonds. In the heart of this rose there is a little cassette, a vase into which the balsam and perfumes are introduced at the moment of the benediction." It is needless to say that this splendid rose has made the queen as happy as a big sunflower. God save her majesty Queen Amelia!

THE MAN OF DESTINY.
A Scene on the "Mary Annie" During a Panic Among the Passengers.

It was in the early days of river navigation that a merry party steamed up the Mississippi on the "Mary Annie." Prominent among them was a loud-voiced, overbearing, opinionated man, who took supreme delight in engaging his fellow passengers in long-winded religious arguments.

Predestination was his hobby, and all opposition to his views was overborne by sheer aggressiveness and lung power. From dawn till bedtime he rung the change on "Whatever will be, will be," until he became the terror of all.

One night there came a shock, says the Show and Leather Review, which brought the boat to a sudden standstill. She had struck a snag. There was really no danger, but for a short time the wildest confusion prevailed among the panic-stricken crowd.

In the midst of it all, our argumentative friend was running to and fro in a frenzy of fear, begging and praying for a life preserver.

"My dear air," said the captain, scoldingly, "why this needless alarm? Remember that whatever has been fore-ordained will be in spite of our efforts to prevent it."

"Oh, I know it," he said, wringing his hands in agony. "I know it. But what is the use of hurrying matters?"

PA, MA AND SON.
Their First Experience With Life Preservers.

Any one could see that they were "pa, ma and son," and that this was their first ferry-boat trip. They walked just ahead of me going up the steps. The first thing they did was to go all over the boat, asking questions of everybody. I kept them in sight. When at last they took seats on the rear guard I sat down near them. By that time we were half-way across the bay.

"Landed! What'er stream!" exclaimed ma, looking at the stretch of water between us and Oakland.

"Wouldn't be much fun if we upset," remarked son.

"Gracious! I never thought of that," exclaimed ma, in a startled voice.

"Ever hev accidents?" asked pa, looking toward me.

"Not often," I said, "and if there should be they are always there." I pointed to the life preservers that were hanging above us.

"They all three looked."

"What air they?" asked ma, curiously.

I explained. The trio arose to get a nearer view. Pa took one of the life preservers down.

"Well, now," exclaimed ma, "how on earth do you get it?"

Pa read the printed directions pasted on the outside very slowly.

"Let's jist try her on," suggested ma, eagerly. "Here, son, you turn around here."

There was a feeble remonstrance on the part of the son, to which not the slightest attention was paid. In a few moments he was arrayed in a life preserver, to his parents' intense satisfaction.

"Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria."

POLAR PRIZE FIGHTERS.

How Pugilism is Practiced Among the Esquimaux.

These Are a Fiercest People, However, and Only Indulge in Pugilism as a Test of Endurance—Only Two Tribes of Esquimaux at War.

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The Esquimaux have the reputation of being a very peaceful race of people, and they deserve it. So far as war is concerned it is almost wholly unknown among them. When on the Arctic coast of North America, near the mouth of Bache's Great Fish river, I found a tribe called the Netschilluk, or seal-eaters, an unusually aggressive tribe, among this peaceful race, and they told me



HOW HE BECAME POCK MARKED.

they were at virtual war with the Kindchiks, or Copper Esquimaux, and they killed each other whenever they met. There is also a legend on the Yukon river, of Alaska, common to both Indians and Esquimaux, that where they have met and contended for the lands the latter have invariably forced the Indians back until the Esquimaux now occupy some four hundred miles of the stream from its mouth. They are now at peace, however, and the Maligantnu Esquimaux, the farthest inland, live peacefully and associate with the Anviks and Shageluk. The same statement of affairs can be made of the Kooksoquim and some other rivers of Alaska and the British Northwest territory wherever the two races have come in contact.

To take it altogether the Esquimaux are not a quarrelsome set. True, a number of people who ought to know what they are talking about have intimated that the Netschilluk, the seal eaters I have just mentioned, probably murdered Sir John Franklin's ill-fated party while endeavoring to escape from ice-bound ships in the arctic, but the most that can be said against them is that it is a theory supported by only a few inconsiderable facts. Family feuds, carried to the extent of killing each other, are not so uncommon as war, and yet from our own standpoint of the civilized man they are extremely few.

The Esquimaux are very slow and deliberate, and even in the rare cases of a feud existing it is often years before revenge is taken, which is made to atone for some previous and almost ancient murder.

When I was with my party among the Netschilluk of King William's Land and adjacent mainland there came a sullen-looking fellow of "squat" dump stature, whose mission, so my Esquimaux found out in some way, was to kill my best hunter, Toolooah, who was an Iwiliik, or walrus eater, as that tribal name implies. Many, many years before, when this particular Netschilluk was a mere child, a boreal brat in bearskin breech-clouts, a relative of his, a sort of forty-second cousin by way of Adam and Eve, had been killed by an Iwiliik in their country and it had just occurred to him that it was about time to get even while the event was yet within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Toolooah knew nothing of the matter at all, but he was an Iwiliik, and that settled it so far as the Netschilluk's revenge was concerned. Just about that time it occurred to me that I could not spare Toolooah's valuable services, and I somewhat astonished them by announcing that if Toolooah or any other member of my party was killed I



THE ESQUIMAUX PRIZE FIGHT.

would not quit retaliating as long as any male member of the tribe was left whom I could find. As nineteenth-century men had never seen firearms before and had been dumfounded at their effect, it stopped all further action, as I had inferred it would when I made my threat, which I knew need not be carried into effect. I have given the example to show something of the character of their feuds.

It was while among these same people, the seal eaters of the arctic shores, that I heard of a form of pugilism, unknown among the other Esquimaux tribes, except so far as they had heard of it among the Netschilluk. This pugilism is a modified method of settling disputes not quite so grave as the feuds, and is often used, so I understood them to say, as tests of endurance and strength. While no prizes are awarded, they differ but little from similar contests we have among us, such as those planned for New Orleans, except in the way of conducting them, which I will now explain.

The contest of the combatants nearly always takes place in a large snow house, or igloo, as they term it. In these large, semi-permanent snow houses there have generally an aisle run-

ning down the center separating the two snow beds on either side, which are about two feet high, the aisle being about as wide. Only the select are allowed admittance, the cream of society—the ice cream, of course. The combatants sit on opposite sides of the aisle, facing each other, on the snow beds, and are so close that their legs overlap each other in order to get room. Time having been called, there is no scientific sparring or skillful strategy displayed. They simply keep still, except one draws back his fist and plants it emphatically at the butt of the other's ear. The first blow is not very hard, but the recipient of the favor generally knows when he receives it. The first round is thus decidedly one-sided, but the dealer of the blow is entitled to but one strike when the other fellow's turn comes. He gradually increases the force of the blow, the person struck remaining quiet, his head bowed low, and his hands or elbows resting on his knees. These alternations of blows continue one at a time, each one increasing over the other in strength until they have reached the extreme limit of the power of the bell-cose blubber eaters to deal them. If one or the other is not knocked senseless when these terrific blows are at their maximum, there will, of course, come a time when one or the other will succumb from sheer exhaustion. As a test of physical endurance these polar pugilistic encounters of the seal eaters are undoubtedly of greater value than the prize fights among our own civilized selves, but as matters of "science," so called, they cannot rank very high.

How often they take place among these people I could not find out, but I imagine they are not very frequent. When the Esquimaux, who was going to kill Toolooah with a knife found his intentions balked he sent a general challenge of this character to my party, but I evidently intended for the native portion only. I told him I would accommodate him if he would give me "satisfaction" in a contest with firearms next day, but this ended all further negotiations.

They were mortally afraid of powder, pistols and everything pertaining to



HE ENTERED THE CAMP ON A MISSION OF REVENGE.

the practice. There was among them a fellow with a face so pockmarked that I thought he had had the small-pox, and I was curious to ascertain if it were true. He told me, however, that he had gotten it in another way.

At one of the boat places in his country, where a large number of Sir John Franklin's men had perished, and their skeletons, mixed with debris, were found scattered around, this fellow, then a boy, secured a small red flask, filled with black sand, as he called it. He had no use for the black sand, but wanted the bright red flask, so he poured out the contents alongside of the lamp, giving them a careless flourish that threw them in the flames. His subsequent explanation was a short, sh-b-b-b, ending with a loud "bang" that nearly equaled a ten-inch columbiad. He said he went out through the roof of the snow house, as the hole in it was larger than the door, and, in the excitement, more convenient.

Well, that explained the condition of his face and his fear of firearms as well. In fact, he managed to keep as far away from a gun as possible, and all his friends had been inoculated by the same dread. FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

The Mistake of Indoor Life.
"Basking in the sun" is in itself of real and considerable benefit, and it is no compliment to our human intelligence to find that cats and dogs understand that fact much better than we do. Even the "blue glass" craze had a truth underlying it, and owed such success as it achieved to the proportion of sunlight which penetrated its colored medium. The love of sunshine is natural, by one of our strongest instincts, and we should be far healthier and happier if we followed and developed it instead of practically ignoring and repressing it. How a sparkling, sunny morning exhilarates us and makes us feel that "it's too fine a day to spend indoors," and yet how few holidays are taken for that reason. The wealth of the sunbeams is poured out lavishly all around us, and we turn from it to struggle for a few pitiful handfuls of something else that is yellow and shining, but not half so likely to bring us happiness, and often has strange, red spots upon it. Give nature a chance, and we shall find that there is more than a mere fanciful connection between natural sunlight and that "sunny" disposition which, after all, is the true "philosopher's stone."—North American Review.

—Truth can hardly be expected to adapt herself to the crooked policy and wily simonies of worldly affairs; for truth, like light, travels in straight lines.—Colton.

He (putting on the ring)—So glad you like opals! So many girls are afraid of 'em." She (hesitating)—How do you know? He (Tried 'em)—Kate Field's Washington.

—Tom—Miss Doremus is always singing about the house; she must have a better disposition than the other members of the family. Jack—Yes; theirs has been completely spoiled by it.—N. Y. Herald.

—A true friend who makes good (free) use of wealth is rightly called a fast and firm treasure, but he who guards it and stints the profit he makes, his wealth will soon be spent and lost.—Buddha.

A LAPIDARY'S SHOP.

How the Cutting and Polishing of Precious Stones is Accomplished.

The actual work of cutting, drilling, and polishing gems has ever been surrounded by an air of mystery which the curious have only in very rare instances been able to penetrate. Strange as it may seem, the hardest gems, and even the diamond, are cut with a rapidly-revolving disc of tin, that has no teeth, and is perfectly smooth on its edge.

There are a number of these discs, says the Philadelphia Press, varying in size from the head of a small pin up to twenty inches or more in diameter. The discs are placed on the mandrel of an ordinary foot lathe, and the surface of the disc is kept running in a bath of turpentine and oil in which is placed a quantity of emery or diamond dust, according to the character of the stone to be cut. By this process it has been found that the hardest stones are the easiest cut. The little disc of tin slips through a piece of crocodile hide as rapidly as a buzz saw would through a piece of soft pine.

Much of the work that formerly was accomplished by the slow process of grinding after chipping off as much as could be done with safety and at enormous expense, is now done so easily that it is scarcely counted in the cost. After the gems are cut on the tin wheel to their required shape they are taken over to the polishing wheels, where another surprise awaits the visitor.

The polishing wheels are all made of lead and turned slowly by hand. The gems, however, never touch the real surface of the lead. They are smeared with a mixture of water and tripoli or diamond dust. The drilling is still performed with the old-fashioned bow and cord of the ancients, which for many reasons has been found superior to the finest lathe drill. The gems before they can be polished are carefully fastened on the end of a stick about four or five inches long by means of cement, which is first heated over a gas jet.

BLOWN FROM A GUN.

Experiences of a Man in a Central American Rebellion.

"I was once sentenced to be blown from a gun," said Maj. John Hitchcock, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man.

"I had long been a resident of that land of revolutions, Central America. During one of the semi-annual political upheavals I was captured by a savage mob known as the army of Salvador and sentenced to death. In the camp of my captors a six-pound gun was fired at high noon by means of a sun glass, and to the muzzle of this antiquated smoothbore I was strapped and left in the boiling sun to await my fate.

"Now, I have faced several kinds of death in my day, but that knooled all the nerve out of me. I could not see the small, fiery spot made by the sun glass, but I knew it was creeping slowly but surely to the powder at the vent. I imagined I could hear the powder hissing with the heat.

FOR FLOGGING A REBEL.

An English Officer Who was Hanged for Causing a Mutineer's Death.

Once upon a time, about a hundred years ago, there was a colonel in the English army whose name was Wall; and Open Court says it was his unlucky destiny to be governor and military commander of one of the British West India islands. During his administration a mutiny broke out, which he vigorously suppressed. Having conquered the rebellion he arrested one of the mutineers on the parade ground in front of the barracks and ordered him to be tried immediately by a drum head court martial. The court met, the prisoner being within sight of it but not near enough to hear the testimony. He was found guilty and sentenced to be flogged. Gov. Wall approved the flogging, and the man died under the flogging. When the news reached England Gov. Wall was indicted for murder. His evaded arrest and made his way to France, where he lived for about twenty years, and then thinking that the affair was forgotten he returned to England. He was at once arrested and brought to trial, where his fate rested on the following critical issue: Was or was not the mutineer present before the court martial? On this point the judges instructed the jury that if the prisoner was not near enough to hear the testimony of the witnesses against him so that he might understand the meaning of the proceedings, the flogging was illegal and punishment was illegal. Thereupon the jury found Governor Wall guilty of murder, and, in spite of his rank and his influential friends, he was hanged.

A Long-Neglected Grave.

That lonely speck in Behring sea where Commander Behring, of the Russian navy, the first efficient explorer of those waters, lies buried beneath a rustic cairn, will presently have a monument to his navigator's memory. The Russian man of war Alceat recently visited the spot and will return with a metal cross inscribed to the memory of Behring and his followers and proclaimed as the tribute of the Alceat. Behring was wrecked on the island in 1741.

—On Business Principles.

—Her mother kept a boarding-house and a young man, who lived at the opposition house across the street, was deeply enamored of her. "I love you better than my life," he murmured. "I'd be sorry for myself if you didn't," she responded coldly, "considering where you live."—Detroit Free Press.