

# 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.

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Keep everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocers fixtures. Also sole proprietors of the "Loyalist" and "La Innocence" brands of Cigars.



Fanny looked with secret awe at the ruddy face and magnificent height of Will Penderexter, as he sauntered down the green aisles of waving tendrils and tremulous leaves, and almost wondered to hear him ask Mahala Bentley about her baby, in the off-hand, ordinary language of everyday life, and give lame Billy Bartlett "good day," just as if there had been no Countess Caprivi in the world.

But Fanny Dix was but a girl yet; she did not know how twenty years will bridge over the darkest gulf in a human life. There is no scar that will not heal in twenty years—there is not a grave on which grass will not grow—aye, and daisies bloom, in twenty years.

"I don't know that we can take another hand, Simpson," said Squire Penderexter, meditatively. "The field is crowded already."

"What I thought, exactly, sir," said the overseer, respectfully. "But this 'ere is a pretty young slip of a girl, with a feeble little dragging along on her arm. And a man doesn't like to say 'no' to such. So I thought I'd just speak to you, before—"

"Where are they?" said the squire, rubbing the gold knob of his walking-cane against his nose; and Simpson knew that the case of the forlorn strangers was safe enough.

"Mother, don't fret; here comes the gentleman now," said a clear, soft-toned voice, and Squire Penderexter found himself looking into a pair of wistful, deep-blue orbs— orbs that belonged to a slight, beautiful girl, dressed in faded fabric and worn shoes, who was leaning against the well-curb. For while Simpson had been gone on his errand of inquiry, she had drawn a bucket of clear, cold water out of the sprinkling depths of the well and given her mother a drink out of the silver-bound gourd which always hung there.

"Sir," without a moment's hesitation, "might I have a job of work in your hop-fields? We have come from the city—mother and I—there's no living to be picked up there, and my mother is ailing, and we thought the smell of the hops might do her good. Please, sir, we'd work cheap, if only we might sleep in the barn and have a bit of something to eat between whiles."

"I don't want you to work cheap!" said the squire, assuming an aspect of unwonted gruffness to cover the sympathetic thrill in his voice. "I never grudged money's worth for good, honest work. As for the barn, my house-keeper can put you in one of the vacant back chambers over the kitchen, and there's always enough to eat at Penderexter farm."

"Penderexter farm?"

The woman who had been sitting on the mossy cattle trough slowly lifted her head and pushed back her worn sunbonnet.

"Where are we, Isora? Whether here we come? I know a man named Penderexter, once, who—"

"Yes," said the squire, who had given a little start at the first sound of that low, contralto voice. "It was I, Clara Caprivi! To think that fate should have—"

"Oh, they went to Italy, where the count expected to succeed to large estates, and I suppose they are there now."

brought us together again after all these years!"

The pale woman struggled to her feet and clutched at her daughter's slim, strong arm.

"Let us go, Isora," said she. "We—we have made a mistake. Give me my shawl. Quick! Let us go!"

"But, mother, why?" soothed the girl, who scarcely, as yet, comprehended all this by-play. "Don't you hear what the gentleman says? We can have work here and food and shelter! Mother, sit down again! You are trembling all over!"

"I tell you, child, you don't know!" said impatient Clara, possessed with a sort of wild, unreasoning terror. "We—we must go!"

"Clara," said the squire, he himself assuming the direction of affairs, "the child is right. Let by-gones be by-gones. You don't suppose I would turn you from my door?"

Clara looked into his face.

"Have you forgiven me, then?" said she.

"Forgiven you? Yes, years and years ago. Let us be friends again, Clara."

For his heart ached to see how pale and wan she was—how haggard were her cheeks and how like smoldering fires the light burned in her sunken eyes.

She told him all, that afternoon, while pretty Isora was stripping the clustered hops from the vines with a dozen girls as pretty and as blooming as herself; how her life had been a aimless wreck; how Carlo Caprivi had been no count after all, but a nameless pretender, with neither honesty nor honor; how he had left her, with the baby Isora on her hand, to shift as best she might for herself, and was killed in a gambling brawl; how she had struggled on for years, constantly feeling herself less able to wage unequal warfare with the world.

"Clara," said the squire, when she had finished, "why didn't you come to me?"

"Because I had wronged you so deeply," she faltered.

"You might have known I would have been kind, even to Caprivi's child. Well, it doesn't matter now. You are here, and you must stay here. Do you hear me, Clara? Must! Bless my soul!"

"—Kitchen Lady—" "Wan moment, does your know how he make an one-let?" Mrs. Hillion (sighing)—"I—I think so; why? Kitchen Lady—" "Very well. Bring me was not later as seven o'clock in the mornin', an' I guess me an' you'll be chums. Omelet's vorrest, madam."—Housewife.

NECK AND NECK.

At a Texas Hotel.

Guest—Waiter, bring me some rice pudding.

Waiter—Boss, I can't find no more rice pudding today.

"What is the matter with it?"

"Nuffin', 'cept der ain't none."—Texas Housewife.

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Manufacturers of High Grade, 5c and 10c cigars, dealers brands a specialty. 144-ft

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DISTRICT AGENT FOR

**SANTA FE COALS,**

AND JOBBER OF BUILDING MATERIALS.

112 S. 4th AVE. WICHITA, KAN.

## THE POEMS HERE AT HOME.

The poems here at home! Who'll write 'em down? Just as they sit—in country and in town—sowed thick as clover in 'cross the fields and lanes.

Er those 'ere little hop-pods when it rains? 'Twill 'vove' 'em, as I heard a feller say 'At speckled on Freedom, I' other day, And sowed the Eagle tel, it 'peered to ma. She waas 'a bigger 'a a hubble bee!

Who'll sort 'em out and set 'em down, says I. 'A's got a stiddy hand enough to try 'To do 'em justice 'bout school's 'somet And heasin' facts of when they want to come? Who's got the lovin' eye and heart and brain 'To reckon 'at 'em in the made in vain—' 'At the Good Bein' made the bees and birds And brutes 'at chokes, and us folks afterwards?

What we want, as I sence it, in the line O' poetry, is live-stock in it, and outdoors. And old crick-bottoms, snags and sponges. But sence it—'em 'em and underbrush. As well as jenny-jump-ups, all so fresh And sassy-like! and grouse' squirts—yes, and 'em.

As sayin' is—'We, Us and Company!' Put in old Nature's sermons—them's the best; And 'casin' hang up a horse's head 'At boys 'at's run away from school on gts 'At handy-like—and let 'em tickle it! Let 'em tickle 'em, on a truth, is best. Our processes for to hurt more than we heal. In ministratin' to our vain delights. Fegittin' 'em amazin' 'at their rights!

No 'Ladies Amaranth,' nor 'Treasure' book, Nor 'Night-Thoughts,' nether, nor no 'Lally Book!'

We want some poetry 'at's to our taste. Made out o' trunk 'at's 'at's got in to waste 'Cause smart folks thinks it's altogether too Outragous common—'cept for me and you! 'Whil' goes to say, all sich poetry 'Is 'bliged to rest its hopes on you and ma.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in Century.



GROUP of girls stood at the foot of a flight of wide marble steps that led up to a plain brick house. Suddenly, amid their noisy chatter, the tallest girl said: "Don't look around, but yonder comes Addie Lister. It is nearly half an hour before the school-bell will ring; shall we wait for her? There, she's waving her hand for us. Of course I must pretend not to see her until you decide what to do."

"Let's hurry in," said one of the others. "We'll get our things off before she comes, then we'll go down to Miss Patterson's room and stay until the bell rings. She'll never think of looking there for us."

They flattered up the steps like a flock of frightened birds, and when, a few moments later, Addie Lister entered the dressing-room, she found it deserted. The well-known hats and wraps on their accustomed hooks, however, told of the recent presence of her schoolmates.

"It is very strange," she thought, "where those girls have gone. It does seem as if Millicent Gray must have seen me when I waved my hand; yet I had no sooner done it than they fairly scrambled up the steps. It almost looks as if they are trying to run away from me, and it isn't the first time they have acted that way, either. It is very plain they don't like me. I wonder why it is? I am always kind and pleasant to them. I give them fruit and flowers and help them with their lessons—whenever they will let me."

She had by this time reached the schoolroom door. She, at once discovered that, though her classmates were not there, one of the teachers was telling another one of some prizes offered for the best poems on certain subjects. Without a moment's hesitation she stepped forward to where they sat.

"Will you kindly give me the address to which the poems must be sent?" she asked, with her loftiest air.

Miss Jones looked at her intently a moment, while some girls turned away with covert sneers.

"Of course I will give you the address," was the answer, "but remember, experienced writers will enter the competition, and unless you have had much practice in the art of versifying you will only waste your postage."

"Oh! I can write as well as some people who have famous names," was the supercilious answer; and, as Miss Jones smiled incredulously, Addie left the room with a reddening cheek.

When she reached the lower hall two little girls came out of the primary room.

"Oh," said one, "Miss Patterson always does make such pretty things!"

"Yes," replied the other, "but this is the prettiest thing she ever made."

Addie's curiosity was aroused; changing her course she went into the primary room. To her great surprise there stood the classmates to whom she had beckoned. They were gathered about Miss Patterson, who was displaying to them a handsomely embroidered table scarf. Addie at once joined the group, and after surveying the exquisite piece of work a few moments she said, graciously:

"Indeed, that is very pretty. I believe I'll make one just like it."

"Why do you embroider?" asked Millicent Gray.

"I never have," was the answer.

"Then I would advise you to begin on something more simple. This pattern is very difficult," said its maker.

"But I can do it," was the ready reply. "You will find mine quite as handsome as yours."

This brought incredulous smiles to the faces of the girls, while Millicent said:

"Why didn't you set up as a teacher of art embroidery?"

"Thank you," returned Addie, "I have higher aspirations."

Suppressed giggles greeted this assertion, and Addie began to look uncomfortable. Miss Patterson, hoping to introduce a less personal subject, said:

"Do you know, girls, Miss Carr has decided to give a dramatic entertainment just after Easter? She intends to have one of Howe's farces played."

There was a chorus of delight, after which Addie said:

"I'm so glad, for I just love to act! I always have the leading part assigned to me; and when I played last summer they gave me just lovely puffs in the paper!"

"Well," said one of the girls, "I'll

speak to Miss Carr about it, and tell her she should have six farces played, and assign all the star parts to you."

A loud peal of laughter followed this, and Addie, somewhat disconcerted, slipped out of the room.

"I begin to understand the matter," she said to herself as she made her way back to the schoolroom. "They are jealous of me."

As she went to her desk she passed one of her classmates who was digging away at her "Oscar."

"To-day's lesson is brain-racking," she said, looking up at Addie. "It seems almost impossible to get some of these constructions correct."

"Why," said Addie, with her most superior air, "I thought to-day's lesson an especially easy one. I translated it on the first reading. Let me render it for you; and she reached out her hand for the book.

"No, thank you," was the cold reply. "I shall be able to get through without your assistance."

At this moment the bell rang and Addie passed to her seat, thinking as she did so:

"Another jealous one. Well, I begin to think they are not worth caring about."

Her heart was so full of this feeling that when the hour of dismissal came she did not pass out with the other girls, but remained behind under pretense of putting her desk in order. While thus busy, Becky, the janitress, came into the room and began plying her broom at her very best speed. Becky was a great favorite with the schoolgirls, and they had allowed her to treat them with a familiarity that often overstepped the bounds of strict decorum. Addie had, hitherto, bestowed not even a glance upon her, but she now said, sharply:

"What do you mean by stirring up the dust like that while I am in the room?"

"Oh, go way wid ye!" was the quick retort. "Botther go home and put a mustar plaster on your head to take the swellin' out."

Addie stood transfixed, too bewildered to reply for a moment; then she said, meekly:

"What do you mean? I am sure my head isn't swollen; and she put her hands to her head and face.

Becky dropped her broom and, clapping her hands on her hips, she looked for a moment at the bewildered girl. Then she gave a ringing laugh.

"Bless me sowl! but ye're an 'snercent," she said, as soon as she could regain her breath. "Well, thin, to put the case a little easier for your compre-

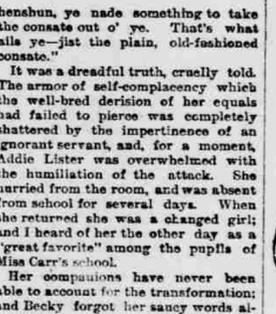


henshun, ye made something to take the consate out o' ye."

It was a dreadful truth, cruelly told. The armor of self-complacency which the well-bred derision of her equals had failed to pierce was completely shattered by the impertinence of an ignorant servant, and, for a moment, Addie Lister was overwhelmed with the humiliation of the attack. She hurried from the room, and was absent from school for several days. When she returned she was a changed girl; and I heard of her the other day as a "great favorite" among the pupils of Miss Carr's school.

Her companions have never been able to account for the transformation; and Becky forgot her saucy words almost as soon as she had said them. Even had she remembered them, she probably would not have traced any connection between a few disagreeable words and the radical change of a whole character. Becky, by her "revolution," built a better tower than she knew.

—Clara J. Denton, in Demorest's Magazine.



The golden haze hung over the hills like a quivering veil; the bland air was full of the soft, subtle fragrance of wild grapes ripening in the woods; and wherever dead tree or rude stone wall afforded it a vantage ground, the silvery tangles of clematis wove a lovely garland, and tall masses of golden-rod and purple-fringed asters held up their clusters of dazzling bloom. And in the hop-fields merry voices echoed from morning until night.

Will Penderexter, walking up and down the aisles of silver-green leafage, with his hands behind his back, might have reminded one of Boaz in the ancient Scripture story—princely Boaz standing in his harvest-fields and giving a kind glance and pleasant word to everyone.

"Isn't he handsome?" said little Fannie Dix to Miss Merran, the rector's daughter. Fanny was a pale little dressmaker, with an impatient cough, who had been recommended by her doctor to spend a fortnight in the hop-fields; and Miss Morgan, whose mother had died of consumption, picked hops every year on principle, just as Judge Marley's daughters visited Long Branch. "And all the handsome since he has turned gray? I do wonder why he never married?"

"Don't you know?" said Miss Morgan, sagely.

"No."

"I can tell you then," said the rector's daughter, who dearly loved a morsel of genuine romance. "Because his first love jilted him."

"As if anyone would jilt Will Penderexter," said incredulous Fanny.

"Oh, but he wasn't Squire Penderexter then—all this happened twenty years ago," averred Miss Morgan, her flying fingers never leaving off among the clusters of pale-green hops. "That was before he inherited Penderexter farm. He was only a poor young farmer then, with his own living to make, and this was a beautiful girl who was spending the summer here. And they were engaged and all—and the very night before the wedding she ran away with an Italian, one Count Caprivi, who was singing on the New York stage."

Fanny drew a long breath.

"And went because of them?" said she.

"Oh, they went to Italy, where the count expected to succeed to large estates, and I suppose they are there now."

## Wichita Daily Eagle

### HYPNOTIC POWER.

How the Snake and the Tiger Seem to Their Victims' Senses.

The power attributed to the snake and feline families of "charming" their victims seems to me past dispute, says a writer in the Minneapolis Tribune. It is merely a sort of hypnotism. Livingstone tells us that when at one time seized by a tiger he felt neither terror nor pain; all his senses seemed to be benumbed. Dates in his "Naturalist on the Amazon" states that one day in the woods a small pet dog flew at a large rattlesnake. The snake fixed his eyes on the dog, erected his tail, and shook his rattle; it seemed in no haste to seize the dog, but as if waiting to put the dog into a more suitable condition for being seized. As to the dog, it neither continued the attack nor retreated, could not or would not move when called, and was with difficulty dragged away by his master.

I have seen one case of a snake charming a bird, but I had a better opportunity to study a cat charming a bird, and probably the process is much alike in both. The cat placed itself on the outside sill of my window, near a pine tree. A bird presently lit on the pine tree, no doubt not observing the cat. The cat fixed its attention on the bird. The cat's eyes were widely open and shone with a peculiar brightness; its head was raised and intent, the fur on its neck and about its face slowly stood up as if electrified. Except for this rising of the fur and a certain intensity of life in the whole attitude of the beast it was as still as if cut from stone. The bird quivered, trembled, looked fixedly at the cat, and finally with a feeble shake of the wings fell toward the cat, which bounded to seize it.

A lady tells me that she "does not believe cats can charm birds because she has seen a cat trying to charm a parrot, and the bird, greatly alarmed, scolded loudly." This proves nothing. The parrot in general, or more probably, that particular parrot, did not prove a good subject for the mesmerist power. I have seen people who cannot be hypnotized; they resent the effort and nervous action becomes intensified.

### CURIOUS JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

Some of Their Quaint and Queer Ways at Marriages.

"The Japanese are the quaintest people on earth," said M.utton, of San Francisco. "They are as versatile as the French and imitative as the negroes. Since the introduction into Japan of American ideas and thrift they have been striving hard to adopt our way of living and acting in all particulars, but they are so thoroughly grounded in their old customs and manners—which you know is almost a complete reversal of everything Caucasian—that, with all their sprightliness and ambition, several generations yet will perhaps pass away before the revolution now in progress in the country will be complete.

"It sounds ridiculous to you that any sane human being should give expression to poignant grief by loud and rollicking laughter. But that's just what the Japanese do. I have seen a whole room full of mourners in Yokohama and other cities of the empire in a ecstasy of joy instead of convulsions of grief, as with us. Their peals of laughter were a little hysterical, but all the same they laughed. And when a child is born to a Japanese household the important event is heralded to the community by the loud cries and wails of the father and by a bountiful supply of crapes on the front door. However, the more advanced few among them are discarding these strange ancient customs, and are adopting our ways, even in this particular."

### HE WAS CURIOUS.

And He Received His Money's Worth of Information.

A well-known newspaperman, whose custom it is to take long walks in the suburbs, one day, as he passed an orchard, noticed all the trees but one were well filled with apples.

"That's strange," he remarked to his companion, a brother journalist.

"What's the reason, do you imagine?" asked the other.

"Here comes a boy, I'll ask him;" and the journalist tackled the boy.

"Fine apples you have," he said, with an air of freedom and acquaintance with the facts.

"They are so," replied the boy.

"Where do you sell them mostly?"

"We don't sell 'em. Make 'em."

"Ah, are they cider apples?"

"Course; couldn't make cider if they wasn't."

"Very true. By the way, my boy, I notice one tree over there by the fence hasn't an apple on it. Do you know why that is?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, my friend here and I are a little curious, and would like you to tell us, if you will. Here's a dime for your trouble and loss of time."

"Certainly. It's 'cause it's a pear tree, mostly."

The man of inquiring mind hung his head and went on with a firm resolve to refrain from curiosity in the future.

### Wife Pillows and Cushions.

Braided wire pillows, mattresses, etc., of American make, are finding great favor in England. They are perfectly resilient, accommodating themselves to every movement, and, are, of course, always cool. They promise to supersede the ordinary stuffed pillows and cushions, which, with the lapse of time, became loaded with dust and germs, and saturated with perspiration, and demand what they seldom get, thorough disinfection and cleansing. It is suggested that if the officials of churches and managers of theaters and other public places would dispense entirely with the old-fashioned stuffed cushions, which collect a dangerous quantity of dust and microbes, they would do a public service, and contribute to the general comfort as well as to the general health. It is also pointed out that, fitted with wire cushions and wire padding, railway and carriage seats would be always shapely and practically indestructible.

Irrespective.

Mrs. Featherlight—Mr. Scurmy is paying you a great deal of attention, daughter.

Daughter (who knows that Mr. Scurmy's attentions are confined to frequent calls)—But he's not paying it out of his pocketbook, mamma.—Chicago News Record.