

Wichita Daily Eagle

The Marked Success of Scott's Emulsion in consumption, scrofula and other forms of hereditary disease is due to its powerful food properties.

Scott's Emulsion rapidly creates healthy flesh—proper weight. Hereditary taints develop only when the system becomes weakened.

Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

"Cool as an cucumber" is scientifically correct. Investigation shows that this vegetable has a temperature of 1 degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere.

The average height of a woman is said to have increased during the past quarter-century about two inches. The fact is attributed to the sex's increased attention to physical culture.

Fine vocalists, says a writer on musical topics, are rare in countries where fish and meat diet prevail. As a corollary he maintains that the voice deteriorates as families grow rich and increase the amount of food consumed.

A bacteriological analysis of the Spanish Bank notes of Havana in general circulation showed the presence of microbes. Eight pathogenic species were discovered, including the germs of diphtheria and tuberculosis.

Fossil remains of the huge animals that inhabited the plains of eastern Oregon hundreds of years ago are being found in the Placer Mine above Prairie City. A huge tooth several inches across the crown was picked up a few days ago, while early in the summer the immense skull of some ancient species of animal was found near the same place.

What Shall a Girl Read?

With many girls reading is largely a matter of opportunity; some lack the means of procuring many books or, more frequently still, the time necessary for the mystery of enjoyment of the helpful volume; or, saddest of all, the taste or appreciation of what is beautiful and ennobling in literature is lacking.

Dear in mind that there are passing books and lasting books, books of the day and books for all time. Help and pleasure are to be found in both, but the manner of reading them will differ. The one kind furnishes comparatively easy reading, because more on the level of our own knowledge and experience, but the latest book, or most excellent magazine, should not occupy the time to the exclusion of the other authors, who, according to Ruskin, often give you their thoughts more by way of reward than help, just as nature does not spread her gold upon the surface, but lets us search and dig, or crush the rock to get the precious ore. Do some reading that requires thought and labor.

WOMEN DENTISTS.

A large proportion of the women students in the Philadelphia Dental College come from abroad. Last year out of twelve matriculations five were foreigners. Indeed, the first woman dentist in the world was a Miss Hirschfeld, a graduate from the Pennsylvania College, who afterward became dentist to the family of the late Emperor William. Another graduate from the same school was Gertrude Bright, a niece of John Bright, and a very successful practitioner. As a rule American women shrink from the thought of dentistry as a profession, and few have the steadiness of nerve required. Only in Chicago, where the number of women in the profession is remarkable, do women dentists flourish in any number. There it is found that more than a half dozen have made a name and are busy and prosperous. It is said that the greater part of the practice of women dentists is among children, who are less afraid of a woman dentist than a man.

A Bald Eagle Takes Passage.

A steamer which arrived in New York the other day had on board a great bald eagle which alighted in the vessel's rigging more than one hundred miles at sea, after a westerly storm. The bird measured nine feet from tip to tip, and its talons are fully six inches in length. Though it was completely exhausted when it settled on the ship, it made a savage fight with the sailors who undertook to capture it, striking one of them a tremendous blow with its wings, and biting him through his heavy clothing and flesh to the bone. The bird will be carried to Sweden and put into a museum.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. BECHAM'S PILLS TASTELESS-EFFECTUAL FOR A DISORDERED LIVER. Taken as directed these famous Pills prove themselves restorative to all afflicted by the above or similar ailments.

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After two months in Paris it is best of all to be at home again. Life there began to taste like long-opened wine, at least among those Parisians who make a society more exclusive than McAllister and his much-to-be-lamented successors hope to muster here. That is because of the debutante. She is too stupid, too completely the reflector of that disreputable guarantee of respectability, the chaperone, to give effervescence to the cup we quaff.

With the ubiquitous battlemented dweller at her elbow, the French girl will look at the most promising man in the room with a calm and complete lack of comprehension and without a daring challenge to out-manoeuvre the resources of her left. My most tragical memory of Parisian life-of life in the uppermost stratum-is the poor debutante outdone by less conveniences embodied in the envious creature at her elbow. It is because

Paris is so bad at heart that the girls can't keep to Bohemia. That glorious country, by the way, is about the only one in Europe over whose boundaries powers don't dispute. They all know from highest to lowest its exact dimensions and the flat of banishment against one who has crossed its borders. It is as far removed from the young Parisienne as the lowest slums from us, and it is more unapproachable. It is surrounded-in Paris-by a high blank wall, in which is set a little door, where many a young nation has knocked impatiently. Each tap is the renunciation of something she had obeyed while a girl, so that the opening door, through which we seize a glimpse of colors tangled and rioting life closes behind her irrevocably. Yes, two months in Paris taught me that Bohemian affairs there are run without a license, but on this side of the Atlantic that, happily, is not true. There is a long, lovely stretch of debatable land where we have enacted a few laws, and where young men and maidens can wander very contentedly, without knowing surely under whose rule existence is such a joy. And if they do discover, it doesn't make any difference, for the slopes are so gentle and customs so similar between the borders of Bohemia and the little plot where our best families hold court that a step or two will carry them back again.

"What a thoroughgoing little Bohemian Kit is," said a big fellow of a New York club a day or two ago. "She knows the town like a book. A thirty-cent table d'hôte is jollier for her than a Delmonico supper. Likes it better, I guess. Says there's life and something instructive in watching the set we haven't moved in." What Jack said is true. Kit, the winter girl, who lives like a queen on Fifth avenue, charms like a gypsy across the border.

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They aren't to be despised, either, for they take a chivalrous and personal pride in piloting a pretty niece down the road. The uncle in society is very like a Frenchman, but the niece, in Bohemia or in married within fifty years of convention, isn't and can't be, while her brain and her heart are her own, a Parisienne.

Miss North's Romance.

A pretty love story, where love stories are least expected, is revealed in the announcement of the marriage recently of Miss North, the nitrate king's daughter. Miss North is young, very handsome and has been an unquestioned success in the great world. It has been generally believed that such young women when they are posed advantageously against the background of a great fortune, as is Miss North, are produced through subtle and indirect processes by nature for the purpose of renewing the blood and replenishing the coffers of noblemen. Miss North has been regarded so widely to be the bride ultimately of a certain duke that the announcement of her marriage to George Crocker, who is not only without title, but is a Liverpool business man, has been a nine days' wonder. It appears that Miss North for four years has desired to marry Mr. Crocker, but her father, Col. North, who doubtless felt that strawberry leaves were somewhere to be found in his shrubbery, refused his consent. But love has found a way; the father has yielded; and now everybody is chirping as if love had just been born into the world.

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A Frenchwoman takes a bath of twenty minutes' length, a cold shower bath of five minutes after that, and then a rest of half an hour. After this her throat and neck are sprayed with elderflower water or violet water and gently rubbed until the surface has a clear, ivory hue. Scented orris powder is rubbed into the hair and carefully brushed out again, leaving a faint fragrance impossible of attainment by any other process. A delicate cream is rubbed over the face and smoothed off again after ten minutes, obliterating every wrinkle and care line, every trace of weariness, and then my French madame is ready to be dressed.

Mistress of the White House.

There are now living but four ladies who have presided over the white house during former administrations. These are Mrs. Grant, who is living quietly in New York; Mrs. Garfield, who is enjoying in Ohio the income from the sum subscribed by the admirers of her husband after his death eleven years ago; Mrs. Harriett Lane Johnston, who is quietly closing a life of happiness and honor at her residence in Baltimore, and Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who enjoys the distinction of being the youngest mistress of the white house and being the only bride of a president wedded there. Small as is the number of the living wives of our ex-presidents, they are just double the number of living ex-presidents, who number but two.

MARKETS IN MOSCOW.

A vast deal of business is done here in Russia by peddling, writes Frank G. Carpenter in a letter from the old Russian capital. On many of the business streets of Moscow there are long lines of open-air stands, and bare-headed Russian men and frowsy-headed women sell fruit, vegetables, and knick-knacks under the blaze of the hot sun. There is an immense business done in little booths, and the peddler

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GHOST IN A MINE.

It Is Said to Be Especially Troublesome to Prospectors.

Reported to Be the Spirit of an Old Navajo Indian Who Was Murdered by White Men—What the Specter Looks Like.



A PEDDLER OFFERING PRIZES.

Haunted houses are common; haunted men have been reported occasionally, and in the highest flights of romance the haunted mine figures. But of all the "haunts" testified to by reliable witnesses, says the New York Advertiser, that of the "lost mine" in the Santiago mountains, near Las Cruces, N. M., holds its place most persistently. Railroads and modern science have no effect on it; the most skeptical white materialists realize the presence just as powerfully as the Indians did fifty years ago.

The ghost is that of an old Navajo Indian, who knew the location of the mine and was killed by the first white prospector for refusing to reveal it. His name was Japeto, or, if he is still on deck, and the latest view of him was by Henry Williams and George Goggans, two men from Milwaukee, who recently made a fishing and hunting tour, in the Madre de Dios, a small stream flowing through the Santiago valley.

Two nights in succession both dreamed of seeing a strange-looking Indian. The third night they watched and saw him in the spirit or flesh. Next night he came again in their dreams and warned them not to seek the lost mine. They had never heard of it before, and of course wanted to find it at once. They started into the mountains, but soon Mr. Goggans fell and sprained his ankle badly, whereupon the old Indian issued from the rocks, laughed in derision and "vanished like a puff of smoke." They had to ride back to Las Cruces for surgical aid, and decided not to hunt for the lost mine any more.

Col. Jenkins and Fred Lathrop, of Las Cruces, have also seen the Indian, and the former gives this account: "I was accompanied by a young man named Houston, Wat Houston, from Tennessee, who had no fear of ghosts. I had heard of the phantom that haunted these mountains, but put no count-



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AMERICAN-COLTSSE-BOHEMIENNE.

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