

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 direct with names given.

CHAS. LAWRENCE, Photographers & Supplies. 103 E Douglas Avenue. Wichita, Kan. Telephone Connection

J. A. BISHOP, Wholesale and Retail WALL PAPER. Paints, Oils and Glazes. 150 N Market St. Wichita, Kan.

F. P. MARTIN, Wholesale and Retail Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames. 114 NORTH MARKET ST.

THE WICHITA EAGLE LITHOGRAPHERS, PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, AND BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS. 111 East Douglas Avenue. R. P. Murdoch, Business Manager

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

J. P. ALLEN, DRUGGIST, Everything Kept in a First-Class Drug Store. 108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE. WICHITA, - - - - KAN.

COAL. Onita, Anthracite, McClester, Piedmont, Weir City, Cannon City, Walnut, Jenny Lind, Nut and Slack. SCHWARTZ BROS. 541 West Douglas Ave. Telephone 192.

THE STAHL & CATHERS CIGAR CO. 139 NORTH TOPEKA AVENUE. Manufacturers of High Grade, 5c and 10c cigars, dealers brands a specialty. 144-45

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, Spices, Etc. 112 & 114 South Emporia Avenue.

S. A. McClung Boot and Shoe Co. (Successor to Getto McClung, 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 Overshoes of the best brands constantly on hand. Mail orders carefully filled and satisfaction guaranteed. Goods sold at wholesale exclusively.

AYLESBURY-NORRIS MERCANTILE CO. Nos. 138-140 N. Fourth Ave. Wholesale - Grocers. JOBBERS OF TEAS, CIGARS AND SPICES. Sole Agents for Alvarado, Figaretta and La Perleta Cigars.

L. C. JACKSON, DISTRICT AGENT FOR SANTA FE COALS, AND JOBBERS OF BUILDING MATERIALS. 112 S. 4th Ave. WICHITA, KAN. LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO. Wholesale Grocers. 262 and 263 N. WATER STREET. Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee - the best package coffee in the market.

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.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO. (Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O.) WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices. 33 and 235 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO. Wholesale Grocers. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 221 SOUTH MARKET ST. EE. Carry everything in the grocery line, show cases, scales and grocers fixtures. Also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands of Cigars.

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.

EAGLE CORNICER 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.

WICHITA COAL CO. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN Sole Agents for the Celebrated BLACK PEARL COAL. Genuine Lehigh, Pa. Anthracite, Ocala or Arkansas Anthracite, Cannon City, Herculite Diamond, Weir City, Osgo, E. LOEN, Prop'r. Telephone 95. Office 141 N. Market, Yards 812 E Douglas WICHITA, KAN.

A HAVEN FOR TOURISTS. The Beauties of Bermuda as a Winter Resort. Many Americans spend the Tollest Season Among the Fruits and Flowers of the Delightful Islands. W. C. Whitner, ex-consul to Bermuda, said at the Palmer house the other day, according to the Chicago Inter Ocean: "At this season of the year many Americans are visiting the Bermuda Islands. The hotel at Hamilton is crowded, and several people from Chicago are spending the winter in the Bermudas. Although an English possession, the Bermuda Islands are essentially American in the tastes and requirements of the populace and commercial pursuits. Situated seven hundred miles from New York, they present to the American tourist a delightful haven far out at sea, where he can recuperate in the pure and exhilarating ocean air. "The existence of these little islands, three hundred and sixty-five in number, a mere speck as they appear almost in mid-ocean, has puzzled many geologists. The largest island in the group is only thirteen miles in length, yet it has a large population and produces all kinds of semi-tropical fruits and flowers abundantly. Much of the soil is planted in onions, which are our principal product for export. The United States is a ready market for us, and our relations with this country are exceedingly pleasant. "The formation of the Bermuda islands is obscure, being a disintegration of shells and coral reefs. It is probable that some time, centuries ago, perhaps, the whole mass was produced by a volcanic upheaval of the ocean bed. This theory is supported by the great Walsingham caves, which lead for miles under the bottom of the ocean, and the stalactites suspended from the roof are of volcanic formation. "Aside from the native and white population Bermuda has two regiments of English soldiers at the forts who garrison the islands. A notable point of interest is a dry dock capable of taking the largest man-of-war in the English navy. This immense structure was built in England and towed the entire distance to Bermuda by seven vessels. "Curious as it may seem, there is not a well or drop of fresh water to be obtained on the islands. All the houses are made from a soft white stone, which is quarried into square blocks. Even the roofs are of this material. Large caves are constructed and rain is caught and conveyed to tanks built in each house for its reception. This rain water is used for all purposes, and enough is secured in the rainy season to last all summer. "There is not a spot in the world where the ocean is so transparent as around the Bermudas. Objects on the bottom can be seen thirty feet below the surface, and thousands of deep sea fish in all their varied phases are noticeable. The whole surface sometimes

grand aquarium upon which the eye can rest for hours without fear of satiety. PICTURE ON A COFFIN LID. The Terrifying Sight Which Confronted an Eastern Grave Digger. James Clarendon, about forty-five years of age, was recently engaged at Herrington Corners, ten miles from Elmira, N. Y., in resurrecting the remains of Mrs. M. C. Herrington in order to bury them in another place. The body had been under ground for thirty-five years, and in digging for it Clarendon struck a great deal of water. He reached the remains of the outer box surrounding the coffin, and when he pulled them out of the way he was greatly astonished to see what appeared to be Mrs. Herrington's body, apparently undisturbed and so lifelike as to convey to his mind the belief that a living, breathing woman was before him. "I tell you I was scared," said Clarendon to a New York Sun correspondent, "and nearly fell over in a faint in the grave. When I made an examination, however, I discovered that it was not the body I saw before me, but an exact photograph of it on the top of the coffin lid. I then raised the coffin and opened it. With the exception of the head, it contained only a few crumbling bones. The head, however, was perfectly preserved. The bones were covered with flesh which had petrified, the whole being as hard as a stone, while the hair had grown to an unusual length and was very abundant. "The coffin lid was exhibited to a number of people. It was made of cedar and contained an exact and perfectly correct representation of the deceased woman as she appeared when she died thirty-five years ago. Just low to account for this no one knows, but in lieu of any better explanation that made by the grave-digger is accepted. It is to the effect that water flowing through the grave must have raised the body so that it was pressed against the coffin lid and the action of the gases arising from the body, in conjunction with the nature of the wood, forced the picture to appear as it did on the outer side of the coffin lid.

KEEPING THEIR REPUTATION. Cowboys Would Not Let a "Tenderfoot" Drink Water in New Mexico. "These western cowboys are not what they used to be," a Tribune man was informed the other day by a club man who had just returned from California by way of the southern Pacific railway, and had rested a few days in New Mexico, "but they are pretty lively yet in some parts of the southwest. They're not quite so ready to shoot a man as formerly, but they think nothing of ponding the life almost out of him. They're very proud, too, of their reputation, which the boys of former times made for the class, and they try to live up to it as far as the inconvenient laws of an advancing civilization will allow. "Everybody has heard of the fate of the tenderfoot of former days who on being invited to drink in one of those rough frontier saloons called re-

luctantly for shant and so insulted the bartender by this unbecoming demand that the tenderfoot was forced at the point of a pistol to drink a fearful dose of raw whisky, and drink it out of a tin cup at that. Therefore I was not a little surprised when sitting in a little liquor shop on the eastern border line of New Mexico last month, with a gang of cowboys around me, to hear a pale, studious, seedy-looking man, who had entered quietly and walked up to the bar without glancing to the right or left, ask the bartender politely to give him a glass of water. "The bartender's eyes fairly bulged. He foresaw trouble at once, but surprise was his principal emotion. Before he could do anything, however, the cowboys had surrounded the stranger and were shouting with laughter. Pulling their revolvers they fired a few shots into the ceiling over his head, and ordered the bartender to get up a big glass of forty-proof whisky. This was held under the stranger's nose and he was ordered to drink it at once. "Looking against the bar, pale, but resolute, the seedy man said: 'Gentlemen, I called for water. Water is what I want, because my throat is parched and my stomach is empty. Why will you be so ungentlemanly as to force me to drink this whisky when I do not want it? Gentlemen, I—' His remarks were cut short by a fusillade of pistol shots fired over his head and he was told that if he did not drink the whisky without more words the next shots would not be wasted on the ceiling. Seeing the grim circle of unrelenting faces all around him and the cocked revolvers staring him in the eyes from all sides, the stranger drank the whisky at one gulp, wiped his mouth with an appreciative

smack on his coat sleeve, and said: 'I thank you, gentlemen, for your hospitality. I have been in this state for two days already, and this is the first time I have been invited to take a drink of anything.' "These had, had men stared at him, and then one another, and then, caught by the cool effrontery of one alone daring to play such a trick on a whole room of cowboys, they burst into roars of laughter again, and declared that this tenderfoot would do, even for New Mexico."—N. Y. Tribune.

Delicate Soles. Guide—New ladies and gentlemen, you wouldn't believe it, but it's true, that their weights are so delicate that they mark the difference between a blouse and a brunette hair. Tourist (opening memorandum book) —And which weighs the less? Guide—The lighter one.—Jury.

BEWARE OF FRAUD. Ask for and insist upon having W. L. DOUGLAS'S name on the shoe without W. L. DOUGLAS'S name and price stamped on the bottom. Beware of cheap imitations. THIS IS THE BEST \$3 SHOE IN THE WORLD. WILL NOT RIP.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN. A sewed shoe that will not rip; Call, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from \$4 to \$5. The following are of the same high standard of quality: \$3.00 and \$3.50 Fine Calif. Hand-sewed. \$3.00 and \$3.50 Fine Farmers and Labor-Cutters. \$3.00 and \$3.50 Fine for Working Men. \$3.00 and \$3.75 for Youngs and Boys. \$3.00 Hand-sewed. \$4.00 and \$4.50 Complete LADIES. \$3.75 for All-Over.

IT IS A DUTY YOU OWE YOURSELF to get the best value for your money. Successive years your purchases by purchasing W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOES. Each represents the best value at the prices advertised on thousands of one locality. Do you wear them?

WILL give exclusive sale in these dealers and success in your purchases. Best for sale in your place send direct to Factory, 289 Broadway, New York, and will be mailed. Postage Free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

S. G. NEFF, Agent, 522 E. Douglas, Wichita.

FORBEARANCE. Nay! let it pass! 'Tis but a heavy word. Unthinking uttered an unwilling word— Although upon my ear it strangely jarred, A lifelong friendship shall not thus be marred, Nay! let it pass! 'Nay! let it pass! I will not answer so. Least words on words to greater difference grow; Unrequited moments come to all—to me (I'm sure) the trust of loving charity; Then let it pass! Then let it pass. And not a thought remain To pain my heart or give another's pain; Let hearts be true, and let the friendship end That fears not with the failings of a friend. You! let it pass! —James Back, to Chambers' Journal.

THE ADJECTIVE VENDOR. Illustrating the Past and Present Styles in These Words.

"Adjectives to sell! Adjectives to sell! Nice sharp adjectives! Sweet round adjectives! Adjectives to sell!" The adjective vendor stood on a sunny corner. His pack was slung across his back by means of a string. The string was made of long adjectives, and when the vendor sold one from it, he hooked on another taken from his pack. In that way the string never grew too short to fasten about him. The adjective vendor was a wide-awake man. He had traveled far, and had friends in all parts of the world. He had now just returned from the Arctic regions, where he had been to collect oddities with which to replenish his stock. He was glad of the sun on the street corner, and finally decided to take up his station there for the day. "Good people all! Give me a call!" he sang out, as he arranged his stock on a little counter by the side of the walk.

"Here's for young ladies! The latest goods for gents! Just imported! Here's for the magicians! Fresh adjectives! Give me a call!" "Oh! the dear things," exclaimed a young woman who was passing. She looked longingly at the vendor's wares. "I do love them," she mused. "How much is that one with the frilled edge?" "Not much," said the vendor, with a courteous smile. "But will it become you?" "May I take it home to try?" said the young woman. "Free of charge," answered the vendor, with a deep bow. "Those showy goods have all gone out, if she did but know it," he murmured to himself. "She'll appear like an fool, but that's not my affair." An old man drew near, and, putting on his glasses, stooped over the wares. "Pshaw!" said he, "those gimcracks are nothing like the adjectives of my day. The world is growing foolish, and with a motion of disgust he moved on.

"I must look up something for him," thought the vendor. "It will pay." "Adjectives, sir?" This remark was addressed to an erect, prim gentleman, who had not apparently noticed the vendor. "I never use them," said the stiff gentleman, without turning his head. The vendor's eyes lit up. He saw a chance. He spoke a few words to the gentleman, and drew his feet together, and down he went in so deep a bow that the cap in his hand swept the ground. "Good morning, ladies. Those on that side are for gents," he added, hastily, as he perceived his customers flocking to the wrong side of the counter.

"These are the thing, of course," said a short, round miss with a prominent chin. "Have you the latest from Yale?" "Yes," said the vendor, but he looked bewildered. The world, it seemed, had been marching on during his stay in the Arctic regions. But he was a ready, shifty man. "If you like those rough goods, ladies, I can show you any variety. The gents sometimes use them strung together, but you only want an odd one now and then, I judge."

"No, indeed," said the former speaker. "I shall have mine strung together. What do you say, girls?" The girls pointed upon the vendor's goods, and rolled them over, and turned them over and talked them over. Such great, hard articles as they chose! Some of the gentiest of the buyers could hardly grasp their purchases, but that only made them laugh the harder.

"Kittie! got the noblest lot!" they all exclaimed, as ladies with purchases, they departed up the street. Kittie was the short maiden, and she had truly chosen the longest and the most bizarre of the articles for sale. The vendor of adjectives was tired. He sat down upon the curbstone and wiped his brow. "Who would think it!" he murmured to himself.

But he was above all a man of business. His stock needed rearrangement. He must get rid of goods from his pack. To take the place of those that were sold. While he was busily working, a group of young men loped up to watch him. They were the gilded youth of the town. The vendor did not at once accost them. He was no longer certain what would please them, and he did not like to show his ignorance. But he soon caught by the expressions of their faces that the latest novelties from the Arctic regions were the objects of their admiration.

"Hang it!" cried one—"these are stunners!" "Thought the vendor: "I will put up the price." The vendor began to be very happy before night descended and put an end to his traffic. His gains were enormous. All day the youths and maidens had been flocking to his counter. He had tucked away the grave and solid goods, and had displayed only the most tempting novelties.

When he went to bed that night he set his alarm-clock so that it might awake him early. "I will trade off some of those snop-wren goods on the working people," he thought to himself. Alas! misguided man that he was! The sun rose bright and smiling. When the vendor arrived at his post the street was clean and swept. The shop windows were still covered with their shutters, and only a few wagons were rattling by. The vendor whistled cheerfully to himself.

All of a sudden the sound of many feet attracted his attention. Confused cries of "Catch him! Catch him!" broke upon his ears.

He turned and saw a crowd of people. Some had canes and some brooms. Here was a man with the fire shovel, there one flourishing the tongs. Some were without hats; some were struggling into their coats. "Catch him! Catch him!" was the cry of all.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," cried the vendor, spreading out his arms. But one of his own adjectives, whizzing by his ears, warned him that expectation was vain. He seized his pack and ran.

"Catch him! Catch him!" cried all the townspeople. Down the narrow streets he dodged, threw the broad streets he flew, peiled from behind, panting for breath. But the vendor was still a man of resource. He had now got fairly out of town. He spied a rank marshy plot close by the road. Into it he flew, and set his goods before him in the manner of a stockade, until only his head appeared above the top thereof.

The vendor's conduct fairly took away the breath of the townspeople. How strangely he looked peering over his adjectives. "Gentlemen," he said, "I am a penitent man. In what have I offended?" There was a confused murmur, and then one man stood forth to act as spokesman for the rest. He was an erect gentleman and prim also, although at present somewhat ruffled by his late exertions.

"You have made a jabbering goose of my daughter," said the gentleman. "And of mine!" "And of mine," shouted voices from the crowd—and the vendor was obliged to dodge down behind his stockade to avoid the adjectives that descended upon him.

The gentleman waited for him to appear. "And a gibbering maniac of my son," he continued. Here the uproar was so great that the prim gentleman seized a broom and waved the townspeople into order. The vendor, leaning his head upon his hand, observed the enemy with his bright eyes.

"How much will you take?" said the vendor, finally. "Take his head," said one voice. "Take his money," said another. "Take his pack," said a third. "His tongue," said a fourth, and all the townspeople spoke at once. The prim gentleman lost his temper. He laid about him with his broom. But for every blow he gave he got one in return.

The vendor saw his chance. He seized the whole stockade with both his hands and carried it to the enemy. For a moment the sky was darkened. "Catch him! Catch him!" cried the townspeople. But their voices became muffled and they were bent to the very earth; they were bewildered and blinded by the shower of adjectives.

It was some time before the prim gentleman, passing his hand across his forehead, stumbled to an upright position. "Where am I at? Where am I at?" he said, faintly. At his feet all manner of broken objects, false and true, fair, fantastic, dainty, blunt, curved, straight, sharp and long, lay glittering in the morning sunlight. Around his neck he found a twisted chain. "You—dear—darling—dear—dainty—dainty—dainty!" said the vendor; "there's the sweetest ham for breakfast!"

The prim gentleman turned stiffly in the direction of home, while he indeed the chain seemed to lead him. Once only he paused on the road. "Did we catch him?" he questioned of a neighbor. "Did we?" said the neighbor. "Did we?" cried another and another and still another, as the question passed on down the line of the returning citizens.

Not one could answer, but a gay and mocking laugh rang through the air. The whole company looked up, and then down, and to this side and to that side, and even backward. Nothing was to be seen. "It is the wind blowing from the west," said the prim gentleman. "Why, breakfast hour is at hand," and so saying he hastened home.

As to the adjective vendor, whether he went, and how, 'twas never known. We know the wind was blowing from the west, and we know that whether by land or by water, whether on foot or wing, the vendor was a shifty man. —Margaret Newcomb.

Judge Wazem's Proverbs. That's more politeness in honesty, than honesty in politeness. That's a good many more politenesses for sale than is bought. It don't do no hurt to watch the public doings of a statesman whose private doings won't bare watching.

That's some things that men in politics like to do, that women in politics like to do. Public office is a public trust that's mighty unreliable for trust qualities. Politike preference skips some powerful good material. A statesman for glory gits tired quicken one fer emoliments.

The Amerikin eagle don't draw no salary. This glorious republic or ours is gittin to be the universal disinfestant.—Detroit Free Press.

A Pariah. The Court—"Prisoner, have you any friends?" The Prisoner—"No, your honor. I have contracted the habit of giving advice to everyone I meet."

The Court—"No wonder you are charged with vagrancy. Ninety days." —Chicago News Record.

A Notable Exception. Coding (tenderly quoting)—"All the world loves a lover." Miss Munn—"The rule has its exceptions. Coding—Aw? Miss Munn—Yes. Sometimes the girl doesn't.—Judge.

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1888.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. DOCK MILLER. Sent by express on receipt of price, \$1.00 per bottle. Book "The Mothers' Friend" mailed free. BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., 208 N. W. CORNER 10TH AND W. ATLANA, GA.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX. BEECHAM'S PILLS. COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING. A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR Indigestion, Flatulency, Appetite, Bloating, Stomach, Biliousness, Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Flushing of the Face, Lassitude of Spirit, and All Nervous Affections.

AFRAID OF BOB. ATLANTA, Jan. 18.—The ministers of Atlanta are in arms over the proposal of a local literary society to invite Colonel Robert C. Ingersoll to lecture in this city. The crusade is led by Rev. Henry C. Morrison, general secretary of the Southern Methodist church, who says: "We can not afford to gratify curiosity at such cost. We know Colonel Ingersoll's peculiar views, we will know them a better when he has come and gone. But to send for a man and pay him to come into our city with the prestige of national reputation, combined with a polished eloquence, a withering ridicule and a matchless magnetism, and for the sole purpose of having him use all his powers to condemn our city, is a waste of money, as far as possible to him, destroy the faith of our children and set them adrift in the dark and fog of a hopeless agnosticism, the very thought has in it a sadness that bids you stop and think."

A THEATER BURNED. KANSAS CITY, Jan. 18.—At 3:45 o'clock this morning a fire was discovered in the Ninth street theater, on the corner of Ninth and My, and in less than one hour the entire building was consumed, with all its contents. The total loss is about \$75,000. Lorenzo Bros. were playing "Brother Against Brother" at the theater, and all their scenery, costumes and other stage properties were entirely destroyed. Their loss is \$25,000 with no insurance. The building was owned by H. D. Clark. His loss is \$45,000, with insurance of \$25,000. Mr. A. J. Clark, lessee of the building, lost \$5,000 in fixtures and property. The other occupants of the building suffered losses aggregating \$8,000. A new building will replace the old one, and will be a model in every way.

THE HOMESTEAD POISONERS. PETERSBURG, Pa., Jan. 18.—The giving of testimony in the Homestead poisoning case was continued today. District Master Workman Dempsey, one of the defendants, was examined. He admitted that he had taken men to go to Homestead individually for the purpose of gathering statistics to show that the Carnegie company was not succeeding with non-union men. He said that his men were not employed for the purpose of putting poison into the food of the non-union men, and said that no mention of poison was made to the men.

THE ERIE STRIKE. NILES, Ind., Jan. 18.—The Lake Erie and Western strike can get no worse for every train on the road is stopped. General Manager Brewster says that under no circumstances will the strikers be taken back. The officials of the road and of the strikers' union of North America are conferring tonight on this matter. The manufacturers today send a committee to Indianapolis to confer with the road officials. All branches of business here are affected.

TURF WINNERS. NEW ORLEANS, Jan. 18.—Winners: Dickson, Granite, Constantine, Arcades, Leghairs. NEW YORK, Jan. 18.—At the sale of Califorma trotting stock today twenty-seven horses brought \$43,000. The best sires were the following: Huron, by Gray Wilkes—Sable Hayward, to Walter Willets for \$9,000. The Wilkes, by Gray Wilkes Sable, to \$15,000 for \$20,000. Veda Wilkes, by Gray Wilkes Vixen, to Harry Pierce for \$6,000.

FIREMEN FATALLY INJURED. EVANSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 18.—While running to a fire last night a hook and ladder truck was overturned and an engine and a street car collided, injuring a number of firemen, two of them fatally, as follows: Captain Jacob Beck and Driver John Walsh; Joseph Meyer, driver, hip broken; George Schmidt, fireman, leg broken; William Duschman, engine, recovery doubtful.

WOMAN SUFFRAGISTS. WASHINGTON, Jan. 18.—The woman's suffrage convention today elected the following officers: President, Susan B. Anthony; vice president, at large, H. A. Anna Shaw; corresponding secretary, National Female Avery; secretary, Alice Stone Blackwell; auditors, Ellen B. Dietrich and Mary W. Chapman. Resolutions were adopted calling upon all legislatures to enfranchise women.

THE GOULD EMPLOYEES. ST. LOUIS, Jan. 18.—The grievance committee of the Gould southwestern system is still in session at the Laddie hotel. The annual election of officers took place yesterday, and resulted as follows: W. C. Turner of Des Moines, chairman; W. C. Brownson of Atchison, vice chairman, and J. D. Hirst of Van Buren, secretary and treasurer. The meeting will be in session again today and tomorrow.

RING TALK. ST. LOUIS, Jan. 18.—William Smoth has been matched to fight Ray Dwyer, a member of the Kensington club. The expected match will take place about two weeks, within twenty miles of St. Louis, and will be a finish. Lem McGee, the "Big Kid," will accept the fight of Mike Walsh, issued on behalf of Ed. McCue, to encounter any man of catch weights, and a match will probably be made in a few days.

ROWLIN RELEASED. OLATHE, Kan., Jan. 18.—Frank Rowlin, who has been in jail for a month upon the charge of forging deeds and abstracts to land, by which he obtained \$2,000 in cash, was released today, no one appearing to prosecute.

When Bala was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.