Wichita Eagle

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BEECHAM'S PILLS

COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR

Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Fullness after Meals, Vomitings, Sickness of the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Lowness of Spirits, and All Nervous Affections.

To cure these complaints we must remove the cause. The principal cause is generally to be found in the stomach and liver; put these two organs right and all will be well. From two to four Pills twice a day for a short time will remove the evil, and restore the sufferer to sound and lasting health.

Of all druggists. Price 25 cents a box.
New York Depot, 365 Canal St.

DRIVEN OUT BY THE FIRE.

Thousands of Snakes Forced to Move by Mountain Fires in Pennsylvania.

One of the interesting features of recent forest fires caused by long-continued drought in the mountains of eastern Pennsylvania has been the revealing and dislodging of undreamed-of numbers of snakes which infest the mountain fastnesses. Thousands of rattlers, copperheads, vipers, blacksnakes and other sorts, ranging from one foot to seven feet long, have been driven from their haunts and forced to flee for life before the advancing flames. One day recently a surveying party, while at work on Second mountain, near Lorberry, were compelled to drop their instruments and run precipitately down the mountain side because of an oncoming host of snakes. The woods on the mountains opposite were blazing furiously and, a correspondent of the New York Times says, the reptiles in a fright came swarming over on Second mountain for refuge. On they moved in countless numbers, like a vast army, all kinds intermingled, and swept down upon the surveyors without warning. The men stood their ground in astonishment for a time, but soon seeing the host steadily multiply as it drew near, they incontinently abandoned camp and ran away in terror, closely followed in their flight by the snaky multitude.

At the foot of the mountain is a road, and there the corps halted to await developments. Standing there they saw thousands of snakes glide down through the grass and across the road, disappearing in the tangled brush on the lower side. As the corps were about leaving they witnessed a quick and decisive combat between a giant blacksnake and a rattler en route to the brush.

The rattler was five and one-half feet long and the blacksnake fully seven feet. The rattler was cutting across the road diagonally just as the blacksnake went across straight from the same side. In a moment they collided and then clinched. The blacksnake with a sudden twist of his body caught the rattler tightly in his coils. Then he gave another twist and the game was up for the rattler. The blacksnake quickly uncoiled himself and darted into the bushes. On examination of the dead rattler it was found that his body was crushed into a pulp. In fifteen minutes more the procession of squirming, wriggling, gliding reptiles had passed and the surveyors were able to return to the mountain and secure their instruments.

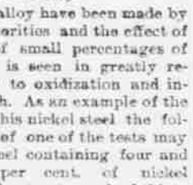
NICKEL AND ITS USES.

The Many Advantages of an Alloy of Nickel and Steel.

For a long time nature's hints were neglected or disregarded, but in 1884 patents were taken out in England and France by different individuals for the preparation of nickel steel, says the Popular Science Monthly.

Tests of this alloy have been made by competent authorities and the effect of the addition of small percentages of nickel to steel is seen in greatly reduced tendency to oxidization and increased strength. As an example of the superiority of this nickel steel the following results of one of the tests may be given: A steel containing four and seven-tenths per cent. of nickel "showed an ultimate strength of thirty per cent. and elastic limit of sixty to seventy per cent. higher than those of mild steel, with a nearly equal ductility, and the valuable quality added of less liability to corrosion." The authority who obtained these remarkable results adds: "Think for a moment of this in connection with the erection of the Forth bridge or of the Eiffel tower. If the engineers of those stupendous structures had had at their disposal a metal of forty tons strength and twenty-eight tons elastic limit instead of thirty tons strength and seventeen tons elastic limit in the one case, and say twenty-two tons strength and fourteen to sixteen tons elastic limit in the other, how many difficulties would have been reduced in magnitude as the weight of materials was reduced! The Forth bridge would have become even more light and airy and the tower more netlike and graceful than they are at present." And Sir Frederick Abel, in his presidential address at the Leeds meeting of the British association, remarked: "It has been shown by Riley that a particular variety of nickel steel presents to the engineer the means of nearly doubling boiler pressures without increasing weight or dimensions."

Perfect Baby Health



ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come. When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know *they are missing the life of food taken.* This loss is overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical.

Almost as palatable as milk.

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

THE JOY OF LOVE.

I knew a woman once with laughing eyes—
Sweet dreamy eyes, like little sun-kissed seas;
With face flushed like the west when daylight dies,
Whose breath was like a summer-scented breeze.

Where'er she walked the birds sang in their bowers
And mocked her voice, melodious and sweet;
She stole the peace and perfume of the flowers
Whose little leaves lay crushed beneath her feet.

'Twas not the beauty of her face alone,
Nor yet her form, my willing heart that stole,
But sweeter still, the light of love that shone
From out her eyes, reflected from her soul.

We talked much of the future, and at times
She troubled lest we lose some longed-for bliss;
I sang to her my love in little rhymes,
And sometimes closed a couplet with a kiss.

We lived as little children live at play
In summer days—unmindful of the past,
Impatient for the future—we were gay,
Nor paused to reck how long the dream would last.

We saw the summer roses rocked to rest;
The hoarfrost hushed the music of the rills;
But she felt not the cold, for in her breast
There burned love's fadeless fire that warms and thrills.

Long winter nights we watched the glowing grate,
Her low, sweet laugh made music like the streams
That flow through forests. When I left her, late,
'Twas only to return to her in dreams.

How sweet to love—to have the heart enslaved!
Your future in a woman's hand, what bliss!
To know each day life's sweetest sweets are saved
By woman's soft caress or tender kiss.

If I could pray a prayer that God would hear
And answer, I would ask the powers above
That all mankind upon this fading sphere
Be once allowed to taste the joy of love.

—Cy. Warman, in Harper's Weekly.

DUDLEY SMITH, of Mangrove house, Sydney, was a young, handsome fellow with plenty of money.

One morning he sat in his library and pondered as he had often pondered before, and on the same subject, viz., how to get a wife. There were enough young ladies who would bless their lucky stars for the privilege of becoming mistress of his luxurious establishment, but he also felt assured the home was all they cared for.

"Hang the money," he exclaimed; "I wish I'd never had a penny, and then—but bother it, then I should have been too poor to marry at all. Why couldn't I have just wealth enough to satisfy my wants and nothing more? By Jove! a fine idea. I'll fool them—the mean adventuresess."

A furious pull at the bell-rope brought the housekeeper to the room in a hurry.

"Pack up your traps, Mrs. Bull," he exclaimed, abruptly, "for I am going to close the house for the present. Meanwhile your wages can still go on, and that of such domestics as you consider indispensable."

A week later saw Mr. Smith safely domiciled in a quiet, second-rate lodging in Surrey Hills, and shortly afterward he began to sell his diamond rings, pins, seals, and other paraphernalia of fashionable life.

His grand clothes soon began to appear seedy and threadbare, and these he replaced by cloth of rougher cut and plainer hue.

A rumor soon got afloat that his money and property had been lost through unlucky mining speculations, and as a natural consequence he lost many friends.

By twos and threes they ceased to know him as he met them in the street. Fashionable dandies, who hitherto were delighted to stop and shake hands with him, turned aside as he met them "doing the block" or saw them riding by.

Our hero only laughed and snapped his fingers at them behind their backs, though had his adversity been real he would not have felt inclined to laugh.

Then came the time when of all his former friends who had smoked his cigars, drank his wine and borrowed his cash only two still clung to him in his adversity. It is no wonder that he grew misanthropic.

In George street one day he met a carriage containing some of his former friends, who had been absent from town since he closed his house. He thought they would not notice him, but each inmate of the carriage bowed politely as of old.

"They have not heard the news," he muttered cynically.

He was mistaken. That night the owner of the carriage called to see him.

"Rather close quarters, my friend," he said, as he took a calm survey of Dudley's not very pretentious surroundings.

"Pretty close, indeed," answered Dudley, with an icy smile; "but since I lost my property, of which I suppose you have not heard, I have become quite economical."

"But I have heard, my dear fellow," cried his auditor, abruptly, "and that is why I came. I knew you needed friends now, if ever; and the fact is—my daughter Rosa—that is, sir, I mean I came to offer you the position of head clerk in my business establishment. Will you accept it?"

"Ahem! Well, I will think of it. But it is a long way from my lodging-house."

"Hang your lodging-house! You can live in my family as a—well, as a sort of guest, you know."

Dudley Smith looked keenly at his visitor.

"Sir, you are one man out of ten thousand," said he, slowly.

"Tut, Mr. Smith; sympathy is a strong feeling, and I feel deeply for your unfortunate case, believe me."

Mr. Baltman was a wealthy man—very wealthy, he was called—and of course Mr. Smith thanked him, and accepted the offer.

Once coolly settled in the Baltman mansion it was not long before he began to wonder why he had not noticed Rosa Baltman before. She did not seem to feel above him, notwithstanding the wide difference in their positions; and she treated him as cordially—more cordially, he thought—than heretofore, before the change in his fortune.

The climax came when she gave a grand party. Then, before the elite of the whole city, she did not hesitate to receive attentions from him on which but one construction could be placed.

One cannot wonder he thought her a heroine, and asked no further proof that she could love him. Next day they met in her father's library, where he waited to see her.

"Rosa," he said, as soon as the usual courtesies had been exchanged, "I come to you this morning to learn my fate. I know the difference in our positions, and would not urge you—only let your heart decide. My heart I lay before you."

She blushed prettily, but seemed quite composed; then she gave him her hand.

"I have loved you so long," she said, "and I feared you would never love me. You were so suspicious before you lost your wealth that women were all mere adventuresses; I was heartily glad when papa said you had lost it, and I—"

"You sent him to negotiate with me!" cried Dudley, finishing the sentence intuitively, and giving it labial emphasis.

"I loved you so," she murmured, deprecatingly.

"I do not doubt it, dearest," and Mr. Dudley Smith believed himself the happiest of men.

They were married. The wedding was very unpretentious, as became the bridegroom in straitened circumstances, and he was in ecstasy as he thought of her surprise when he should tell her that his fortune still remained.

He sent for Mrs. Bull to return and reopen the house and put it in full condition to receive its mistress. Meantime, they remained at her father's residence.

"Dudley," said his wife one day, "I have a favor to ask of you—will you grant it?"

"I will, if it be in my power so to do, darling," he exclaimed.

"Well, poor papa is rather short of money—won't you lend him a few thousands?"

"Me! Why, you know—"

"Oh! I know what you have been pretending," was the quick reply; "but

DUDLEY SMITH LEAPED FROM HIS CHAIR.

then, you see, dear, it wasn't so—you never lost your money."

Dodley Smith leaped from his chair as though he had been shot.

"How did you find that out?" he gasped.

"I knew it all the time. When I heard that you were penniless papa went directly to your banker and learned the contrary. I think we managed the game very shrewdly, dear husband."

"Answer me one question, Rosa. Do you really love me?"

"Yes, I really do, Dudley."

"Well, if you love me, we will drop the subject."

"I think we had better," said she, quietly.—Chicago Post.

One Lawyer's Experience.

A Portland lawyer relates an anecdote which illustrates one of the principal weaknesses of mankind about as fully as possible. He says that not long since a man came to his office thoroughly angry. He had called upon a debtor and asked for the payment of a little bill of $2.50 and had been abused for his pains. Now he wanted the lawyer to collect it. But the legal light said that he could not afford to bother with it. It would cost it all to collect it. But the client insisted; he didn't care if he got none of the money so that the debtor was forced to pay it. So the lawyer consented to write a letter and see what could be done. The debtor came in response to the letter, in high dudgeon, and made declaration that he owed no $2.50 and he wasn't going to pay it. The lawyer listened quietly to his story, and then said that his instructions were to sue, and he didn't think the other could well afford to defend for so small a sum. "Who'll get it," inquired the debtor, "if I pay?" The lawyer was bound to confess that it would all go for the cost of collecting, and when the debtor found that his enemy was barred out from receiving any of the money he paid willingly. The next day the client called, and when he found that the money had been paid, he, too, was entirely satisfied, so that the lawyer did the very unusual thing of pleasing both sides; the one overjoyed because the other had been forced to pay, while he, in turn, was tickled because the first party got none of the money.—Boston Journal.

PRESIDENT HARRISON is said to be on the verge of a physical breakdown caused by overwork and domestic afflictions.

Original?

Originality is a difficult attainment, or perhaps we should say, a rare gift, and often a man himself cannot be sure whether he is inventing or repeating.

The New York Tribune reports that a manufacturing firm offered a prize for the best original motto for a pen. An Iowa man promptly sent them: "The pen is mightier than the sword," with a request that they would forward the prize by the next mail.

The head of the house wrote a humorous reply, asking the claimant if he could prove himself the author of the saying. The Iowa man, evidently an honest soul, at once responded:

"I can't say for certain whether I read it or just thought it. I've read McGuffey's Readers and Kidd's Elocution and the Proverbs in the Bible. If it isn't in those books, it is original, and you will please send me the money."

WHEN the federal Gen. Grierson made his famous cavalry raid through Mississippi the women of the state were speechless with indignation at the ruthless invasion of their sacred soil. Not a tear was shed as the Roman matrons buckled on the armor of the home guards—old, gray-haired "majors" and "colonels" who had mustered with flintlocks, and young boys just in their teens.

All who could "bear arms" went pouring forth with impetuous speed, and swiftly formed in the ranks of war. The invaders were beset front, flank and rear, by an undisciplined but pertinacious foe. The wily general's march was executed in deux temps, to avoid the harassing enemy which he dared not halt and disperse. Many bluecoats from the invading column were picked off by the wayside, and every straggler was gobbled up by the ubiquitous home guards. They sent the wounded Yankees to the nearest hospital. A number were taken to Columbus, where a confederate hospital had been established under the supervision of the Soldiers' Aid society. The society was composed of the women of Columbus, who had organized at the beginning of the war. The hospital was full of sick and wounded confederates, but the ladies made room for the Yankees, as a Christian duty.

To relieve the crowded hospital a dozen confederates were removed to the house of a dear old lady, who made them comfortable on cots in her parlors. This dear old lady had three sons in the army.

Her husband was on duty with the home guards.

Her carriage horses were in the artillery service, and a pair of plantation mules pulled her carriage.

Her spinning wheels and looms were manufacturing gray jeans, and even while she slept her fingers moved, as when awake she knitted socks for the soldiers.

Daily she drove to the hospital and went through the wards, followed by her negro woman bearing a basket of homemade dainties, which she dispensed to the sick. With Christian charity she extended her ministrations to the Yankee ward. It required, however, no small effort on her part to divide with the enemy's sick the dainties so hard to get in the blockaded south. She did so because it was a duty, but her heart was not in the work.

There was one of Grierson's soldiers—scarcely a man in years—who lay on his cot in the delirium of fever. The kindly black face of the nurse who bathed his head was strange to him; but he smiled feebly when he looked into the gentle face of the dear old lady who bent over him, and he called her "mother."

At that moment the heart of the dear old lady surrendered and she took that Yankee boy for her own.

Never was invalid more tenderly nursed, and never hung life on a more slender thread. She watched him from day to day and administered with tireless hand medicine and liquid food. He lingered days and weeks, his brain clouded with fever fancies, and the flesh shrunken upon his bones.

One morning there was a gleam of intelligence in his pale blue eyes as he looked up at the kind, earnest face of the southern woman, and he whispered: "Water." After a few sips he continued: "I thought you were mother—but I guess as how I won't see her no more."

He closed his eyes and the dear old lady sent at once for the surgeon. The doctor felt his pulse and remarked: "His vitality is very low—we must try to build him up with stimulants and nourishing liquids."

These were obtained, but he refused positively to touch the whisky, as he had promised his mother never to do so, he said, and had taken the pledge.

"WHERE'S THE OTHER SECTION OF THAT PUMPKIN PIE?"

He swallowed the beef tea with reluctance. The fever had gone, and with it nearly all the life that was in him.

The dear old lady looked sadly upon the emaciated form and sunken cheeks of the poor boy. She forgot that he was an enemy, and saw only a mother's son, among strangers, and sick unto death. Her soul went out in a great wave of sympathy to the invalid.

In vain she tempted his appetite with each of the liquid foods within the formula allowed by the surgeon. She could not persuade him to take stimulants, and his vitality continued to sink daily.

To her question whether there was anything that he would like to eat, he answered: "Pumpkin pie."

But the doctor said it would kill him in twenty-four hours.

"Pumpkin pie," became the lad's day-long and night-long plaint. It made the dear old lady's heart ached to refuse it.

"Doctor, can't you save the poor fellow?" she asked.

The doctor answered gravely: "Madam, I am afraid all your work has been in vain. He cannot hold out much longer."

After the doctor had gone the dying boy opened his eyes and whispered, wistfully: "Please—just one piece."

"Yes, you shall have it," said the old lady, and as she stepped into her carriage and ordered the driver to "Whip up those mules and drive home quick" there was in her face the same expression of determination which may be seen on that of the soldier when, with blanched cheek, he clenches his musket and dashes at a battery of Gatling guns.

The pumpkin pie was made. The crisp crust was rolled out by the beautiful hands of the dear old lady, who was careful not to let the tears that rolled down her cheeks drop on it.

That same evening the homely mules trotted briskly to the hospital.

It was a terrible thing she was about to do.

She went again to the surgeon's office. Again she asked: "Doctor, is there no hope for that poor Yankee boy?"

"Madam, I can do nothing more—he will be dead before morning," was the answer.

Quickly, but resolutely, she made her way to the couch of death. She dismissed the nurse and took her seat. After awhile the boy opened his eyes and she held out a slice of the pumpkin pie.

He opened his mouth, and she broke the pie into bits and fed him, weeping quietly the while. When the slice was finished, his hollow eyes seemed to devour her as he murmured: "More!"

She hesitated a moment, and then, whispering, "God forgive me," she gave him a second slice.

He closed his eyes and she watched him until he breathed regularly, and then she quickly stole away. She felt as a murderer must feel—but she could not make up her mind to watch her victim dying.

At home once more the dear old lady locked herself in her room.

* * * * * * *

Early the next morning those mules again trotted briskly to the hospital.

The nurse reported that her patient had slept quietly all night. When the old lady looked anxiously down on his wasted form he opened his eyes and said in a strong voice: "Where's the other section of that pumpkin pie?"

* * * * * * *

Coffins were very scarce in the confederacy, and the hospital steward congratulated himself that the surgeon was mistaken when he said the Yankee boy would die.—Lylie O. Harris, in N. O. Times-Democrat.

A BRACE OF PORK CHOPS.

The Murderer Ate Them and They Led to His Conviction.

Quite a novelty in the annals of justice has been the conviction of a murderer by the taciturn but effective testimony of the remains of a couple of pork chops, which, gnawed to the bone, had been left on the table in the dining-room of the unfortunate lady whom he had just done to death.

At the end of last year Mme. Leblanc, the widow of a doctor in practice in Tilly-sur-Meuse, suddenly disappeared. She lived quite alone, and her absence was not noticed by the neighbors for some days. The door of the house was broken open, and all the rooms were found in a state of utmost disorder, the floor of the kitchen being covered with blood.

The plate and various other articles of value, had, however, not been touched, though several bank notes—a list of which was afterwards discovered in a drawer—had been removed from the desk in which the money was kept. It was soon ascertained that two of these securities were in the possession of a peasant named Aubertin, who resided in the neighborhood and was known to be deeply in debt. When Aubertin was arrested he denied that he had any hand in the crime, but it shortly transpired that on the very day when the murder was committed he had bought a couple of pork chops from the head dealer, and there on the dining-room table lay the tell-tale debris. Aubertin, in fact, had known beforehand that the sinister task which he had set himself to do would demand a certain amount of time in its accomplishment. He had determined on sawing into pieces the corpse of the poor lady, and several hours were devoted to this horrible work. A few days afterwards some fragments of flesh were found near the pier of one of the river bridges, and on the morrow the remains of a body which had been cut into several pieces were discovered in the Meuse. Aubertin has just been tried at the Meuse assizes and condemned to hard labor for life.—London Telegraph.

FEMININE FANCIES.

MRS. BRADLEY MARTIN, of New York, is worth $10,000,000.

ONE of the ornaments of Mrs. George Gould's drawing room is a Japanese crystal which cost $7,000.

MRS. ELLIOT F. SHEPARD'S pet charity is the Margaret Louise home, New York, which she has built in connection with the Christian association.

MRS. SARAH KIPLE, a grandaunt of Edwin A. Abbey, the well-known artist, lives at Scranton. She is ninety-nine years old and has smoked since she was twenty.

IT is said of Mme. Carnot, wife of the French president, that she fills the post of private secretary, and during his absence at any time can transact ordinary affairs with a perfect knowledge of business routine.

PULPIT AND PEW.

THERE are three hundred and eighty Bible women taking the Scriptures into the zenanas of India.

BISHOP HONSTMAN, of Cleveland, O., is endeavoring to introduce the English language exclusively into all the preaching services in the churches of his diocese.

RECENT revival services at thirty-six points throughout the United States, under the United Brethren in Christ, have resulted in one thousand seven hundred and twenty-three conversions.

REV. DR. CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, rector of All Angels' church in New York, is a multi-millionaire. He gave the society its church, supports its missions and has endowed several theological seminaries.

RARE AS A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

Real English Mistletoe Seldom Finds Its Way to This Country.

"But mistletoe—English mistletoe! Surely that will never lose its hold!" some reader may exclaim.

Not in name, perhaps, but in substance, says Agnes Carr Sage in Harper's Bazar, for you must know real English mistletoe is as rare in this country as a white blackbird; and that so called by florists, and supposed to possess all the properties with which the black art of the middle ages endowed the mystic parasite, because grown on British soil, comes principally from Normandy, where it flourishes in such mad profusion as to be a veritable nuisance, while it has so embraced and strangled the roadside poplar trees that the French government has ordered it to be entirely destroyed. If this edict is carried into effect, we shall see very little of the true mistletoe, viscum album, but will have to content ourselves with its American cousin, the phoradendron flavescens, which abounds in some of the southern states, is really far prettier and bears more berries, but lacks the romantic associations clustered about the "Allheal" of the Druids. We may venture to predict, however, that so long as there are merry hearts and fond lovers on the earth, some sort of mistletoe, ancient or modern, will be hung up each recurring December, for, as a sweet poetess of England sings:

Under the mistletoe peace and good will
Mingle the spirits that long have been twain:
Leaves of the olive branch twine with it still,
While breathings of hope fill the long carol strain.
Yet, why should this holy and festival mirth
In the reign of old Christmas tide only be found?
Hang up love's mistletoe over the earth,
And let us kiss under it all the year round.

DIPLOMACY DOES NOT PAY.

Some of England's Most Distinguished Ambassadors Can't Save Money.

So great is Lord Dufferin's poverty that during the time which intervened between his vice-royalty of India and his appointment as ambassador at St. Petersburg, both he and Lady Dufferin were forced for the sake of economy to live at Paris under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Temple on the fifth floor of the Hotel Windsor on the Rue de Rivoli. The economies which this charming couple were then forced to exercise, were a painful and even pitiful sight to those who, like myself, had had the privilege of enjoying their gracious hospitality at Rideau hall, Ottawa.

Lord Dufferin's case, I may add, is not the exception, but rather the rule, in the English government service, and the most of the holders of lucrative posts quit office in debt. Among the many instances thereof I need only cite those of Lord Augustus Loftus, who became bankrupt after retiring from fifty years' of diplomatic service, and the late earl of Granville and of Lord Lytton, who have left their families in a very impoverished condition, although during their entire lifetime they had held one or another of the highest offices in the gift of the crown.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

For renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

S. S. S.

"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles."
C. B. McLEMORE, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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INDAPO THE GREAT HINDOO REMEDY

RESULTS in 30 DAYS. Cures all Nervous Diseases, Failing Memory, Paresis, Sleeplessness, Nightly Emissions, gives vigor and size to shrunken organs etc., caused by self-abuse and quickly but surely restores Lost Manhood in old or young. Easily carried in vest pocket. Price $1.00 a package. Six for $5.00 with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. Pamphlet sent sealed in plain envelope free. Oriental Medical Co., 48 Dyvoll Place, Chicago, Ill. SOLD by Henninger Bros., 107 East Douglas Ave., WICHITA, KAN., and other Leading Druggists.

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

Removes tan, pimples, freckles, moth patches, rash and skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. It has stood the test of 40 years and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The only genuine "Gouraud's Oriental Cream" or "Magical Beautifier" should be on the bottom of the bottle. Finally, if your druggist tells you his customer has tried and rejected the article you inquire for, and that he has something just as good, he means to cheat you. Any lady can safely recommend Gouraud's Cream as the most harmless of all the skin preparations. For sale by all druggists and fancy goods dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. FERD. T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

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If troubled with Gonorrhœa, Gleet, White, Spermatorrhœa or any unnatural discharge ask your druggist for a bottle of Big G. It cures in a few days without the aid or publicity of a doctor. Non-poisonous and guaranteed not to stricture. The Universal American Cure. Manufactured by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

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ERRORS OF YOUTH immediately relieved by NERVOUS DEBILITY HELP. All those suffering from Nervous Debility and Weakness, and having been improperly treated, will find this Famous remedy a certain and speedy cure for lost manhood, premature decay, inability, lack of confidence, nocturnal depletions, palpitation of the heart, weak memory, exhausted vitality, and diseases for. Price $1 per box, or 6 boxes, which will cure any case, for $5, prepaid. Address or call on N. E. MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 24 Tremont Row, Boston, Mass.

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They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. 25c.

TAURINE PASTIMES.

Statistics Showing Their Number and Variety in Spain.

Judging from the taurine statistics, bull-fighting is not decreasing in Spain. "A Spanish merchant," writes a Madrid correspondent, "could bear the loss of his king with more resignation than the abolition of his favorite sport, and an Iberian republican would prefer his 'corrida de toros' (bull-fight) to any republic, even if granted 'three acres and a cow.' A Spanish caballero, with more pride than hard cash, will cheerfully forego his Sunday dinner if, by so doing, he may secure his seat in the bull ring. Maria and Juanita will readily deny themselves for a time a new dress rather than miss the excitement of the 'Plaza de Toros.' Besides, are not their raven black hair, blue black eyes, rosy lips (whence proceed sparkling wit and lively repartee), their small hands (which manipulate the fan with such grace), and their tiny feet, on which they glide, all sufficient to attract glances of admiration? During the present year the number of first-class bull fights in important cities has been 259, the bulls killed being 1,594. There have also been 397 fights of young bulls (novillos), in which 1,407 were slaughtered. Of the chief fights, 26 took place in Madrid, 15 in Seville, 12 in Barcelona and 11 in Valencia. Two men—picadors—were killed; of the espadas and banderillos 16 were more or less seriously wounded. In each course from six to eight bulls are done to death; but recently in Madrid, in a fight which extended two days, 18 were finished off. Many of the enthusiasts judge the merit of the fight by the number of the horses slain. On some days 24, or even more, are gored to death by the long horns of the Spanish bulls. The bull ring in Madrid holds 15,000 spectators, who are still apparently delighted with the barbarous and horrible spectacle, in which blood flows plentifully, and aged or unsound horses are disemboweled on the sandy arena."

BITTEN BY A DOG.

'Twas a Fearful Bite, But the Blood Didn't Pour from His Boot.

A Lewiston man was bitten by a dog the other day, says the Lewiston Journal. He felt the dog bite into his leg, close its teeth upon each other, and just scrape the bone. He kicked the dog over the Pine Street church steeple (a hyperbole,) and limped home. Half way there the blood began to run into his boots. He could hear it swash! swash! swash, he says.

Every now and then he began to look back to see where his trail, like that of his ancestor at Valley Forge, should be marked by blood. When he reached home he took every precaution against ensanguined tapestry and bloody doormats. He took his person to the sleeping-room, held his foot over the cuspidor, and gently took off his boot.

His sight wavered and vision fled. Was that his blood? Then things cleared and he saw no blood. There was none in his boots, none in his socks, none on his tonsorious, none anywhere, and he has been hunting to this day to see where the dog bit him.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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, Sept. 30th, 1892.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$509,032.59
Bonds and Stocks	36,532.22
U. S. Bonds	50,000.00
Real Estate	65,000.00
Due from U. S.	2,250.00
Overdrafts	3,241.55
Cash and Exchange	231,297.60
	$997,353.96

LIABILITIES.

Capital	$250,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	2,381.19
Circulation	45,000.00
Deposits	649,972.77
	$997,353.96

Correct. C. A. WALKER Cashr.

E. LOMBARD, Jr., President. L. D. SKINNER, Cashier. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President. W. H. LOVEWOOD, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL $100,000
SURPLUS 100,000

DIRECTORS

John R. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. J. Allen, F. V. Healy, E. Lombard, Jr., Geo. Green, L. D. Skinner, Adam Lambert.

DAVIDSON & CASE

John Davidson, Pioneer Lumbermen of Sedgwick County.

ESTABLISHED IN 1870

A complete Stock of Pine Lumber Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand.

Office and yards on Medley ave. between Burgin ave. and Douglas ave. Also branch yards at Enid City, Okla., Guthrie City, El Reno and Minco, Oklahoma Territory.