Wichita Eagle

## ARROW MAKERS.

### The Only Industry in Which Indians Voluntarily Engage.

**How Bows and Arrows Are Manufactured and the Secret of Using Them Successfully in Battle or in Chase—The Strong Bow.**

[COPYRIGHT, 1892.]

IN the Navajo reservation I found Pedro, the husband of the beautiful Anserino, in a little hogan, with his beautiful young wife seated by his side. He is an iron and silversmith and barbs arrows for war and hunting.

"Tell me the story of an arrow," I queried. "Tell me, Pedro, the whole process of making a fine bow and arrow."

Pedro, who can talk broken English, then began this interesting story.

"The first western Indians to use arrows were the Cheyennes. The Indians cut their arrows in the fall, in the arrow season, when the wood is hardened to withstand the blasts of winter. The shoots must not have any branches or knots on them. They are not quite as thick as one's little finger, and they are sorted and tied in bundles of twenty and twenty-five. These bundles are two or two and one-half feet in length and wrapped tightly from end to end with strips of rawhide or elk skin. The sticks are then hung up over fire, in the tepee, to be smoked and dried, and the wrapping keeps them from warping or bending. When they are seasoned, which takes several weeks, the bundles are taken down, the covering removed and the bark scraped off. The wood is very tough then and of a yellowish color. The next thing is to cut the arrow shafts exactly one length, and in this great care must be used, for arrows of different lengths fly differently, and, unless they are alike, the hunter's aim is destroyed. Another reason for measuring the length of arrows is to identify them. No two warriors shoot arrows of exactly the same length. Each warrior carries a measuring or pattern stick, and it is only necessary to compare an arrow with the stick to find out to whom it belongs. But should the arrows by chance be one length, then there are other marks of identifying them. Every hunter has his own private marks in the head, the shaft or the feather. The shafts being made even, the next thing is to form the notch for the bow-string. This is done with a sharp knife, and when done properly the bottom of the notch will be exactly in the center of the shaft. The arrow is then scraped and tapered toward the notch to prevent the string from splitting the shaft and to make a firm hold for the thumb and forefinger in drawing the bow.

"All the arrows are peeled, scraped and notched, and then the warrior creases them. To do this he takes an arrowhead and scores the shaft in zigzag lines from end to end. These creases, or fluted gutters, in the shaft are to let the blood run out when an animal is struck. The blood flows along the little gutters in the wood and runs off the end of the arrow. The arrowhead is made of steel or stone. It is shaped like a heart or dart and has a stem about an inch long. The sides of the stem are nicked or filed out like the teeth of a saw. Nearly all the wild Indians now use steel arrowheads, they being a great article of trade among the savages. Eastern firms manufacture thousands of them and sell them to the traders, who sell them to the Indians at a fabulous price or trade them for furs.

THE OLD ARROW MAKER.

"When the shaft is ready for the head the warrior saws a slit with a nicked knife in the end opposite the notch and inserts the stem of the arrowhead. The slit must be exactly in the center of the shaft and as deep as the stem is long. When properly adjusted the teeth of the stem show themselves on each side of the slit. Buffalo, deer or elk sinew is then softened in water and the wood is wrapped firmly to the arrowhead, taking care to fit the sinew in the teeth of the stem, which will prevent the head from pulling out.

"The next process is to put on the feathers. To do this properly great care must be taken. Turkey or eagle quills are soaked in warm water to make them split easily and uniformly. The feathers are then stripped from a quill and put on the shaft of the arrow. Three feathers are placed on each shaft and they are laid equidistant along the shaft. The big end of the feather is fastened near the notch of the shaft and laid six or eight inches straight along the wood. The feathers are glued to the shaft, and wrapped at each end with fine sinew. The arrow is now painted, marked, dried and ready for use.

"When the arrow is fired into the body it cannot be got out. If you pull at the shaft the barbs catch and the shaft pulls out, leaving the arrowhead in the wound. Some war arrows have but one barb, and when this arrow is fired into the body, if the shaft be pulled, the barb catches in the flesh and the steel turns crosswise in the wound, rendering it impossible to extricate it. Fortunately but few Indian tribes now use the poisoned arrow. Each tribe had its own way of poisoning. Some did it by pounding up ants with a mortar, mixing them with the spleen of an animal and then letting it decay, after which they tipped their barbs with it.

"Arrows are first smoothed by being rubbed between two grooved stones held firmly together in one hand (as Pedro spoke he slid an arrow between two grooved stones) till the bark flies off. Disputes sometimes used to arise as to who some particular carcass belonged to after the slaughter of a herd of buffalo. If the arrow still remained in the body the question was easily decided by drawing it out and examining the make of it. The Pawnees took good care of their arrows and never made them detachable at the barb. Some wing their arrows with two feathers, as the Comanches; some with three, like the Navajos and Utes, and some with four, like the Tonlo-Apaches."

Here Pedro stopped and beckoned to his beautiful little wife. She handed him a cigarette, and having lit it he continued his story:

"Now, to make a good bow: Well, very tepee has its bow-wood hung up with the arrows in the smoke of the fire well out of reach of the flames. A warrior with a sharp knife and a sandstone or file can make a bow in three days if he works hard, but it most generally takes a week and sometimes a month to finish a fancy bow. When done, it is worth three dollars in trade. See, the bows differ in length and strength, being gauged for the arms of those who are to use them.

BECKONED THE OTHER RIDER TAUNTINGLY TO COME ON.

"A white man would, until he learned the sleight of it, find himself unable to bend even the weakest war bow. The force of such an arrow may be imagined when it is remembered that while a Colt's revolver will not send a ball through a buffalo, an arrow will go through a buffalo and come out on the other side. A man's skull has been found transfixed to a tree by an arrow, which had gone completely through the bones and imbedded itself so deep in the wood as to sustain the weight of the head. He had been tied up to the tree and shot.

"I once saw," said Pedro, "a Plains Indian ride alongside of a large buffalo cow, going at such speed that it required a fleet pony to overtake and keep up with her. Leaning forward the Indian drew his arrow to the head and sent it clean through the body of the buffalo, so that it fell to the ground on the other side.

"Bows are made of all kinds of wood; the best are made of Osage orange, hickory, oak, ash, elm, cedar, willow, plum, cherry, bullberry, and from the horns of elk and mountain sheep. No Indian who cannot handle the strong bow is deemed fit for war. There are three bows, the baby bow used by children, the long bow and, last of all, the strong bow.

"The Sioux and Crows make the best bows. The Sioux bow is generally four feet long. When unstrung it is perfectly straight. Some bows are covered and strengthened and made more vitally elastic on the back by being strung with sinews. In such instances the back of the bow is flattened, then roughened with a file or stone, the sinew being afterward glued on. The sinew is then lapped at the middle or grasp of the bow and at the ends. The string is attached while green, twisted and left to dry on the bow. The whole outside of the wood and sinew is now covered with a thick solution of glue and the bow is done. These bows are beautifully painted, beaded, velveted and leathered." MILLER HAGERMAN.

#### Children in Literature.

The wise mentors in conventional literature virtually tell you that child literature wants no real children in it, that the real child's example of defective grammar and lack of elegant deportment would furnish to its little patrician patrons suggestions very hurtful indeed to their higher morals, tendencies and ambitions. Then although the general public couldn't for the life of it see why or how and might even be reminded that it was just such a rowdying child itself and that its father—the father of his country—was just such a child, that Abraham Lincoln was just such a lovable, lawless child—all this argument would avail not in the least, since the elegant mind purveyors of child literature cannot possibly tolerate the presence of any but the refined children—the very proper children—the studiously thoughtful, poetic children—and these must be kept safe from the contaminating touch of our rough-and-tumble little fellows in "bodden gray," with frowsy heads, begrimed but laughing faces and with such awful, awful vulgarities of naturalness and crimes of simplicity, and brazen faith and trust, and love of life and everybody in it. All other real people are getting into literature and without some real children along will they not soon be getting lonesome, too?—James Whitcomb Riley, in Forum.

#### The Wrong Time.

Mother—No wonder you catch cold. Every night you kick all the covers off. Why do you do it?

Little Boy—I don't know, mamma. You'll have to ask me when I's asleep.—Good News.

#### In a Nutshell.

She—What is the difference between the old game of football and the new way?

He—Formerly they kicked the ball, now they kick each other.—Truth.

#### A Dissatisfied Man.

Prison Visitor—You seem an honest fellow, and I feel an interest in you. Could anything be done to make you more comfortable?

"You bet!"

"What?"

"Let me out!"—Texas Siftings.

#### That Big Feller.

A middle-aged man whose business keeps him away from home on all days except Sunday had occasion to chastise his eldest son one Sabbath, about three weeks ago. So soon as the shingle seance was over the child ran crying into the house.

"Why, Johnnie, what is the matter?" asked the mother in alarm.

"That big feller's been licking me," whimpered the boy.

"What fellow do you mean, Johnnie?"

"Why, that feller what stays here every Sunday," replied the urchin, with a gulp.—Texas Siftings.

## THE WOMAN OF FASHION.

### Spring Novelties Seen in a Shop Window.

**New Hats and How They Are Trimmed—The Pretty Parasol and Its Prettier Cover—Two Spring Gowns and Two Lenten Bodices.**

[COPYRIGHT, 1893.]

"C'est tres jollie," uttered in a tone of admiration, first caught my ear as I stood in front of that beautiful window, and I turned to discover two French ladies volubly talking and earnestly gesticulating as they regarded the novelties. "Es muy bonita," came next, and two more ladies passed judgment in words that I could not catch. Then I heard in more familiar language: "Wie hupsch!"

What has become of the true Yankee, I thought. Is she then, indeed, no more? And how relieved I felt when a gay creature stepped up to the same point of observation and cried, with more enthusiasm that all the others combined: "Isn't this just perfectly lovely!"

But they were all right. I quite agreed with them; it was a beautiful window, with soft, pale-yellow silk stretched across, and on it laid most delicate parasols and fans painted in brilliant colorings. On small upright stands were placed some exquisite spring hats.

First I gave my attention to the fans—Loie Fuller fans—every one of them—with brilliant figures painted on them, and broad dashes of light being flashed from the sides on the central figure, which was usually some damsel with voluminous drapery ascending lightly toward the heavens, borne on delicate airy clouds.

The parasols were worthy of the deepest admiration. I paid them full homage. Those handles were the prettiest things I had seen for a long time. There were three lying rolled in their covers. The parasol cover of to-day is not a thing to be discarded or left at home. It is just as attractive as any part of the shade. One was a pale-green silk, with fine gold satin stripes, very far apart, running through it. At the top and bottom of the cover was a big loose puff of the same material tied with silk cords. The handle was white with a bunch of violets on the knob and a big green bow a little below.

The second was a heavy corded silk in yellow, with the same puffs on the cover, and with a beautiful pearl handle almost covered with a network of gold. And the third was a lavender, striped like number one, with gold, and the handle thereof was also white, with a cameo set at the top, surrounded with small brilliants.

There were also some open parasols, all in fine lace, but they looked much prettier closed, with their puffs and bows.

Next I examined the hats and saw one pretty little bonnet of black lace, with a bunch of pansies in front, beside which sprang up small curved gold wires, all covered with emeralds and rhinestones, which made the little bonnet sparkle all over. There was a big hat of pale, wiry straw that had straw ornaments in front, some straw-colored velvet, and an immense jet butterfly. I saw a number of hats largely trimmed with jet, hats both big and small. One was made on a finely braided openwork frame, with broad rim, had lace and tips on it, and a great quantity of jet in the shape of a large ornament that stood up in front.

There was a pretty raspberry hat. As one woman said: "It was quite enough for the street and pretty and fancy enough for evening wear." This was a rather small shape made of row upon row of dull gold braid, a fancy braid with a small scallop. In the front rose simply a beautiful hollyhock in velvet of a genuine raspberry shade. The stem was lily green, looking well with the dull gold and the blossom. At the back there were a few knots of velvet ribbon to match the hollyhock.

GAUZE AND BLACK VELVET.

Mignonette is very popular for trimming old hats that need freshening. One sees considerable wheat, too, although these are not the days for it. One evening bonnet is trimmed all with fine wheat and lavender velvet, with a touch here and there of bright gold.

Have you seen the new silks? They are very fresh and fair, with their small flower bunches printed on pale grounds. The rainbow silks are quite dazzling. Not only are they shot with two colors on the surface—say sage and old rose—and flecked with another, but beneath you see all the shades of the rainbow subtly shaded, one into the other, so gradually that you can discern no dividing line. Then there are more bright plaids, for the plaid in silk seems to have come to stay. It has a wonderful way of relieving a quiet costume, and is becoming to nearly everyone.

Two new spring costumes are about completed. They are intended for very early spring, and therefore have departed very little from the winter gown. The first is dull blue, rather pale, closely striped with black velvet. It is of empire cut, and the skirt has a gathered border of brown velvet at the edge of a rich leopard shade. A Figaro jacket of brown velvet, closely fitting, crosses in front, and is edged with an open passementerie of brown and blue from which falls a pretty chenille and ball fringe. This passementerie and fringe also appear at the bottom of the velvet puff of the sleeve, falling over the blue cuff. The back has a Watteau of the same striped material as the gown, coming from beneath the Figaro, and forming rather more of a train than one sees these days.

But the train is at least more endurable than the dreaded hoop skirt. Let us be devoutly thankful that the princess of Wales has declared against it. If London society does not take it up there is some hope for the poor American women that can do nothing but follow London's or Paris' leading. Besides being grateful to the princess of Wales, should not the women of the land also extend a vote of thanks to the honorable gentlemen who have so kindly endeavored to relieve their distress by introducing bills in the legislature against the dreadful thing? It was most thoughtful of them, and we feel sure their act was prompted by no selfish motive.

A LENTEN CORSAGE.

But I have almost forgotten my second spring dress. It is extremely simple, as the early gowns of the season should be. The material is a diagonal, the shade a soft chocolate brown. The skirt, of round cut, has no trimming save three very scant ruffles of the same material. The waist is quite plain, closing invisibly at the side, and with the slight fullness drawn in at the belt in front beneath a pointed velvet belt, shade of gown. At the neck is a very small triple velvet collarette, the longest of the three just reaching the shoulders. The only touches of color about the gown are the gold brooch that clasps the velvet collar, the yellow gloves and the bright yellow plumes in the brown hat.

An evening bodice that is yet quiet enough to wear in Lent is a thing to be desired. Here are two—choose which you will: First, a gauze or soft light material folled on the shoulders both back and front, with the fullness all gathered into the center of the bodice and caught in a big gold or fancy buckle; beneath, a tight-fitting, pointed belt, very light, of velvet or other material; sleeves with two great double puffs above the plain cuff; bows on the shoulders. The other is quite different, has a full gathered gauze front stretched across from arm to arm, the fullness being round and falling loosely in the middle; over is a short black velvet jacket, lying back in large revers over the arms, and lower down standing far apart, to show the gauzy fullness, held down by great buttons. Below a full gauze belt is caught with a rosette at the side, from which fall ribbon streamers. The sleeves are black velvet. EVA A. SCHUBERT.

#### The Plucky Spaniel.

Capt. Williamson was shooting in India with a spaniel, which apparently found some game which his master guessed to be a hare. "The dog came to a stand over a bank, wagging its tail, with ears up, and his whole frame in a state of ecstasy. I expected that he had got a hare under the bank, and, as the situation was in favor of getting a shot, I ran toward him with more speed than I should have done had I known that I should find a tiger sitting up and staring Paris in the face; they were not three yards asunder. As soon as the dog found me at his side he barked, and, giving a spring, dashed at the tiger." His owner admits that his own alarm was so extreme that he did not observe the further demeanor of either till he saw the tiger cantering away, followed by the little dog barking. It is, of course, just possible that the tiger was "nervous," and that the little dog merely exhibited the impudence habitual to little dogs, who know that they can worry a horse or a bullock into beating a retreat when quietly lying down in a field.—Spectator.

#### Equal to the Occasion.

Carlisle—Mamma, here comes the train boy; now won't you buy me some mixed candy?

Mamma—You said that if I would take you on the cars you wouldn't ask for any mixed candy.

Carlisle—Then get me some that isn't mixed.—Harper's Young People.

#### A Useful Guest.

The Hostess (extending her hand)—I'm so glad you've come.

Mr. Snippy (tickled)—I'm glad to be here.

The Hostess—We've been needing a dancing man to fill up the sets.—Chicago News Record.

## FOREIGN FACTS.

THE central Sahara registers a mean of ninety-seven degrees in July. Central Australia boasts of ninety-four degrees in January, a mean which is attained in South Carolina and inner Arabia in midsummer.

THE first umbrella was carried in England by a man by the name of Macdonald. The umbrella was a borrowed one. The owner, who had purchased it in China, challenged Mr. Macdonald to carry it publicly in the streets of London.

ANDRE GARTNER, founder of the Mechanical museum at Dresden, who was born in 1654, is said to be the inventor of the elevator. In 1717, having become infirm, he made a machine which enabled him to go up and down the three stories of his house.

IN a certain quarter of London the newsboys are encouraged to save a penny a day. The money is kept for them in a savings bank and the boy who deposits regularly for a month is given one penny "interest" on his money. The bank is the work of a good woman.

## GROVER AT LAKEWOOD.

### His Quiet Family Life in the Jersey Pine Woods.

**Baby Ruth's Sled, the Russian Cutter, the Visiting Statesmen, Something About the Cottage and Town and Langdon Doesn't Know but Suspects.**

[COPYRIGHT, 1893.]

The little white house at Lakewood is about the most lonesome place of human residence in the state.

The New York reporters have spoken of it vaguely as approached from the station by a "plank walk." This is a generous figure of speech. Lakewood is designed for "carriage people" almost exclusively, and the plank walk is confined to the business section of the town. Elsewhere it is sporadic. The station is away on one side of everything and the visiting statesman at first wonders where the town is.

"Go right down that road past the big hotel," says the native who has watched the stranger look about. He didn't want to ask for what I was looking.

The Cleveland house lies northeast from the station and fully three-quarters of a mile away. The village lies mainly to the southwest. Only the big Lakewood hotel, where all the visiting statesmen stop, is anywhere near it. Not even that is in sight. From the station the hotel lies hidden beyond a low swelling height of land for which "ridge" is a term expressing altogether too much. From the hotel, entirely surrounded by pines, no other habitation can be seen. No photograph of it was ever taken because no camera that was ever made can "take it all in" at the limited range made necessary by the surrounding woods. Still another gentle ridge smaller than the last, and that past, one comes to a valley through the bottom of which trickles a stream, dry in summer, and too small to bear a name. Still beyond that, on the right, stands the Cleveland cottage. A ten acre plot goes with it, but of this only an acre and a half is cleared in part, toward the south, and on the other side the house, painted in custard pie fashion, yellow with white trimmings, and its brown barn back up against the rich dark green of the woods.

THE CLEVELAND COTTAGE.

Up to this point most of the pines have been ludicrous dwarfs, mingled with scrub oaks, to which the rustling leaves cling throughout the winter. Beyond the house, the road, no longer a street, plunges into a narrow way between taller pines and is lost to view. Thousands of acres lie toward Southard and Squankum and Bennett's Mills.

THE WAITING-ROOM.

Yet the house is not quite without connection with the outside world. Day or night, the favorite walk of Lakewood nowadays is just to the edge of the little clearing. And, in case of need, a freshly peeled pine telegraph and 'phone pole which stands in the yard a conspicuous object against the dark pines in the background has a companionable look.

Lakewood itself hasn't recently seen so dull a January—that is, the town with its three other big hotels hasn't. All the politicians hang around the Lakewood hotel, and the village drugstore man, who has imported two big pine buds from Delaware to give his shop the true Lakewood flavor, bemoans the fact. This month will be very different. The cottage life of the place will soon be at its height. The Freemans have a magnificent house set deep in a block of land whereon the pines are still allowed to remain. For the most part the village is devoid of them. The Blaine family is represented in the place by Emmons Blaine's wife and her parents, the McCormicks, of Chicago, and Nathan Straus, of New York, who sold coal to the poor at cost at his yard, is one of the big land owners.

ARRIVING AT DEPOT.

The family life of the Clevelands is very quiet, sensible and democratic. They are not lionized, nor do the Lakewood people bother them in any way. Mr. Cleveland comes down from New York on the Lakewood special, getting in just at dusk. The idlers at the station are no more numerous than at any country village. Sometimes the pretty pair of bays is waiting for him, sometimes he walks up the three-quarters of a mile of slush with a sturdy stride. A modest retinue of servants sleep mainly in a small building back of the house.

Everybody is interested in Baby Ruth. She is now a year and a half old, sturdy, ruddy cheeked and well developed. Lakewood people have seen her so often that there is no particular mystery about her. Sometimes she accompanies Mrs. Cleveland on a drive behind the nodding red plumes of the Russian sleigh. Her own particular favorite is an ordinary child's sled with a baby carriage box without a hood set on top.

When I passed the house once she was howling in lusty American fashion.

"But she almost never cries," said a lady to whom I remarked it. This lady has been at the old Laurel house—the one in the heart of the village and nearest the station—when Mrs. Cleveland was there before going to the cottage and when every woman in the place fell down and worshiped the child from a discreet distance.

Saturday evening Lakewood was in festive mood. For the first time this season Mrs. Cleveland attended a public "function," the occasion being the ball given by the cottagers. She was very quiet, did not dance and seemed to enjoy the fun as much as anyone present, but left at an early hour. She also dropped in at the free singing class, which is being instructed under the auspices of the Freemans and others.

Of the visiting statesmen little is seen in town. Mr. Bayard and Mr. Lamont are best known in the place. Lakewood knows no more about the cabinet than is printed in the papers, but every statesman who shows up is in turn regarded as a certainty for cabinet honors. Harrity and Hensel were a puzzle. Both couldn't be "slated," and so Lakewood pitched upon Mr. Harrity as a possible appointee. Such a nuisance did the visiting statesmen become finally that the New York and Philadelphia afternoon expresses were called the "office seekers' special." A good many people have come here from all parts of the country, whose presence was not in the least desired. Some of them—a good many—are turned back at the hotel. Manager Storry is getting to be a keen politician and can tell an Arkansas democrat from a Boston drummer half a mile off. When, however, visitors whose assistance is not required in disposing of offices do make their way to the custard pie house they find Mr. Cleveland reasonably patient under the infliction.

BABY RUTH'S SLEIGH.

Lakewood itself is an interesting place, which was rapidly coming into favor with New Yorkers like ex-Mayor Hewitt and Park Commissioner Straus before Mr. Cleveland took it up. It was an iron manufacturing village, where a man named Brick had works. He had twenty-two thousand acres of Jersey pine barrens and died poor, as might have been expected. His family had the unspeakable folly to suppose that a winter resort named "Bricksburg" could be a success. They had the idea, and in 1880 some New York men bought out the property and supplied the name, and things began to look up. The Jersey Central built the finest small station in the state; the land company spent a host of dollars in cutting roads through the woods. The lake is a narrow strip of water only two miles long and never more than a quarter wide. It is completely surrounded by the property of the company, and except at the dam at its lower end there is no house upon it. There is, however, a "kissing bridge," an echo and other modern improvements. The lake, again, has rather a funny name—"Carasaljo"—named from Mr. Brick's daughters, Caroline, Sally and Josephine.

THE MORNING STROLL.

That man must have been a genius in nomenclature.

The special claim that Lakewood makes upon the attention of Mr. Cleveland and others is its mild winter climate.

"This year the mercury went down to eleven degrees below zero," said Capt. Bradshaw, the veteran of the place, to me as we were discussing that point.

"Wasn't it cold?" I asked.

"Oh, dear, no," replied the captain, enthusiastically. "You see the air here is so dry and bracing that—"

That's just the way real estate men talk in Jerusalem and everywhere else. However, the captain is right. Lakewood, with its virgin forest drives, is a beautiful place, and when the Clevelands leave for Washington they will probably feel some regret.

Is the white house to be the scene of—that is to say, will Baby Ruth have—or, rather, is it thought that there is likely to be—?

I don't know. But that's what they say here. OWEN LANGDON.

## CROWNED ROYALTY.

QUEEN VICTORIA has never vetoed a bill. In theory she has the right to do so, but the exercise of that right would be likely to be considered revolutionary.

THE queen of the Sandwich Islands has something of a name herself, but it is short and sweet in comparison with that of her daughter, Princess Victoria Kawekiu Kaiulani Lunalilo Kalaninuiahilapalapa.

THE king of Greece has a salary of three hundred thousand dollars and finds it all little enough when he has to foot the bills of a stud of two hundred horses and to pay the expenses of his royal position.

THE king of Sweden was lately an unexpected guest at the sailors' home in Stockholm. While partaking of the humble fare, he exclaimed: "Why, look here—here's jolly good cabbage soup. I never get such soup as this at my table." The king interviewed the cook, who was forthwith engaged to exercise his culinary skill in his majesty's household.

## FOR RECRUIT OR VETERAN.

GEN. WINFIELD HANCOCK was known as "Hancock the Superb," a name given him by Gen. Meade after the magnificent manner in which he repulsed Long street at Gettysburg.

THE long-distance marching competitions by volunteer soldiers in England are discountenanced by the commander in chief in a recent order. He thinks they result in no practical good, and may cause individual harm through undue stress of effort.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Vollks Zeitung states that whenever the family of the czar review their troops at Czarko Selo the Hebrew troops are confined to their barracks, under the pretext that "it might hurt the tender feelings of the czarina to see the enemies of Christ."

THERE has been a great yearly diminution during the last ten years in the number of soldiers in military or civil prisons in England and Wales. In 1884 there were 1,117 soldiers in English prisons, in 1891 there were 433, and on the 31st of last December there were but 44.

A NEW Japanese protected cruiser, the Yoshino, built to be the fastest cruiser afloat, was launched from the Elswick shipyard of Armstrong, Mitchell & Co. a few days since. She is 860 feet long, of 46¾ feet breadth and 4,150 tons displacement. She is expected to develop a speed, under forced draught, of twenty-five knots.

## FUNNY FANCIES.

WATSON—"Harvey is full of good traits. What do you like best about him?" Clara—"Well—er—oh, his money is good enough for me."

IT is now that the street front limits of property may be told nearly to the width of a hair. Just observe how the snow is shoveled.—Oil City Derrick.

WHERE SHE HESITATES.—Suffragist—"I tell you, woman has got to the point where she succeeds at everything she undertakes." Sufferer—"No, she doesn't; she is a rank failure as an oldest inhabitant."—Truth.

ALFRED (rapturously)—"Now, darling, please name the happy day." Minnie (blushingly)—"Three weeks from next Thursday, Alfred." Norah (through the keyhole)—"If you please, miss, that's my reg'lar day out. You'll have to git married in the early part of the week."—Tid-Bits.

FEMININE ECONOMY.—Mrs. Bargain—"Henry, I saved a clean twenty-five dollars to-day. I bought a winter coat for twenty-five dollars, which had been reduced from fifty." Bargain—"But, my dear, the season is over for winter coats, and the moths will eat it up before next winter." Mrs. Bargain—"Ah, I was too sharp for that! I added five to the twenty-five I saved, and bought a cedar chest to keep it in!"—Puck.

#### As the Clock Struck Eleven.

Mr. Staylate—Really, Miss Travers, I'm very much put out at your treatment of me.

Miss Travers—Put out? You don't seem to be.—Chicago News Record.

#### Worked in the Dark.

Small Boy—Mamma says you are a self-made man.

Mr. Pompons (proudly)—Yes, my son.

Small Boy—You didn't have any lookin' glass, did you?—Good News.

**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 | $609,032.59 |
| 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.

B. LOMBARD, Jr. President. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President. L. D. SKINNER, Cashier. W. H. LIVINGSTON, 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. M. Allen, P. V. Healy B. Lombard, Jr. Pete Getto, L. D. Skinner, Amos L. Lombard.

**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 Mosley ave between Douglas ave. and First st. Branch yards at Union City, Oklahoma City, El Reno and Minco, Oklahoma Territory.