Wichita Eagle

THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

People Like a Governor Who Says "D—n."

Wee Willie Wilde's Wife—Michael Davitt—A New Woman's Club—Mrs. Whitney—Clarkson's Future—New York Extravagance—The Copyright Law.

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NEW YORK'S governor, Roswell P. Flower, is a bigger man to-day than Senator Hill.

Ever since Mr. Flower uttered that famous remark: "I don't care a damn for votes," the people of the state have been proud of him. You remember that Andy Jackson won his way to American hearts when he swore "By the Eternal."

It is the first damn that tells, though. Other governors have tried it since, and have been sternly reproved for infringement of Flower's patent. But when Flower himself sent the troops to Buffalo, and when he vetoed the Brooklyn whitewash bill, folks nodded their heads and said: "Aha! That's the governor who said 'damn!'" People who don't swear themselves like to have swearing done for them, like the pious general whose teamsters drove mules.

Did you ever see Flower? A dumpy little chap five feet four high, and weighing two hundred or more. In face and figure he bears a pretty close resemblance to William Windom, who died of apoplexy. He is always ready to talk to anyone, gets mad quick and over it quick, looks like a plain country merchant and is a thorough democrat in habit of thought, as well as in party name.

Wee Willie Wilde's Wife.

Do you know Mrs. Frank Leslie? No woman in America outside the white house has been more talked about. It's begun again, all on account of her husband, Willful Willie Wilde, who won't work.

Mrs. Leslie's first husband was Squier, the Peruvian archæologist. Although their marriage was unhappy and ended in a divorce, Mrs. Leslie is still interested in Latin-American affairs and well informed about them.

Then came poor Leslie, who died. After a long period of genuine mourning and plucky hard work for his wife, that padded and painted curio, De Lenville, appeared on the high road to win the wealthy widow, until Wilde came and married her. He must be twenty years the younger of the two.

A curious combination of qualities is Mrs. Leslie. It is her passion to appear young, to startle the dowagers by wearing huge jewels and decollette dresses of extreme frankness. She is always the most conspicuous woman in the room, wearing yet considerable remains of a beauty which must once have been remarkable. A portrait painted thirty years ago is the biggest object in her sumptuous rooms. She seems resolved to forget that she has grown older than that fair face which looks down from the canvas upon the famous collection of human freaks at her receptions.

Yet Mrs. Leslie is a keen, shrewd business woman, capable of a vast amount of work, financially successful under discouraging circumstances. More than that, she is one of the kindest souls in Gotham, and many is the poor devil who knows it.

A big-hearted creature who had the misfortune to be born beautiful and had her whole life warped by the lamentable accident.

Float Extravagance.

There has not been a winter in my recollection when so much money was spent on flowers as this season.

The annual newspaper joke about strawberries at three dollars apiece is well enough. But how about one thousand dollars for flowers for a single luncheon? How about squandering the price of a college education for one poor boy or girl on gardenias, chrysanthemums, modest violets worth their weight in gold, and all the rest of the floral tribe forced out of season for a single entertainment?

There has never been a time or place where living was more shamefully luxurious and wealth was more the key to good society than in New York to-day. Laugh as we may at Boston—and New Yorkers do laugh at Boston—they manage things better there. Wealth doesn't need to assert itself by ostentation, and intellect and poverty don't shame each other.

Michael Davitt.

I haven't seen Michael Davitt since 1890, when I visited his beautiful country home at Ballybrack, near Killiney Hill, and later talked of Irish affairs in his little office on the Strand, where he was then about to bring out the ill-fated Labour World. What he said, looked back upon now, shows how events have galloped withal.

He said that New Tipperary, then building, would be a failure. The prophecy is already fulfilled at immense cost, and heedless tenants have gone back to the old town and to Smith-Barry's rent roll.

He said Parnell had assured the Irish members on his honor that the Sligo charges were unfounded; that Parnell's coquetting with Balfour's land bill was a mistake. Now Parnell is dead, the scandal split the Irish party and Balfour and his bills are in the soup together.

What changes two years and a half have seen!

Poor Davitt has had a troubled and adventurous career. He has been in prison for his nationalism, he is one-armed and badly broken up by the grip, he has been expelled from parliament twice, once because he was a "convict" and once because undue influence was ascribed to the priests in his election. His case is like Bradlaugh's. The British members seem determined not to allow him to sit if they can avoid it. He's a capital fellow, but naturally embittered by his experiences, and I suppose his personal popularity is all the greater in Ireland for it.

Now Davitt is in parliament again. I wonder how long he'll be able to stay?

A New Woman's Club.

The Professional Woman's league "gives away" its purpose in its name. Three chances to one it's a failure. New York societies founded on professional lines are apt to be. The city's too big and—to tell the honest truth—too heartless and reckless to make the atmosphere healthy for mere professional clubs.

You can't whip a New Yorker ten yards by brandishing a "social duty" over his head, but let him get in with a lot of fellows he really likes and he'll go as far as the next man. Same with the women, curiously enough. Associations for improving this, that and the other flourish better in the suburbs and in Boston. Here they go in for a good time.

The new league isn't just a club either. Perhaps it may go. It has a very remarkable woman for president, Mrs. A. M. Palmer, wife of the ministerial looking manager; very fair, somewhat fat and nearly forty, a rarely charming woman in every way and the mistress of a beautiful home where folks like to go.

I imagine Mrs. Palmer would like to start an anti-quarantine league, too—she was on the Normannia—but it wouldn't go in New York.

New York wants a big, high, thick quarantine, "horse high, bull strong and pig tight," as they say down in Kentucky.

A Question of Leadership.

Who will be the social leader in Washington during the new administration, now that Mrs. Whitney is dead? You'd think by the way it is discussed in New York that this is a question of importance. Perhaps it is.

Poor Mrs. Whitney had aged terribly in her later years. She would hardly, even if her untimely death had not occurred, have been much in evidence in Washington society, but would have preferred the quiet of her own home for the most part.

The place simply won't be filled. Wealth alone won't do it and social tact alone won't do it, but there must be a generous combination of the two. Nobody yet in view has this combination. Mrs. Carlisle is an extremely able woman, more of a stickler for her right of line than was Mrs. Whitney, but Mr. Carlisle can't buy champagne by the hogshead without getting a rheumatic twinge in his modestly filled purse. Who else is there?

And why in the name of common sense can't Washington society get along without a leader?

What was best about Mrs. Whitney was neither her wealth nor her beauty, but her Americanism. She put her foot down on Anglomania and set New York women, at least, studying American history and athletics. Great scheme.

Clarkson on Journalism.

If James S. Clarkson sees a good chance to get into the newspaper business again he is going to grab it quick. It will not be in Des Moines either.

Clarkson is an editor rather of the old school—one to whom politics subtends a tremendous arc in the journalistic circle. Yet he is of the new school, too. He was probably the first editor in America to start a "woman's page" in his Sunday issue. The best lecture on journalism I ever heard in my life was delivered by him to an audience of two in the National League rooms, up on Fifth avenue. He is an earnest believer in the educative value of the press, wants it to abolish the frying pan by teaching the art of cookery and other huge undertakings of that kind. Some of these things the press is doing, but it's slow work.

Don't take this energetic kicker from Iowa to be a politician of the ward heeler pattern. The comic papers have given that idea of him, but it's a mistake. He is a cultured gentleman of quiet manners who has traveled and seen much from under the shelter of his bushy eyebrows. Of course he is a bitter partisan, and that's old-fashioned now, but old fashions have a way of turning up again sometimes. If this one does Clarkson will cut a pretty big figure in his party.

The Copyright Law.

The unsatisfactory state of affairs with regard to the new copyright law is instanced by the fight over "Cosmopolis."

"Cosmopolis" is Paul Bouget's work, originally written in French, and translation rights were claimed in this country by Tait, Sons & Co., of New York, and Charles H. Sergel & Co., of Chicago. I haven't a doubt both firms were honest in belief that they owned the work.

Even before the new law was passed English authors who were shrewd got copyright here by getting an American to write a few words in their books. Thus Seth Low wrote a chapter for Brice's "American Commonwealth," and the elevator boy in a hotel wrote six or seven words for one of Stevenson's stories.

At present English books are to some extent printed in this country for the English market. This ruins our spelling. Stale magazine articles are copyrighted by certain newspaper syndicates which try to peddle out reprints at the price of original matter. Old familiar music is copyrighted by merely changing a note or two in the score. Certain publications are copyrighted partly printed in this country and partly in England.

Was this what congress intended?

Gotham Generalities.

A man followed me into a big jeweler's shop the other day and laid down a splendid gold watch. "Five seconds out of the way," said the clerk, glancing at its face. "Yes," said the owner, "it runs a second a month fast. I haven't opened it for two years. Never think of looking at the works. Suppose you'd better clean it." Pretty good watch, that. Good treatment something to do with it.

It is still predicted that the Vaudeville club will go to the dogs. Small loss.

The hoop skirt is here, but it is sporadic. It may not spread—no pun intended. What is here is the real crinoline; stiffened skirts standing out, umbrella fashion.

Dressy overcoats have been growing longer for two years. Have they touched bottom?

The departure of the Clevelands will be a blow to the Lakewood season. But it is said that Mrs. Cleveland—ah, that is lots, you know, that she will remain at Lakewood for the present.

It only costs about $150 to send a pair of horses from New York or New Orleans to Chicago by express in padded stalls. You'll see famed turnouts from other cities on Michigan avenue next summer.

DAVID WECHSLER.

BENEFITS OF YAWNING.

According to Dr. Naegeli It Is One of Nature's Own Remedies.

It is always pleasant to know that what one feels inclined to do is absolutely proper and correct. Therefore we are glad to learn the following, which is the opinion of an eminent German doctor, translated for Public Opinion.

According to current ideas, yawning in good society is an improper sign of weariness; according to the teachings of physiology, it is a long drawn, forcible inspiration followed by a shorter respiration; according to Dr. Naegeli it is one of nature's many remedies, the proper application of which depends upon good judgment. In yawning, not only the muscles which move the lower jaws are used, but also the breathing muscles of the chest, and he who yawns to his heart's content also raises and extends the arms. In the deepest inspiration the chest remains expanded for a short time, the eyes are almost or entirely closed, the ears somewhat raised, the nostrils dilated. Inside the mouth, the tongue becomes round and arched, the palate stiffly stretched, and the uvula is raised, almost entirely closing the space between the nose and throat. At the beginning of the inspiration a crackling noise is heard in the ears, a proof that the duct leading to the hearing also succumbs to this stretching.

If the yawning has reached the deepest point, it will require from one to one and a half seconds for it to become noticeable to the hearing. In order to observe this, let one place himself at a sufficient distance from a clock, so that its ticking will not be easily heard, and yawn deeply. During this deep breathing the sound of the clock is not perceptible to the most careful listening. All this simply goes to show that yawning sets a number of muscles to work, and particularly those which are not directly subject to the will.

Although one yawning does not present a very agreeable appearance, it is very agreeable to himself, for the stretching of the muscles causes a feeling of comfort, it acts like a massage, and is the most natural gymnastics of the lungs imaginable.

Privilege of Genius.

Little Benny—Are you going in the drawing-room?

Herr Knitshez (with wild, untamable, artistic hair)—Yaas, I was goin' der piano to blay, mein leedle vrent.

Benny—I'd get sent to bed if I went in there with my hair looking like that.—Boston Globe.

Cheap Music.

Fair Customer—Have you a piece called the "Moonlight Sonata?"

Clerk—Yes, madam: Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." Here it is.

"What is the price?"

"Only twenty cents."

"Oh, that's too cheap. Show me something better."—N. Y. Weekly.

Can Women Be Sarcastic?

"Women seldom indulge in sarcasm."

"You think they do not?"

"As a rule they are too kindly hearted to be sarcastic."

"H'm! Did you ever hear one of them say from the top of the stairs: 'This is a nice time to come home!'"—N. Y. Press.

A Dangerous Innovation.

Lawyer (aghast)—Who washed the windows?

New Office Boy—I did.

Lawyer (sternly)—Go throw some dirt and water on them immediately. Do you want to ruin our reputation?—Truth.

The Only Kind.

Practical Father—I told you to oil the casters of that table so they would not squeak, but you have not done it.

Dutiful Son—I couldn't find the castor-oil.—Good News.

A Simple Formula.

The Debutante—How can I be successful in society?

The Belle—Do as I do. Keep smiling all the time.—Chicago News Record.

A Martyr.

Ethel—I am a perfect martyr to ennui.

Paul Knight—Isn't there something I can do?

Ethel—No-o; I don't want to hurry you.—Puck.

Uncivilized Mexicans.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, who recently visited the City of Mexico, states that several Indian tribes in the land of our next neighbors have lost their ancient religion without having adopted that of their Christian conquerors. "The average citizen of the United States," he says, "is certainly unconscious of the fact that so vast an extent of uncivilized territory lies so close to his native land. Outside of the cities, which can certainly not be said to be numerous in Mexico, the civilization of the natives is quite inferior to that of China and Japan. By far the great majority of the aborigines are unchristianized as well as uncivilized."

ARE ALWAYS THERE.

Men Who Are Fixtures in the White House.

Presidents May Come and Presidents May Go, But They Hold on Undisturbed by Partisan Greed—Men Who Cherish Lincoln's Memory Tenderly.

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While in Washington all visitors go to see the white house. To the white house, as an enviable abode, presidents continually do come. From it, in due course of time, they inevitably must go, but in spite of the incomings and outgoings in that corner of the mansion devoted to executive business the wheels of official work roll on forever. That they may turn with freedom and smoothness a clerical force has been organized on the basis of business ability rather than political preferment.

COL. O. L. PRUDEN.

Some of its members have been "in harness" a score of years or more. Their ripe experience and perfect familiarity with the office routine are invaluable in the conduct of business which must proceed without regard to changing administrations.

Col. O. L. Pruden, the assistant secretary of the executive mansion, has been on duty within those time-honored walls twenty-one years. That certainly makes him old enough to vote, but if he voted at the last election nobody but himself knows on which side his ballot counted.

Col. Pruden came to Washington in the early days of the civil war with the boys in blue. His regiment, the Eleventh New Jersey volunteers, went into camp in Alexandria. His exceptional skill with his pen made his services of such value to the adjutant that he was soon withdrawn from the ranks and assigned to clerical duty.

His reports, rivaling steel engravings in artistic finish, attracted attention at headquarters, with the result that he was later transferred to a wider field of duty. When his regiment received marching orders he was not permitted to rejoin it, but was retained where his pen might be mighty, service in directing others' swords.

Eventually he was installed at a desk in the war department, and from there was ordered on special duty to the white house. In 1872, during Gen. Grant's administration, he was regularly appointed on the official staff, and there he has remained from administration to administration until the present day.

To Col. Pruden is intrusted the duty of putting down in writing the history of every official transaction in the white

COL. W. H. CROOK.

house. Every nomination made by the president, from a cabinet minister to a postmaster in a country cross road, with its subsequent fate in the senate, is recorded by him. All communications between the executive mansion and the executive departments are entered on his books. Copies of the president's messages, annual and incidental, are made by him, and are personally delivered to the president of the senate and the speaker of the house of representatives.

The clerical work connected with the social functions also falls to the care of the assistant secretary, and his long acquaintance with the official and social world of Washington, together with his tactful knowledge of the precedence due to rank and station, renders him a valuable assistant in the matter of selecting and placing the guests on the occasions of the various state ceremonies.

Col. William H. Crook has a record of twenty-eight years in the white house. It is almost unique in the history of the mansion. His rare fund of personal reminiscences would make a volume of absorbing as well as historic interest, while his collection of souvenirs is of priceless value. One relic, which is worth its weight in gold, is a card on which is written:

My man Crook has been drafted. I cannot spare him. P. M. G., please fix.
March 2, 1865. A. LINCOLN.

That tells the story of his early days in the white house. He was a soldier in a Maryland regiment when he was detailed in November, 1864, to act as special body guard to President Lincoln. That he was not alone faithful in the performance of his duty, but that he found especial favor in the eyes of his beloved chief is attested by the cherished bit of writing.

It was his privilege to accompany Mr. Lincoln on the memorable journeys to City Point and Petersburg just before the fall of Richmond, and later, on the trip to Richmond made in Admiral Porter's barge. Col. Crook was one of the party, and he kept especial guard over the president on the march from the landing at Rocketts to the center of the captured city.

His daily intercourse with Mr. Lincoln naturally gave him an intimate knowledge of his character, and there is probably no man living to-day who can testify from personal experience to so many deeds of kindness and thoughtful consideration on the part of the martyr president as can "his man Crook."

Eight presidents have taken the oath of office during Col. Crook's term of service, two of whom have met a cruel death by assassination; two have held the high office by succession, one served eight years, one was the first to represent his party in a period of twenty-four years and the last will yield his place to his predecessor.

An army of office-seekers have crossed the threshold of the executive mansion since Col. Crook first entered, and he has vivid recollections of times when he has had to elbow his way through a dense crowd to reach his office desk. If civil service has brought no business elsewhere it certainly has to the white house.

Col. Crook has served in almost every capacity from doorkeeper up to his present position, which is that of disbursing clerk. He also has charge of the pay roll. His long experience in household as well as official matters has been invaluable to many a "first lady" in solving perplexities that often confront a newcomer.

Mr. Benjamin F. Montgomery is one of the executive clerks. Though the youngest man of the official staff he is the third in rank by seniority. He has served five presidents.

Mr. Montgomery was born in Petersburg, Va., about thirty-three years ago. He was educated at the Keiley academy, and is also a graduate of the high school. Like many ambitious young men he entered the United States weather bureau soon after its organization. In March, 1877, by order of the late Gen. Myer, then chief signal officer of the United States army, he was selected for duty at the white house, and thus became a member of President Hayes' clerical force. He merited the appro-

B. F. MONTGOMERY.

bation of Presidents Hayes, Garfield and Arthur, was kindly treated by President Cleveland, and President Harrison has marked his appreciation of his faithfulness by promoting him.

Having a knowledge of telegraphy, Mr. Montgomery opened the first telegraph office established in the executive mansion. He is familiar with phonography and typewriting, and can thereby make himself useful in other ways than those of mere routine clerical work.

At present he is in charge of the telegraph and newspaper department of the executive office, and assists in conducting the official correspondence under the supervision of the private secretary.

Mr. Warren S. Young, whose present position is written executive clerk, was transferred from the treasury department to the clerical force at the white house at the instance of President Garfield, whose personal friendship for him antedated his appointment by many years.

Mr. Young is a native of Ohio, and his family represent the early settlers. His father emigrated in 1817 from Massachusetts to what was then denominated the "far west." Six days were consumed in the journey, which was accomplished with many perils in a wagon and over roads that were sadly in need of "improvements."

After the assassination of President Garfield, when it was deemed advisable to remove him to Elberon, Mr. Young, by special request of the family, accompanied them and shared the anxious vigils until the end came.

From his lips came the first announcement to the outside world of the death

WARREN S. YOUNG.

of the president, and he remained by the side of his chief until he was laid to rest in their native state.

There may be no royal road to the white house, but there certainly has been in times past a martial path, and by it came Charles D. A. Loeffler during Gen. Grant's administration in 1872.

Mr. Loeffler was born in Stuttgart, but in his youth found America more to his liking than the Fatherland. Soon after his arrival in the country of his adoption he enlisted in the army and was assigned to the regiment then known as the Second cavalry.

He has seen service at all of the frontier posts, starting along the Rio Grande, covering the Indian territory, where buffaloes disputed with red men the possession of the soil, and passing

CHARLES D. A. LOEFFLER.

along well to the northwestern borders.

Mr. Loeffler faced Indians first when Custer was still a cadet at West Point. He saluted as commanding officer Col. Robert E. Lee, who was then associated in duty with Maj. Thomas. When the war brought his regiment to the east he served as bearer of dispatches to many generals whose names are enrolled on the banners of fame, acted as messenger for Secretary of War Stanton and fairly fought his way to the white house, where for twenty years his duties have been of a comparatively peaceful nature.

All visitors to the president must present their cards to him, and belligerent office-seekers are likely to find in him a valorous and indomitable defender of his chief. To such as are of peaceful mind and courteous manner he is as gentle as brave soldiers proverbially are.

Thomas F. Pendel, usher at the white house, has marked the 3d day of November, 1864, as the red letter day of his life. He was then serving on the Metropolitan police force and was detailed,

THOMAS F. PENDEL.

with three of his comrades, for special duty at the executive mansion. In the evening President Lincoln came to the vestibule and asked: "Which of you men wants to go with me to the war department?"

"I would like to go, Mr. President," said Thomas Pendel, and he went, and thereafter made many such excursions in the same distinguished company, chatting en route as with an old friend. He cherishes most tenderly the paper signed by Mr. Lincoln, which regularly appointed him, December 31, 1864, to the position which he holds to-day.

Mr. Pendel is nearing seventy years of age. His love for Abraham Lincoln has been the joy of his life and is the comfort of his old age. "My hand it was that held his the last when he left the white house on that fatal 14th of April. I went to the carriage with him and he said to me: 'Good night, Pendel.' I was still at the door when they came with the news that the president had been shot and I ran upstairs at once and told Capt. Robert, his son."

Then he tells how little "Tad," the president's youngest son, came running to him, and, throwing his arms around him, cried: "Tom Pendel, they have

WILLIAM DU BOIS.

killed papa-da," which was his pet name for father. He took him in his arms, carried him to his room, and undressing him placed him in bed, and remained by his side until he fell asleep from the exhaustion of weeping. Many more sad stories does he tell of those grievous times, and then he shows his souvenirs—a photograph of a beardless youth, which is inscribed "To Thomas F. Pendel, with kind regards of Robert T. Lincoln;" a photograph of Abraham Lincoln and "Tad" and one of Mrs. Lincoln; a letter to "His Excellency, Andrew Johnson, president," which says: "You will confer a personal favor upon me by retaining as principal doorkeeper Thomas F. Pendel. He has been a sober, honest, faithful and obliging servant."

It is signed: "Yours respectfully, Mary Lincoln."

A letter of similar import from Robert T. Lincoln is also among his treasures, and a bit of the coat which was worn by the president when he was shot. These relics are as dear to him as a babe to its mother, and the pathos of his story is enhanced by the tenderness with which he handles them.

William Du Bois was detailed from the Metropolitan police force for duty at the executive mansion in 1880, during the administration of President Hayes, and very soon thereafter was permanently installed as usher, a position that he has held for twelve years. He has become very familiar with the ways and devices of white house visitors, and can judge with a fair degree of accurateness the nature of their demands before he admits them. Office-seekers are readily distinguished from sightseers by his practised eye, but he is courteous to all.

These are the veterans of the white house phalanx who "speed the parting and welcome the coming" presidents. With one accord their speed to the parting this year is a hearty "God speed;" their welcome, a cordial "Hail to the Chief."

HARRIET HENRY.

Out of Sight.

"I didn't see you at the masquerade ball, Jimpson."

"No: I went as a ghost."—Harper's Bazar.

FROM THE PAST.

Mrs. St. Clue (visiting her son at Harvard)—Who is that coarse, horrible-looking female over your mantel?

Mr. St. Clue, Jr.—Oh, that's a little thing Grandma Niles sent me. I believe she said it was you when you were a little girl.—Judge.

Sufficient Grounds.

Fair Client—I want to get a divorce from my husband.

Chicago Attorney—On what grounds?

Fair Client—Well, we were married—

Chicago Attorney—That's all that is necessary. I'll send you the decree C. O. D.—Puck.

LONDON'S COAL CONSUMPTION.

With Less Waste Chili and Peru Would Not Have to Be Ransacked.

Some 13,000,000 tons of coal are burned in London yearly. About 4,000,000 are utilized by the gas manufacturing companies; 9,000,000 are burned in household and industrial fire grates, says the National Review. Each ton contains sufficient ammonia to produce, if treated with sulphuric acid, twenty-two to twenty-eight pounds of sulphate of ammonia. The total loss of this fertilizing agent is, therefore, say 9,990 tons. As the price of sulphate of ammonia is 9 pounds and 10 shillings per ton, the monetary loss is 94,905 pounds every year. If we were less wasteful we should not be so much obliged to ransack Chili and Peru for artificial manures. It is agreeable to learn that the nitrogenous matter in the 4,000,000 tons of coal which are used every year by the gas manufacturing companies is now being made a considerable source of revenue. The value of sulphate of ammonia as a fertilizer is now beyond dispute. Where nitrogen has been deficient in the soil the application of 450 pounds of sulphate of ammonia to each acre gave an increase of nearly four tons of potatoes. Sulphate of ammonia, although not quite so active a fertilizer as nitrate, is held in the soil with greater tenacity. It contains 24 per cent. of ammonia, which is equal to 20 per cent. of nitrogen. Then there are the tarry hydrocarbon compounds, from which (thanks to the discovery of Kirkham and Perkins) beautiful aniline dyes can be extracted. The tar has been a source of such revenue to the gas companies that it may be seriously stated that every year there is more coloring matter sent into the atmosphere of London than would dye all the fabrics woven by English looms within the same time. If we take the waste of the hydrocarbons to equal 20 per cent. of the fuel burned, we shall find that in the 9,000,000 tons of coal burned in the metropolis 1,800,000 tons of hydrocarbons are lost. In other words, some 16,000,000 cubic feet of rich hydrocarbons are every year uselessly thrown into the air of London, and the loss is 400,000 pounds.

Men Couldn't Do It.

"You may talk all you like about women being the weaker sex," said Mrs. Snipps, "but the women of this country did something last year that men could never do."

"And that was—?" inquired Mr. Snipps.

"Lost 60,000,000 hairpins and wore the wings of 3,000,000 birds on their hats."—N. Y. Tribune.

A Painful Operation.

Strawber—What's the matter, old man? You look shaky.

Singerly—I am. I just had an interview with my dentist.

Strawber—What did he do—extract a tooth?

Singerly—Worse than that. He extracted twenty dollars.—Life.

Indicative of Infinite Trouble.

"Woman is a creature of moods," said young Spooner as he toyed with a note he had just received from the girl to whom he was engaged.

"You are right," replied Peck; "and after you are married you'll find that it is usually the imperative mood."—Boston Globe.

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. L. D. SKINNER, Cashier. J. P. ALLEN, Vice President. W. H. LIVINGSTON, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank.

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL, $100,000
SURPLUS, 100,000

DIRECTORS:

John E. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. V. Healy H. 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.