Wichita Eagle

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

THE 'ALLEY SYSTEM.

It Has Reached a High Degree of Development in the City of Denver.

The alley as it obtains in most cities is a nuisance, but the alleys in Denver, Col., are not only a convenience, but add much to the business capacity of that bustling town. There is one of these narrow passageways in the middle of nearly every block in the business section of the city. They run through from one street to the next, and are as well paved and looked after as the main streets themselves. For the man in a hurry, who wishes to make a short cut, their convenience is apparent at a glance; while to the firm with a large shipping department their value can not be over-estimated, for goods can be received and delivered in any quantity without blocking up the front of the store. The benefit of this system is readily seen when a comparison is made with the large cities throughout the country, where only the business houses occupying corners can utilize the side streets for shipping purposes. Then, again, these alleys answer another purpose which must not be lost sight of. There are many firms engaged in light manufacturing which require a central location and yet have no use for a store with large show windows. This is especially true of the jewelry trade which depends entirely on custom orders and does no transient retail business. The increased rentals derived from having a double row of buildings facing a thoroughfare in the middle of the block more than makes up for the space lost on account of the alley. If there is one disadvantage about these alleys it is the danger run by pedestrians. This is due to the reckless driving seen everywhere in the west. It is nothing strange to see a wagon with a led horse on each side come tearing through these alleys, and as the passage is rather narrow the pedestrian is lucky who finds himself near a doorway. Heretofore these alleys have been paved with asphalt or macadam, but the use of brick is now being considered. The first brick one has just been finished. It is claimed to be better than asphalt and cheaper than macadam. If it proves so, brick will probably be used entirely in the future.—Mechanical Journal.

BILL BOWEN.

He Was a Man Hard to Beat in His Own Ranch.

"Wall, I'll be gol darned. Here I am agin, boys, back to the old ranch, skinned as clean as a whistle, a-lookin' for some tenderfoot. Thar ain't no use, fellers, quittin' the camp and goin' round to them big towns a-gunnin' for suckers. Tain't like it used to be way back in the sixties, when the boys mosied fifty miles afoot to get to town so as to beat the game.

"Ye cain't do it, boys. I've been a-playing faro, poker and seven up now for thirty year, an' I ain't yet come across the man I couldn't give two pair and beat him at his own game. But, say, this ranch ain't a marker to them big brown stone houses in New York whar they sort o' start the thing a-going by a feed that's fit for a king.

"Thar ain't no pictures of actin' gals on the walls, an' if a feller popped his gun I guess he'd have to quit the game. Thar warn't a gun to be seen in the hull place, and them fellers that come in thar looked more like preachers than dead game sports. I kind o' lost my balance, but says I to myself, tain't no time now to flunk or be bluffed. So I joins in the game. Well, say, afore you puts your money down she's gone, and no one says a word. Afor'n ten minutes I hain't got a cussed cent. Ye cain't beat 'em boys, and I'll bet a dozen blue chips to a chaw er terbaccy if Big Bill Bowen, of Hell's Gap, can't beat the game thar ain't no one wot kin.

"Them fellers wot come out here from New York and Baws'n a-lookin' for big stakes must be pretty dol darned slow, for I ain't met one of 'em yet wot could beat Bill Bowen in his own ranch."—St. Louis Republic.

Some Other Man.

"Hello, Joe!" cried a youth on Broadway the other day, as he slapped a gentleman vigorously between the shoulders.

"Oh! I beg a thousand pardons," he continued, as in response to the blow the other turned his head and revealed a unfamiliar face.

"Took you for another man, you know," headded, by way of an apology.

"And so I am another man," replied the stranger laconically, as with a shrug of the shoulders he struck across the street, leaving the young man to wonder how he should have framed a more effectual apology.—N. Y. Herald.

His Preference.

"Won't you sit down in this chair, Willie?" said the kind lady who lived next door to the little fellow who had come to pay her a call.

"If it's all the same to you, ma'am," said the little visitor, a shadow of pain creeping over his innocent young face: "I'd prefer to sit in a chair with a soft cushion. I hid pa's collarbutton yesterday morning and he found it out."—Judge.

A Freak.

Bessie—He was very impudent. He put his arm around me twice.

Jessie—Humph! He must have had a very long arm.—Puck.

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THE LEWIS BANJO.
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BOSTON, MASS.

GRANDFATHER.

Grandfather sits in his large easy chair,
Where the sun kisses his thin whitened hair;
In the warm sunlight he rocks to and fro,
Thinking of days in the long, long ago,
The days of his youth when he was a boy,
Full of youth's pleasures, a fond mother's joy;
Now as he sits rocking there to and fro—
He's living again in that long, long ago.

In all of those years now nearly four score,
With all of the scenes his mind hath in store,
There is none so vivid in memories glow
As those of his youth in that long, long ago;
The face of each playmate as fair and as bright
As the red sunset glow on a yesterday night;
The form and the voice, each face and each name,
In his memory's eye are ever the same.

As he rocks to and fro he's living once more
The pleasures his memory holdeth in store,
He feels not the weight of his four score years,
His eye is not dimmed by the mist of tears;
There's rather a smile in his fading eyes,
As thoughts of his youth in his mind arise;
The deep wrinkled face grows brighter and fair,
As thoughts leave their sweetest expression there.

Rock grandfather, rock and live over again,
Those days of your youth that bring you no pain;
The years of your toil, their troubles and care,
In memory find no resting place there.
How dear to the aged those scenes of their youth,
They live, ever live, immortal as truth;
Fresh in the mind as the sunlight's bright ray,
Give blessings to age, by night and by day.

—J. L. Anderson, in Inter Ocean.

FICTION, even in its most fanciful phases, is discomfited by truth as it is told in a studio. Laura Jean Libby and Bow Bells collaborating in sentimental mendacity could not concoct a more remarkable story than that which recently reached its denouement beside the easel of Walter Satterlee. This well-known painter is a cousin of the rector and a pillar of Calvary church. Therefore his testimony may be accepted without the hesitation that might attend similar evidence from a lay and unregenerate painter. Mr Satterlee told the story simply and without any idea that it would ever get into print at a meeting of a number of N. A's.

By this veracious narrative it appears that some months ago an old English woman knocked at his studio door and inquired if he would employ her as a model. Accidentally enough, it happened that at that time Mr. Satterlee was engaged in the composition of a picture for the chief figure of which the old lady was admirably suited. He immediately engaged her services. For several weeks she came to the studio every other day until the canvas was finished. During this period Walter Satterlee, who is one of the most affable of artists, entered into frequent conversation with his aged model and learned something of her curious history. She had never posed as a model before, she said, but she was penniless in a strange country, and had to do something for a living.

"You must have been a handsome girl," remarked the painter, politely.

"Indeed, I have never seen a finer color or more clearly cut features in a person of your age."

"I was very beautiful," replied the old lady, ingenuously. "When I was seventeen they said that Devonshire had no prettier girl than I was. It would have been better for me if I had not been so lovely. Then I might have married an honest man in my own station and been the happy mother of a farmer's children. But I was fairer than all other girls in the country, and that fatal gift of beauty attracted the attention of Lord ——, younger brother of the duke of ——. We loved each other faithful and true. He was an honorable young gentleman and meant no harm to me. We plighted our troth and he gave me a ring and promised to marry me. But his proud relatives frowned on the match, and the duke's steward came to me one day and said that the marriage could never take place. I cried a good deal, but the steward said that he would make it worth my while to leave England. So he gave me one thousand pounds sterling and a ticket for Canada. On the ship I met a gentleman who loved me, and on reaching Quebec we got married." At this point the old lady began to weep.

HIS GUESTS IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Satterlee, sympathetically, "this is a very remarkable history even for a model. Was he a villain?"

"Indeed, no," continued she. "He was a noble gentleman. But he had no business, and only invented things that were of no use to anybody. He couldn't sell them, and after spending all my thousand pounds we became very poor. One day my noble husband got desperate, and said he was going out to get some work, if he had to be a policeman. That's nigh on five and thirty years ago, and I have never seen him since. I heard afterward that he couldn't get any work and had shipped as a sailor. I suppose he was drowned.

For we loved each other so that if he had been alive he would have come back to me. Then, having no husband and no money, I went into service, until I grew too old, and one day somebody said that I had a face like a picture, so I came to pose as a model."

Although naturally solicitous for the welfare of mankind, Walter Satterlee could not employ the old lady after his picture was finished. He took her address, promised to recommend her to his artist friends, and here the interesting incident came temporarily to an end. But shortly afterward it was resumed in a manner which tempts the conclusion aforesaid, that truth can give points to fiction and discount it.

Mr. Satterlee sent his picture to a Western exhibition, and was gratified to learn that it was sold. Simultaneously with this agreeable news came a letter from the purchaser asking the artist if he had painted the central figure of the old lady from imagination. "Because," continued the writer, "the face had so strong an interest for me that I bought the picture on account of it. I dare not say what strange, impossible hopes it raises in my mind. But if you value the happiness of an old man write me honestly about this figure." Thus adjured, the artist hastened to state the facts to his customer. A few days later Mr. Satterlee received a telegram from Chicago from his correspondent entreating him urgently to have the old model in his studio at a certain hour on a certain day. The hour and the day came, bringing the old English woman to pose, as she believed, for another picture. Suddenly a soft tap was heard on the door, and on Mr. Satterlee going to it he was confronted by a fine old gentleman, who laid his finger on his lips, enjoining secrecy, and entered the studio with ill-concealed agitation. The next thing that astonished the artist was a scream from the aged model, a cry of joy from the old gentleman, and Mr. Satterlee, peeping through his draperies to discover the cause of this extraordinary commotion, found his two guests in each other's arms. At that moment the kindly and diplomatic painter discovered that he had immediate business with Carlton Wiggins in an adjoining studio. Returning half an hour later, he found the old couple still embracing each other. "God bless you, sir," said the old gentleman, huskily. "We owe it all to you. I heard she was dead thirty years ago. When I came back from that unfortunate voyage I couldn't find her anywhere, and I left Canada and went to Chicago. I have made a tidy bit of money, and, thanks to you, sir, I've got my dear wife again. Excuse me—but I can't help it," whereupon the fine old gentleman kissed the excellent old lady with a hearty smack again and again.

Mr. Satterlee suddenly remembered that he had omitted one important matter in his conference with Mr. Wiggins, and was about to leave the happy old folks once more alone. But they would not hear of such a thing. The old gentleman pinned his wife's ragged shawl over her bosom gallantly, and the strangely reunited couple went off to Chicago on the next train.

If Walter Satterlee will go to the world's fair next summer he will be the guest of honor in one of the finest houses in Chicago.—N. Y. Sun.

THE OLD VIOLIN MAKERS.

The Manner in Which the Wood Was Handled to Get Perfection.

The great violin makers all lived within the compass of one hundred and fifty years. They chose their wood from a few great timbers felled in the South Tyrol, and floated down in rafts, pine and maple, sycamore, pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing.

They learned to tell the dynasty of the pieces of wood by touching them; they weighed them, they struck them and listened to judge how fast or slow, or how resonantly they would vibrate in answer to strings. Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft, some of close fiber. Just the right beam was hard to find; when found it can be traced all through the violin of some great master, and after his death in those of his pupils.

The piece of wood was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Brescia and Cremonia sun. The house of Stradivarius, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven. The wood was there soaked through and through with sunshine. In this great heat the oils thinned and simmered slowly and penetrated far into the wood, until the varnish became a part of the wood itself.

The old violin makers used to save every bit of the wood, when they found what they liked, to mend and patch and inlay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins that they murmur and echo, and sing in answer to any sound.—Detroit Free Press.

—"Have you any more of those genuine antiques?" asked Mrs De Porque. "No'm," replied the dealer. "These strikes has kep' us away behind with our orders."—Washington Star.

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Importers and Jobbers of Notions, Furnishing Goods, Straw Hats, Etc.
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For full particulars write
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ROYAL COFFEE AND SPICE MILLS
The only Coffee Roasters and Spice Grinders in the state of Kansas. Carry a full line. Lowest prices. Teas, Coffee, Spices, Herbs, Baking Powders, Extracts, Cigars, Spray Yeast, Etc.
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WICHITA, - - - KAN.

Escaped in a Cloud of Mud.

One of the most perilous occupations, next to the manufacture of dynamite, is diving for pearls. The successful diver must be courageous, active and endowed with great presence of mind. A diver engaged in the pearl fisheries of the gulf of California tells the story of one of his experiences. He had filled a bag with oysters and was about to ascend when, looking up, he saw a big shark watching him. To rise to the surface would be fatal. The man moved quickly to the opposite side of a rock, stirred up a great cloud of mud, rose in the darkness and reached the side of the boat just in time to escape the jaws of the big man-eater. Had the diver hesitated an instant to conceal his movements in the only manner possible his life would have paid the penalty.—Harper's Young People.

WHALE FISHING.

The Former Cumbersome Method of Capturing the Sea Monsters.

The whale being well harnessed to the boat by means of the tow-line, which is fastened to the flesh-imbedded harpoon, it may either turn flukes and sound, or, bellowing at times like a bull—with a greater volume of voice, however—it may run, as it is termed, taking the boat in tow at a rate, it has been estimated, all the way from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, when it first starts off, but settling down to about eight or ten knots per hour, when it gets warmed up to its work. This is the old "Nantucket sleigh-ride." The whale having tired itself by running, the boat is hauled up by the line, and side by side the crew, with hair standing on end, and the affrighted whale, startled anew by the close proximity of so strange a load, rush through the surging and fast-receding waters. The officer "gets a set" with his hand-lance, and plunges about five or six feet of cold iron into the lungs of the victim, and perseveres without ceasing in the up and down motions, familiarly known as "churning," as the boat persistently clings to the whale, until the spout of the unfortunate cetacean is tinged with the crimson of his own life-blood. The muscles of the strong arms now relax upon the lance, the boat is laid off, and the dying whale swims round and round in an unbroken circle. This is the "flurry." Death is now merely a question of time. The blood ejected through the spiracles now becomes as thick as tar. It is not only a belief of whalemen, but it is usually the fact, that the whale, during its dying moments, so times its encircling path as to place its head to the sun. It now makes a heavy lurch, the sea is lashed into a maelstrom of bloody water, and the wonderous whale rolls heavily on its side, or partly on its back, with the fin projecting above the water. This is "finning out." A one-sided jury would say that the whale died of hemorrhage of the lungs. To use a paradoxical expression, some dead whales are not always dead. It may be in a comatose state, but averse to vivisection; and when the men again approach it, and cut holes through the lips to make the line fast, to tow it to the vessel, a demolished boat or loss of life and limbs may be the reward. Hence the more cautious whalemen "prick his eye," and if the whale does not flinch, it is supposed to be dead. Several boats take their position in line like a tandem team of horses; the tow-ropes are properly adjusted, and the men with merry boat-song begin the laborious and monotonous task of towing the whale to the vessel. A dead whale may be towed more easily head first, and it is also worthy of mention that a dead whale, when cast adrift will beat to windward, the natural motions of the flukes having a tendency to propel the body.—James Temple Brown, in Century.

A Difficult Variety to Obtain.

Barnes (laying aside a letter)—I'd like t' git this 'ere feller fer a hired man.

Mrs. Barnes—Why, Josh?

Barnes — 'Cause he signs himself: "Your obedient servant."—Puck.

Her Love Explained.

He—I you did not love me, why did you encourage me?

She—I? Encourage you?

He—For two seasons you have accepted every one of my invitations to the theater, etc.

She—That was not because I loved you; it was because I loved the theater.—N. Y. Weekly.

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MANHOOD RESTORED! "Nerve Seeds," the wonderful remedy is sent with a written guarantee to cure all nervous diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Lost Manhood, Nightly Emissions, Nervousness, Lassitude, all drains and loss of power of the Generative Organs in either sex caused by over exertion, youthful errors, or excessive use of tobacco, opium or stimulants which one finds to infirmity, Consumption and Insanity. Put up convenient to carry in vest pocket. $1 per package by mail; 6 for $5. With every $5 order we give a written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address Nerve Seed Co., Chicago, Ill.
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W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.
A sewed shoe that will not rip; Calf, seamless, smooth inside, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Every style. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $4 to $5.
The following are of the same high standard of merit:
$4.00 and $3.00 Fine Calf, Hand-Sewed.
$3.50 Police, Farmers and Letter-Carriers.
$2.50, $2.25 and $2.00 for Working Men.
$2.00 and $1.75 for Youths and Boys.
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A Man of Worth.

"Why is Oldsoke strutting around so of late?"

"Well, since the rise in alcohol he figures that he has increased in value about fifteen per cent.

Curious.

In order to get in the swim one must first come out.—Truth.