

THE GOSSIP OF GOTHAM.

There are a few like him—What becomes of the Piano?—At the Academy—Spaniards in New York—City Degeneracy.

A HOTEL INCIDENT.

The Traveler Who Was Mistaken for a Dead Man.

"The most singular thing that ever happened to me at a hotel," said the traveling member of the club, according to the Detroit Free Press, "was this: I was stopping over night at a large hotel in Chicago, and retiring late I left word to be called in the morning. I intended getting up in time for a late breakfast.

"I was awakened by a knocking at the door of the room next to mine, mysterious whisperings and orders given in a suppressed voice. I lay still, wondering what time it was, and whether I should get up or not, when there came a loud rattle against my door, and a sound of the transom moving. I sat up—my bed being close by the door—in time to see a small boy backing in over the transom. Hanging full length, he held by his hands and then dropped to the floor. As he gained his feet he turned toward the bed, and, seeing me sitting up and looking at him, he gave a yell that made my blood thrill.

HE LIKED FISH.

Sam Wanted a Whale and Nothing Short of It.

A party of young men who were on a fishing excursion on the Ohio river some years ago were joined by an eccentric man, skilled as a fisherman, known in that region as "Harefooted Sam."

"I'd like to have all the fish I could eat," said Sam. "I ain't had a mess since Pete Follet caught that big catfish, three years back."

COMPETITION AVOIDED.

Shops in France Not Allowed to Crowd Each Other.

In France two shops selling the same thing are not allowed to exist within a certain area. In provisions this absence of competition materially increases the price, but, says a woman who has large experience in householding in France, your taxes are less, and you have in return clean streets, good gas, constant water supply and perfect sewerage.

Where do the old pianos go when they die? New York is the greatest piano producing capital in the world. Its great piano firms are numbered by dozens. They practically control all the pianos in business.

Five million pianos in the country, an expert tells me. Ten million people who can "play a little." A few hundred who can play a great deal.

Don't believe it when they write you that the Spring Academy is "as bad as ever." It isn't. It is a splendid show and there isn't a single pipe, tobacco and pack of cards "still life" in it, to my knowledge.

A Peculiar Feud. There is a lake in the state of Maryland, near Annapolis, that is known as Still pond, because it has never been known to be ruffled by the most violent storms.



organization of down towners which has been getting up petitions in favor of the building of a municipal rapid transit system, and its president and moving spirit, Mr. Stover. I had enjoyed the witticisms at Mr. Stover's expense some days, when one day I saw him coming out of the rooms of the rapid transit commission, and like a flash remembered when and where I had seen his face before.

I had been investigating a particularly dreadful case of something or other down on Cherry street; down there, winter and summer, Slumdom rears its awful front, where crime festers and honest poverty huddles because it must with vice and shameful iniquity; down where the shrill voices of singers in low concert halls float out to the street to mingle with the melody of drunken corner loafers, and where, in the worst sort of surroundings conceivable, are growing up pure and sweet young women, as if to show how hopeful is human nature after all, when I first met Stover.

It was in a particularly dirty tenement whose tenant was volubly explaining to me some case of landlord tyranny. With me was a man born of the slums and the most remarkable character I ever met—a young framer with the face of an angel, who worked hard all day at his trade, and at night when he was not studying out at Cooper institute practically devoted his life to the boys of the street. The appearance on the scene of Mr. Stover drew to him all eyes, and a babel of tongues saluted him as he drew his notebook. What strange contrasts—I have said it before—do we see in city life!

Stover was of medium height or less, stoutly built, very carefully and nicely dressed, with a fine, frank countenance and a golden mustache veiling a mouth whose smile was singularly sweet. A man of ample wealth and good ability he was, and I presume, an inmate of the "college settlement" on Forsythe street, and living in the very heart of the slums, was trying his good-natured best to do good, be chummy with the people and keep his eye peeled for a case.

The young framer was dark as an Arab, beautiful as one of Raphael's angels, and, not to exaggerate his merits, somewhat dirty. His speech was an unintelligible gibberish of broken German, English and Hungarian. But he was the founder of a "boy's club," which was actually saving from the devil a good number of Cherry street boys, and every cent he could spare went to buy for it books, pictures and gymnasium tools.

Where do the old pianos go when they die? New York is the greatest piano producing capital in the world. Its great piano firms are numbered by dozens. They practically control all the pianos in business. In a basement room in the Yale building, the greatest practice rowing course in the world except the Thames. It is lined with boat houses and on a pleasant summer day is full of shells.

Did you ever hear in recent years of a first-class seller from New York? The champions of recent years have been Canadian, Australian and Irish-American. The best men in the Yale and Harvard crews are country bred. The little runts from the city may make good coxswains to sit and yell at the others, but they don't pull in No. 4.

Kentucky, Vermont and the rural regions generally blue grass and lime rock, and those parts of the west which are free from ague will furnish the big men of this nation awhile yet.

The hunger for notoriety which afflicts Oliver Sumner Teall is not so unusual as his frankness in admitting it. "Anything to keep my name in the papers" is his motto, and to this end he not only makes himself very chummy with all the reporters, but ways with eye-beseechings for special notices. His earnestness was an advertising dodge pure and simple.

I haven't known quite such a pronounced case of thirst for fame since poor Fred Karcher died. Karcher wasn't a person of quite such national fame as the new-crowned king of dudedom, being only a humble government official. He used to say that he would rather let the newspapers show him than let

the encreased light of the trees, has set the pace. Everybody, at least all the youngsters, are painting in the "plain air" style now, and in shades and colors almost monochromatic. Kenyon Cox has a little "study in Profile" of a red-headed and red-checked girl in a red dress against a red background. Curiously enough, it is charming.

Bruce Crane has dropped snow. 'Too cold to handle. Now he paints yellow against harvest, with streaks of vivid green through it.

There are frames in greenish tinted wood, and in honest brass, as well as gold.

I've chopped wood myself, which is why I laugh at Morgan Rhee's big "Youth of Abraham Lincoln." Rhee has the felled tree chopped entirely through from one side, instead of half on one side and half on the other.

Women are strong in the exhibition. Poor Mrs. Cleveland! Her laudable wish to keep Baby Ruth out of the newspapers is not being realized as might be wished.

Washington is full of sketches and camera snappers anxious to get a glimpse of the lady.

It is evidently going to be a Baby Ruth year, whereat there is true grief in the white house.

Lumping all Latin-Americans as Spaniards because they speak the language of Columbus, there are enough Spaniards in New York to make by themselves a very respectable city. And their number is bound to increase as trade relations with countries to the south of us grow and thrive.

The Spanish residents of New York hold very high rank in the social and business worlds. They are handsome, slender men, beautiful dark-eyed women. The handling of imported cigars is very largely in their hands, they are prominent in the stock exchange and in the directorate of Mexican enterprises. One of the best architects in New York bears a Spanish-American name, and the finest apartment house blocks in New York were built by a Spanish-American.

It will not be surprising if, in ten years, the study of Spanish becomes common for business reasons as French and German are now.

The statement that the new pensions superintendent was born in Ireland, not Vermont, is rather funny. It had to be one or the other. Ireland and Vermont are pretty prolific of statesmen.

As a mother of statesmen Vermont has surpassed reasonable expectation. Represented directly by two senators and three or two representatives, she has usually had a dozen other congressmen in a sense representing her accredited to other states, but born in Vermont, not to speak of Brigham Young, President Arthur, President Hayes (who barely escaped being born in Vermont) and hosts of others.

Excepting the special representatives of the run interests, whom the big cities send to state capitals and to Washington, our public men are those who were born and reared in the country, and especially in hilly country, where there's plenty of lime rock. Physically, as well as mentally, the city boys aren't in it. Take rowing, for instance. The Harlem is the greatest practice rowing course in the world except the Thames. It is lined with boat houses and on a pleasant summer day is full of shells.

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him alone, and his actions did not belie his words. On one occasion he completely fooled a pair of reporters by getting up a bogus duel, and the whole party were locked up over night. I can't imagine Ollie Teall doing that. His methods are more delicate and he plays to a larger circle. The old age of such a youth must be melancholy, indeed.

Gotham Generalities. The new hospital buildings are of cement, stone, brick and iron—not a particle of wood visible anywhere. The bedsteads are of brass and iron. This is the hygienic ideal of furnishing, and how far it is from the aesthetic ideal you may observe next time you go into a parlor full of frillery.

The foreign sailors enjoy New York. The funniest thing in Gotham is the fence which Cornelius Vanderbilt has built to keep folks from seeing the new extension to his house. Imagine a tight board fence four stories high and with windows in it, and there you have it. The fence alone must have cost as much as a decent farmhouse.

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THE FAULTY BARBER.

An Interrogatory Walk from One of His Victims.

Will some of the public-spirited individuals who make it their business to explain the way and wherefore of life's daily worries please explain why a barber cannot let a comb hair?

When the average man sits down in a barber chair and says concisely: "Hair cut," it is with fear and trembling as to the probable effect the operation will have upon his person and appearance. Will his wife and babes recognize him? Will his friends still lend him money with perfect trustfulness? As the barber, with comb and scissors, snips away at the unseemly regions back of his ears he fidgets about and says: "Not too short." But when the cutting is finished and his neck has received the customary scraping, comes that decisive moment wherein lies degradation and infamy.

Now comes the rub. Why, oh why does he invariably smooth and plaster your beautiful silken locks down on your forehead in a semi-circular wave such as no sane man, no, not even a barber himself, would wish to wear, and make you look like this?—Detroit Free Press.

Did He Get It? Larlin—There is one hundred million dollars more in circulation now than a year ago.

It strikes me that Miss De Trop is very shy.

Blazel—Who made Spangson go into business for himself?

NEGROES AS MECHANICS. They Would Be Successful If Their Notions of Liberty Did Not Injure.

Blazel—Who made Spangson go into business for himself? Nutte—Had to. Couldn't get a job anywhere.—Clark Review.

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A BATTERY AND SPURS.

THE electric clock in the court house burned a bright and yellow as the full moon at rise in the horizon.

Robert, on his way to the electric station, noticed this with much satisfaction because he had "wired" the clock, and it was his first piece of independent wiring.

A short, thick-set young man hurried after him, and overtook him. "Halloo, Rob, is that you?" he called out. "Hold on a minute."

"What is it?" asked Robert, stopping. "Do you want a job that'll bring you a five or ten extra?"

"Yes, I guess so, what is it?" questioned Robert. "I'm to ride Longshanks at the Appleton races, and I'm bound to come a winner, if it takes a 'lectric battery to do it."

"A what?" exclaimed Robert. "Hush," cried the young man, in a low voice; "Jim Flanders used one at the Stanford derby, and it brought him in O K every time."

"I don't understand," said Robert. "Well, you see these, don't you?" and the young man held up a bright new pair of spurs, "and this," he drew a small battery from his pocket, "these are to be connected up together, so the battery will send the 'lectricity down into the spurs, then when the spurs hit against the horse he's put right on his best speed in a hurry."

"Oh, yes," said Robert, "but that kind of work isn't in my line." "Why not?" asked the young man; "it ain't no harm, not a bit. If there was there'd be a rule 'gainst it, but there ain't."

"Are you sure?" said Robert. "The young man nodded emphatically. "And it doesn't harm the horse?" Robert persisted.

"No more than it does to get a little wink of 'lectricity through you." "Hum!" Robert reflected, with his eye upon the gold piece, which the young man displayed between his thumb and finger. It was ten dollars, and put with the ten he had saved would buy him the silver watch he had looked at in Harper's second-hand jewelry shop.

"All right," he said at last, "I'll fix up your spurs; come round to the station, Johnson." "You ain't was the fellow for me," said Johnson, following Robert at no slow pace.

They turned into a narrow back street to the electric station, and hurried up the stairs to the workshops, hung with a fine assortment of tools, and coils of insulated wire.

"This is my wire," Robert explained, drawing out a few yards from a waste heap in the corner; "the manager said I could have it for an experiment I was making yesterday; now let me get the measure from your pocket to your heel."

The measure taken there was a snip, snip, a quick twisting of the wire with the pincers, and the spurs and the battery were connected.

"Well, that is a neat job!" said Johnson. "Here's your money; put it out of the way, the boss is coming." "But you said it wasn't any harm," demurred Robert, "if it's that sort of work keep your money. I don't want it."

"It is a good bit to pay for ten minutes' work like this, believe I will keep it," and dropping it back into his pocket Johnson hurried away without attracting the boss's attention.

That night Robert did not rest well. The spurs kept clanking in his dreams, Johnson's gold piece seemed staring at him with a face the size of the electric clock's, and he awakened repeatedly with a shock as acute as if from Johnson's battery.

the other passengers, reached the trotting park first. A man came toward him, swinging his cane, as if he were a person in authority. "Tain't open yet," he said to Robert. "I only want to see James Johnson a moment; is he here?"

"He's over there," and the man pointed with his thumb to a row of stalls. Robert ran in the direction indicated, to find Johnson grooming Longshanks till his bay coat shone like damask.

"He's a beauty, ain't he?" was Johnson's salutation, showing no surprise at Robert's appearance. "Come after your gold ten?"

"No," said Robert, "but I've brought you another if you'll give up that electric spur business."

Johnson whistled, then broke into a laugh. "Got to think it's wrong, have you?" he called at length. "Yes," replied Robert. "I do I think it's cheating."

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Johnson, "since your conscience is so tender, I'll ride him round the track for a try of the 'lectric spurs, then I'll come right back, and you may unhook the battery for all and good, and hand me the ten."

relieved expression spread over Robert's face. What was his only gold piece, what was silver watch, what, indeed, was anything to a clear conscience?

Johnson had already mounted, and clutched the bridle was off in a flash on bareback Longshanks.

Robert waited, and several others gathered to watch Johnson's preliminary dash, as they considered it.

High-mettled Longshanks, in perfect condition and fresh from the stall, flung his hoofs in the edge of the track, and reared and plunged, as if stepping on needles.

It was the touch of the electric spurs he felt. Springing forward he came to so sharp a halt that Johnson was flung head first upon the turf.

Longshanks dashed on again, far around the smooth, rolled track, but Johnson did not stir.

Robert ran quickly toward him, while others hastened to catch the valuable horse before he had spent all his speed in his mad course round the race track.

"Are you hurt?" asked Robert, in a tremble, as he bent over Johnson. "Yes, some," he answered, like one collecting his senses after a stunning blow. "Get the battery away quick before they find it."

In an instant Robert's nimble fingers had abstracted it, and snipping the wire that held it to the spur he plunged both wire and battery into his own pocket.

A surgeon hastened toward them. Robert pushed the promised gold piece into Johnson's pocket, then stood one side to make way for the surgeon.

"Poor fellow, he's off in a swoon," said the surgeon, having him lifted to a stretcher, "but he'll pull through."

With this verdict Robert hastened to take his train for home.

Tutt's Hair Dye

FROM THE "PACIFIC JOURNAL." "A great invention has been made by Dr. Tutt. That eminent chemist has produced

COL. FRED BURNABY. What It Cost Him to Become the Strongest Man in Great Britain.

Franklin's story about "Paying too dear for the Whistle" should be read by boys whose heroes is Samson. Col. Fred Burnaby, whose ride to Khiva made him famous, was ambitious when a boy to become the strongest man in the world.

When a precise examination demonstrated that his arm measured round the biceps seventeen inches, his cup of joy was full. It ran over when at Aldershot he lifted straight out with one hand a dumb-bell weighing one hundred and seventy pounds, and no other man in the camp could perform the same feat.

He once undertook to hop a quarter of a mile, run a quarter of a mile, ride a quarter of a mile and walk a quarter of a mile in a quarter of an hour. He covered the distance in ten minutes and twenty seconds.

A horse-racer, arriving at Windsor with a pair of beautiful ponies that he had been commanded to show the queen, took them first to the quarters of the officers of the horse guards. Some of these, by the way of a surprise, led the ponies up-stairs into Burnaby's rooms.

When the time came for them to go, the ponies would not walk down stairs. The horse-dealer was in a quandary, but young Burnaby came to his help by taking a pony under each arm and walking down the stairway.

He was barely out of his teens when he was acknowledged to be the strongest man in Great Britain; but he paid the penalty of success in wasted tissues and falling health. His stomach refused all nourishment save that afforded by ice cream, and the doctor advised him to travel. Absence from duty for a long time, the abandonment of dumb-bells, and the laying aside of his ambition to become the greatest of athletes restored him to comparative health.

About the Name of London. The old name for the city of London was Lyndon or Lyndene, meaning "the city by the lake." An old tradition gives us to understand that London was founded by Brutus, a descendant of Aeneas, and that it was first called New Troy or Troynovant. In the time of Lud it was surrounded by a wall and was then known as Lud's Town or Caer-Lud. This latter is probably the correct version of the origin of the name of London, if for no other reason, because it is such an easy matter to detect a similarity between the expressions London and Lud's Town. It is claimed by some writers that there was a city on the present site of London in the year 1107 B. C., and it is known that the Romans founded a city there and called it Londinium in the year 61 A. D.—Philadelphia Press.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

M. W. LEVY, Pres. A. W. OLIVER, V. Pres. STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE WICHITA NATIONAL BANK

Table with financial data: RESOURCES, Loans and Discounts, Bonds and Stocks, U. S. Bonds, Real Estate, Due from U. S., Overdrafts, Cash and Exchange.

Table with financial data: LIABILITIES, Capital, Surplus, Undivided Profits, Circulation, Deposits.

DAVIDSON & CASE. John Davidson, Pioneer Lumberman of Sedgewick County.

ESTABLISHED IN 1870. A complete stock of Pine Lumber, Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand.

State National Bank. OF WICHITA, KAN.

DIRECTORS: John B. Carey, W. F. Johnson, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. V. Healy, J. G. Johnson, J. A. H. Rodriguez, G. D. Hunter, James L. Townsend.

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH SAPOLIO