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Wichita Eagle

GOLD AND NOT BRASS

But Mrs. Noodles Was Not to Blame For Her Doubt.

"Darling, I must ask you to forgive me." Noodles looked up with some surprise from the newspaper he was perusing and raised his eyebrows interrogatively.

"The fact is that I have just come from the jeweler's," explained his wife. "If you mean that you have bought something expensive and charged it, you can take it back again right away," replied her husband.

"No, indeed, it's not that," said Mrs. Noodles. "Thank goodness!" observed Noodles.

"It's much worse, my dear." "Nothing that has to do with a jewelry shop could be worse," said Noodles. "But I have a confession to make."

"Well, my angel, why don't you make it?" "You will not give me a chance."

"On the contrary, I am listening most attentively. Consider me your father confessor." "It has to do with my wedding ring—the ring you gave me."

"I have always entertained the fond belief that no other man ever gave you a wedding ring," said Noodles grimly. "If I have been mistaken in that idea, kindly let me know."

"You are the most provoking old dear in the world," exclaimed Mrs. Noodles. "You always will insist upon joking when I wish to speak seriously."

"I never was more serious in my life, my dear." "Well," continued Mrs. Noodles, "you may remember that I said my wedding ring made my fingers sore. At all events the skin beneath it has been blistered for a long time."

"What did you wear it for, then?" "What did I wear it for? Why I don't think it's respectable for a married woman to be seen without her wedding ring."

"Why not?" "Why, because it isn't. You know very well that I have no superstition on that point."

"I am glad to learn that there is one superstition you haven't got." "You mean old things. I have no superstition on that subject as you know very well. Did I not take my wedding ring off as soon as we had been married and put it on again, just to express my disbelief in such nonsense? Of course I did. Since that fat Mrs. Jones had to have her ring cut off her finger after it had sunk deep into the flesh, I have always thought that the practice of never taking off a wedding ring was disgusting us, well as idiotic. Why, I lost mine for a whole week."

"Yes, I remember very well what it was the whole household had for it." "And it was stuck on the gas fixture all the time."

"That is where I discovered it finally, by a miracle." "But you are interrupting what I was trying to say. The ring made my fingers sore. So, finally, I made up my mind—I hope that you will forgive me, dear—that it was brass."

"Well?" "So I took it down to the jeweler's this afternoon and asked him about it."

"What did he say? I am interested." "He said that it was all right, 18-carat gold in fact."

"The deuce!" said Noodles. "I was extravagant. But that is the way with jewelry." "Monster! At all events the jeweler asked me if I kept the ring on when I washed my hands. I told him yes, and he said that soap got under the ring and caused the soreness. Such things often happen. Now, can you forgive me for my doubt as to the quality of your gift?"

"Never," replied Noodles, firmly. "I shall apply for a divorce tomorrow morning."—Washington Star.

That Would Be Bad.

Mrs. Brooks (a musician)—What would you do if you had a voice like Mrs. Screecher's? Mr. Brooks—Oh, I'd get along all right. But what would I do if you had one like it?—Jury.

TYPICAL AMERICAN STUDENTS.

Two Unbalanced Statues on Exhibition in Boston—The Dimensions of Each.

Two interesting statues, the result of much hard work, were put on exhibition in Boston recently. One was that of a young man and the other that of a girl. They were designed to represent the American college student, not the ideal American student of either sex, but the actual, typical student, the measurements used having been the average, or mean, of development of students from various parts of the country. The statues are described by the Rochester Post and Express as representing "fairly well built young persons, symmetrically developed, and without serious physical defects." The figures have an easy pose, standing firmly and gracefully. The faces, which were modeled after composite photographs made from the students from whom the measurements were taken, are handsome and thoughtful, with a marked air of refinement. The face of the young man is the handsomer of the two, but that of the young woman is nearest the classic standard. In the former's figure there are some marked departures from the standard. The hands and knees are large, while the wrists are small. The height of the male is five feet eight inches and of the female five feet eight inches. The male represents a weight of one hundred and thirty-eight and one-half pounds and the female one hundred and fifteen pounds. Each figure represents measurements taken from forty-two leading parts of the body and these show the average development of each sex at the age of twenty-one years. It is worthy of note that the typical American student has a better physical development than that of the British or German, as is shown by comparison with measurements made recently in those countries.

The Warnings of Jasper Green

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ASPER GREEN dismissed the driver when he reached the wharf after crossing the Ottawa at the Four Corners, and looked round for Daoust to carry his baggage up to Labelle's as in days of yore. But old Daoust was dead, and therefore could not come. In the language of the ancient Millette, a former croupier of Daoust, who was waiting on the wharf: "I say to heem, Monsieur Green, after you have mooch viskee on board. Eef you mak' to cross ze rivaire you will meek drinks." And he tumbled overboard and meek for ze last time. Ah-h! mon Dieu—for ze last time.

"Sure this isn't an invention of yours to do Daoust out of a quarter for carrying my trunk up?" asked Green. Millette held up his hands in holy horror at such a wicked suggestion. "Abah, ze drole monsieur!"

Jasper Green looked around. "I suppose it's true," he said, reluctantly, "as I don't see him anywhere about. If he had been alive he'd have come, for sure. Here's your quarter."

Millette put the heavy trunk on a truck-sleigh and began to trot along the wooden wharf, every now and then slipping one foot through a hole in the rotten planking and recovering himself flexibly. Green watched him. Then, when Millette paused for breath, he pushed the old man aside and took hold of the truck. "Say, Millette, I'll wheel this up for fifty cents for you," he said.

Millette ran panting alongside. Heading the procession, Green gravely marched past the schoolhouse just as morning school was over. When Lily Labelle saw him she came out, and promptly gave the children a holiday for the rest of the day. Then she joined him at the head of the procession, Jasper bowing with dignified politeness over the top of the truck to her, as the children fell in behind. When they reached the veranda, the children gave three cheers for Jasper, and called for a speech.

"Fellow-citizens," he said, gravely. "I am rejoiced to be once more in my native township, and I thank you heartily for this magnificent demonstration in my honor, although I must confess I expected a brass band and a banner or two. Believe me, although I have been far away from you for the last six months I have not been unmindful of your doings. It is with feelings of pride that I have noticed your achievements. Three old friends I had the pleasure of meeting in Kingston penitentiary whilst I was making a brief tour of inspection over that noble edifice. I see they have not yet returned to gladden your hearts. Several other friends I also miss, and can only attribute their absence to force majeure. Gentlemen, I trust that next year I may again have the pleasure of meeting you. I've no doubt Mrs. Labelle will give us a dance to-night. Sans adieu."

He waited for the crowd to disperse and the shrill piping of the children to die away before he approached Lily, who stood leaning against the veranda, an amused look in her dark eyes. "Are you glad to see me?" he asked. "Come in to dinner," she said. "I'll answer your questions—some of them—afterwards."

Jasper opened the door and allowed her to go in, just as the dinner bell rang. Mrs. Labelle greeted him with a kiss on both cheeks, whilst her husband bowed with grave politeness.

He believed in the power of the press, but preferred that its representatives should stay in Montreal and exercise it there.

Lily, after removing her sealskin jacket, seated herself at the upper table. Jasper immediately sat beside her, carefully moving the chair of a fat habitant lower down, whereupon the fat habitant, who had been looking forward to the enjoyment of Lily's society, scowled and commenced to consume vast quantities of pickles.

Green at once took possession of Lily, and held his prize against all comers, especially the cashier of the Four Corners hotel. The latter was not easily disconcerted, but, having polished off his portion of turkey and cranberry sauce, prepared to demolish Jasper, whose keen gray eyes seldom wandered from Lily's face.

Lily was evidently accustomed to scenes of this nature. She scarcely lifted her eyes, even when Miller, the cashier, asked her to go for a sleigh ride that afternoon.

"So sorry," drawled Jasper. "Miss Labelle has been engaged to me for a year. Isn't that so?" turning to Lily. "For the ride?" Yes," said Lily, demurely. "I—I believe so."

"Surely you'll give me the benefit of the doubt?" the cashier appealed to Lily. "Oh, there's no doubt about it," replied Jasper, with airy confidence. "I'll trouble you for another mince pie, Mrs. Labelle. I've never met any mince pies like yours anywhere. Those you sent me made me quite homesick."

"Miss Labelle can surely answer for herself," said the cashier angrily. "Well, yes," answered Jasper, preparing to demolish the mince pie. "She could, no doubt, only you see it's much easier for me to settle it all."

The cashier rose in wrath. "I shall be at the schoolhouse at two," he said, majestically, "and shall hope to have the pleasure of your company this afternoon, Miss Labelle."

"Two will do just as well as any other time," said Jasper, preparing to impale his mince pie. "If you want to go to the schoolhouse at two, there's nothing to prevent you."

The cashier, without waiting for a reply, went angrily out. "That's a mistake," said the impatient Jasper. "If he'd waited a minute, you'd have told him there'll be no school this afternoon."

Lily raised her eyes from her plate. "Why are you a week before your time, Jasper?" she asked. "That's the reason," said Jasper, indicating with a fragment of mince pie as his fork the retreating form of the

cashier. "If I'm only allowed one sleigh ride a year, I don't see why that fellow should get ahead of me and have three a week."

"But your work, Jasper?" "Oh, McQuire's looking after that for me. I explained to him that it was rather important to clear up matters here, and so I came."

Lily had not expected her coquetry to become known. "It is so dull," she said, in extenuation. Jasper commenced another mince pie. "Don't be afraid of it's being dull while I'm here," he said, with sublime self-confidence. "You promised me one sleigh ride a year for seven years if I wanted it, and I guess I'll take this year's to-day."

Lily pouted. "You are very arbitrary." Jasper smiled, and rumbled his yellow hair. "You'd better own up," he said, with unabated cheerfulness. "How soon can you be ready?"

Lily was cowed. "Oh, in half an hour," and ran away to get her things on. Jasper smiled after her. "Guess we'll have a busy afternoon," he said. Then he went into the bar.

"Here, sonny, run over to Watty Lee, and tell him to put that old black trotter of his in the sleigh—the one that gets scared on the ice. Any kind of sleigh will do, if he puts in plenty of buffalo robes."

The boy departed on his errand. Jasper scouted round to the shed and found a smart outfit with a magnificent chestnut in the shafts. "You'll take a lot of beating," he mused, and stroked back to the house.

When Lily came down, arrayed in her most becoming furs, Jasper smiled approvingly. "You only want some flowers to be perfect," he said. Lily gave a little cry. "Ah, flowers! but they are impossible."

"Not at all," said Jasper, taking a box from his pocket. "Nothing impossible if you want it badly enough." Lily opened the box and gave another cry. "Orange blossoms!" she said. "Yes," answered Jasper. "From Florida. People there stick the ends in a potato to keep them fresh. Capital dodge, isn't it?"

He took out the orange blossoms, threw away the potato, and pinned them to her jacket. "Now we're ready to start. Stop a moment!" and he drew her back behind the curtain, as the cashier drove past on his way to the schoolhouse.

Lily began to laugh. "It's very wicked of you, Jasper."

"That will teach him to go sleighing with my sweetheart," said Jasper, calmly. Lily protested. "You've no right to say that, Jasper. I only promised you a sleigh ride once a year for seven years, and then, if I liked you well enough, then, perhaps, I might marry you."

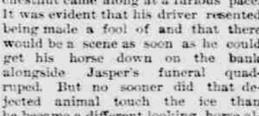
Jasper was drawing on his sealskin gloves. "That's all very well," he said, "but we haven't the time to waste which those old Biblical people had. In seven years' time I expect to be in the cabinet."

Lily followed him to the door, only to recoil in dismay. "That" was all she said.

"He's not handsome to look at," said Jasper, drily. "Rather three-cornered and lopsided. Still, I don't suppose that cashier fellow can overtake even a venerable ruin like this."

"If he does," flashed Lily, "I'll change sleighs."

"Well, that's fair," gently asserted Jasper. "In you go. There isn't much time left."



Jasper smiled approvingly. furs and feathers about this old sleigh, but it means business all the same."

Lily was furious at being treated like a child. Besides, she had determined to teach Jasper a lesson. However, she controlled her feelings for the present, although they became more and more scornful as Jasper endeavored to persuade the old black horse to start.

"Rather like Deacon Platt's sermons. They always hang fire at the start," said Jasper. "Now, we'll go to Hawkesbury by the river track. That fellow can see us coming. Ah, I thought so. He'll be down here in a minute."

Lily looked rather frightened, as the chestnut came along at a furious pace. It was evident that his driver resented being made a fool of and that there would be a scene as soon as he could get his horse down on the bank alongside Jasper's funeral quadruped. But no sooner did that dejected animal touch the ice than he became a different looking horse altogether. His head went up and his tail out, at the ring of the chestnut's hoofs on the smooth ice which connected the river with the shore. Then Jasper, leaning back, waited until the chestnut was within twenty yards and suddenly loosed the reins.

"Why, what—what?" said Lily. "He's running away, Jasper!" "Yes, he's doing his level best," said Jasper, as the bank seemed to spin by. "We'll get down to the Hawkesbury in record time. If the chestnut catches us you can have his master."

drove with him because it was so dull down here. That was all."

"Chestnut's coming up a bit," said Jasper, cheerily, after another mile. "Hope Baalbec will hold out."

Lily sat up and gazed anxiously at the animated "ruin" in the shafts as they swept round the bay. The chestnut was gaining. Then she looked at the black horse again. "Couldn't you whip him?" she asked. "I could," said Jasper, "but it's hardly fair. He isn't the one who should be whipped for this. Besides, he won't stop until we get to Hawkesbury. I must nurse him the last half mile for that bit where the river narrows to twenty yards across."

Lily turned white. "You're very cruel, Jasper, but I deserve it all. Nothing shall make me marry him. I'd rather go to the bottom of the river with you."

Jasper looked rueful. "Doesn't seem as if we were dealing squarely with that bank fellow," he said. "No, no, Lily; you'll just have to make the best of it."

As they neared Hawkesbury the chestnut steadily gained. Jasper had succeeded in pulling the old black back into his gait, and began to whistle. Suddenly he turned pale.

"How far's that fellow behind, Lily?" he asked, without moving his head. "Forty yards," said Lily, in agony. Jasper spoke quite lightly. "Lily," he said, "did you mean you'd rather go to the bottom of the river with me than let that fellow catch up?"

"Yes," she said, without hesitation. "What do you mean, Jasper?" "This," said Jasper. "I forgot the spring brake. Three hundred yards ahead of us the river's split right across. Of course it will close in a day or two, but that won't do us much good. Shall I pull up?"

Lily stood up in the sleigh and looked around. They had entered the narrow part of the river where the steep banks were twenty feet above the level of the ice. Straight ahead was a thin, steely-blue line where the ice had cracked. It looked a mere thread now, but it was impossible to tell how wide it might prove to be when they neared it. She gave a little shudder, and laid her hand on Jasper's arm.

"Go on, Jasper," she said, "I'll risk it." Jasper looked down for a moment into her white face. "I'll pull up if you wish, Lily. 'Twill be two late directly."

"No, Jasper, I deserve it. Go on, and—if it's to be good-by—" She kissed him. "Hold tight," said Jasper, beginning to pull steadily on the old black.

Lily held tight to the side of the sleigh in an agony of grief. She didn't mind being drowned if only Jasper forgave her miserable coquetry. Jasper looked almost serious as she glanced up in his face for the last time. Then he lifted the black to the leap, gave one cruel slash with the whip, there was a crash of breaking ice as the sleigh struck on the other side, a stagger from the black, a convulsive pull and they were over and twenty yards beyond the widening chasm, with the frightened cashier pulling up on its brink.

When Lily recovered consciousness she found herself in the Manse parlor at Hawkesbury.

"Are you all right, Lily?" asked Jasper, cheerily. She clung to him and hid her face in his breast. "Was it all a dream, Jasper?"

Jasper took a plain gold ring from his pocket. "I don't think so," he said. "I wired down to Mr. Watson yesterday to expect us this afternoon. Flowers all right? That's it. Now, Mrs. Watson, she's all ready."

An hour later the funeral black crawled lazily back to the Four Corners by the road this time—with Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Green. Half way they met the cashier, his chestnut nearly felled, and scarce able to stand.

"Thank God," he cried, as they came in sight. "I thought you were mad." "No," said Jasper, touching up the old black. "No! I was just giving my wife a sleigh drive down to—"

"Yes—your wife?" "Yes," said Jasper, again stimulating Baalbec. "Sorry we couldn't wait for you."

And the cashier fell behind—a long way behind—again.

Table Talk.

One of the popular combinations for table decoration is white and green. A pretty centerpiece is a square of pale-green silk bordered with natural fern leaves, upon which is placed a cut-glass bowl of a pale-green tint. This bowl is nearly filled with water and upon the surface of this water float small white flowers and one or two small porcelain swans. A Lily and a white hydrangea are placed in the bowl, having sufficiently long stems for the blooms to droop over the edge of the bowl. Upon the white tablecloth are placed pale-green silk doilies embroidered in white silk floss and edged with fine white lace as under-mats for the service and leading dishes. The tablecloth is bordered with natural fern leaves.—Chicago Mail.

An Original Poem.

Mustapha Ben Ali—Muley, did you buy that beautiful slave who so took my royal fancy the other day? "The Lord High Treasurer—Defender of the Faithful, it is impossible! The dog who owns her wants ten thousand piastres."

M. B. A. (sadly)—Yes, Muley, she comes high, but I Mustapha

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A SLEEPING BEAUTY.

The Love Romance of the Present Emperor of Germany.

"When I was last summer in Denmark," says the Paris correspondent of "Truth," "I went to Primbekau, where the dukes of Augustenburg had their residence. Empress Augusta Victoria was born and brought up there. The empress, as a child, had known, I was told by a member of the little ducal court, the emperor in childhood. But going to Cassel, and then to Bonn as a student, he lost sight of her. The acquaintance was renewed under romantic circumstances. When he was twenty or thereabouts he was sent in the early summer on a tour to Holstein, and extended it to Primbekau. The young princess was a finely grown girl and blooming as a rose. She somehow heard who was coming and dressed in her best to receive him. Growing tired of waiting she got into a hammock swinging in an arbor, which was scented with freshly-blown lilacs. There she fell asleep.

The wandering prince came by the arbor, saw the sleeping beauty, and was conquered. It is said that as he was gazing on her she was dreaming that, more fortunate than her mother, she was being wafted to a magnificent throne, and that an imperial crown had descended on her head. William did not mean to disturb the sleeping beauty, but, as usual, he was in uniform, and the dragging of his sword on the asphalt of the summer house and the clanking of his spurs betrayed him. She awoke, and saw a pair of eyes that looked love at hers, and then she rushed away toward the residence. Presently her governess came to tell her that the crown prince of Prussia was there. Her mother, the duchess dowager, being ill, it devolved on Augusta Victoria to do the honors. She hastened to welcome the illustrious visitor. He lost no time in declaring himself her lover, and they were engaged before he left the house.

—M. Colombes, a merchant of Paris, had his revenge on a former sweetheart, a lady of Rouen, when he left her by his will a legacy of six thousand dollars for having, some twenty years before, refused to marry him. "Through which," says the will, "I was enabled to live independently and happily as a bachelor."

Munificent.

Hokelspiel—Davy, you was a prave boy.

His Clerk—Danks.

Hokelspiel—You safed der shodre from burnin' oop, unt I rewards you. Here was a sifer tollar. You can look ad ill day, unt you needn't gif id pack till glosin' oop time.—Judge.

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, May 14th, 1893.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$628,483.46
Bonds and Stocks	21,301.81
U. S. Bonds	50,000.00
Real Estate	65,000.00
Due from U. S.	2,250.00
Overdrafts	1,186.18
Cash and Exchange	215,864.78
	\$984,086.23

LIABILITIES.	
Capital	\$250,000.00
Surplus	50,000.00
Undivided Profits	1,774.85
Circulation	45,000.00
Deposits	637,311.38
	\$984,086.23

Correct. C. A. WALKER Cashier.

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E. L. SKESSEL, President.
W. H. LIVINGSTON, Cashier.
J. P. ALLEN, Vice President.
New President, Assistant Cashier.

State National Bank

OF WICHITA, KAN.

CAPITAL	\$100,000
SURPLUS	100,000

DIRECTORS:
John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Allen, P. W. Henry, B. J. Tompkins, Jr., A. B. Ferguson, L. H. Sumner, James L. Latta, Geo. W. Allen.

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