

Wichita Daily Eagle

SENSE OF DIRECTION.

The Strange Faculty Possessed by Some of the Lower Animals.

It is well known that any one of our domestic animals can find its way home from a distance of many miles, even after the lapse of some time. This faculty is perhaps oftenest seen in the dog, the horse and the cat, but is known to be almost or quite as fully developed in the ox. The faculty has been supposed by some naturalists to depend upon a sixth sense, independent of sight or smell. Such a theory involves an organ of sense by which the needed observations may be carried to the brain; an organ which must be distinct from eye, ear and nostril. Physiologists have not, as yet, found any such organ in the constitution of any animal, nor have they found any nerves different from those which belong to our own nervous system. This is almost conclusive evidence that animals possess no sense different from ours.

If we watch the conduct of a dog when he is thrown upon his own resources to find his way home, we shall see that he has made good use of his five senses up to this time, and that he purposes to make good use of them in the immediate future. It is always assumed that the dog has not slept during the time that he has been carried from home. If he were to sleep he would lose all clew whether he had a sixth sense or not, for in sleep all the senses are equally dormant.

The case has been submitted of a dog taken by rail a distance of two hundred miles in a circuitous course and set down fifty miles from home. He disappears, and the next day is at his old haunts. He could not have followed the rail by which he came, for this would take him a longer time. He must have struck across country.

The question is, did he take a direct line for home, or did he shape his general course so as to come upon some familiar spot, miles, it may be, from his home, and from that point follow remembered paths? Hunters say that the latter is most frequently the case. Suppose that in the dog's absence the old home had been burned down and his master's family have removed five miles to the right or left, but are at the same distance from the point at which he was set down. He will go back to the old spot, and from there he will trace the family by scent, if he traces them at all. He has no sense to inform him of the changed position of the family, nor of anything more than would be known to a man in the same circumstances.

But the case is made clearer by supposing that the dog's master had left home, gun in hand, while the dog had been detained for a time. The man goes straight to the woods, but after getting out of sight, makes a turn so as to bring him to the opposite side of the house. If he has a sixth sense, he takes to the woods at the place where he saw his master enter. From there he trusts to his eyes and nose, keeping close upon his master's trail. If the dog had a special sense of direction, he would not so easily be thrown off the pursuit of a deer or a fox by the animal taking to the water. Every species of animal that has been made the prey of dogs has learned to follow the scent of its pursuer, and the dog would have been likely to find out before this time if the dog had any special sense, and we should see them acting upon the knowledge.

The most interesting and perplexing cases are those in which animals that have been taken some distance from home in closed cages have yet found their way back without difficulty. This shows a highly developed sensitiveness to every change of direction. This faculty of perception is low in man, but may be developed and trained. There are persons who sleep best with head towards the north. Let such a person when traveling on a sleeping car make it a point to decide upon the course the train is going as soon as he wakes from sleep in the night, and he will find himself rapidly gaining new power to determine directions. Darwin's experiment is an interesting one. He put some bees in dark paper boxes and carried them by a circuitous route a distance from the hive. When they were set free, they all returned in a straight line to their home. Again he took them over a similar route, but on the way he spun the boxes rapidly round. This time only one or two bees reached the hive, and perhaps these got back only by accident. While spinning round in the boxes they lost perception of the direction in which they were being carried. It is often observed that when a dog returns home by a way which he must have made out with care and on his own account, he at once throws himself upon the floor or the ground and sleeps soundly for a time. This is apt to be referred to physical exhaustion, but is more likely to be due to the fact that the animal has kept his faculties all on the alert, and has quickened his perceptions to their difficult task. All our domestic animals show wonderful power of application when their faculties are bent to the accomplishment of some cherished design.—N. Y. Sun.

More Gracious Than Men. Ledyard, the great traveler, says that among all nations women adorn themselves more than men, but wherever found they are the same kind, civil, humane and tender beings, inclined to be cheerful, timorous and modest. He has found the women on the plains of his hospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, Finnish Finland and unprincipled Russia more hospitable and generous than men, full of courtesy, fond of society, but industrious, economical and ingenious. And whenever the traveler, in the language of decency and friendship, has asked a question of any woman, civilized or savage, he has always received a decent and friendly answer, while with men it is often otherwise.—N. Y. Sun.

—Still Worse.—She—"Can you think of anything worse than a girl to encourage a man when she has no intention of marrying him?" He—"Oh, yes. Suppose she should change her mind." —Judge.

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

MARK TIDWELL'S GRIEVANCE



HERE came to a certain southern town, some years ago, a spanking four-horse team drawing a gaudily painted wagon, having as occupants a quartette of male singers, an accompanist who performed on a very small, wheezy melodeon, a German comedian, and a "doctor" all dressed in somber black coats and wearing glossy silk hats.

The horses were gayly caparisoned in flowing white banners, which bore, in huge red letters, the inscription: "Cyclone Oil for Man and Beast." This explained the business of the visitors and immediately drew a large crowd of village loafers to the courthouse square to witness the exhibition. It being Saturday, a greater portion of the assembly were country folk, who in the south use that day principally for trading and loafing when they come to town. The songs transported the audience, and the comedian, in a ridiculous make-up and costume, convulsed them; but when the "doctor" arose to sell his wares, and got well started in his address, his audience stood with bulging eyes in silent admiration, while listening with rapt attention to his remarks.

Some showed by their manner that they were seriously impressed, and knowing looks were exchanged when some great truth was hurled at them by this vendor of a cheap life-saving balm, "within the price of each and every one." His powers as a speaker were to them supreme, and when he had finished and opened his satchel to furnish suffering humanity his wares, Mark Tidwell, a long, lank, sallow-skinned native, who had been standing with his hands thrust deep in the pockets of his yellow jean breeches, now turned to a companion and said: "Doggone my cats, if that fellow don't beat Vance or speak in!" Which remark was the greatest recommendation this "doctor" could have had in these mountains.

Uplifted hands stretched forth their money to receive this precious fluid of a dark reddish hue, in very small vials, wrapped in pink paper containing directions for use, and as they purchased, made room for the outer ones, who were clamoring for an opportunity to buy. Mark finally edged his way to the "doctor" and said: "Judge, I swar that war a good talkin' ye give, an' of this hyar med'cin' is es good es yer talkin', I'll jis' be darned if I don't try er bottle of it."

The "doctor" assured him that it would cure anything that ever afflicted man or beast; that it was a sovereign remedy for stubborn colic, and if properly used according to the directions accompanying each and every bottle it would restore the hair to a side of sole leather. Mark was convinced, and slowly pulled from the depths of his pocket a well-worn wallet, resembling a slab of old-fashioned gingerbread, and, after unwinding a quantity of shoestring from about it, produced his money, and then departed for his home with his purchase, loud in his praise of the "doctor's" ability as an orator, to a neighbor who jogged along on his mule beside him.

He made such a powerful variegated tangle of pollytics an' 'ligion an' sich, till he got me kinder het up like, an' whenst he commenced ter talker about the allin's an' small palus er carryin' of people off, I begin to git one in the woler of my back, an' the mo' he talked the worse I begin ter feel, till first an' last I know'd he hollerer out thet de'th an' dest'ruksion was argvine to keep up with airy man whar didn't take loch of hissef, an' 'jis' then an' thar I drapped my stick of candy in the sand, fur I paid the skunk er quarter of er dollar, gut er bottul of his pizen track an' lit out fur home.

"I crawled in the bed that night an' tried to shake off thet misery in my back, but, bless yer soul, 'n' body, it wudn't be shook with er cent, so in the mornin' the ole 'oman give me er cur'ryin' with thet dogmele, an' the nex' thing I know'd the misery was a rafin' round in er stummick. I tuk a dram er hecker er sich a matter two er three times. Then the ole 'oman up an' 'low'd mebbe thet slocoon lie wud do me sum good (she kin read a bit, but I can't), so she taken ther red wrappr' paper from erroun' the bottul an' hit sed sumthin' like this: 'Continuer thet o'prashin till thet pain ceaseth.' I axed her wint was thet meanin' of hit, an' she 'low'd thet o'prashin war the doctor's word fur a drinkin' of it. So I 'jis' then an' thar pinte'dly grabbed the bottul o' med'cin' an' dreined it at one swig—an' when thet stuff lit atop of the hecker I had tuk hit felt like two er three of these hyar box-ers souks er cummin' together when the engine is a-shiftn' of em down hyar to the deeso, an' 'jis' then my hand's took a flar. I jumped nine foot in the air an' cum down in er heap, like a chimney thet had been blowed down by the wind, an' the hecker an' thet wudn't mix no way I end ix it. I shay-ered to the right an' swang coarders with the side of the cabin, turned over the ash-hopper an' split iye all over me dogs—whar was a iye'n under thar—an' sed 'em to howlin' like five hund'ed; made my way through thet corn-patch on my shoulder-blades, an' lef a furrer thar like a harrer had gone plun through hit hitted ther er yoke o' oxins; stood on my head in the big road an' made er male throw thet wud, stamped the outlin' an' set the pigs ter squeelin' an' goin' on like durf-fool pigs do when they git skickered. The chillen gut er cryin' an' the ole 'oman was a-blowin' the horn fur help, while I was a-layin' full length in the spring-branch with sumthin' in my stummick."



"I SASHATED TO THE RIGHT."

thet felt like four foot of barbed-wire fence' doubled up in a ring, a half full o' carpet-tacks, an' a bushel basket full o' broke glass, all a'kin' turns at my liver an' sich.

"'Fust thet barbed wire wud stratin' out er bit an' then yer back like a two-dollar coil spring. Then the tacks wud spin erroun' like er flyin' jenny at er sideshow, an' wud leave half o' ther numbers stuck pint first all 'roun' the route. Then the glass would all fall down from the top o' my chest, an' thet barbed wire wud jump at it an' chase it back erroun'."

"'Thet thing kep' up tell thet ole 'oman flung er gallon er so o' water-milkerseed tea inter my rane, with a quart o' sorghum molasses, an' iye soap-suds to give hit flavorin', an' then I begin ter git better; but I war stratin' I, I kin tell yer, an' I war er frothin' at the mouth sum'er er mad dog."

Wichita Wholesale & Manufacturing Houses.

The houses given below are representative ones in their line, and thoroughly reliable. They are furnished thus for ready reference for the South generally, as well as for city and suburban buyers. Dealers and inquirers should correspond direct with names given.

TOLER - STOCK - FARM. SEASON 1893.

Ashland Wilkes, 217; John Steiner; Maurice Levy; \$100.00 Season 25.00 Season 25.00 Season.

YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE. Address: H. G. TOLER, North Wichita Kansas.

R. M. MAXWELL. E. L. McCLURE. MAXWELL & McCLURE. 237-239 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

IMPORTERS and JOBBERS of NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS. Send in your orders for FIREWORKS.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO. Wholesale Grocers

OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET. Keepers of choice in the grocery line, show cases, stoves and grocery fixtures, also sole proprietors of the "Royalty" and "La Inocencia" brands of Cigars.

L. C. JACKSON, DISTRICT AGENT FOR SANTA FE COALS, AND JOBBER OF BUILDING MATERIALS

112 S. 4th AVE. WICHITA, KAN.

COAL AND SAND

All kinds of Coal at Lowest Market Prices. Best Arkansas River Sand Wholesale and Retail. SCHWARTZ BROS. OFFICE 541 W. DOUGLAS AVE. PHONE 192.

CHAS. AYLESBURY. GEO. M. NORRIS. AYLESBURY-NORRIS MERCANTILE CO

Nos. 138-140 N. Fourth Ave. Wholesale - Grocers. JOBBERS OF TEAS, CIGARS AND SPICES. Sole Agents for Alvarado, Figaretta and La Perleta Cigars.

FARIES MACHINE WORKS. Builds and Repairs ENGINES, BOILERS and MACHINERY

124 S. Washington Ave Wichita

THE WILLOTT MFG CO. Successors to BUTLER & GRALEY.

Manufacturers of and Jobbers in Piced and Stamped Tin Ware. 213 South Main Street. H. R. BUTLER, Manager.

J. P. ALLEN, DRUGGIST. Everything Kept in a First-Class Drug Store

108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE. WICHITA, - - - KAN.

J. A. BISHOP, WALL PAPER

Wholesale and Retail. Paints, Oils and Glass. 150 N Market St., Wichita, Kan

THE USE OF COSMETICS.

What Some of the Commonly Used Powders and Washes Are Made Of. The spotted veils began it, so the ladies say. The terribly trying electric light makes it almost a necessity, if one would not look ten years older than their age. Formerly it was the actresses only who encircled their eyes with the aureole bestree to give to their orbs the electric glance which shoots out from behind the footlights to the most extreme distance of the theater where there stands or sits a man, and who touched their lips and cheeks with rouge. Now the fine ladies have taken it up, and on dress parade in afternoon or evening gatherings it is easy to detect that the eyebrows have been pointed, the cheeks freshened and the eyes brightened. This improving on the Creator's plan, this dabbling in art, is very insidious when once it is indulged in. It grows on one like the morphine habit, and women get curiously reckless concerning their looks, and rather given to more and more pronounced effects. Perhaps it's vanity, but one is inclined to forgive it for the motive is unselfish. A woman cannot see her own pointed face you know; if she could, she might not give us such crude effects. French women know better than those of any other nation the subtleties of cosmetics, and the art which conceals art is what is aimed for by the Parisienne, be she grisette or grande dame. It is rare to see a French lady with obvious traces of powder on her face, and yet two or more colored powders, with a pot of rouge, are considered indispensable to her toilet. So common is the practice that Madame talks of cosmetics as one would speak of perfumes, and Madame's maid will give you the secrets of their compounding.

There is the violet powder that daintily women put upon shoulders and arms before getting on a gown to keep the lining fresh and dainty. It is made of wheat starch, orris root powder, otto of lemon, otto of bergamot, and otto of cloves. The perfectly harmless powder for daily use is composed of levigated talc passed through a silk sieve; while the more effective powder for dress occasions is made of French chalk, one pound; oxide of bismuth, one ounce; oxide of zinc, one ounce. The cheek is made to bloom like the rose, with different tints for a blonde and a brunette, but a general recipe is made up of strong liquid ammonia, half ounce; finest cream, quarter of ounce; rice water, one pint; triple extract of spirit of rose, half an ounce.

ANCIENT DIAMOND MINES. Traces of Prehistoric Workings in South Africa. The ancient diamond mines in South Africa, which are being discovered from time to time, are most interesting. The one at Winburg has been explored and there is evidence that diamond-mining was followed in quite a systematic manner and upon an extensive scale long before the period of which Europeans have any record. The tools found are primitive in shape, but made of very finely-tempered iron. What puzzles many persons is the finding of numer-

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO. (Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati O.)

WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices. 33 and 125 South Main Street, - - - Wichita, Kan

WICHITA - TRUNK - FACTORY

Manufacturers and Dealers of Trunks, Valises, Medical Cases Shawl Straps and Sample Cases. A complete line of traveling goods WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. 125 West Douglas Ave. Wichita, Kan.

THE JOHNSTON & LARIMER DRY GOODS CO.

Dry Goods; Notions; and Furnishing Goods. Complete Stock in all the Departments. 119, 121 & 123 N Topeka Ave. - - - Wichita, Kansas.

EAGLE CORNICE WORKS.

324 NORTH MAIN STREET. Manufacturers of Galvanized Iron, and Copper Cornice; Tin, Copper, Iron, and Slate Roofing Work done in any part of the country. Estimate furnished on application. CASWELL & BUCKLEY.

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Wholesale Dealers in Butter and Eggs. 212-214 South Topeka Avenue. Refer by permission to Kansas National Bank.

LEHMANN-HIGGINSON GROCER CO. Wholesale Grocers

203 AND 205 N. WATER STREET. Sole Agents for the Celebrated Jersey Coffee—the best package coffee in the market

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PORK AND BEEF PACKERS. FINE MEATS, LARDS AND SAUSAGES. A Lard for Everybody: White Clover Brand our Specialty; the finest Lard in the country. Choice Family Lard, the Most Popular Brand on the market. The Best Groceries can furnish either. If you want the best call for White Clover, and insist on getting it. In original Lithographed Cans you are sure of getting it. Put up for Family use in 5, 10 and 20 pound Lardered Tin Pails, with Lithograph label.

S. A. McClung Boot and Shoe Co.

(Successor to Getto McClung, Boot and Shoe Co.) WHOLESALE BOOTS AND SHOES. Our salesmen are now on the Road with Spring and Summer Lines. don't buy until you see their samples. Mail orders promptly filled. Satisfaction guaranteed. 135 and 137 N Market St. Wichita, Kan.

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Wholesale and Retail. Dealer in all kinds of House and Bedding Plants, Cemetery Vases, Jardinieres &c. Floral designs for Parties, Weddings and Funerals made on short notice. Visitors welcome. Greenhouse Fairmount Telephone 284.

J. P. MARTIN, Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames

Finest Quality Pictures, Frames, Stencils, Etc. First Quality French China for Decorating. Everything in the line of Artists' Materials at the Lowest Wholesale Prices. The shop occupies Art Street on the corner. Mail orders promptly attended to. Telephone 151. 151 NORTH MAIN STREET.

Wm. C. LANGDON, Manufacturer of Tents, Awnings, and everything made of Canvas.

Goods sold at Kansas City and St. Louis prices. Send for catalogue. 117 North Main Street.

When Com Perry had fought the victorious battle on Lake Erie, and his eye saw at a glance that victory was secure, he wrote in pencil on the back of an old letter, resting the paper on his navy cap, the following dispatch to Gen. Harrison, the first cause of which has often been quoted: "We have met the enemy and they are ours, two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop. Yours with great respect and esteem, O. H. Perry."

You Can't Keep Cool

while you're rubbing away over a tub of steaming clothes. If you want to keep comfortable and save your health (think of inhaling that fetid steam) and strength, stop the rubbing—and the steaming. Pearline does it. Pearline; cold water; no boiling; little work; that is the programme for hot-weather washing. This taking away of the rubbing is more than a matter of saving work. It's a saving of needless and ruinous wear and tear to all your summer clothing. Direction for this easy, safe and economical washing, on every package of Pearline. Beware of cheap imitations. Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sells some sitting down to luncheon at home. FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sells some sitting down to luncheon at home. FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sells some sitting down to luncheon at home. JAMES WYLLIE, New York.

