

Wichita Daily Eagle

GENERAL

James Russell Lowell was a Harvard professor for twenty years, but he never liked lecturing. Prof. Norton says that he was always scrupulously attentive to his duties, but "the stated hours and seasons of work were irksome to him and severe from his natural inclinations. 'I begin,' he says, in a letter in 1827, 'I begin my annual dissatisfaction of lecturing next Wednesday. I can not get used to it. All my nightmares are of lecturing.'"

M. Paul Richard, son of the late minister plenipotentiary of France at Morocco, recently committed suicide under strange circumstances. After fighting, on account of a lady to whom he was attached, a duel in which neither combatant was seriously injured, he returned home, wrote a letter to the lady, and then deliberately shot himself in the temple, death being instantaneous. He was only twenty-nine years old and very popular.

Colorado has been building a handsome new state capitol, and the finishing touches are now being put upon it. It has an imposing dome, and a suggestion recently started, and widely and enthusiastically endorsed, is to cover this dome with a heavy plating of silver, the metal for which the state is so famous, which is the greatest source of its wealth. "In the blaze of sunlight the dome would shed its white light for many miles," says a local paper, "typifying the state's grandeur with a peculiar fitness. It is probable that the suggestion will be carried out."

The fatal enemy of the health fire is the heat-headed housewife, who will have all the ashes removed and the hearth scrubbed before a new fire is laid. This practice prevails in some New York clubs. It is a sacrilege in the eyes of all persons brought up to real log fires, and Sarah Battle had no such thing in mind when she said, apropos of what: "A clear fire, a clean hearth, and the rigors of the game." No hearth fire will really smoulder and fall into a mass of glowing embers without a bed of ashes to lie upon. The hearth fires in the Century club, when the old house was still occupied by that organization, were perfect of their kind.

"Hello" is almost a new word, as it differs in form, sound and use from the old "hallo." It is merely mentioned by Webster, and the searcher for information is referred to "halloo," which is defined as an interjection, a loud call or the noise of the hunt. The forms there given—"Halloo" and "halloo"—are not well adapted to the American tongue, neither are they susceptible to the variety of expression that can be given to "hello." "Halloo," which grew out of the call "hallo, oh!" which was almost universally used by wayfarers in old time when halting at a house along the way. "Hal, oh!" the house," was another form quite common in early times. This would quite naturally take the form of "hal-loo, the house." However, this derivation is not given by Webster, but merely suggests itself.

Ballington Booth has opened a shelter called "The Lighthouse," at No. 243 Front street, New York, which is to act as a feeder for the farm to be established near that city. A shelter is also established in San Francisco, and arrangements have been made to establish others at Buffalo, Chicago and Omaha. Commander Booth says: "The social problem presents itself to us whenever a dirty, hungry and ragged man stands at our door, asking if we can give him a crust of bread or a job. That is the social question in New York as well as in London. What are you to do with that man? He has no money in his pocket. All that he can pawn he has pawned long ago. His stomach is as empty as his pocket. He asks for work, which he will do even on his empty stomach and in his ragged uniform, if so be that you will give him something for it, but his hands are idle, for no one will employ him. What are you to do with that man?"

Jackson park, in which the exposition is held, has a frontage on Lake Michigan of one and one-half miles, and contains 553 acres, seventy-seven of which are water. The midway pleasure is a mile long and 600 feet wide, and contains eighty acres more. There are thirty-nine exhibition buildings proper, and a floor space of 139 acres. Adding the galleries, there are 199.7 acres. Grouped around there are forty-four state and territorial buildings, eighteen buildings erected by foreign governments, and forty others for the minor purposes of the management, restaurants and advertising wares and enterprises. In the midway pleasure are the foreign villages, shops, etc. The visitor who would merely take a passing look at each of the vast array of exhibits must prepare to walk along 124 miles of aisles. Add to this the distance from one building to another, which must of necessity be traveled many times, and the distance to be covered will reach fully 150 miles.—Pittsburgh News.

A strangely impressive figure of a man recently made a profound sensation in the rooms of the lunacy commissioners in San Francisco. He was about thirty-eight years old, had a slender, graceful figure, long, flowing locks, eyes of inexpressible brilliancy, and in his long, black cassock, which contrasted strongly with his pale face, the resemblance to the familiar pictures of our Saviour was so striking that the medical examiners and judges were dismayed at the task before them. There was ample evidence, however, that this man, Johannes Jacobus Nouri, a priest of the Greek church and a native of Syria, was suffering from suicidal mania. A few months ago, he caused a report to be circulated that he had discovered the remains of Noah's Ark on an ice-cap clinging to Mt. Ararat, and later proclaimed himself king of Chaldaea. The poor fellow was adjudged insane, and as he was thrust into the carriage to take him away, his violent struggles to escape had to overcome by force. It was said that a strange solemnity prevailed in the room of the commission after he had left it.

A block of coal believed to be the largest ever mined in this country was taken out of a mine at Roslyn, Wash., several days ago. It is 24 feet long, 2 feet 8 inches wide, 4 feet 8 inches high, and weighs 41,000 pounds. It is, perhaps, the largest lump ever mined in the world, as it is larger than the block of coal sent to the Chicago fair and prize specimen.—N. Y. Sun.

A SONG OF BOYHOOD.

When I was but a boy I lay Upon the cabin floor, What time the tender green of May Our southern mountains wore. The mockingbird was in the vine, The thrush was in the thorn, And an old negro friend of mine Was hooping in the corn. Dear Uncle Ben, though black as he, His heart was kind and true, Sweeter than sound of bird or bee The music that he knew. His songs were rude and simple things, No staff could hold his tunes, But they were like the dream that brings The dream of summer noons. So tender were they, and so warm, So rich with melody to charm, The soft heart of a boy!

Maurice Thompson, in Youth's Companion.

Good Animal Yarns



ANIMAL stories, be they either of wild or domestic creatures, are interesting. We read them with delight before the blazing wood fire in winter and on the shady piazza in midsummer. Here is an interesting assortment of these tales: The narrative of a pig that prevented a bank from being robbed comes from Catawissa, Pa., a place where porkers are held in high esteem and every family supports a pig. John Hulshizer, a modest citizen, owns one, and when he heard an agonizing squeal just before dawn the other morning he repaired hastily to the pig sty. There he found his pampered protégé caught fast in a hole in the sty. With ready sympathy Hulshizer proceeded to liberate the animal from its uncomfortable position, which liberation was no sooner effected than the ungrateful pig started off townward at a very lively gait. Hulshizer followed on a dead run, but did not succeed in overhauling the pig until the chase had led him to the door of the First national bank. There the perspiring and panting owner of the pig got close enough to grab it, and the pig instantly resumed its piercing and far-reaching squeal. Citizen Hulshizer held fast to the pig and was about heading it for home when three men came tumbling helter skelter out of the bank and tore wildly away, soon disappearing in the darkness. Strange as it may seem, Hulshizer was so taken up with the capture of the pig and concerned about getting it home that the incident of the men tumbling out of the bank did not strike him as of particular significance. He got his pig home and safely housed and went to bed again. Then, as his nerves became quiet, he got to thinking about the men who had left the bank so hurriedly.

"Why, say," he thought by and by, "that pig scared them feller so and by that pig scared them feller so and by that they didn't take time to lock the bank door." Then Citizen Hulshizer got up again and retraced to the bank. The door was wide open. So he aroused a citizen living near the bank. That citizen in attending to come out of his door found his way blocked by strong wires that were strung from jamb to jamb. By this time others living in the immediate vicinity of the bank were aroused, and every door leading out of their houses was found obstructed by wires. It was broad daylight before any examination was made of the bank. The outer door had been drilled through it near the lock, so that the bolts were readily made. The vault door had been opened by drilling, and the safe in the vault was bored through, and, as the bankers

declared when they came, would have opened to the efforts of the burglars in five minutes more. There was sixty thousand dollars in bank notes and coin in the safe. So the pig-squeal was worth sixty thousand dollars to the bank—but at last accounts the owner of the pig had derived no profit from the night's adventure.

A most singular incident, which goes to show that even the wildest is capable of tender affection for the human species, is reported from Tulare county, Cal. On a warm day recently Mrs. Edwards, the wife of a rancher, left her three-year-old child asleep in a swinging chair under the trees while she applied herself to her household duties. A few minutes after the mother left the child a wildcat which had been prowling about the neighborhood appeared and walked up to the child. The beast's breath fanning her delicate cheeks awoke the baby. She opened her eyes and looked into the cruel yellow ones above her. The little thing was not frightened, as she did not know there was anything to be frightened at in this world. Baby thought the animal was very pretty and put out her hand and patted it on the head, at the same time lisping: "Pussy, pretty pussy." This had a peculiar effect on the wildcat. For the creature sat down quietly while baby got out of her bed and came and sat down beside it. The child thought it had found a splendid playmate and was soon cuddling up close to the treacherous animal.

The cat liked it and began licking baby's face. The child was filled with joy and commenced to play. Very soon both were rolling over and over on the ground, having a splendid time. The wildcat seemed to enjoy the sport and both were perfectly happy.

The child, crowded, laughed and shrieked with happiness, and soon attracted its mother's attention. She came to the door and took in the situation at a glance, but did not stop to think of what was best to do. She saw the child was not being hurt, but did not know how soon it would be, so she rushed out to pick it up and carry it into the house.

But the wildcat objected to this and stood in front of the baby while the latter was playfully pulling its tail. Mrs. Edwards rubbed on, determined to have her child. When she got close the beast jumped for her throat, but missed it and buried its teeth and claws in her shoulder.

Baby thought it was fun and laughed louder and louder. The pain and flowing blood caused the mother to fall to the ground, and then the wildcat returned to continue its romp with the child.

It was all the woman could do to crawl into the house for the purpose of getting a gun, but when she got there she found she could not reach the place where it was hanging and was too weak to get on a chair. There was no use in thinking of the gun question, so she took a large butcher knife, intending to fight the beast to the death.

When she got outside again and saw the two still playing together she thought she would call the child and then wondered why she had not done it in the first place and saved herself the trouble. But baby was having too good a time and wouldn't come. The mother called and begged and told it what a terrible beast it was that she was playing with, but the child couldn't understand and called its mother to come and take part in the fun.

Once or twice the mother went near, but the beast was always ready, and the woman's nerve felt shaky. She knew that if she only wounded the beast it would kill her, and then the child would be doomed sure. After mature consideration she concluded to sit near by and not make an attack until the beast started to injure the child. Her wounds were bleeding freely, and she was getting weaker every moment. Still she sat there ready to fight the moment the wildcat showed signs of treating the child differently.

She sat thus nearly an hour. The minutes seemed years, but at last a wagon was heard coming up the road, and the mother knew the child's father would soon be home. Her little experience had taught her to be careful, so she went to the front of the house and before Mr. Edwards got to the doorstep she stopped him and told him the story.

He got his rifle and ran to where the child was. He found both lying down on the ground apparently asleep. A slight noise brought the wildcat to his feet, and at the same time Mr. Edwards raised the rifle to his shoulder. It was hard to get where there would be no danger of hitting the child, and he shot as he had never shot before, and when he pulled the trigger a bullet went into the wildcat's brain, and it rolled over dead.

The baby realized that something awful had happened to her friend and threw herself on the dead body and commenced to cry, but in another instant she was pressed to her mother's breast, while tears of joy rained upon her face.

A California burro recently distinguished himself in a more signal manner than jackasses usually do. A locomotive at Asphalt backed up a switch track to pull out some cars loaded with wood. To do this the switch was unhooked and the engine struck the locomotive at the switch. The engine struck the locomotive at the switch, and there was the train, stranded—a train-load of passengers, the force of trainmen, all hungry, nothing eatable in sight but the young jackass, nothing to cook him with, and grave doubts as to his flavor when caught. The train was delayed for several hours, and there was a hungry and angry lot of people when finally they all bade good-by to the new switch-tender and started for home. Luckily there was no physical harm done, not even to the burro, although an effort will be made to give him a lay-off for the season.

Uncle Tom Jackson, one of the early settlers of Montana, whose character is as picturesque as his language, recently related this interesting reminiscence to a Philadelphia Times correspondent: "I was out by the river one day long ago in the seventies, and I was prospecting for gold—didn't find none, though—and I had me a little shanty up in the mountains a piece. One day in the dead of winter I went down to Loveridge's in the valley after some provisions and powder and shot, and as a sorter afterthought, a half-gallon of whisky in case I should get snooked."

"Well, when I'd loaded up I started back to the cabin on the mountain, pretty well bowed down what with the meat and sich, and the bag of powder, and the ball, and the jug, which war o'stone with a corneob stopper, and I had to go putty slow, and it war not till I got half way up the mountain that I recollected that I'd left my gun at Loveridge's when I loaded up, but I kinder hoped nothin' wouldn't happen till I got home, whar I'd another gun. But just when you ain't prepared for it trouble is sho' to come, and arter a while I came on the tracks o' what I knowed war a grizzly."

"They war goin' on ahead o' me, though, and I hoped the chieft o' me'd keep straight on. Howsomever, pretty soon I see somethin' jest on a piece which I made out to be the bar, and were considerin' whether I hadn't better turn out and gin her the road when I see a bear comin' at me, and I tried to look mighty plite as he drawed near, but she war not goin' to have it that way, and comin' up to me she stuck her head right in my face, a-snuifin' at me, and as bad luck would have it the bag of shot o'ber'd a my shoulder and fell on one o' her feet."

"I spec it hurt her some, for she gin a growl and snapped at me, and like a fool 'fore I thought I hauled off with my fist and gin her a lick on the nose, and the ball opened up! She struck out at me with her big paw, with its long nails like fishhooks and jest 'bout as sharp, and if I hadn't leapt to one side she'd 'a' laid open my head. I looked 'bout me then for a tree or somethin'—the grizzly air the one bar that kaint climb—but thar war'n't nothin' 'cept a rock a few feet high, and I made for this and set my back 'gainst it."

"Hyar she come arter me a-growlin' like mad, showin' her long teeth and her eyes blazin' like a mad pussy cat. I tell you I thought 'twas a gooner, but I war goin' to make a fight for it, and raisin' the jug o' whisky I brought it down on her head ker blang! and the lick broke it in a thousand pieces, sendin' the liquor runnin' down her head into her nose and eyes, blindin' her and makin' her sneeze like mad. Seein' her in this fix and calculatin' she war goin' to give up the chase, I picked up my bags and started on a run for home, though ev'ry time I sorter stopped to git my breath, I'd go to cussin' the critter for gettin' away with my liquor, though it war some comfort to think it war'n't doin' her 'amuch good as it would have me."

"When I got to the cabin I loaded up for her, 'cause I reckoned she'd be arter me jest as soon as she could see, and I'd left her doin' the best thing—it's curious how much sense critters has got—for her eyes, a-rubbun' snow in 'em. And bime and by hyar she come, and a mad wasn't the name for it. She war fair'y bilin' over, and I thanked my stars I'd my weepin' with me this pop, and just as she got to the door I dropped her with a bullet through the head."



"I BRING IT DOWN ON HER HEAD." "The war up in a second, and I kin tell you her heart stood still as a baky hoss, but I fired my old Betsy Jane agin, and she rolled over dead with a hole plum through her heart."

It is related by Mr. John Worth that in some parts of the west in the spring-time the prairie chickens (sharp tailed grouse) meet every morning at gray dawn in companies of from six to twenty and indulge in a dance which reminds him strongly of the Cree Indian dance. At first the birds stand about in ordinary attitudes, resembling people at a ball before the music begins, when suddenly one of the cocks lowers his head, spreads out his wings nearly horizontally and his tail perpendicularly, distends his air sacs and erects his feathers, then rushes across the "floor," taking the shortest steps, but stamping his feet so hard and so rapidly that the sound is like that of the kettle drum. At the same time he utters a sort of bubbling crow, which seems to come from his air sacs, beats the air with his wings and vibrates his tail so that it produces a loud, rustling noise, and thus becomes a really astonishing spectacle.

Soon after one commences all the cocks join in, rattling, stamping, drumming, crowing and dancing together furiously. Loud and long the noise grows and faster the dance becomes until at last they madly whirl about, leaping over each other in excitement. After a brief spell the energy of the dancers begins to abate, and shortly afterward they cease and stand over move about very quietly until they are again started by one of their number leading off, as human dancers are observed to do during the intervals of rest between their performances.—N. Y. Advertiser.

Drumming Up Trade. Two enterprising young men set up in the undertaking business in one of the large towns of the gas belt, and as there was some competition in that particular business the young men prepared cards, typographically neat, and sent them out, announcing their new enterprise, but so singularly enough the cards concluded: "We hope you will give us an early call."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Correction.—Miss Chicago—"Is your neuralgia any better, dear?" Miss Boston—"Better?" How could it be? It was never good."—Detroit Free Press.

How a Snake Bite Was Cured. Whiskey and rattlesnake bites are supposed to be inseparable, but a Riverside (Cal.) doctor recently successfully treated a rattlesnake bite without the aid of the intoxicant. The treatment was: The hand and arm were first thoroughly cleaned in a hot medicated wash, and the places where the fangs entered were lanced, so that the poisoned blood might escape. It was again washed clean, and 33 1/2 per cent. oily solution of camphorated phenic acid was injected into some twenty-five places in the hand and arm. The only remaining treatment was to keep the parts perfectly clean. The doctor says that anyone bitten by a rattler should immediately suck the wound and spit out the blood, then tie a handkerchief tightly above the wound and open it with a clean pen-knife to let it bleed. While this is being done not a moment should be lost in getting to a surgeon. The snake may also be killed while you wait.

The Cost of Patents. To have an invention protected all over the world it is necessary to take out sixty-four patents in as many different countries, the estimated total cost of which is seventeen thousand dollars.

"A HAND SAW IS A GOOD THING, BUT NOT TO SHAVE WITH."

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PEOPLE ACROSS THE SEAS.

The German emperor alone has a right to have a coach and six in Berlin.

The prince of Wales has presented Mrs. Adeline Patti with a large portrait of himself, bearing his signature.

Lord Lonsay receives six thousand dollars a year as governor and comptroller of Windsor castle. Absolutely his only duty in this sinecure is to sign a receipt for his salary every quarter.

BARONESS HELENE REDEK, aged seventy-nine years, was sent to the Vienna workhouse as a vagrant last week, upon her avowment that her relations would not support her. She is the widow of a millionaire, Baron Redek, of the privy councillor, Baron Redek.

The heir to the throne of Austria, accompanied by a prince and two counts, will be in this country early in the autumn. He is Archduke Francis Ferdinand d'Este. He is a young unmarried man, and one story has it that he is traveling around the earth in search of a wife.

STATED IN FIGURES. THERE are now about 15,000,000 sheep in New Zealand.

The Bank of England has reduced the discount rate from 4 per cent. to 3 per cent.

GRITTA percha was first introduced into Europe from Malaga in 1852. The annual consumption now amounts to 4,000,000 pounds.

The largest yield of oranges in Pomona, Cal., this year was from a grove of trees over 17 years old. Six acres yielded 3,500 boxes. Two trees yielded 35 boxes.

Tax revenue returns of New South Wales for May show a decrease of £120,000 as compared with May, 1892. Custom returns fell off £50,000, and railway receipts £20,000.

PAMPA grass is said to cover an area of 1,500,000 square miles in South America. It was first grown for market in California in 1872, and in 1880 a 26-acre ranch yielded 260,000 plumes.

MEN OF MIGHT AND MEANS. KATE FIELD says that Edwin Booth cast a vote for Abraham Lincoln for president, but never voted before that occasion or after.

Gov. NORTHEN, of Georgia, is an old school-teacher, and the ruling passion urges him to spend a good part of his time attending school institutes and commencements.

DR. G. C. GRANDSON, a colored man and late president of Bennett college, Greensboro, N. C., is described as one of the foremost orators not only of his race, but of the day. He has a dash of Indian blood in him.

The newly elected president of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad is but forty-one years of age. The responsibility thus placed upon this young man may be in a measure realized, when it is known that the Santa Fe has a capital of four hundred million dollars and employs twenty-five thousand men.

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 4th, 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; Total, \$984,086.23. LIABILITIES. Capital, \$250,000.00; Surplus, 50,000.00; Undivided Profits, 1,774.85; Circulation, 45,000.00; Deposits, 637,811.38; Total, \$984,086.23. Correct, C. A. WALKER Cashr.

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