

Wichita Daily Eagle

FRIENDS WITH A TIGER.

How an Animal Tamer Overcame the Dislike of a Reptile.

A noted wild-beast tamer, on being asked how he successfully tamed, related his experience as follows: "I was a barback-rider in a well-known circus, and in my leisure hours found great delight in playing with the monkeys in the menagerie. One especially pleased me, and I often fed him on figs. One day, while standing near his cage, about to hand him a fig, I heard a fierce growling near me, and turning I saw a fierce-looking tiger stick his paw out between the iron-bars of his cage and reach for me. One inch nearer and he would have struck me. This unexpected and unwarranted attack so aggravated me that I raised my metal-headed cane and struck the beast such a terrific blow with the iron bars, that he retreated to the corner of his cage and howled and bellowed furiously. The following day the whole operation was repeated. The tiger was now my deadly enemy, and displayed such fierceness on my approach to the cage that I became interested in his actions. To test his powers of memory I intentionally absent myself for several days, but he seemed to know my steps, and the moment he caught sight of me his eyes flashed fire, he beat furiously against the side of the cage with his tail, and fairly shook the cage in its wrath. Suddenly the thought of taming the animal came to me. My first step was to cause the beast to forget his wrongs, and in this succeeded wonderfully. For hours I would talk to him in soft accents and occasionally hand him little bits of meat. In a few months he had become so intimate that he crept out of my hand.

"Little by little he permitted me to rub his head, and when I spoke to him he would close his eyes and lean his head lovingly against the iron bars. I now considered the time ripe to take the last step, namely, to enter the cage. I told the keeper of my intention, but he was frightened and said I had gone mad, but I insisted. Unwillingly he consented. He opened the door at the rear and allowed me to enter, while tremblingly he held the door latch in one hand in order to open the door quickly in case of accident, and in the other hand he held a long pointed rod in case of an attack by the beast. As I hurriedly entered the cage the tiger drew back in fright and started. He seemed to be expecting an attack and prepared to spring. But I stood motionless and apparently careless.

"Then I rapped at the door. It was quickly opened and I jumped out. Two weeks later I repeated the visit, and from that time daily. I talked pleasantly to the tiger and each time he became quieter. At my tenth visit I ordered him to lie down and he obeyed. As a reward for his obedience I gave him little pieces of meat. This way I had a magical effect. But he soon expected meat at every visit, and when it was not forthcoming became restless and a little vicious. But I soon overcame this. In fact, I treated him like a spoiled child and did almost what I pleased with him. Up to this time the keeper had always stood back of the cage, ready at a moment's notice to open the door. I now ordered him to lock the door and step around to the front. The tiger had stretched himself full length and allowed me to sit on his back."—Philadelphia Times.

A THRIFTY CLASS.

An Instance of the Extortion Practiced by Pawnbrokers.

He is not much of a pawnbroker who allows an opportunity to make an honest dollar escape him without taking advantage of it.

One of the best-known pawnbrokers in the Bowery was attending to a number of impetuous customers one day last week when a well-dressed foreigner stepped in, handed him a remarkably fine diamond ring and asked how much he would advance on it.

The pawnbroker glanced at it a moment and asked: "How much do you want?"

"I don't know," was the hesitating answer. "Is it good for eighty dollars?"

Without answering the pawnbroker walked to the back part of the shop and disappeared for a moment. Then he reappeared, threw eighty dollars on the counter in front of the foreigner, and asked what name he should put on the ticket.

"I don't want any money," exclaimed the man. "I only wanted to know how much you would be willing to lend on the ring."

"What name shall I put down?" was the pawnbroker's sole response.

"Don't put down any name," said the stranger, showing some excitement. "I tell you I don't want the money. It isn't my ring at all. It's a friend's ring, and I want to find out what he can raise on it."

"There's your money," replied the pawnbroker.

"But I don't want it, I tell you, I only..."

"Well, then you can leave it there for somebody else to pick up. Here's your ticket. I can't keep it any time bothering with you any longer."

The foreigner protested in excited tones and insisted that he must have the ring at once. Finally the pawnbroker, with the air of a person who was doing a great personal favor, told the stranger that at the regular rate it would cost him two dollars and forty cents interest to recover the ring.

"But," said he, "as you say it's a mistake, I'll let you have it for a dollar."

With a disgusted air the man took a dollar from a well-worn purse, gave it to the pawnbroker, who picked up the eighty dollars and handed back the ring.

As the stranger turned to leave the pawnbroker told him to tell his friend he could have sixty dollars or one hundred dollars on the ring any time he wanted.

Then, as the door closed behind the foreigner, the pawnbroker remarked to a clerk: "That was a mighty fine diamond. I'd like to get it for three hundred dollars."—N. Y. Herald.

THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

He Has to Do a Good Deal of Work for Small Pay.

Origin, Growth and Present Proportions of the Government Print Shop—Four Million Required to Run It for Twelve Months.

[Special Washington Letter.] "I presume that there comes a time in the life of every lawyer when he entertains an ambition to be a judge," says ex-Senator Moody, of South Dakota. It may probably also be truthfully said that there comes a time in the life of every printer in this country when he entertains a desire or an ambition to secure employment in the government printing office at the national capital.

The public printer is at the head of a great institution which employs over three thousand men and women. The government printing office is a hive of industry, and, because of the fact that the employees in this great printing house are not under the protection of the civil service law, there are applicants for employment on hand in person every day either accompanied by their representatives or senators, or bearing letters from men of standing and influence. The office of the public printer, which is upon the second floor of the building, is the most attractive camping ground in the city for the unemployed.

It costs nearly \$4,000,000 to pay the yearly expenses of this institution. Over \$3,000,000 are paid out annually to the employees in wages, while the quantities of materials consumed by the government printing office are almost staggering in their volume. Last year 223 printers' reams of paper were used, costing over \$500,000. There were also ten tons of printers' ink, twelve tons of glue, six tons of twine, two tons of glycerine, two tons of anti-mony, one ton of bar tin, one-half ton of plumbago, 500 pounds of pumice stone and 730 pounds of beeswax consumed in the regular business of the government printing office; and there were also 6,000 gallons of oil, 4,500 gallons of benzine, 140 gallons of alcohol, 5,000 pounds of gold leaf, 4,000 pieces of book cloth, 3,000 dozen Turkey morocco skins, 230 square feet of calfskin, 4,000 yards of crash, 4,000 dozen sheepskins and 40,000 feet of Russia leather consumed in the regular business. It is claimed by many that the government printing office in Washington is the biggest on the face of the earth. From the expense account epitomized above one would judge that there is some ground for that claim.

It is not generally known, but it is a fact that the big building at the corner of North Capitol and H streets, in which over 3,000 men and women are employed, is a veritable fire trap and a gigantic tinder-box. If a fire should occur in any part of the building a fearful holocaust would result. Three years ago congress appropriated \$500,000 for the purchase of a site and the erection of a new building for the government printing office but real estate dealers in this city have managed, by active and energetic competition, thus far to prevent the selection of any site, and the old death-trap continues in use. In the basement of the building are 75 huge printing presses, while on the floor above there is an immense complement of binding machinery, appliances and fixtures capable of turning out, in phenomenally short time, the greatest jobs of printing that can possibly be projected. In the basement and on the ground floor are the press rooms, paper warehouses, safety vaults and machine shops. On the second floor are the administrative offices, the main composition room, the job rooms, the stereotyping and electrotyping departments and proof rooms. On the third floor is the bind-

ery and its warehouses. The fourth story is devoted to the publication of the Congressional Record, patent office specifications, and to the necessary warehouses. In addition to the numerous force of printers, compositors, pressmen, stereotypers and book-binders, there are whole battalions of feeders, computers, helpers, assistants, machinists, engineers, messengers, watchmen and laborers. Most of the computers, feeders and assistants are women and girls, numbering about 1,000 in all, who earn a competence by their labor. In addition to this great central printing office there are five branches under the supervision of the public printer, and they are located for convenience in the treasury, interior, navy, state and war departments for work requiring special secrecy and discretion in those departments.

During the last session of congress a joint committee of both houses undertook to cut down the expenses of the government printing office by recommending the discontinuance of certain publications, but the congress did not act favorably upon the reports of the committee. As a matter of fact the congress is exceedingly extravagant in its orders for printing. One hundred copies of every bill introduced in either house of congress are printed and sent to the secretary and clerk of the senate and house to be placed upon their files. As a matter of fact ten copies would be ample for official use. Thousands of copies of reports of committees are printed from day to day during sessions of congress which should never be put into type. The committees of the senate and the house having before them bills for consideration very frequently make reports favorable or unfavorable for the purpose of satisfying the demands of claimants and lobbyists who make daily personal appeals for action upon their bills. As a matter of fact no reports should be made in any cases unless action can be had by both

houses of congress. Then there are thousands of reports of the executive department printed which might as well remain upon the archives of the departments in type-written form, because their publications serve no public good. During the closing days of the last session of congress Representative Stockdale, of Mississippi, advocated the increase of the number of copies of the Congressional Record donated to each representative from twenty-two to forty-four daily. It was shown by the chairman of the committee on printing that the adoption of the proposition would carry with it a \$95,000 increase, and the debate upon the subject grew very warm. The proposition, however, was finally rejected. If carried it would have resulted in the practical waste of \$95,000 per annum.

The common people of the country are not interested in the excessive publication of the Congressional Record. It is a very fine thing to have, bound and indexed at the public expense for



CAPT. W. M. MEREDITH.

the use of statesman and newspaper men, and it makes a handsome addition to the library of a gentleman. But if five copies were daily given to each member of congress, instead of twenty-two, it would be sufficient for each statesman and if they needed more to send to the various people in their districts they could purchase and pay for them out of their own pockets.

The present government printing office was not founded until 1861 when Mr. John D. Deere, of Indiana, was appointed the public printer by President Lincoln, after congress had worried along with other less convenient and satisfactory systems since the government was established in 1789. For many years the public printing was done on a small scale, the house and senate each paying for their own work out of their "appropriations for contingent expenses." For about twenty years prior to 1846 the senate and house elected public printers who were salaried officials. The duties of these officers were to make economical contracts and audit accounts for such printing only as was absolutely necessary. In that year, 1846, when the annual expense of congressional printing reached the enormous sum of \$35,000, it was decided to return to the original contract system. But in 1851 the public printing cost \$500,000, and the office of "superintendent of public printing" was created by act of congress, with a salary of \$3,000 per annum. Strange as it may now appear, Horace Greeley was an applicant for the position, and so was Henry J. Raymond; both of them destined to become the leading journalists of their day, and one of them a candidate for the presidency of the republic.

The law of 1861, creating the office of public printer, is still in force, and under the system then inaugurated the government printing office has grown to the present proportions. The salary, which is \$4,500, is very small, and no superior man could be induced to accept the office but for the honor of the position. The public printer gives bond in the sum of \$100,000 and is obliged to abstain from any connection with or interest in any printing, binding, lithographing or engraving establishment; so that the entire time, attention, ability and energy of the public printer must be given to the government for \$4,500 per annum. And yet, the duties and responsibilities of the place require the services of a man who is possessed of as much executive ability as would be required of the incumbent of a cabinet position.

The public printer must be a man of absolute incorruptibility and sterling integrity. If he is not, he is always in danger of misdirection; for the temptations of the position are very great. The following story is illustrative: "I do not like that man," said Capt. Meredith, chief of the bureau of engraving and printing three years ago, as he passed a prominent character on the avenue. "It was supposed early in '80 that I would be appointed public printer. That man came to me and asked to be appointed chief clerk of the government printing office, saying he would make me rich if I gave him that position. When I asked how he could do it, he said that, as chief clerk, he would make all contracts for materials for the office, and that he would occasionally hand me an envelope with a thousand dollars in it, and that I need not ask any questions. He had been introduced to me only a week before by an ex-member of a cabinet, and I had presumed that he was a gentleman. I have never permitted him to speak to me since that day."

The above is a true story. It illustrates pointedly and practically the dangers of the position, unless a man is armed so strong in honesty that he is absolutely incorruptible.

SMITH D. FRY.

A BATTLE FOR LIFE.

The Heroic Fight of a Western Gambler with Indians.

A company of ranchmen sat about the railroad station in Pomona the other afternoon waiting for the belated overland train for Los Angeles. Every man in the party knew the others, and there being an hour or two to wait, story telling of the early days on the border and in Arizona and California became natural. Stories of old times, when Indians were bad, and the white pioneers knew what bravery meant, were related. John Wilson, of El Monte, told the most absorbing story of the hour.

"Talk about sand in a man, gentleman," I am telling you that I have heard of the genuine article in any man to try and stand off single handed forty or fifty Apaches, when he knows it will be his own death. But that was just the kind of sand that was in Felix Knox when he was killed by the Apaches. You see Knox was an all-around gambler such as the tenderfoot from the east scorns so much and know so little about, but he had a heart in him bigger than any tenderfoot's head. Well, it was in the spring of '79, Knox, with his wife and baby and a Mexican driver, were coming from Silver City to Clifton, down in Arizona. They got to York's ranch, which is on the Gila river, about thirty miles from Clifton, all right, but were told there that signs of Apaches had been seen, and that they had better go in camp there for a few days, but Knox, who had fought the Apaches dozen of times and didn't know what fear was, said he wanted to make Clifton that day, "Indians or no Indians."

"Well, the Knoxes drove on. When they were about two miles from York's ranch, sure enough a big buck Indian came from behind a low, round-top mesa. Knox knew there were plenty more of the red devils hid there, and that it meant a fight to death for him. He was as cool as a cucumber. He jumped out of the wagon, filled his pockets with two boxes of cartridges, and then kissed his wife and baby for the last time, but saying that he would have the red-skins quieted in a few minutes. He ordered the Mexican driver to lash the team for all he was worth and to drive back to York's ranch as fast as the horses could jump. Then Knox waved his hand to his wife, and said he was going to stand off a few Apaches—although he was sure there was a big band of them. As the team and wagon flew back to the ranch Knox, rifle in hand, started for the hill

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, 2:17 1/2; John Steiner; Maurice Levy. \$100.00 Season 25.00 Season 25.00 Season. YOUNG STOCK FOR SALE. Address: H. G. TOLER, North Wichita Kansas.

MAXWELL & McCLURE.

237-239 SOUTH MAIN STREET. IMPORTERS and JOBBERS of NOTIONS, FURNISHING GOODS.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCERY CO.

Wholesale Grocers. OFFICE AND WAREHOUSE 213 TO 223 SOUTH MARKET STREET. Keep every thing in the grocery line, show cases, scales 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.

AYLESBURY-NORRIS MERCANTILE CO

Wholesale Grocers. Nos. 138-140 N. Fourth Ave. 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

CHAS. LAWRENCE,

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WICHITA BOTTLING WORKS

OTT O ZIMMERMANN, Mgr. Bottlers of Ginger Ale, Champag Cider, Soda Water, Standard Nerve Food, also General Western Agents for Wm. J. Lamp's Extra Pale. Cor. First and Waco Sts., - Wichita.

J. P. ALLEN, DRUGGIST,

Everything Kept in a First-Class Drug Store 105 EAST DOUGLAS AVE. WICHITA, - - - KAN.

J. A. BISHOP,

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

THE WILLOTT MFG CO

Successors to BUTLER & GRALEY, Manufacturers of Jobbers in Pinned and Stamped Tin Ware. H. R. BUTLER, Manager.

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 275 South Main Street, - - - - - Wichita, Kansas

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.

374 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. (ASWELL & BUCKLEY.

WICHITA CREAMERY CO.

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.

JACOB DOLD PACKING CO.

PORK AND BEEF PACKERS. 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 Grocer 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.

CHAS. P. MUELLER, FLORIST

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

F. P. MARTIN,

Wholesale and Retail Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames 151 NORTH MAIN STREET.

Went After Dinner.

Patrick—It's poor advice ye've been givin' me. Didn't ye say th' best time to asked a man a favor was after dinner? Biffins—I certainly did.

"Well, Oi want to ould Buffers wid th' smallest kind an request, and he refused. It was after dinner, too."

"Are you sure he had his dinner?" "Faith it's little Oi know about ould Buffers' ingoin's and outcomin's, but Oi'd had moine."—N. Y. Weekly.

FIDDLING JIMMIE.

Why He Resigned His Position at Number Thirteen. The Southwestern Stage Co. needed a man to take care of the relay station down in No Man's Land, known on their books as No. 13. As no one who knew that country could be persuaded to go there for love or money, it was a case of anybody at all. Hence it was that "Fiddling Jimmie," fresh from an eastern Kansas farm, was sent down to fill the vacancy. He was tall, lank, red-haired, and he carried a black, shiny satchel in one hand and a violin-case in the other. The office people told him it was a lonesome place, but he said he didn't care so long as they kept him in grub and his fiddle-strings stayed with him. They failed to tell him that the last man there had been found with a bullet in his head a few yards from his dugout, and that all the males had been run off either by rustlers or Indians straying up from the territory reservation. It might have made some difference had Jimmie been told of this; but he was not so we need not speculate on the matter.

No. 13 was a lonesome place. Twice a week each way a buckboard came by with the driver and the Tascosa mail. The males were changed, a sack of flour or a bale of hay was dumped off, and then Jimmie was left to himself and the solace of his violin. The station consisted simply of a corral and a dugout in a high bank overlooking a deep water hole in a creek. Jimmie set a line in the hole and always had fish for dinner. He shed wild game at times, and the report ran around among drivers that "the blamed fool at No. 13 was getting fat and fresh in his talk."

Things went on until the summer passed into the early autumn. It was night. Jimmie had eaten his supper and was sitting on his solitary stool

saving away for dear life on his violin, at peace with the world and himself, while up the creek valley came steaming Big Tooth, Yellow Horse and seven other proteges of the government, fresh from the reservation, bent on cattle-stealing, thievery of any kind and general deviltry. So silently and swiftly did they file in the dugout that Jimmie only had time to lower his bow and stare open-eyed across the varnished surface of the instrument, while the fragrance of their many "unwashed years filled the little interior.

The Indians calmly squatted in a circle around him, and Big Tooth, patting his Winchester with one hand, pointed with the other at the violin and solemnly granted out: "Play tune."

Jimmie played at once with energy. When he wanted to stop another buck with the same movement, made the same command, and Jimmie played again. Then another commanded and still another. The night advanced. Occasionally a mule outside brayed, a coyote howled, but there was no occasion to "Gettin' Upstairs," "Ketch Eyed Joe," "The Arkansas Traveller" and all the melodies in Jimmie's repertoire. The late moon rose; still it was "Play tune," and Jimmie played. Midnight passed away and the early hours of dawn. It grew first gray, then rose-colored, over in the east, and still the strains of music floated out from the open-mouth of the dugout.

Just when it grew good daylight Big Tooth and his companions arose, possessed themselves of Jimmie's ammunition and gun, and also of sundry portable articles, and with a snorting "Ketch Eyed Joe," betook themselves off and to other parts.

About ten o'clock the man who ran Station No. 13, down on the Beaver, happened to look out of the open door way of his cabin. He saw a black dot way up the valley. The dot was moving. It soon resolved itself into a larger shape, and moving arms and legs became discernible. Then it soon became manifest that it was a red-haired man on a very tired mule, riding for dear life. When the mule stopped, tired and blown, at the door, the man leaped over in a dead faint. He had a fiddle in one hand and a bow in the other. The fiddle-strings were broken and the bow bent, for they had been used on the mule's sides with energy and vim. Fiddling Jimmie had resigned.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Pygmies of Iceland. In "Purchas, His Pilgrimage," a rare old-time book, very few copies of which are now in existence, the following account is given of the "pygmies" of Iceland: "There are also pygmies or very little men and women here who represent the most perfect shape of men, but they are hairy to the utmost joints of the fingers, the maples having beards down to the knees; but, although they have the shape of a man, yet they have little sense or understanding, nor distinct speech, but make a kind of hissing after the manner of a mouse."

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