

CRUEL JULY.

FEARFUL DEATH RATE THIS MONTH.

INFANTS DIE FOR BETTER FOOD.

Anxiety in Thousands of Homes.

Improper Diet Should be Avoided.

Lactated Food the Preventive of Cholera Infantum.

The Safest and Best For Little One.

Pre-eminently the Most Nourishing and Natural.

Thousands of homes are now thoughtful and anxious for the safety of the little ones during the hot weather.

No one thing is so essential to their health and safety as a wise choice of food.

In the four summer weeks ending July 11, last year, the mortality of infants under a year old in this state amounted to 48.2 per cent.

The cold, cruel, statistical proofs, which might be accumulated indefinitely, show only what physicians know too well, that improper diet in the summer destroys baby life in uncounted numbers.

The epidemic of bowel affections of children frequently prevails above, rise in temperature, but the causes always lie in unsuitable diet.

An absolutely pure and reliable infant food and therefore being eagerly sought for years as a substitute for pure mother's milk.

Lactated food solved the problem completely. It is a natural, wholesome, and easily digested food.

It is endorsed by the best physicians, by nurses, and by happy, grateful mothers in every town and village in the land.

Sugar of milk, the basis of mother's milk, is the basis of lactated food.

No home where there is an infant can afford to be without it.

Lactated food saves babies' lives!

Equal to the emergency.

Housewife—Just see what a bluish appearance it has.

Milkman—Not at all, rascal; that's his natural appearance. I pasture my cows on blue grass.—Puck.

In Varsity Fair.

"So D'Arcy married the debutante—for her dot, of course. And the week afterward her father failed."

"Yaas, his hopes were nipped in the bud."—Truth.

Short-Lived Business.

"Was your new sort of any use to you when you went hunting?"

"Oh, yes; he made it possible for me to say I killed something without lying."—Puck.

BE A WOMAN.

Oh! I've heard a gentle mother As the twilight hours began, Pleading with a son, of duty, Urging him to be a man!

What's a lady? Is it something Made of hoops, and silks, and airs, Used to decorate the parlors, Like the fancy mats and chairs?

Be a woman! Brightest model Of that high, perfect beauty, Where the mind and soul and body Blend to work out life's great duty.

Be a woman! Nought is higher On the gilded list of fame; On the catalogue of virtue There's no brighter, holier name.

Be a woman! On to duty! Raise the world from all that's low; Place high in the social heaven Virtue's fair and radiant brow;

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However, he positively refused to throw it into the street, or to call in the police, or to send for the fire company or the family physician or the insurance men or any of the aids to which Caroline implored him to appeal.

What he did was to carry the thing very gingerly down the cellar stairs and to a far-back inclosure which formed the foundation of a large chimney. But he really was more afraid that reporters would get hold of the story and proceed to interview him, than he was that any harm should come to them from the mysterious box.

"Now, Carrie," he observed, "I think it is safe for the present. If it chance to be a gift, I shall doubtless hear from the donor before very long."

"But promise me," cried his wife, now certain that the package could contain nothing but dynamite, "promise me that you will never touch it again without my permission."

To assuage her terror he readily promised, thinking that the mystery would of course be solved in a few days. But the days slipped into weeks until two months had gone by, and still the box, undisturbed, occupied the inclosure.

The children had been solemnly warned to keep away from that end of the cellar, and the housemaids were forbidden to touch the inclosure with broom or dust; and so it came to pass that the place was feared and avoided by the whole family.

Mr. Rapelye fretted under this condition of affairs, but his promise to his wife prevented him from taking any steps to improve matters; and whenever he broached the subject to her she turned pale and trembled so that he was compelled to repeat his promise and let the matter rest.

One day, without Mrs. Rapelye's knowledge, Michael, the stableman, was sent to clean the ashes from the furnace. Now Michael was an individual with a great fondness for a broom, and looking about the cellar he decided that it required sweeping.

"That dirty little hole ain't seen a broom in six months," he soliloquized, as he approached the forbidden ground; "and Mike O'Connor is the man to clean it out. What's the box, I wonder?"

worked that result, Mr. Rapelye bent cautiously over it. A small piece of white paper was visible under the boards, and he slowly drew it out. It proved to be a note addressed to himself. Shaking the dirt from it he held it to the light and began to read. A look of relief spread itself over his face, and then he burst into a roar of laughter.

"Well, Carrie," he exclaimed, "this is a good joke! We have indeed acted like idiots. It will never do to let the newspapers get hold of this."

Reassured by his words, Carrie took the note from his hands and read as follows: "DEAR SON GEORGE: Mother and me recollected what you said about the secrecy of fresh eggs in town, so we set about getting you some. We saved ours, and we got some of the neighbors to save theirs, and we managed to collect twelve dozen, though this is a scorching season for eggs. We hope they will give you pleasure."

"P. S.—Silas Harper was going to town, so we packed them up careful and sent them by him."

And there his parents' gift had lain for five months in the proximity of the furnace! The explosions and the smell were readily accounted for now. The old folks hardly ever wrote letters; and as Silas had told them he had delivered the box, they had thought no more about the matter except to wonder that George had never written a word of thanks.

Mike was delegated to remove the bad-smelling box. Much to his surprise, he found that it did not contain a drop of any kind.

"That Mrs. Rapelye do be a quare woman," he afterward remarked to the cook. "Didn't she shut oop a box av eggs behind lock and key and leave them to rot, and this sinder mo to chuck them away! And the smell av thim was that bad and clingin' thit it was two weeks before I could go to see me bist girl."—Alice A. and S. Jennie Smith, in Demorest's Magazine.

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 \$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.

DAVIDSON & CASE John Davidson, Pioneer Lumbermen of Sedgewick County. ESTABLISHED IN 1870. A complete stock of Pine Lumber Shingles, Lath, Doors, Sash, etc., always on hand.

RUSSIAN INFLUENCE IN ASIA.

It is based on a denominating spirit which impresses Asiatics. A policy led by humanitarian principles, or dictated in accordance with the taste and exigencies of a free and constitutional nation, is a sign of weakness in eastern eyes; and the English, who twice evacuated Afghanistan without being obliged to do so, are looked upon by the Asiatics either as fools or as a nation incapable to lend sufficient power to its will.

The exploits of the British armies on the Indian peninsula have become very little known in the Mohammedan world, for the good Moslems are in general ignorant about their co-religionists in India, but the Russian victories, trumpeted in all directions, have become the subject of bazaar gossip in the most distant regions of the east.

The fame of Russian valor having been flashed abroad, it is very natural that the Mohammedans, overawed, should turn their eyes toward the so-called invincible enemy. Their admiration increased, the more they heard of the affable and friendly manners and customs of the Russians, of whom it is said that they do not betray the pride and haughtiness, like the commonality of unbelievers, and that there are many points of resemblance between them and the Mohammedans. There really is some truth in those assertions.

The Russians, semi-Asiatic by origin, in mode of life and in thought, are really more to the Asiatic than, for example, the English and the French, who owing to their higher standard of civilization, are frequently hindered in intercourse with the foreign elements subjected to their rule.—National Review.

Two Spheres. Little Dick—Papa doesn't have any fun. He has to go to business every day. Little Dot—That's to get money, 'cause he's a provider, mamma says. "A what?" "A provider." "Well, if papa is a—provider, I wonder what mamma is." "I guess she's a divider."—Good News.

Always Something. Mamma—What are you fuming over now, Herbert? Herbert—This jack-knife. Mamma—You annoyed me almost to death to buy it for you, and now that you have it, you still worry me with it. What's the matter with it, anyhow? Herbert—Nothing; only I can't open it.—Harper's Young People.

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State National Bank. OF WICHITA, KAN. CAPITAL, \$100,000.00 SURPLUS, 100,000.00 DIRECTORS: John B. Carey, W. F. Green, J. P. Allen, J. M. Brown, F. W. Bradley, J. L. Johnson, J. A. H. Ferguson, H. C. Smith, James L. Loomis.

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Engraving.

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All kinds of Legal Blanks for city, county and township officers, Deeds, Mortgages, Abstracts, Receipt and Note Books, Real Estate and Rental Agency Books and Blanks, Attorneys Legal Blanks, Justice of the Peace Books and Blanks.

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I was always a great admirer of the Rapelye homestead when Son George contrived to get away from his busy life in the city and spend a few days with his parents.

To his family George Rapelye was an indulgent father; to the world at large he was an astute business man; but to the old folks he was their "own dear boy," still, Mrs. Rapelye, the elder, was extremely proud of her son's successful business career, but when she found that he was becoming interested in politics she shook her head gravely and remarked: "I don't like politics, George; you'd better leave them alone and give all your attention to your business and your family."

Now he had arrived with the startling information that he was a candidate for the magistracy of Pennington. "You're in a dangerous position, my son," said his mother, seriously; "you'll make a wonderful lot of enemies, and perhaps be shot or injured beyond recovery."

"Nonsense! who would want to injure me?" he replied, with a laugh. Then, observing that his wife looked thoughtful, he added: "Don't give Caroline that notion, or she'll worry about me day and night."

So during the rest of his visit nothing more was said on the subject, and George and his wife threw dull care to the winds and enjoyed heartily those few days in the country. They wandered over the fields and through the woods, and brought sharp appetites to their meals. Everything tasted so good, they declared, yet it annoyed the old lady because she could not supply them with the delicacies to which they were accustomed.

"Don't worry about that," said Caroline, one morning at breakfast. "You have something that we can never get for love or money; that is fresh eggs. George is so fond of them, too."

The visit came to a close at last, and the young folks were again in the midst of bustling city life. About a week after their return a carefully-wrapped package, directed to Mr. George Rapelye, was brought by a servant into the sitting-room. It was heavy in proportion to its size, and appeared to be a wooden box. The outside was tied around and under and over with strong twine, as if the sender were afraid of having the contents escape. A handle had been improvised of cord and cotton batting. The address was printed in large, crooked characters, and the package was literally covered with such directions as: "Handle with care," "Don't shake," "This side up," "Do not jar it."

The young wife looked in surprise at this strange object, and examined it carefully. The man who had left it was already gone. No one had seen what kind of a wagon he came in, or knew, indeed, whether there had been any conveyance at the door. There was no railroad or express mark upon the package; in fact, nothing to give the slightest clue as to whence it had come. The whole affair was involved in mystery, and Mrs. Rapelye's surprise changed to alarm. She recalled her mother-in-law's remarks about George's perilous position, and became confident that the box was an infernal machine. To permit it to remain in the sitting-room until Mr. Rapelye's return might result in accident. She lacked courage to take it away herself, and would not call a servant to perform the dangerous deed. However, as she preferred not to frighten the others with her suspicions, she finally decided to let the box remain where it was; then she closed and locked the sitting-room door.

With evening came Mr. Rapelye, who was met on the threshold by a pale, fever-stricken wife. In word whispers she told him of the dreadful package. "Oh! what! Garcia," said his scorn-



HE JUMPED BACK.

fully, "the thing is harmless enough, no doubt. We will go and open it."

But Caroline hung frantically to his arm and begged him not to touch it. They went together to the sitting-room for a closer look at the mysterious package.

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