

Wichita Eagle

To The Rescue.

TO STOP A DOG'S HOWL.

He Did His Best But His Efforts Were Not Appreciated.

It's a dreadful thing to be superstitious, isn't it.

I have an acquaintance who is above anything of the sort, except upon the subject of a dog's howling. This is a thing she can't endure.

There is a kennel located two doors from her house, in the back yard of a neighbor, and very often indeed her husband is aroused at night by her crying out to him.

On one occasion, near daylight, when she couldn't be awakened by this means, she threw a pillow over at him, and it struck him square in the face.

He gave a smothered yell, threw his arms around wildly, and sat up gasping.

"What's the matter?" "I thought you'd never wake up! Just hear that dog howl!"

"Dog? But what struck me in the face, then?" "Oh, I threw a pillow at you. I never knew anyone to sleep so soundly."

"Well, upon my word, is it such a crime to sleep?" "Just hear that dog. I'm frightened to death. I'm sure baby's going to die."

"Don't be a fool." Then a bright idea struck him. "That isn't a dog. That's the ferry-boat whistle. It's a foggy night."

"The idea! As if ferry-boats could whistle like that." Just at this moment the dog began a crescendo movement that was absolutely startling.

"George, I won't stand it another minute. You must get right up and go to that house and tell them to stop it."

"At this hour of the morning? I guess not. I suppose the brute's hungry."

"Perhaps he is. I have thought of that. George, dear, go down to the refrigerator and you'll find a piece of fish left over from dinner. It's in the right-hand corner on top of everything. Throw it over to the dog."

So George arose and donned some clothes, and, taking some matches, he felt his way down-stairs, growling all the time.

Of course he didn't find the fish, because it was in plain sight, but he tipped things over and splattered and swore, the dog in the meantime performing marvelous in the way of canine stunts.

Something had to be done. There were tomatoes and asparagus and green peas, but dogs don't care for those things, so George dug deeper, and at length came upon a magnificent porterhouse steak.

It was fine enough for any family. It ought to suit a dog.

So he dashed out into the backyard, accompanied by the steak, and, locating the animal by his howls, hurried the viand over the fence.

The noise stopped instantly, and George went back to bed.

He knew that an awful reckoning awaited him in the morning, but peace at any price was his motto.

"Did you find the fish, dear?" "Yes, the dog's eating it."

So they dropped off to sleep again, but not for long.

As the gray dawn crept into the room they were awakened by a howl that was simply hideous.

The terror-stricken wife sprang from her couch, and went to the window.

By the dawn's early light she saw the dog tugging at his chain, while three inches from his nose lay a magnificent steak.

She recognized it at once. They were to have had it for breakfast.

It did not grace their morning meal, but in place of it there was a conversation which George declares that he shall remember to his dying day.—N. Y. Recorder.

ONE EFFECT OF TRADE UNIONS. The Position of the American Boy in Regard to American Labor.

Shall American boys be permitted to learn trades, and, having learned them, shall they be permitted to work at them? These are apparently simple questions, and the answering of them is an apparently simple matter.

Persons thus interrogated would reply at once: "Certainly they should. Why do you ask such unnecessary questions?" We ask them because under the present conditions of trade instruction and employment in this country the American boy has no rights which organized labor is bound to respect.

By RICHARD DOWLING

UNTIL my dying hour I will remember my first Sunday in London.

In the middle of the week I had gone up on business which kept me closely occupied till Saturday night.

I was unacquainted with the city beyond the Strand, Chancery lane and Arundel street, in the last of which I lived—at Weldon's, a small private hotel.

On Sunday morning came one of the thickest fogs of the year. Misted by the darkness of the midwinter morning, I was late for breakfast.

When I got down to the dining-room I found only one person, a young man of about my own age, at the table. He had arrived very late the night before and was quite unknown to me.

His appearance and manner attracted my attention at once. He was tall, dark, good looking, courteous. Several times during the meal, at which he only drank a cup of coffee, he seemed on the point of speaking to me about something. He was restless and overwrought. I felt strangely drawn toward him, and experienced a feeling of relief when at last he said:

"My name is Victor Grama. The landlord here knows me. Are you going to church this morning?"

"The rest of the people have set off already. We were alone."

"My name," I said, "is Marcus Fall. I had intended going to Newington, but I could not more find my way there than through the center of the earth to New Zealand."

"There is," said he, "a part of London to which, if I do not find my way in a couple of hours, I shall be a dead man before night." He groaned and dropped his head into his hands.

No one could mistake his words, tone, manner.

"In that case," said I, "of course the fog will not hinder you."

"No, no," said he, raising his face from his hands. "The fog will not hinder me. I could find my way if I were blind. It is the place where the girl I am engaged to lives."

He turned his pale face to the window and stared at it with eyes which did not see.

"She is not very ill, I hope?" said I. "No; not ill; and yet she may be at the point of death. If you have finished your breakfast, and can spare a few minutes, will you walk outside?"

"This place confuses me. When we reached the street the fog was so thick we could not see the house opposite."

"I am in a terrible position!" said young Grama. "I do not know a man in London but Weldon, our landlord; and he is too old for help. My girl's life is in danger—in danger from violence."

"Good Heavens!" cried I. "But aren't there the police?"

"The police?" he whispered, with a swift glance round, and then a look of horror in his face. "The mere rumor of the police would be fatal—fatal! Her life hangs on a thread."

He leant against an area-railing, and wrung his hands.

In a while he roused himself, drew his hat low over his brows, caught my arm, and turning toward the Strand said:

"Mr. Fall, under ordinary circumstances it would be inexcusable to trouble you, a stranger, with my affairs. But the circumstances are not ordinary; they are extraordinary beyond belief, beyond endurance. You are young yourself. You can sympathize with me. If you permit me, I will tell you how I am situated."

"You may tell me with full assurance of my sympathy and assistance," I said.

"For twelve months," he began, "I have been engaged to Miss Folgate, who is now twenty years of age and an only child. He father, a solicitor, is dead. Her mother was glad to take the position of housekeeper at Sir Arthur Pennyfather's town house in Derby square. Miss Folgate lives with her mother, and now and then I come up to Durham to see her. Mrs. Folgate is only nineteen years older than her daughter. She is a woman of remarkably youthful appearance and great personal attractions, romantic and painfully anxious to marry again."

"For some time," a very stylish and fascinating foreigner—a count, he says—has been leading Mrs. Folgate to think he wants to make her his wife. Sir Arthur and his family are in the Riviera. The Derby square house has been used by this foreigner as a postal address. There have been meetings of foreigners in it—meetings of men connected with some illegal scheme. Yesterday I got this from Miss Folgate."

As he spoke he handed me a ragged piece of paper covered with faint pencil lines, crossed and recrossed.

"You can't make it out easily, and there isn't time to puzzle over it. The substance is this: Miss Folgate has involuntarily overheard what passed at one of those meetings. The conspirators discovered her, and she is a prisoner in Derby square. If she makes any disturbance, they will kill her. If they are betrayed, they will kill her mother, who is no longer in the house. To-day, between one and three o'clock, there will be no one in the house but my distracted girl. I am going to try to snatch her from the knives of those murderous ruffians."

"And I will go with you—if I may." He seized my hand and for a moment could not speak.

"If you will help me to-day, you may count on my devotion for life," he said at length.

"Will you go armed?" "Armed? No. If it comes to weapons, we are lost—we are dead men; and she—but I will not think of her. It would paralyze me, and the time for action is almost at hand."

getting in through the fan light. I can stand on your shoulders. Once in, I will open the front door. This fog is all in our favor."

It was a long walk, during which he never could see across the street. He seemed to find his way by instinct. He never paused or hesitated.

At last he drew up. "We are in Derby square," he whispered. "The house is on the south side, No. 37. We will cross the roadway and stand with our backs against the railing of the inclosure. We have twenty minutes to wait."

"Now," whispered he, when he drew up, "we are directly opposite the house. I know the spot by this drooping ash tree." He took off his hat and wiped his forehead.

At five minutes to one I heard a door open and shut softly, then cautious footsteps stealing away. I looked at Grama. He didn't look at me. He did not move. He kept his eyes fixed on the dial like one hypnotized. I gazed at the watch, myself. I found I could not now take my eyes off it. I saw the hand pass the hour; I saw it creep one, two, three minutes beyond the hour. Had he forgotten, or was he really hypnotized by too intent thought and gaze?

When the hand touched the fourth minute, he put the watch in his pocket, and catching me by the shoulder moved across the roadway and up to the door of 37.

"How will you break the glass? Will there not be a great noise?" I whispered.

"No; the fanlight is stained glass in lead. Give me a back."

In an instant he was up, standing on my shoulders, and working at the fanlight. I could not see, but he must have wrenched out the pieces with amazing celerity and care, for in a few minutes he whispered: "I am going to hang on by my elbows. Take hold of my feet and push me up."

I seized his feet and pushed them up with all my might. In another minute he scrambled through and dropped into the hall.

He opened the door. "Come inside. Close the door and wait for me. If any of these men are here and I fall, fly. All will then be lost. Save your own life."

He darted upstairs and for a few moments all was silent. Then I heard a crash, as though of a door burst in. This was followed by the soft, joyful cry of a woman, and presently two figures ran down the stairs. I opened the door, and the three of us darted out. I closed the door softly behind. Grama led us across the road back and we set off at a quick pace through the fog in unbroken silence.

When we were clear of the square, Grama stopped, took the girl in his arms, and crying: "Thank God! my Aggie!" burst into tears.

The instinct which had guided Grama infallibly earlier in the day failed him, and we lost our way hopelessly; but we did not care. It was five o'clock when the three of us got to Weldon's.

The lovers spent that evening in the drawing-room, and I saw little of them. The peril of Mrs. Folgate's position made absolute secrecy still imperative.

Next morning I met Grama at breakfast. He said there was no use in trying to thank me for himself or Miss Folgate, whom Mrs. Weldon had forbidden to leave her room, as she was suffering from nervous prostration, but that he owed me a debt he could not pay. I was leaving by an early train for the west, and he promised to write to me as soon as news had been heard of Mrs. Folgate.

Four days later I got a letter saying that Mrs. Folgate had been released unharmed and that there would be some reference to the affair in the London papers that day or the day after.

Next morning the newspapers had an account of the clever fraudster by the Vienna police, and a gigantic attempt to swindle the bankers of that city by a man calling himself Count Wolinski, who with a dozen accomplices was arrested just as they had brought their nefarious scheme to perfection and were about to put it in operation.

"The plot," said the Vienna dispatch, "was one of the most daring ever designed, and among other of the means used by the swindlers to mislead was the fact that letters for their basis of operation (London) were addressed to the mansion of a well-known rich baronet whose town house is one of the most select West End squares."

A few months after I received cards and wedding cake, which assured me that all had gone well with the young people, but from that day to this I have not seen Grama or Mrs. Grama, who was Miss Folgate the first Sunday I spent in London.

A Javanese Boy. The very bed on which a man reclines at night affords him considerable opportunity for reflection. At first sight it never occurred to him that the great square object-looking with its covering of mosquito curtains more like a huge bird-cage than anything else—was a bed. He knows better now, and proceeds to examine it with interest before turning in for the night. He finds that the large square mattress is covered by a sheet, but otherwise entirely devoid of bed-clothing. At the top are two pillows for the head and down the center is placed a long, round bolster called a Dutch wife. This scarcely comes up to his notion of what a bed should be, but after he has slept (or tried to sleep) for two or three nights in the hot, steamy atmosphere of Batavia he changes his mind. He finds that bed-clothes are not wanted in the coast towns of Java, and in particular he learns to appreciate the relief which he experiences by throwing arm or leg over that useful contrivance for securing coolness, the Dutch wife.

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.

Young Stock for Sale. Address: H. G. TOLER, North Wichita Kansas.

R. MAXWELL, E. L. MCCLURE. 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.

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. AXLESBURY, GEO. M. NORRIS. AYLESBURY-NORRIS MERCANTILE CO. Nos. 138-140 N. Fourth Ave. Wholesale Grocers. JOBBERS OF TEAS, CIGARS AND SPICES.

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. B. BUTLER, Manager.

J. P. ALLEN, DRUGGIST. Everything Kept in a First-Class Drug Store. 108 EAST DOUGLAS AVE. WICHITA, KAN.

LONGEVITY OF MAN. People Who Have Attained to Remarkable Old Age.

It was Prof. Hufeland's opinion that the limit of possible human life may be set at two hundred years—this on the general principle, says the St. Louis Republic, that the life of nearly all living creatures is eight times the years, months or weeks of its period of growth. That which quickly comes to maturity quickly perishes, and the earlier complete development is reached the sooner bodily decay ensues. More women reach old age than men, but more men attain remarkable longevity than women.

Horned animals are shorter lived than those without horns, fere longer than timid, and amphibious creatures longer than those which inhabit the air. The ape will continue to live for one hundred and fifty or one hundred and seventy-five years, and the common turtle is good for at least a century. Passing up the scale of life to man and skipping the patriarchs we find many recorded instances of extraordinary longevity.

The ancient Egyptians lived three times as long as the modern luvit eaters. Instances of surprising and authentic longevity among the classic Greeks and Romans are not at all rare. Pliny notes the fact that in the reign of Emperor Vespasian (73 A. D.) there were 124 men living in a limited area on the River Po who were 100 years old and upward. Three of these were 140 and seven others over 130. Cicero's wife lived to be 103, and the Roman actress Luceia played in public after she had celebrated her one hundred and twelfth birthday.

A NOTED MISSION IN LONDON. Founded by Frederick Charrington, Who Did Not Fear to Be Disinherited.

The other Sunday night at the Charrington mission, which is held in a long, narrow room, double galleried all around, the coughing (from the fog) was more like Fourth of July with conglomerate firecrackers, church bells and cannonading than one would conceive as possible issuing from a merely human assembly, says a London correspondent of the Hartford Courant.

Just a word about this Charrington mission, which is a feature of the east end. Frederick Charrington belongs to a wealthy family of brewers. About seventeen years ago he began to do a sort of street missionary work in East London, near his father's brewery. His father threatened to disinherit him, but finally left him a share, though not a full share in the

business. Once, on being taunted on the street with wearing the blue ribbon—"what does it cost you to wear that ribbon?"—he was able to reply: "A hundred thousand dollars." He sold out his interest in the brewery to his brothers and built in Mile End road the great assembly hall, which had been projected but never begun by Keith-Falconer. Every Sunday night three thousand or more people gather at the evangelistic service of the mission, and its fellowship society, with the constant religious educational and entertainment work centering at the great assembly hall, makes it a power for good in a district which contains a number of powers for evil.

THE TERM "YANKEE." Various Theories Which Have Been Advanced as to Its Origin.

The theories which have been advanced as to the origin of the name Yankees are numerous. According to Thierney, it was a corruption of Jakin, a diminutive of John, which was a nickname given by the Dutch colonists of New York to their neighbors in the Connecticut settlements.

In a history of the American war written by Dr. William Gordon and published in 1789 was another theory. Dr. Gordon said that it was a cant word in Cambridge, Mass., as early as 1712, used to denote special excellence—as a Yankee good horse, Yankee good cider, etc. He supposed that it was originally a byword in the college, and being taken by the students into parts of the country gradually obtained general currency in New England, and at length came to be taken up in other parts of the country and applied to New Englanders as a term of slight reproach.

Aubury, an English writer, says that it is derived from a Cherokee word—cankee—which signifies coward and slave. This epithet was bestowed upon the inhabitants of New England by the Virginians for not assisting them in a war with the Cherokees. The most probable theory, however, is that advanced by Mr. Heckewelder—that the Indians in endeavoring to pronounce the word English, or Angliak, made it Yengees or Yangees and this originated the term.

Water Level of Two Oceans. When the Panama canal was first proposed, there was a great cry about the dangers, caused in opening up such a "ditch," some extremists declaring that the "lives of millions of human beings were at stake." This general alarm was caused by the argument that the waters on the Pacific

side of the isthmus were hundreds of feet higher than were those on the Atlantic side, and that the great rush of water to even up the difference in the level of the two oceans would drown all Southern America and most of Mexico and Yucatan. Would-be engineers and sensational editors passed their opinions or wrote editorials on the subject. It now transpires, as a result of actual survey, that the Atlantic and not the Pacific, is the higher of the two oceans, and that in place of the difference being hundreds of feet, as had been affirmed, the surface of the water on the east side of the isthmus is exactly six and one-half feet higher than it is on the western side.

Moslem Graves. When once filled in a Moslem grave is never reopened on any account. To remove the faintest chance of it being thus defiled a cypress tree is planted after every interment, so that the cemetery resembles forests more than anything else.

A Curious Grass. Lemon grass, known only in Ceylon, grows to a height of six or seven feet and ignites spontaneously. At first a single curl of smoke or bright tongue of flame will be noticed. Soon, however, as the water runs down the stalks and mingles with the oil and acids contained in the pith of the curious herb, fierce fires burst into view here, there and every place, soon covering the whole mountain in a sheet of flame.

Familiar Resemblances. Photographer—Your son ordered this likeness from me. It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it? "Not yet." "That is still more like him."—Yankee Blade.

The Importance of Spelling. "Do they ever have any sleighing in Africa, papa?" asked Willie. "That all depends upon how you spell it, my son," returned his papa. "They go sleighing every day of the year, if you spell it with a 'y.'"—Harper's Young People.

THE C. E. POTTS DRUG CO. Formerly Charles E. Potts & Co., Cincinnati, O. WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS. Goods Sold at St. Louis and Kansas City Prices. 83 and 125 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. 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.

J. L. AHLERS, ALVA E. SWEET, FRANK B. WALKER. 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. 205 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. 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 Grocers 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 3, 5, 10 and 20 pound Lardered Tin Pails, with Lithograph label. 474

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

F. P. MARTIN, Wholesale and Retail Artists Materials, Pictures, Frames. 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.

Cardinal Rampolla, papal secretary of state, is one of the youngest members of the sacred college, not being yet fifty years of age. He is a tall, handsome man, but already begins to be bent—not with the weight of years, but with the weight of work which the pope imposes on him.

At the recently held thirty-ninth general assembly of the United Presbyterian church of North America it was reported that there are 664 young people's societies in the denomination, which have 28,092 members, these contributed \$50,000 last year to the general work of the denomination.

The Montana university is to be located at Missoula, an agricultural college at Bozeman, a school of mines at Butte and a normal school at Dillon. Education is apparently appreciated in the far-away state. According to recent statistics, Montana pays higher salaries to her lady-teachers than any state in the Union.

A step of great ecclesiastical importance in the church of England was taken by the appointment of Rev. Arthur Hamilton Baynes, vicar of Christ church, Greenwich, to the bishopric of Natal. The see of Natal had been regarded as extinct since the "deposition" of Bishop Colenso in 1863, but legally it had only been vacant since the death of that distinguished prelate. —N. Y. Tribune.

Photographer—Your son ordered this likeness from me. It is certainly very much like him. Has he paid for it? "Not yet." "That is still more like him."—Yankee Blade.

The Importance of Spelling. "Do they ever have any sleighing in Africa, papa?" asked Willie. "That all depends upon how you spell it, my son," returned his papa. "They go sleighing every day of the year, if you spell it with a 'y.'"—Harper's Young People.

Don't Mince Matters, but take all the help you can get. And you can get more of it, with Pearline, than with anything else that's safe to use. Everybody knows about Pearline for washing clothes. We talk more about that, because of all the wear and tear and labor it saves, by doing away with that ruinous rub, rub, rub. But don't let it's help stop there. With anything that will wash at all, Pearline will save you something in the washing. Dishes, paint, woodwork, marble, windows, carpets (without taking up), milk cans, silver, jewelry, etc.—these are only some of the things that are washed best with Pearline.

Beware. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "This is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE! Pearline is never peddled. If you see any imitation, be honest—buy of a dealer. JAMES WYLLIE, New York.

When baby was sick, he 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.