

Wichita Daily Eagle PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Dr. Pierre Emile Mignault and his wife of Actonville, Ont., celebrated their golden wedding the other day, and had among their guests the bride-maid and groomsmen who attended them at their marriage fifty years ago.

—Miss Edith Carrington, author of a volume on all sorts of animals (including the earwig) entitled "Workers Without Wages," has been asked by the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to write another volume, to be published officially by the society.

—Santiago Imbell, who was born in the Philippine islands ninety-nine years ago, was married lately in Coahuila, Mexico, to a rich and good-looking girl of sixteen, belonging to one of the first families of Minatitlan. The frisky old lover was baptized a half hour before the wedding.

—Gov. William E. Russell of Massachusetts was somewhat surprised the other day to receive, among his mail packages, a cigar sixteen inches long and two inches in diameter, with an ancient steel and flint for lighting purposes. They came as a present from the United States consul at Costa Rica.

—The sultan of Discolonta is mentioned as a probable visitor to the fair. His lowness is about four feet in what is commonly called height, but there is nothing short about his full name, which is Hamankocwensopontingogonaburrahachmansydninnotogomolo. His name is just "ip" for the compositor.

—Robert Buchanan, in a communication to the London Chronicle, remarks: "It is not for my pen to proclaim what the hand which holds the pen has done. I could state my oath that I have fed more mouths and helped more struggling comrades than all the societies of authors put together. I care little for fame, and less for money."

—Sir Samuel Lewis, who has just been raised by Queen Victoria to the dignity of a knight of the most distinguished order of St. Michael and St. George, is a full-blooded, coal-black negro, who, having taken his degree at the London university, is now a member of the legislative council of Sierra Leone. It is the first time that a British order of knighthood has ever been conferred upon an African.

—One day on leaving the stage, Augustine Brohan happened to hear two fellow-artists discussing a subject which seemed to be extremely engrossing. On questioning them as to the topic of conversation: "We are speaking of the creation," they said. "I was not living at that time," she answered, smiling. And then added, with a serious face: "You had better ask Mme. Allen about it." This lady was one of her rivals on the stage.

—One of the notable women at present in Chicago is Senora Eva Canel, who has been commissioned by the chamber of commerce of Cuba to make a report of the exposition for its use, and who is, besides, the World's fair correspondent of several Spanish and South American periodicals. Senora Canel is a novelist and essayist of distinguished merit, and has the distinction of being the first Spanish woman who has ever edited a political paper, having established a few years ago, in Havana, and edited with marked ability up to the time of her departure from Havana for Chicago, La Corra, a satirical-political weekly.

—Why is summer the pride of the year? Why, because it goeth before a fall.—Minneapolis Tribune.

—Burglar—"Your money or your life." Head of Family—"For God's sake don't shoot. You'll wake the baby."—Detroit Tribune.

—He—"Don't you think Miss Highheels is a perfect dream of beauty." She—"Oh, yes; a perfect dream, which never comes true."—Vogue.

—What is it?—Daughter—"Mamma, what is parvenue?"—Mamma—"Really, daughter, I don't know. It's something or other, though, that never had a grandmother."—Detroit Free Press.

—He—"Wife, love, I am taking part in a balloon ascent to-morrow." She—"I have no objection, love, only don't forget to bring me something nice when you come back."—Fliegende Blätter.

—One of them—"Stranger—"Do you suppose I can get any whisky in that drug store?"—Natives' prohibitionist—"Oh, yes, I presume they keep all kinds of poisons there."—Yankee Blade.

—A Narrow Escape—"Darkey—"Are you enjoying your rest at the seaside?"—Robbins—"Yes, immensely. Here's a letter I just received from my wife saying that her mother is visiting her."—Truth.

—A sea captain was asked by the committee of a religious society: "Do the subjects of the king of Dahomey keep Sunday?"—Yes, he replied, "and everything else they can lay their hands on."

—Happily Averted—"Will there be a meeting between Brown and Jones?"—No. "Isn't there a question of veracity between them?"—Yes. They each called the other a liar, and the referees decided both were right."—Puck.

—If Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins had been poor instead of extravagantly rich, they would have got along splendidly. "Well, I suppose now that they have spent all their money getting divorced, they'll marry each other again and be happy."—Harper's Bazar.

—Too Late.—Mr. Finnigan—"Yes, kin charge that drink to me, Dennis Finnigan." Bartender—"Hold on! (Raising his voice.) Say, is Finnigan good for a drink?" Proprietor (from the inside room)—"Has he had it yet?" Bartender—"Yes." Proprietor (shortly)—"He's good for it."—Life.

—For two hours the fashionable lady kept the draper exhibiting his goods, and at the end of that period she sweetly asked: "Are you quite sure you have shown me everything you have?" "No, madam," said the draper, with an insinuating smile, "I have yet an old account in my ledger which I shall very gladly show you."—Tit-Bits.

—An Unlucky Remark. "My dear madam, you are perfectly charming to-night." "Oh, you are a flatterer; I don't believe you." "I assure you I'm speaking the truth. Why, when I first met you positively I did not recognize you."—Texas Siftings.

MAKING HIS WILL.

How the Dalrymple Girls Found a Home at Leggett's Luck.

We are the four Dalrymple girls, Dolores, Blanche, Huldah and Ignatia. Oddly enough, we are not the least bit like our names, for Dolores is the most cheerful, jolly sort of a body; Blanche is the dark one, and Huldah the beauty; while I am nothing at all like the stately, imposing maiden one would naturally expect to see in Ignatia Dalrymple.

We are orphans, and our sole possessions consist of a small house and garden in a humdrum village, a few silver spoons, one beautiful old cabinet of solid mahogany, a string of gold beads descended to us from our great-grandmother, and ourselves. All the rest—our father's books and our mother's jewels—went little by little to buy our bread and butter while we were growing from babies to young women.

For three or four years now we have been taking care of ourselves; Dolores with her pen—she writes the most delightful tales; Blanche with her music pupils in a neighboring city; Huldah as a typewriter in the same busy place, and I keeping the old home in order and making many of the girls' clothes. We all like good times and pretty things, and sometimes can't help wishing we could have more of them. But on the whole, we jog along very contentedly, trying to keep sweet-tempered and serene, as our precious mother always did even in the darkest hours.

One morning not long ago, soon after Blanche and Huldah had come home for a vacation, we sat together in our cool, pleasant sitting-room. For a wonder, we were not all talking at the moment that a thundering knock was given on the front door. We jumped as quickly as though we had been caught stealing jam, and I went to see who had come. A tall countryman stood before me on the porch.

"Good mornin', marm," he said, at the same time extending a letter. "Old Col. Leggett, over to Rockmeadow, he ast me to give ye this as I was a-passin'. I reckon this is the Dalrymple place, marm?"

"Yes. Thank you," I said, staring at the letter and then at him. He made an awkward attempt at a bow and went off to his wagon.

I came back to the sitting-room, holding the thick yellow envelope up for my sisters to see.

"Only think, girls, it is from Grandfather Leggett!"

Now our grandfather Leggett was a very peculiar personage. For a great many years he had lived on the other side of the world, and had written to our mother very seldom. A few months after her death, he came home to Leggett's Luck, the old family homestead, about ten miles down the railroad from our village. He came over to see us twice a year, usually bringing a sack of potatoes or apples. At Christmas-time he always sent us five dollars apiece. Once we were invited to spend a week with him. We enjoyed the picturesque, rambling farmhouse, the portraits, the quaint furniture and all the special nooks our mother had told us of in our childish days passed in a distant state, but we could not enjoy our newfound grandfather. Whether he had lived too long in some heatish country where they don't have American girls; whether his conscience reproached him for some other reason, we did not know, but he seemed just as ill at ease with us as we felt with him. Some way we could not get ourselves with the little, dark-skinned, white-haired old gentleman, whose keen, black eyes shone from under his bushy brows as brilliantly as the wonderful gem flashed upon his shirt-front.

Our grandfather Leggett was reputed to be fabulously rich, but everybody said that Will Hendip was to be his heir. The Hendip estate joined the Leggett Luck, and the two families were distantly related. Will's father, who had married and died away off in a foreign land, was grandfather's partner, and we had heard that grandfather was the general, handsome fellow, who came often to see us, but we suspected, from sundry sharp speeches our grandfather made now and then, that he was not pleased with the intimacy growing up between "Cousin Will" and "those Dalrymple girls."

Such was the state of things between our relatives and ourselves when the unexpected letter made its appearance. "Who is it for?" asked Huldah, forgetting her grammar.

I turned the blank envelope toward her. "No address!" she cried. "How queer! But then it comes from a queer man."

"Hush, Huldah!" reproved Dolores, who, as the eldest, had taken the letter from me and was tearing it open. "Who knows but he has sent us a thousand dollars."

"No danger," murmured Huldah, as Dolores began to read aloud: "DEAR SIS: I want you to come over next Thursday, the 24th, at 4:15 train. I am going to make my will. We must arrange about Will and Sweetheart, too. Bring one of the others with you. IGNATIA'S LEGGETT."

A sheeted ghost arising from beneath the door and sitting solemnly in our midst could scarcely have created more of a sensation than this epistle. What could it possibly mean? It was an open secret among us that Blanche and Will Hendip were very fond of each other. Did grandfather know this, too, and was he about to bestow his blessing upon them and to ask our advice in making this will? Such unaccustomed thoughts as these were too great for our poor brains. We sat there dazed, staring at each other helplessly. At length Dolores asked faintly: "Girls, which of us is Sis?"

We looked around at one another as though we were going to see the magic letters appear upon the brow of the chosen one. Then with one accord we turned our eyes toward Huldah. She was, as I have said, our beauty. We had always longed to dress her in the soft silks, the rare laces, the gleaming jewels, that would have set off her exquisite face so perfectly. She seemed lovelier than ever to us at this moment when we all felt sure that it was she whom our grandfather had chosen for his heiress. After a short silence, Dolores spoke the thought of three of our minds.

"You are the one, Huldah. Three cheers for Grandfather Leggett!"

As soon as she could be heard, Huldah cried: "All or none, girls."

And then we all began talking at once like a lot of chattering blackbirds.

Our excited discussion resulted in the decision that Dolores, as the eldest, and Huldah, as our unanimous choice, should go down to Rockmeadow on Thursday afternoon. This settled, I began to wonder what our mother's rightful share in the Hendip property had been. I inquired of Dolores.

"I haven't an idea. But you know mamma's grandmother was a Hendip and there must have been something."

"Possibly," said Blanche. "Ignatia, dear, suppose you bring out the family archives."

"Ignatia, dear," sped away, returning presently with a small japanned box, which contained our deeds, insurance papers, receipts and a bundle of thin, blue documents bequeathed to us from a remote ancestry. We searched thoroughly among them, but no light was thrown on the mystery of our share of the Hendip property.

Thursday morning dawned bright and clear. At the breakfast table Huldah announced that she was going to array herself in all the collective finery of the whole Dalrymple brood.

"We must let grandfather see that we understand the use of money."

"But," I remonstrated, looking around the room, "you cannot wear mahogany furniture nor silver spoons, and those constitute our entire stock of treasures."

"You forget that old trunk of Aunt Medora's cast-off gowns. You just wait until you see me ready to start."

"I," said Dolores, "am going to wear the worst rags I can find, so as to let him see how much we need some money."

A burst of laughter greeted this very practical resolve. In ample time for the 4:15 train, the girls emerged from their respective rooms. Dolores looked sweet enough to kiss, in a clean cambric frock, with a coarse straw hat tied down under her white chin in a big blue bow and a white muslin kerchief crossed upon her bosom. A conspicuous and beautiful darn on the outside of one sleeve betokened poverty and skill-with-the-needle happily combined.

We were still admiring her, when the rustle of silk fell upon our wondering ears, and Huldah sallied into the room. We held our breath and gazed on this radiant vision. Her slender figure was arrayed in a close-fitting dress of dark-red silk, most becoming to her brunette beauty. It was simply made, but the rich material fell in soft folds and the creases of time were deftly concealed by stitches here and there. A lace shawl, old-fashioned but handsome, was draped artistically about her shoulders. Upon her head was a small bonnet of the prevailing mode, copied from the last Bazar and concealed from us only knew what scraps of ribbons and feathers. Her own best, long tan gloves, our one string of gold beads and a lace parasol evolved from my sunshade and a lot of black tulle, completed this truly artistic and stylish attire.

We all approved them to our hearts' content, and they started off in high spirits. I went, too, presently, down to the parsonage, where I had an appointment with Mrs. Appleby, leaving Blanche at home alone. We had none of us said much to her about the unexpected good news concerning Will Hendip and herself in grandfather's note. We felt, some way, that she would rather have a good talk with Will first. But we were all just as happy over it as we could be, and I could not help giving her a very tell-tale kiss of gladness when I left her. She put her arms around my neck and hid her face on my shoulder for an instant.

"Isn't it lovely of grandfather?" she whispered.

The parsonage is half a mile down the street from our home, and I was walking leisurely along the shady pathway, when I heard some one calling me. I looked around, and to my immense astonishment, there sat Grandfather Leggett in his buggy.

"Come, get in here, John," he commanded, peremptorily. He always called me John for some reason known only to himself. I obeyed, outwardly composed but inwardly in a tumult of wonderment. As we went rolling swiftly along behind his high-stepping bay, he asked: "Did that blunderhead of a Peter Van Dusen bring a letter to your house last Monday?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "Where is it?"

"In the upper drawer of Blanche's desk."

"Did you read it?"

"Why, of course, we read it," was my rather surprised answer to this strange question.

"Humph! Do you always read other people's letters, you girls?"

"I don't know what you mean, grandfather. It was not 'other people's' letters. The man asked plainly if this was not the Dalrymple place and said to you to give the letter to us."

"Oh, well, Peter Van Dusen was never known to do an errand right. But I should think you could have read Cyrus Cobley's name on the envelope," and he chuckled as if he had said something funny.

"There was no name on the envelope. There was nothing at all on the outside, but as it began: 'Dear Sis,' on the inside, we supposed it was for one of us." I said, in as dignified a way as I could. He turned around and gave me a piercing glance from his keen eyes.

"How is that, miss? No address and beginning: 'Dear Sis'? That is no letter of mine."

"It is signed Ignatia Leggett," I remarked, demurely.

He made no reply to this, but drove directly to our house. "Go bring me that letter, John," he said briefly, as we reached the gate. I rushed in for it, only stopping to give Blanche a convulsive squeeze by way of an outlet to my feelings.

Grandfather gazed rather blankly at the envelope, then opened the letter. At this he squinted with a puzzled look for a minute or two. Then his face cleared.

"That is not 'Dear Sis,' at all, John, but 'Dear Sir,' as plain as the nose on your face, and I should think anybody but a parcel of silly girls might have known that the letter was for a lawyer, and that 'Sweetheart' is the name of a silver mine. I happened to meet Cyrus Cobley in town this morning, and found he had not received my message, so I suspected that Peter had made one of his usual blunders; but I didn't think that you simpletons were so fast for my money."

had been rising under his remarks. To think of those two dear girls on their way to Rockmeadow; of their chagrin, disappointment and mortification at being so duped; and of our sweet Blanche, whose hopes had been raised so high, only to be dashed to the ground. And then to have him hint that we were so fast for his money! I just could not stand it another minute. The next thing I knew I was looking him straight in the eye with burning cheeks and beating heart, and speaking very fast.

"Grandfather," I said, "you are not fair. We don't want your money at all nor anything connected with it. And it is not our fault that you did not write plainly and forget to address the letter, nor that Dolores and Huldah have gone over to your house, nor that poor Blanche has been so happy about Will Hendip. We took your letter for just what it said, and I am not going to have my sisters blamed for it."

He had turned red and then white during my little speech, and I was frightened myself at my boldness. But I was not going to let him see it. I held my head up very high and looked as brave as I could, when I had finished. To my amazement, after a minute he began to laugh.

"You are a real little Leggett, John. I shall have to call you Ignatia in the future. Not one of your sisters would dare to talk to me in this high and mighty fashion, I'll be bound!"

"So Dolores and Blanche have gone over to help me make my will, and Blanche thinks I've given her and Will Hendip my blessing, and you are scolding your poor old grandfather like a schoolboy, all because I don't write a good list and forget to put any name on an envelope. Don't you think you are rather hard on a lonely old man, John?"

I could hardly believe my ears when I heard the tone of his last question. We had always thought of our grandfather as queer and sharp-tongued; but that he could be lonely in his fine home or that he was growing old and feeble had never occurred to us. In spite of myself, I felt the tears coming into my eyes as I looked into his wrinkled face and thought of the many long years since his daughter had left the old homestead. I forgot that he had been hard to our mother; that he had neglected us; that he often behaved in such a strange fashion. I saw only an old man who needed some one of his womankind to love him and care for him. But I did not speak of this new emotion which had filled my heart. I could not. Perhaps it was not necessary that my lips should express my thoughts. My face has always been called a tell-tale one, and grandfather's eyes were very keen. He leaned forward from the buggy and laid his hand for a moment upon mine.

"God bless you, John," he said, then drove quickly away.

When the girls came home and I had told them all about it, we had first a good cry and then a good laugh. And we decided to go over and see our grandfather the next week and to try and be more friendly with him. But he was more prompt than we. The very afternoon following the girls' fruitless trip to Rockmeadow, he came to see us. That was in June. Now it is the first of August, and we are all living at Leggett's Luck, as happy as we can be. The day of good times and pretty things has come to us. Dolores writes more charming stories than ever, Blanche and Will are to be married at Christmas time, Huldah is grandfather's amanuensis, and there is no danger of any more mistakes in his letters; while I am housekeeper for him and, he often says, heart keeper, too.

Ever since that memorable day, when I spoke my mind to him for the first time, and the last time, too, in such a way, he has shown us a side of his nature that we never knew before, and we all love him dearly. Once in a while, when he feels particularly good humored, he asks us if we don't want to help him make his will—Elizabeth Olmish, in N. Y. Ledger.

Saved by a Mandarin. The favorite horse of the Chinese emperor Tsai having died through negligence on the part of the master of the horse, the emperor in his rage would have run that functionary through with his sword. The Mandarin Yet-Se, however, parried the blow, saying: "Sire, this man is not yet convicted of the crime for which he deserves to die. We all love him dearly," said the minister. "First you have allowed a horse to perish which the emperor had entrusted to your safe keeping. Moreover, it is owing to you that our sovereign became so exasperated that he was on the point of killing you with his own hand. Lastly, it is your fault that he was about to disgrace himself in the eyes of everybody by killing a man for a horse." "Let him go," interrupted the emperor, who understood the lesson: "I pardon him."—Le Monde Illustré.

ENCOURAGEMENT. "There was no name on the envelope. There was nothing at all on the outside, but as it began: 'Dear Sis,' on the inside, we supposed it was for one of us." I said, in as dignified a way as I could. He turned around and gave me a piercing glance from his keen eyes.

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He never dashed that sentence, for I interrupted him hastily. You can imagine, perhaps, how my indignation

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UP AND DOWN THE SCALE.

FRANCE BRIMARS expressed regret the other day that he had not kept up his piano-forte practice, and said that he thought that persons having talent for music should cultivate it assiduously.

MAUD POWELL, the violinist, has suffered for her art. At the tender age of eight she used to come home from school because the village boys gazed at her as "the girl that played the fiddle."

DR. LYMAN ABBOTT has just issued a new hymn book, upon which he has been at work for three years. The work contains six hundred and forty hymns and will be used by Plymouth church.

EMIL PAUR, the new leader of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is a tall slender man of agreeable manners. He knows very little English, but his knowledge of music is up to the mark that doesn't matter.

Music dealers say that Harria, the composer of "After the Ball," will make over \$100,000 out of his song. He publishes it himself, at a cost of 4 cents a copy, and makes 16 cents clear on every copy sold to music dealers.

Wasted Eloquence. He (gently)—Are you not afraid some one may marry you for your money? She (sweetly)—Oh dear, no! Such an idea never entered my head.

He (tenderly)—Ah! in your sweet innocence you do not know how coldly, cruelly mercenary some men are. She (quietly)—Perhaps not. He (with suppressed emotion)—I would not for the world have such a terrible fate happen to you. The man who wins you should love you for yourself alone.

She—He'll have to. It's my cousin Jennie who has the money, not I. You've made a mistake. I haven't a penny. He—Er—very pleasant weather we're having.—Boston Globe.

CAUGHT BY THE TIDES.

GREAT BRITAIN has 2,908 registered pilots. The first iron steamship was built in Great Britain in 1843. The latest ocean steamship suggestion is a submarine trolley. In 1672 the whale fishing was begun by vessels from Nantucket.

THE Dead sea loses every day by evaporation several million tons of water. LLOYD'S reports 1,608 vessels lost in 1892, of which 249 were British and 128 American.

VESSELS salute each other at sea by dipping their colors over the taffrail in the ship's wake. Of the 3,500 vessels using the Suez canal in 1892, 2,381 were British. France fell from second to third place in the list, with 174. Germany follows England, and only 292 ships of that nation passed through the canal. Two American vessels used it.

WITH THE SPORTS.

GAME is plentiful in Maine this season, especially deer and bear. In a cricket match recently Mr. Spout of Liverpool, bowled nine balls, and with the last eight of them took eight wickets.

EDITOR W. R. HEARST, of the San Francisco Examiner, has sold his swift steam yacht Vamoose, which has beaten nearly all the boats that sail in New York waters. The price received is said to be \$22,500, about one-third of what the yacht cost three years ago.

LORD HARRIS, the present governor of Bombay, is better known by his triumphs in the cricket field as captain of the Kent county eleven than as a statesman. He has had considerable experience in public life, however, and is said to be a man of marked capacity. He is a direct descendant of the famous Canning.

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