HE STUFFS BEASTS

Professor Dyche, of the State University at Lawrence.

His Hunting Trips After the Big Game Displayed at the World's Fair —His Personality.

One of the features of the World's fair was the display of mounted North American mammals made by Professor Lewis Lindsay Dyche. Hundreds of columns were written about it in foreign and American newspapers, and all the guide books recommended it as one of the best attractions on the grounds.

"The wise men may have come from the east," said the Chicago *Post*, "but very often one of them happens to turn up in the west, as in Professor Dyche's case. Those who have not seen his work should hasten to correct their error."

The *Scientific American* pronounced it "the work of a man who is recognized by naturalists as the best taxidermist in the country, if not in the world."

Artists from all over the world pronounced the collection the finest group of mounted animals they had ever seen, and it fairly divided attention with the other wonders.

This marvelous display was made in the Kansas building, and a Kansas man not only mounted the animals, but penetrated the haunts of big game from New Mexico to British Columbia, and killed his specimens like a true sportsman and naturalist. There were one hundred and twenty-one specimens in the collection, which belongs to the Kansas university at Lawrence, where it may now be seen, in addition to thousands of birds and smaller animals which were not on exhibition in Chicago.

The arrangement of the display at the World's fair was a work of art in itself. The animals were grouped in a natural manner, with a background of crags and mountains. One of the groups showed two mountain lions quarreling over the carcass of a deer; another showed two gray wolves quarreling over the carcass of a buffalo; Dyche proved himself an artist in every detail of the exhibit.

In another place two bull moose had locked horns in mortal combat, and a party of wolves was hanging around in a vagrant way waiting to be in at the death. Another remarkable group was an old mountain lioness, with three cubs playing in front of her: in every group there was not only a male and female, but the young as well, and the collection included moose, buffalo, elk, caribou, Rocky mountain goats, Rocky mountain sheep, grizzly bear, mule deer, antelope, mountain lion,

LEWIS LINDSAY DYCHE.

wolverine, gray wolves, coyote, silver fox, red fox, Canada lynx, prairie dogs and jackrabbits; also, the old horse "Comanche," the only survivor of the Custer massacre. This horse was ridden by Captain Keogh, and received seven wounds. It was left on the field for dead, but recovered, spending fifteen years afterwards at Fort Riley, where it died of old age. Dyche was given the remains to preserve for the government, but the specimen will probably remain for all time in the museum at the Kansas university, the proper officer having neglected to call for it.

The World's fair exhibit occupied 6,000 surface feet of space, and Professor Dyche himself constructed the groundwork, modeled out of papier-mache, on which the various specimens stood, surrounded by trees, rocks, logs, stumps, etc., from the countries inhabited by the animals.

There was a group of seven moose, headed by an enormous bull standing nine feet two inches from the ground to the tip of his antlers. This animal when killed weighed over 1,600 pounds. Near the bull was an old cow riding down a tree in order to give her twin calves a chance to browse the leaves. The bull in this group is the largest specimen in existence, and Proctor took a model of it for his well known figure on the lagoon.

The group of elk consisted of six specimens, and the Rocky mountain goats of seven. The entire collection was on this elaborate and liberal scale, and it is little wonder that it attracted so much attention: the specimens lacked the usual stuffed animal look; to all intents and purposes, visitors stepped into a little park in the mountains, where had been collected families of all the big game animals of this country, with the attendant wolves prairie dogs, jackrabbits, etc.

Lewis Lindsay Dyche came to Kansas in 1857, from West Virginia, when he was three months old. His father located fifteen miles from Lawrence and it is related that the boy's mother being seriously ill soon after their arrival, he was nursed by Indian women of the neighborhood. It would be romantic to say that he thus got his taste for wild life, but it is more likely that he acquired it as a boy following yellow dogs along the Wakarusa. Not only his own dogs, but all those in the neighborhood, were his friends, and followed him in hunting coons, wild cats, wolves, etc. There were elk along the creek when the family first arrived, but they had disappeared by the time the boy was old enough to carry a gun.

When Dyche was twelve years old, he did not know his letters, but was famous as a hunter, in which no one sympathized with him except his grandmother, whose chickens were often carried off by the wolves and wild cats. Professor Dyche is not only one of the greatest taxidermists and naturalists in this country, but the greatest hunter; he says, however, that the best sport he ever had in his life was as a boy of twelve, on the Wakarusa, when his four yellow dogs found five wild cats, and fought them for an hour. The wild cats cut up his dogs in a frightful manner, but the dogs finally won.

At seventeen Dyche could not read a newspaper intelligently; he was so backward in learning that he was ashamed to go even to the country schools, but his folks twitted him so much about his ignorance and his size that one day he started for the normal school at Emporia, having managed to lay up several hundred dollars. He seems to have been industrious and saving, in spite of his lack of learning and fondness for hunting. At Emporia he remained three years. Then he went to the Lawrence university, and for several months camped down on the creek near the school, doing his own cooking, as he had done at Emporia. He "hustled" for seven years at Lawrence, and was finally made Chancellor Snow's assistant. By "hustling" is meant that he paid his own way, which the officials of the university seem to encourage a good many worthy young men to do. While I was at Lawrence recently, I met a colored boy formerly in my employ. He will graduate this year, having worked his way through the university without assistance.

About the time Dyche graduated, he began his work as a taxidermist, on a plan of his own; although he has been referred to by the *Scientific American* as the greatest taxidermist in the world, he is self-taught: probably his studies as a naturalist greatly aided him. Previous to his beginning to stuff animals, he had been an enthusiastic bug hunter, under the direction of Chancellor Snow, who was his friend in his earlier struggles.

Dyche's position at the university is professor of zoology, but he is somewhat of a privileged character, and teaches only two hours a day, when he teaches at all; he hopes finally to be relieved of teaching entirely. He has made seventeen hunting trips to collect specimens, ranging over the Indian territory, Arkansas, Texas, New Mexico, Colorado, British Columbia, Manitoba and the Lake of the Woods. These trips occupied from six weeks to five months; it is probable that he has spent four years in solid hunting.

The total cost to the state of the university collection was about $11,000, which includes Professor Dyche's salary while hunting and preparing his specimens, and during his absence of nearly a year at Chicago. This estimate also includes the pay of his assistants. The collection is probably worth $50,000. At the World's fair a company of men offered to give him $5,000 for the privilege of exhibiting his collection in a special building they proposed to erect. When the building was ready, Dyche was to have one-half of the gross fees charged for admission. This offer meant a fortune to a poor college professor, but Dyche refused it. It costs something to be patriotic, and occasionally you find a Kansas man who is patriotic.

It may be of interest to mention in this connection that Kansas appropriated only $700 for Dyche's display at the World's fair, and $2,000 for the Modoc club, which did some singing about the Kansas building on special days. The state also appropriated $9,000 for a corn display.

Professor Dyche's display attracted great attention from scientific visitors to the World's fair, and he has many offers to leave Kansas, but all of these he has refused. The regents of the university treat him well, and the people are fond of him, and although he could get more salary elsewhere, he prefers to remain in Kansas. His ambition is finally to induce the regents to erect a special building for his collection, whereupon he will make a museum of mounted animals and birds unequaled in the world.

He has abundant material for doing this. In addition to the specimens already mounted, he has possibly three hundred in his workshop in "knock down." He has an enormous vat filled with animal hides in pickle; these are soft and flexible, and can be taken out and used at any time, or kept for any number of years. Scattered around the room may be seen the skulls, horns and bones belonging to the hides in the vat. The Kansas museum yet to be built will be the best equipped in the world for the study of natural history.

It would probably be impossible to duplicate Professor Dyche's collection. In every state and territory it is now against the law for non-residents to kill the big game animals, and even if this obstacle were removed, the animals are scarce. Buffalo are extinct, except in the Yellowstone park, where they are carefully guarded by soldiers. Rocky mountain goats have always been scarce, and Dyche has a greater number of specimens than all the other collections in the world put together. Deer and antelope may still be found, but Rocky mountain sheep, moose, elk, caribou, etc., are very scarce.

Professor Dyche is an interesting man under any circumstances, but he is particularly interesting while walking around among his collection, and telling the story connected with each animal; how many days he followed it, where he hit it, how many were in the band, etc. It was under such circumstances that I saw him He did not impress me as a college professor, but as a hunter. His walk makes you think of a hunter sneaking on his game, and his conversation lacks that precision that usually distinguishes a professor. He is also enthusiastic; college professors are seldom enthusiastic. And he is modest about his learning. I asked him what position he occupied in the university.

"Professor of zoology," he replied.

"How do you spell zoology?" I inquired again, taking out a note book.

He spelled it, and said:

"There are only three words I can spell: zoology is one of them."

He was telling me about a friend of his in Denver, a certain Judge Williams, who had accompanied him on several of his hunting trips, and who was in the party when the big elk in the collection was killed.

"He is an enthusiastic hunter," Dyche said, "a good fellow, and an entertaining liar. The next time you go to Denver, you should call on him."

This is the manner of the hunter, not of the college professor. Still, when I went to Professor Dyche's house for luncheon, I was a little surprised that he asked a blessing at the table. I have eaten in many hunting camps, but never heard a blessing asked in one of them.

Before asking the blessing, he looked at me for an instant, as though he had a mind to invite me to try it. Suppose he had invited me? What would I have said in excuse? It was a queer sensation. I went once to visit some worthy old people who had been friends of my father, and they invited a man who accompanied me to ask a blessing. Without a moment's hesitation, he asked a very good one, although he had never before done such a thing in his life, explaining to me afterwards that he thought that the easiest way out.

Still, I suppose every college professor is expected to ask a blessing at the table: superintendents of state institutions usually do the same thing.

Although Dyche says Judge Williams is an entertaining liar, his own hunting stories are probably reliable. I have heard it said that any man who will hunt, will lie, but I believe Dyche to be an exception; he has a record that does not need to be bolstered up. I told him of an incident in my own hunting: of seeing a man kill four antelope running, with four shots from a repeating rifle. Dyche promptly confessed that he had never equaled it; he once killed four mountain goats with four shots, but the first one was standing still when he fired. The other three were running when killed, and he came upon them in a very rough country.

I hope it will not be inferred from the above that I claim to be a good rifle shot. A man once chased a big bunch of antelope within fifty feet of me, and I emptied a Winchester at them without hitting one. There were at least a hundred antelope in the band, and I wonder yet that I didn't kill a dozen. I was behind a big rock, and they ran by me "bunched" together. After shooting two or three times without result, I used more care, but the antelope kept on. After I had emptied my gun, and stood in amazement awhile, I slipped in another cartridge, and fired at them when they were at least 500 yards away. I think I was never more surprised in my life than when I saw one tumble.

I have a notion that Dyche went to college ten years, and learned everything in sight, as a result of bull-head stubbornness; somebody had predicted that he couldn't, and he was determined to show him that he could. The same principle caused him to follow a bull moose three days. I do not doubt Dyche's learning, but I doubt that he is as enthusiastic about books as he is about hunting. Clarence E. Edwords, of the Kansas City *Journal*, has written a very interesting book about Dyche's hunting experiences, entitled: "Camp Fires of a Naturalist." Dyche told me he had never read it, although he had several copies in his desk, and gave me one. If he should hear of a new kind of bear in the mountains, however, he would go after it, and follow it to the jumping off place. Mrs. Dyche, I imagine, is as nervous as a drunkard's wife; her husband is liable to pack his box at any time, and run off after something.

Professor Dyche is very competent as a naturalist, without doubt, but he impressed me most as a hunter, and in this respect no one in the country can come anywhere near him. Theodore Roosevelt, of New York, has written magazine articles and books concerning his experiences as a hunter, but they are nothing compared to those of Dyche.

But I believe Dyche is afraid of bears; he has killed only a few, and has very little to say about them. Some hunters never get over a fear of bears, while others do not mind them. I was once in camp with two old bear hunters, and while one was afraid of bears, the other chased them with as much recklessness as he might chase pigs. The reckless hunter told me that he had never had any trouble with them, but the other man said he had never killed a bear in his life without some sort of dangerous experience.

When Dyche went up the Kettle river, in British Columbia, it was late in the fall, and the snow began falling. The guide begged to leave the country, but Dyche remained day after day, hunting from daylight until dark, and working like a beaver. Usually it is the other way: the guide becomes enthusiastic, and the other man becomes tired of it.

Hunting is supposed to be sport, but it is really very hard work. I have a friend who owns a cattle ranch in the west, and I have visited him five or six times, but I have quit it, because he nearly kills me every time I go out by taking me hunting.

Once we followed a band of elk until nearly dark, and finally left the horses to follow the elk across a canyon. Snow was falling, and on our return we lost the horses. We built a fire, when my friend became hungry, and said he believed he could find the horses, in spite of the darkness. I followed him, being afraid to remain alone, and we not only did not find the horses, but lost the fire, and our guns, which we had left beside it.

We spent the night sitting under a pine tree, talking, and dozing off occasionally. I had ridden hard all day, which I was not accustomed to, and had had no supper, as the grub outfit was on a pack mule with the horses, and we had no fire, as neither of us had a match: our reserve supply was on the pack mule, which we had lost. Our overcoats and slickers were tied on the lost horses, so we shivered through the night, and pretended to be good-natured. My friend's name is Brooks, and he is one of the best fellows I ever knew. Indeed, he is such a nice man that I would not complain of our misfortune when we were lost, he was so good-natured himself. I even pretended to be jovial, and sang songs, and told stories. But do you know what I thought about during the night? I wished I were big enough to whip him for losing me. We found the horses at 9 o'clock next morning, and our guns an hour later, but I would not repeat that experience for five hundred dollars.

This is what hard hunting means: this is what Dyche does when he goes after big game. He sees a bunch of game on a mountain a mile or two away. Then he begins a sneak on it. Once he started on a sneak at 8 o'clock in the morning, and at 4 in the afternoon, he got a shot. This sneaking on game is hard work; you must get the wind, and crawl over stones, and through cactus and brush, and you cannot crawl on your hands and knees, either: you must "wriggle" along.

During this celebrated "sneak," Dyche told me that he suffered greatly for a drink of water. After he got his shot, he followed the game in the excitement of the chase, and did not get a drink until after dark; he heard the water rippling in a canyon for an hour before he could get down to it. Then he lost his way, and reached camp at 3 o'clock in the morning, so bruised that he could not go out again for several days. Before reaching the water, he was delirious at times from excessive thirst.

This is hunting, and Dyche is an enthusiastic hunter. He is "spare" built, and can tire out the guides and Indians when on the trail. What does such a man care about books? Nothing suits him better than the wild countries where he goes to hunt. All this is in the line of his work as a naturalist, but he cares nothing about poetry, or literature.

Hundreds of times, after "sneaking" on his game, he has not taken a shot, the specimen wanted being absent. But he found recompense for his trouble in watching the animals play, and in studying them. When Dyche kills an animal, he at once makes notes and measurements. And every animal that is afterwards mounted must be prepared to a certain extent on the field; all the meat must be scraped off the hide: all the meat must be scraped off the skull, etc. I have an elk head in my dining-room; I spent an entire day cleaning the meat off the skull and hide, and had a man to help me. This is work, and hard work. Dyche has done a tremendous amount of it. You couldn't coax me to go hunting with that man; he would work too hard. He would leave the camp at daylight, and worry me by not returning until long after dark; he would spend half the night in cleaning hides and skulls. Had Dyche chased money with the enthusiasm with which he has chased big game, he would be the richest man in the world. A good many people are anxious for opportunity to accompany him on his trips, but he couldn't hire me to go.

When Dyche went out to hunt Rocky mountain goats, there were only four specimens in the museums of the world. Dyche killed thirty-four before returning home, and wore out several guides and horses. His hardships in the mountains remind one of the experiences of Gilliatt in "Toilers of the Sea."

But the peculiar part of it all is that Dyche enjoyed his experiences. He might be lost all night, and have nothing to eat, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that he was in the goat country, and would be on the hunting ground early the next morning. Once he tried to drink a goat's blood, he was so thirsty, but could not, it tasted so strong of musk; nor could he eat the meat.

Dyche would be successful as a sheep herder, who is compelled to live alone for months. Dyche enjoys the solitude of the forests and mountains. I have heard people talk of the discomfort of being alone in a house at night. Dyche enjoys being in camp alone, with no one to disturb him while he thinks of his bones, hides and feathers. This is natural to him; the Arab is not yet out of his blood. A man cannot cultivate a liking for roughing it; at least, I could not. It is bad enough hunting with some one; to me, it would be unbearable alone. I once spent an entire day and half the night alone in the mountains, my companion being compelled to return to his ranch. It was a wretched experience. I went to visit a bear trap, which was set in thick timber. I never acknowledged it before, but I was afraid to go, and only went to avoid being laughed at. When I found there was no bear in the trap, I was glad of it.

Dyche is a noted hunter and naturalist, but he makes one statement which I have heard dozens of hunters deny: that antelope shed their horns every year. I was never in a hunter's camp that I did not hear this question discussed, and every hunter I ever knew denies that antelope shed their horns. Every hunter has seen deer and elk horns scattered over the country they inhabit; every hunter has seen deer and elk without horns, or with horns in the velvet, but I never met a hunter who had seen a buck antelope without horns, or with horns in the velvet. Antelope horns are seldom found in the antelope country, but in the mountains you are seldom out of sight of bleaching elk or deer horns. An elk or deer usually loses one side of his horns at a time, which fact a hunter soon learns from seeing so many half sets of horns, but antelope horns are always accompanied by the skull or bones, indicating the death of the animal. If I have caught a naturalist, I shall feel very proud. B. B. Brooks, the friend with whom I have hunted in Wyoming, has killed antelope for meat every month in the year for certainly twenty-five years, and he has never seen a buck antelope without horns, or an antelope with horns in the velvet.

On the 15th of the present month Professor Dyche sailed on the halibut schooner "Golden Hope" for Greenland, where he will make a collection. Last year he made a trip to that country as official naturalist of the Cook arctic expedition, but lost everything he collected in a wreck.

Most people who go to Greenland are looking for the North Pole, but in my judgment Dyche wants a polar bear. He will also try to get a walrus, and a whale, a reindeer, a collection of seals, etc., but what he wants most is a polar bear.

Four steamers were wrecked in the arctic regions last year, the survivors returning home in fishing schooners, so Dyche started out as he hopes to come back. He goes with Captain Henry Gardener, of Gloucester, Mass., having first secured permission from the owners of the schooner. He will be absent four or five months, and while the schooner is busy fishing, Dyche will land, and hunt with Esquimaux guides. He hopes to secure a collection of arctic birds, some of which are worth $25; some people go crazy about birds, and will pay good prices for rare specimens. Dyche will amuse himself while at sea by killing birds, shooting them in such a way that they will fall against the sails, and on to the deck. Many specimens can be obtained in no other way.

In Greenland the thermometer is below zero in July and August, and Dyche will sleep out of doors in a sack he had made for the purpose. The naturalist will have no camp fires in Greenland, for there is no wood to build them with, and he will cook his meals over a coal oil stove. He took six guns with him, three rifles and three shot guns, to be safe in case of accident. Dyche is a good shot, but he has one theory that is common to all successful hunters: the nearer you are to your game, the better shot you are. The modern rifles will "carry" great distances, but shooting beyond a few hundred yards is wasting ammunition. And if you want to be sure of your game, a hundred yards is the safest distance. I have seen a few wonderful shots made at long range, but they are as rare as four honest aces in a poker hand.

The complete specimens of the larger animals in Dyche's collection are as follows:

Buffaloes, 14; antelopes, 35; bears, 14; mountain lions, 11; elks, 19; Rocky mountain sheep, 45; Rocky mountain goats, 34; moose, 40; deer, 60; timber wolves, 10; coyotes, 24; lynxes, 10; foxes, 25; caribou, 7, and of otters, beavers, wolverines, fishers, badgers, woodchucks, raccoons, and smaller animals, several hundred.

Mr. Edwords estimates that the money value of this collection is $100,000. Dyche told me that the mounted specimens owned by the state, 121 in number, ought to be worth $50,000. I suppose, therefore, that the unmounted specimens, from two to three hundred in number, are worth as much more. These belong to Dyche personally, although he has offered to sell them to the state for a very insignificant sum.

E. W. Howe.

The following description of a "crazy tea" given by one of the society leaders of Arkansas City is taken from the *Traveler*: "As soon as the guests had resigned themselves to napkins that couldn't be made to wipe their mouths, they were startled by the entrance of a tremendous dishpan piloted by two smiling girls who produced from its depths delicious hot coffee and iced tea. This was immediately followed by an innocent looking tea tray, but when the bewildered guest found himself pouring sugar from the cream jug and making frantic dives for the cream with the sugar spoon he was prepared to take his sandwiches from a dustpan and pickles from a crumb tray. Delicious cake was served on a meat platter, thin slices of bread and butter on a coal scoop of liberal dimensions, pickles were promoted to the butter dish, and the climax was reached when two amateur assistants of the sterner sex served sandwiches in a straw hat and angel food on the trash end of a broom."

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FOR SALE—Three bowling alleys, cheap. Address J. W. Clayton, Manhattan hotel. d113-W-Sat-tf.

FOR SALE—Fine Jersey bull calf, registered dam and sire. Price $12.00. H. W. Lewis. d11-3t.@

FOR SALE—Cheap, an organ; good as new; and also a cart in good shape. Apply 1003 S. Emporia Ave. d2-3t.@-Tu-Fri-Sun.

FOR SALE—Cheap, 100 feet of counters and 80 feet shelving. Hewlett & Wheeler, 149 N. Main St. d9-6t.

FOR SALE—Western Cottage organ, $35. Walter Morris, 137 N. Main St. d2-tf.

FOR SALE—On monthly payments, four homes in different parts of the city. Walter Morris, 137 N. Main St. d2-tf.

FOR SALE—Elegant Mosler fireproof safe, almost new; size 63 high, 38 wide, 30 deep; weight 4,500; cost $250. Price $100. Anchor Cycle Co., 132 N. Market St. d10-10t.

FOR SALE—Horse and buggy; also a cart. 1003 S. Emporia. d10-2t.@

FOR SALE—Three No. 2 steel wheel scrapers, at a great bargain. Wichita Impt. Co. d11-6t.@

FOR SALE—Smal family refrigerator, but little used; good as new. Cal at 401 E. Douglas Ave. d10-1f.

FOR SALE—A fullblood Jersey heifer calf. Call at 1820 North Market. d10-2t.@

FOR SALE—One small Hall safe, by H. L. Gordon, above 216 and 218 N. Main. d150-tf.

FOR SALE—Fresh buttermilk every day. Lewelling creamery, 129 N. Market.

FOR SALE—2 pulleys, 7-inch face, 36-inches in diameter. Enquire at the Eagle office. d57 tf.

FOR TRADE.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

WANTED—To trade a $2,000 business in eastern Kansas for farm or good Wichita property. Address "D," 1123 Munnell Ave. d7-6t@-eod.

FOR TRADE—Good acre property in the heart of the Indian gas belt, very desirable and clear, to trade for inside property in Wichita. Allen M Dickson, 141 N. Market St. d10-2t.

TO TRADE—I have 40 acres of nice land, clear of incumbrance, to trade for 6 to 8 room house to move. Cal or address O. H. Shearon, 256 S. Park Ave., College Hill. d9-6t.@

FOR SALE—REAL ESTATE.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

FOR SALE—HOUSES.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

FOR RENT—HOUSES.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

FOR RENT—Several large and small houses. L. W. Clapp. d147-30t.@

FOR RENT—A brick house, with stable and carriage house attached; large yard with fruit trees; within two blocks of Douglas Ave, in good residence location. Apply to J. B. Carey, Hotel Carey. d153-tf.

FOR RENT—923 North Market St., 7 rooms, bath, city water and barn, $20 per month. Also desirable houses on Fairmount, at $5. Hartford Investment Co., Sedgwick block. d144-tf.

FOR RENT—The Lee Taylor house on 18th St. Newly papered and in good order; all conveniences. L. W. Clapp. d147-30.@

FOR RENT—Brick residence, 126 S. Emporia—bath and gas. Enquire 118 S. Emporia. d117-tf.

FOR RENT—Modern houses; also business house. Israel Bros. d139-tf.

FOR RENT—Houses in all parts of the city by Hillis and Kinkead, 142 N. Market Street. d126-16t.@

FOR RENT—MISCELLANEOUS.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

FOR RENT—Buildings for warehouse, jobbing or factory use. L. W. Clapp. d147-30t.@

FOR RENT—A new No. 1 bake oven, shop and fixtures. The arch and firebox are laid with fire brick. Good trade in a live town. Address Fred Goeting, Hennessey, Okla. d8-5t.@

FOR RENT—On or after June 1st, 1895, store building No. 232 North Main St., now occupied by Warren's millinery store. Also good 9 room house; modern improvements. No. 316 West 3rd Street. R. E. Guthrie. d1-tf.

FOR RENT—Office and living rooms, single or in suites, in best buildings in city; good janitor and other services. L. W. Clapp. d147-30t.@

FOR RENT—ROOMS.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

FOR RENT—12 nice rooms over 221 S. Main St. Dean Gordon. d3-tf.

FOR RENT—Pleasant front room, for one or two gentlemen, at 322 S. Lawrence. d7-tf.

FOR RENT—Rooms in Sedgwick building; well lighted, thoroughly ventilated; south, east or west fronts; large or small. Prices ranging from four to fifteen dollars per month. The building has just been refitted, halls newly wainscoted and kalsomined and are now very attractive and pleasant. This is the most thoroughly equipped office building in the state of Kansas. Call and examine before taking rooms elsewhere. James Allison, Room 212 Sedgwick Bldg. d142-1m.

FOR RENT—Nice first floor office rooms in Fletcher building. All conveniences; heat in winter. L. W. Clapp. d147-30t.@

FOR EXCHANGE.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

TO EXCHANGE—Scholarship in Waterbury Shorthand School for laundry work. 141 N. Market St. d11-5t.@

FOR EXCHANGE—We have a business property renting for $864 per year to trade for a stock of merchandise worth $6,000. This is fine property and will bear investigation. See us at once. Robt. M. Platt & Co., 142 N. Main St. d6-7t.@

TO EXCHANGE—High grade bicycle for fresh milch cow, blooded stock. 131 N. Lawrence Ave. d11-2t.@

FINANCIAL.

TO LOAN—$5,000 on any good securities; time and amount to suit; rates reasonable. 127 N. Main St., C. B. Quinsey. d12-6t.@

YOU CAN secure loans on city or farm property of M. L. Garver. See him at once. d123-tf.—Wed-Fri-Sun.

MONEY TO LOAN on Sedgwick county farms. No delays. Hewlett & Wheeler, 149 N. Main St. Sun-Tu-Fri-d112-tf.

MONEY TO LOAN on good chattel securities. Walter Morris, 137 N. Main St. d1-tf.

FOUND.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

FOUND—A cane. Owner can have same by calling at the Eagle off. d4-tf

FOUND—On or about March 15, at the store of McNamara, purse. Owner can have same by proving property. J. J. McNamara. d250-tf.

STRAYED.
(Under this head 3c per line per day.)

STRAYED—From 124 Ohio Ave., one red dehorned milch cow with about 20 ft. of rope. d10-2t.@

LOST.

Piles, Fistula, Fissure

And all diseases of the rectum cured without knife, ligature or caustic. CURE GUARANTEED. NO Money to be paid until permanently cured. PRIVATE DISEASES in both sexes quickly cured in the shortest time and on the most reasonable terms, without the use of dangerous drugs. Female infirmities, as Leucorrhœa, Falsetti Periodic, Suppression, etc., a specialty. Kidney or Falling Pits speedily controlled and permanently cured. Correspondence or mail promptly attended. [illegible] CONSULTATION FREE IN ALL CASES. Consultation, confidential and sacred. Office open from 9 a. m. until 7 p. m. Sundays until 1 p. m. Call on office, opposite Jackson & McNamara.

DR. J. E. BENNETT

205 N. Main St., Wichita, Ks.