Daily Eagle

UNCLE JOHN'S LETTER.

Among the Reporters—How Some of the Jolly Fellows Work—Writing While Asleep—Rivalry in the Profession—Appropriating a Telegraph Line.

[Special New York Correspondence.]

NUMBER of us—Bohemians of the old days—were gathered around a lunch-table this afternoon exchanging reminiscences, and I do not know that I can spend an hour more profitably than in retailing them to your readers.

One of the company was an official reporter in Congress in the days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Cass, Sam Houston and other famous statesmen, and spoke of the curious mistakes that were frequently made in deciphering the short-hand notes of their debates. "On one occasion," he said, "Thomas H. Benton had made a long and elaborate speech on the French Spoliation bill, and, as was then the custom before sending the copy to the Government printers, it was submitted to the Speaker for revision. In the course of his remarks Mr. Benton made use of the phrase 'you might as well attempt to sing a maniac to sleep with a lullaby,' etc. The next afternoon, soon after the opening of the Senate, Benton, with a half-angry, half-amused expression on his face, came to my desk and holding out a sheet of manuscript exclaimed: 'Young man, did you write that?' 'I did, Mr. Benton; what's wrong?' 'Look at it, sir,' and he pointed to the line, 'You might as well attempt to sing a monkey to sleep with a hullaboo.' 'That's idiotic, sir; that's infernal nonsense; humph! I never said any thing of the kind. You must be a fool, sir.'"

Well, I felt like one, for when I turned to my short-hand notes, I found that in the haste of transcribing them at three or four in the morning, for we had no amanuenses in those days, I had used the wrong words for similar outlines. When I explained to the old gentleman that in phonography, m-n-k stood for monkey as well as maniac, and that l-l-b without the vowels, was very suggestive of hullaboo, he laughed good naturedly and went to his seat. But he told the joke on me and it soon got around among the boys, and I didn't hear the last of my attempt to do the monkey act with old Bullion during the rest of that session.

"That story reminds me," said another of the party, "of a curious incident that occurred in the House of Representatives during the closing hours of the Kansas debate in 1856. It was near daylight and Charles B. Collar, now a court reporter in New York, was taking his "turn." These "turns," by the way, were, at that time, twenty minutes or a half hour long. Well, Charlie was tired, for, like the rest of us, he had been on almost continuous duty for more than twenty-four hours. As the time approached for him to stop, McElkone, another member of the official staff, slipped into the seat by his side for the purpose of following him. Reaching a convenient paragraph, he nudged Collar in the usual way, but Charlie kept right on, and probably wrote five minutes before Mac got a chance to speak to him. Then Collar stopped with a dazed sort of expression, shook himself, and looked around. He had been fast asleep, yet had mechanically taken notes of some of the most rapid talkers in the house. And the work was correctly done, too, for when he began transcribing, although he did not remember having written the greater part of the matter, it was all there and the only question he had to ask about it was concerning the point where he ought to have stopped. Ears, eyes and fingers had been alive, but the brain was as dead as a door nail. It was unconscious exercise of purely automatic skill.

Where half a dozen men are reporting a long session, it is customary to write at the end of a man's turn the name of the reporter who follows, as, for instance, "Brown follows Smith." In this manner, confusion is avoided in the arrangement of the "copy." A gentleman present mentioned a curious incident illustrative of the occasional carelessness of printers and proof-readers.

One of the reporters of a debate was named Fitzhugh and the other Fleming. The latter wrote at the end of his "turn," "Fitz follows Flem." The consternation and disgust of the orator may be conceived when he read in the published report the next day the irrelevant and irreverent remark interjected in what happened to be the most brilliant portion of his speech, that "Fits follows Philegm."

Some of the most notable reporteral work in the early days of phonography in this country was done in the trial of Prof. Webster, for the murder of Dr. Parkman, in Boston, when Charles B. Collar, above referred to, and F. G. DeFontaine, now a New York journalist, then the only two professional short-hand writers in the city, supplied the Boston *Herald* with the entire proceedings verbatim from day to day during the continuance of the long trial. Subsequently, DeFontaine, with the aid of two long hand amanuensis, to whom he dictated while himself writing, made a verbatim report of the trial of General Dan Sickles, in Washington, for killing Barton Key, and in twenty minutes after the rendition of the verdict, Dewitt, the publisher, was selling a pamphlet report of the trial, numbering over two hundred pages, on the streets of New York. The last day's work had been done by telegraph. The New York *Herald* on that occasion, by having the scenes in the court room described in advance, was enabled to print the verdict "not guilty" in seven minutes after the announcement; quick work.

The shrewdness of reports in "getting ahead" of each other was illustrated by many stories that passed around the lunch table. One of these was of Gill, of Boston, who, when he heard of the wreck of the steamship Atlantic on the Newfoundland coast, hurried to the spot, chartered a tug and a diving bell and went down to the bottom among the dead bodies and wrote a harrowing account of the scenes he saw.

Another swam out to sea with Paul Boyton in a patent India rubber suit and nearly lost his life among the drifting ice, all for the honor of getting "a beat" as it is professionally called, when the description of the event came to be written.

A few years ago a murderous assault was made on an old couple residing on Long Island. A dozen reporters hastened to the spot, which was revote from the railroad and had to be reached in sleighs in the midst of a driving hail-storm. One of the number arriving late found his brothers either investigating the scene of the attempted murder or eating their suppers in a neighboring tavern. He said nothing, but sawed wood. In other words, he quietly went back to his sleigh and told the driver to set him down at the telegraph station instanter. Entering the little country office, he asked if the lines were engaged. "No." "Then I want the wires unta further orders."

Hastily writing a dispatch to his New York paper that for the next two hours it would be in receipt of a "blind" message and after that his regular report, he turned to the young lady operator and asked if she had a copy of the Bible. She had. Finding an easy place, "now," he said, "I want you to send this right along until I come back and say stop." Then he went off, took his supper leisurely, visited the scene of the assault, secured all the facts and when he was ready, drove back to the telegraph office. It was thronged with a crowd of furious, red-hot, jumping-mad reporters, each one filled with a long story and anxious to get off his news, for it was after ten o'clock at night but unable to send a word. The late-comer had flanked them all. They plead, begged, threatened, and were profane, but "business was business," and he was there attending to it. Well, to cut the story short, he wrote until about half-past twelve and made an exhaustive report. Then the other boys took turns in the order in which they had arrived at the office, but it did none of them much good, for the poor operator was unable to get off their matter in time, and two or three inches in two or three of the next day's papers in contrast with nearly a column printed by their successful rival, made as sick looking a lot of reporters as ever bragged of enterprise. The very air was blue. On returning to the city, the gentleman who had emphatically "walked off with the bakery" found on his desk a complimentary note from his managing editors and a check for a hundred dollars.

UNCLE JOHN.

NAPOLEON'S SIGNATURE.

An Interesting Pastime to Study the Changes in It as the Man Grew More and More Famous.

To a man who has a taste for it, and abundance of leisure time, the deciphering of character by hand-writing is, no doubt, a very fascinating pastime. There are experts who claim to be able to tell all about a man's character and disposition, by studying the way in which he dots his i's and loops his t's. In deciphering character by hand-writing, as in phrenology, there are, no doubt, some general principles that can be relied on, but, as a general thing, the expert is thrown off the track as soon as he attempts to go into details.

If all experts say on the subject were to be believed, an expert in hand-writing could examine a man's signature at long range, and not only tell what color his wife's hair is, but also predict what he is going to have for dinner.

I can not believe that an expert, no matter how much practice he may have had, can smell a man's signature, and then be able to predict when that man is going to have his corns cut, or where he is going to buy his next suit of clothes.

It is an undeniable fact that most of the great men of the world wrote wretched hands, but as an old Texas negro remarked: "Ef pore penmanship am any sign er genius, den I has de honor ter be temporaneous wif lots of 'lustrious men."

Some of the greatest men of the age write their names so recklessly that they look like window shutters struck by lightning, and at the same time they are as ignorant of punctuation as a fly. General F. E. Spinner, the man who used to sign the greenbacks, spent much of his time in writing for the local papers in Florida, but the printers found no difficulty in deciphering his copy, as they were used to seeing snake-tracks in the sand.

But in spite of all the nonsense with which it is surrounded the subject is a very interesting one. The signature of the great Napoleon was very much like the career of the man himself. In fact it looks like a stroke of chain lightning.

The signature of Napoleon at different periods of his career is very characteristic of the man. At the beginning of his wonderful career he wrote Napoleon Bonaparte in full, which he soon afterwards contracted to simply Bonaparte. As he became more powerful he scrawled the word Napoleon, which he finally contracted to "Nap," and, at last, nothing of his signature was left except a letter N, which, looked at one way, resembled a wrecked hose-cart, but which, when looked at upside down, might be taken for a chicken fight.

In the year 1789 Napoleon obtained command of a company, and in 1792 he was promoted to the command of a battalion of infantry of the National Volunteers, which were called out for an expedition against Sardina. On his return in the same year he was placed in command of the artillery at the siege of Toulon, and his reports were signed thus:

Two years later he was under the command of General Barras, engaged in fighting the mob at Paris. He was beginning to feel his power, and was having things pretty much his own way. He then dropped the n from his name, and nobody objected. There is not as much style in his then signature, if I may use the term, as there is in that of a Chicago drummer, but it is very good for Napoleon.

In 1796 Napoleon's signature began to act as if it had been taking too much gin. An expert in hand-writing will show by the lines and curves that Napoleon was beginning to be troubled with ambition. This may be true, but whenever we get a letter from any body else except Napoleon, signed that way, we shall maintain that the gin theory is the correct. What sort of a signature is this for a sober man?

It is very evid[illegible] that this state of signature could not c[illegible]ue very long. When a signature becom[illegible] so utterly lost to all sense of propriety the [illegible]rst may be expected. In a letter dated [illegible]ril 18, 1809, addressed to Marshall Mass[illegible]a, the signature appears to be on a prof[illegible]cted spree.

In 1811 the signature of Napoleon had an unmistakable attack of *delirium tremens*, similar to that which disorganized the signature of Horace Greely. The following is a *fac simile* of Napoleon's signature at that time.

The only wonder is that the battle of Waterloo and the subsequent disaster did not culminate sooner. At St. Helena, where he had more leisure time at his disposal, he signed his name pretty much as he did in 1809.

ALEX. B. SWEET.

A NORTHWEST TRIP.

From St. Paul to the Pacific Coast—Wonderful Development of the Northwest—Fort Lincoln and the Custer Massacre.

It seems like romancing with facts and figures to narrate the development of the vast region of which St. Paul and Minneapolis are the focus points; the former the center of railroad activity in the Northwest, the later the flour city of the world. From St. Paul to Fargo, 275 miles, our route was through pine forests and a country diversified by clear water lakes and lakelets, so numerous, some 10,000, it is said, as to give Minnesota the second place in water surface, among all the States in the Union. Fargo is on the Red River of the North and with 8,000 population is the largest city in Dakota, the river serving as the bondary line between Territory and State. The valley of the Red river is famous for big wheat fields that produce a No. 1 article of the bread-making cereal. Think of a farm of a hundred square miles in extent and two hundred reaping machines in use at one time. Our train of fourteen cars, now speeding along in Dakota, has a long run ahead; more than sixteen hundred miles before it reaches its destination on the Pacific coast. At Bismarck, the capital of the Territory, we strike the Missouri river, distant from the Gulf of Mexico 3,500 miles, as the river runs. The North Pacific railroad bridge here is 3,000 feet long. On the opposite, or west side of the river, is the town of Mandan, where the visitor from Bismarck finds his watch an hour fast, as here mountain time begins. Five miles down the river is the well-known military post called Fort A. Lincoln, the most prominent of the dozen or more forts in Dakota. Although called forts, these Western military encampments are mere groupings of barracks, store-rooms and officers' houses around a hollow square or parade ground.

At some of them are log stockades to be used if necessary in case of an Indian attack. The Government is very slow in making changes and maintains extensive and expensive establishments surrounded by fields and farms where the settler tills the soil without fear of molestation from the red man. Dakota still has some 30,000 Indian population, five-sixths of them belonging to the great composite family of Sioux or Dakotas, who occupy a 25,000,000 acre reservation between the Missouri river and the Black Hills, land enough to give every man, woman and child 1,000 acres each. Most of the Sioux, except those immediately around the agencies, are of the breech-clout and blanket kind, and accept subsistence from the Government in consideration of the favor done the Government in consenting to remain on their reservation. The Sioux are noted for their spirit of conquest, their present location formerly belonging to the Crows, whom they pushed westward into the mountains, and between the two tribes there is the most bitter enmity. For generations they have warred against each other, but like most contests between Indians their warfare has been carried on with trifling loss of life. The Crows will not forget that their ancestors were driven from Ab-sa-rak-ka, or Crow-land, now the home of the Dakotas, and in the formidable outbreak of 1876-77 the Crows rendered excellent service to the Government in helping to drive Sitting Bull and his hostiles from American territory.

Fort Lincoln formerly had quarters for both cavalry and infantry, the former in the bottom, the latter on a higher bluff overlooking the Missouri, a wide expanse of

CUSTER MONUMENT AND SCOUT CURLEY SOLE SURVIVOR OF THE MASSACRE.

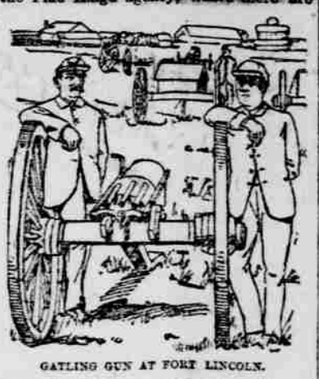
grassy hills and heavily-timbered slopes and bottom lands spreading before the eye along the mighty river. The Little Heart river empties into the Missouri near Lincoln, and, though quite a stream, it adds but little to the mightier current in which it is lost. Three years ago the quarters on the hill were abandoned, and nothing marks the spot except a few trees, planted and nurtured by the soldiers years ago. A mile away on a hillside is a cemetery, numerous white headstones marking the graves of the brave boys who surrendered life in battle with the Indian or wasted to death in fever. The cemetery was recently reinforced by interments from the abandoned post of Fort Abercrombie, near Fargo. The cavalry quarters under the hill remain intact as in the days of General Custer, its most renowned commandant. The troopers are gone and in their stead infantry do the routine drudgery of camp life. There are only two companies at Lincoln, the nearest cavalry being at Fort Yates, sixty miles below, at Standing Rock agency. We saw the tepees of a few Mandan Indians scattered along the bluffs, but the Mandans cut no figure in holding back white settlement, except by retaining a large reservation in the northwest part of the Territory.

General Custer had six companies while at Lincoln, all that the barracks would accommodate. He was the youngest Major-General of the volunteer service during the rebellion, but his rank in the regular army was that of Lieutenant-Colonel, to which he was appointed in 1866. His regiment was the Seventh Cavalry, with which he served five years in Kansas and two years in Kentucky. In 1873 he was sent to Dakota, and after scouting several months in the Black Hills went to his final command at Fort Lincoln. Custer was a good deal of a sportsman, keeping a pack of forty hounds and a number of race-horses, his race track at Lincoln still being pointed out to visitors. He had a room in his house which he called his "den," where he displayed the trophies of the chase, and the collection was large and of rare interest. During his later years he was somewhat morose and exacting, and not altogether popular with his command. His rapid rise in the volunteer service, attaining the high rank of Major-General at twenty-eight years of age, gave him position and distinction which he did not find subsequently in a subordinate position on the frontier. The Colonel of his regiment was General Terry, and between the two, neither of whom were West Point graduates, there existed a feeling of rivalry. Custer was courageous and daring to a fault, and ambitious, and chafed under the restraint of post life. Prior to the fateful campaign of 1876, for some infraction of discipline, he had been ordered to appear before a court-martial, instigated by his Colonel, but the hearing had been postponed on account of the Sioux outbreak, which called into the field all of the available troops in the department of the Northwest.

Custer left Fort Lincoln with 600 cavalry and 400 infantry, and under orders from General Terry took five companies and followed the trail up the Yellowstone river on the side opposite from the main command. On Sunday, June 25, he discovered the Indians under Sitting Bull and Crazy Horse in camp on Little Big Horn river, in Montana. With his small command he impulsively dashed into the encampment, estimated by Terry, Gibbon and Reno to contain at least 3,000 armed warriors, although Mrs. Custer in her book "Boot and Saddle," puts the number at 12,000. The result is known; the five companies consisting of 247 men and 42 officers were completely annihilated and Custer went to the court-martial before which all mortality must appear.

Fame and censure with a tether
By fate are always linked together.

It is not probable that the West will ever again be troubled with uprisings of any consequence among the Indians who appreciate and understand the strength of the general Government. The reservation Indians are given food and raiment without money or price, except the stipulation to be "good" and remain at home, and the prophets, or medicine-men, who heretofore exerted great influence in provoking trouble, have rather lost their grip, the common run of red-skins now preferring to draw their supplies peacefully at the agencies, rather than risk the privations and dangers of the war path. The average Indian don't talk much, but he seems to do a heap of thinking. At the agencies they are all registered with English names, and each queer one, too. At the Pine Ridge agency, where there are



GATLING GUN AT FORT LINCOLN.

more than 10,000 names on the rolls, we noted the following: Young Man Afraid of His Horse, Female Elk Voice Walking, Afraid of Bear, Big-Bellied Sorrel Horse, White Medicine Cow That Stands, Bob-Tailed Deer, Eagle in the Sky, Red Cloud, Skulking Wolf and so on in great variety and oddity. It is said that their names are suggested by the first sound or object that particularly attracts the father's attention after the birth of a child, as the sight of a "red cloud" in the sky, the antics of a "crazy horse," the unusual attitude of a "sitting bull" or in peering out of his tepee to receive a dash of "rain in the face."

MOSES FOLSOME.

"WHAT FOOLS WE MORTALS BE."

A Sentiment Illustrated in the Accompanying Story of How Mrs. Smith Purchased a Dress Pattern.

"You will regret it. I assure you, Mrs. Smith," said the dapper clerk, "if you do not get a dress off this piece of goods. It is a bargain such as you never will see again. We are actually selling it below cost—below cost, Mrs. Smith."

"How can you afford to do that?" meekly asked Mrs. Smith, examining the goods.

"We bought a lot of goods at a bankrupt sale. You get more than the worth of the money in this, and the color I should think would just suit you, and is in great demand. It is the favorite shade this season."

Mrs. Smith drew the goods between her fingers.

"I did not mean to buy a dress to-day."

"No. But this is such a fine quality. In two days we won't have a bit left. We never urge our customers to buy goods. There is just a dress pattern left in this piece. I call that pretty," holding it up in folds.

"It is pretty," said Mrs. Smith, reflectively. "Won't it fade?"

"Not one bit. You can wear that blue in the brightest sun for any length of time and it will look as fresh as it does to-day. Shall I put it one side for you?"

Still Mrs. Smith hesitated. "I really do not need a new dress, and I did not expect to buy, so I only brought some small change with me."

"That will be all right, Mrs. Smith. We like to oblige our customers. Twenty yards is your pattern?"

"Y-e-s, but I know I ought not to take it."

"There is an extra half yard I will throw in, Mrs. Smith. Send it up! Much obliged. Call again."

Mrs. Smith at home.

"I declare, it is positively homely, and I do not need a new dress one bit. I wonder what Mr. Smith will say *now* when the bill for that comes in. Well! there is no getting out of it, the deed is done."

Alas! it is too often the case. A woman comes to look, but stays to buy.

If all could but reason as Dean Swift, when he looked into the shop windows:

"How many things there are there that I do not want."

JEAN E. LANCASHIRE.

MR. SMITHMEYER.

The Architect of the New Congressional Library Building at Washington.

A man who is attracting a good deal of attention now in Washington is the architect Smithmeyer, who has the commission to build the new Congressional library, a structure that will cost before it is completed something like $2,000,000. Smithmeyer is a German, or rather an Austrian, born in one of the little hamlets near Vienna. He is a clean-cut, hard-working student of architecture after the old-time German type. He is also a practical man, and has built some of the most notable private residences at the Capital. He was the architect and builder of the new Georgetown college building, a structure that has excited general praise all over the country. Mr. Smithmeyer is sixty-two years old, but has lived in this country over thirty years. He still speaks with his German accent, but is a very fluent and forcible writer, and a man of wide-reaching influence in public and political circles. He has had a great deal of difficulty since the appropriation for the new building was made available in forcing the successful bidders for the cement to be used in the foundations to live up to their contract. "I think I have reached the end of the controversy," said Mr. Smithmeyer, the other day, "and that we can go on early this spring. I am an old man and this is the largest undertaking that has ever been intrusted to me. I will build a good building that will stand for all time, or I will not lift my finger to begin. When this building is done it shall be a credit to America and the wonder of the world. There will be no library building like it the world over. It is to receive, not only all the books that Americans write, and the best of books written in other nations, but there is to be stored in it copies of every print, picture and map, and almost innumerable devices coming under the copyright law, all of which are representative of American ingenuity and industry. Here, too, will be placed, sooner or later, the historical and art treasures of the Nation, and when I am done, if I live to see the completion of the library, we shall have a building worthy of its contents."

SMITHMEYER.

ANOTHER MONUMENT.

This Time It Is to Be Erected to Commemorate the Defeat of the Spanish Armada by the English Three Hundred Years Ago.

The ter-centenary of the destruction of the Spanish Armada will witness a large and enthusiastic demonstration in England over that providential event in the history of the empire. A monument is to be erected commemorating the event and a design by Mr. Herbert Gribbie has been selected in a competition with twenty other designs. It consists of a granite column surmounted by a heroic figure of Brittania with the shield of the three crosses, bearing the flag of St. George on a staff surmounted by the cross of St. George and in her right hand a two-edged sword. In the shaft of the column are medallions of Drake, Frobisher, Raleigh and Hawkins. On the base are bronze tablets illustrating the destruction of the fleet. Around the base runs the inscription "He blew with his winds and they were scattered." On one side of the pedestal is to be a bronze figure representing one of the old Vikings; on the other, a female figure representing Vigilance.

The central ornament will be the coat-of-arms of England at the time of the Armada, surmounted by the crown of Queen Elizabeth. The monument will probably be unveiled on the 8th of August—the three hundredth anniversary of the day when Lord Howard attacked the Armada in an engagement which began at four o'clock in the morning and continued till six o'clock at night. The Spanish Admiral apprehending the entire destruction of his fleet, decided to sail northward and make the circuit of the British Isles. As he rounded the Orkneys a terrific storm struck his fleet. Horses, mules and baggage were thrown overboard to lighten the ships, but destruction was inevitable. Some were wrecked on the Orkneys, others sank in the North Sea, some drifted to the coast of Scotland where they were wrecked, and over thirty were driven upon the coast of Ireland, where the ruthless peasants barbously murdered their crews. Sixty-five vessels out of one hundred and fifty of the largest class then known to navigation finally reached Spain. The day before Lord Howard's attack the

DESIGN OF MONUMENT.

Armada lay becalmed before Dunkirk. The English filled eight old ships with pitch, sulphur and other combustibles, and as the breeze sprang off shore set them on fire, lashed their rudders and sent them down into the Spanish fleet just at nightfall. The darkness of the night and the awful appearance of the approaching flames threw consternation into the Spanish sailors and they either cut their cables or dragged anchors and drifted before the wind. In the confusion many of the vessels ran afoul of each other and a large number were rendered unfit for further service.

How He Worked the Annunciator.

What's that there thing there?" asked a country man, pointing to an annunciator in a broker's office.

"That's a call-bell," replied the broker.

"Whudder yer use et fer?" continued the curious yokel.

"To call a boy when I want him to do an errand."

"How d'yer wuk ther blamed thing?"

"Why, press on it in this manner, then go out in the back-office and hunt up the boy. It usually pleases him highly to know I have been ringing."

SWAB & GLOSSER,
Tailors,
209 Main. Wichita, Kas.

Motor Line
ADDITION.
HENRY SCHWEITER

I have opened my office in the Goodyear House block, where can be found plats and prices on my property along the Motor Line.

Cars run regularly to the south-east part of the city. Special inducements offered to those wishing to build a home.

Prices on Motor Line Property reasonable and terms easy.

CALL AND SEE ME.

H. SCHWEITER.

WHY IS IT!
—THAT—
COLE : & : JONES
Sell more Clothing than any other house of Kansas.

Simply because they keep the largest stock, the best fitting goods, the newest styles, sell them the cheapest, and dealing fair with every one, cheerfully refunding the money in every instance when goods are not entirely satisfactory. By this method of doing business we have worked up an immense trade, and have accordingly bought an enormous spring and summer stock of

CLOTHING, FURNISHINGS, HATS, CAPS, TRUNKS, VALISES,
SILK UMBRELLAS, ETC.,
AND THE MOST ELEGANT LINE OF NECKWEAR

Ever displayed in any community. We especially desire to call your attention to the finest line of

TAILOR MADE SPRING OVERCOATS

Ever shown to any people, guaranteed to be equal in every respect (making, trimming and fit,) to the best merchant tailors production, and at about half their prices. We are the only agents in this city for the CELEBRATED STEIN, BLOCK & CO., Wholesale Merchant Tailors, Clothing, which has made our house so famous for fine fitting goods. Come and try some on and see how perfectly they fit. Examine the workmanship and the quality of goods and trimming.

COLE -:- & -:- JONES,
The One-Price Clothiers.
216, 218 and 220 DOUGLAS AVENUE, WICHITA, KANSAS.

WHITE HOUSE
DEPARTMENT .-. SALES!
—ON—
MONDAY, : APRIL : 30th.

EMBROIDERY DEPARTMENT.

Another invoice of white and colored embroideries, the greatest bargains of the age.

3 cents a yd.	4 cts. a yd.	5 cts. a yd.	6 cts. a yd.	7 cts. a yd.
value 10 cts.	value 12½c.	value 15c.	value 18c.	value 20c.

Just think of it. For 8 cents per yard worth 50c and 65c. Take a look at them.

TRIMMING DEPARTMENT SALES.

One lot tinsel braid at only 5 cents per yard worth 25c. Jet passementrie, silk jet and silk, and all the new tinsel braids at very low prices.

HOUSEKEEPING DEPARTMENT.

Unbleached table linen at 14 cents per yard, regular price 25c.
500 yards unbleached at 18 cents worth 30c.
3 pieces extra heavy satin damask, full width, at 46 cents per yard, cheap at 65c.
500 yards turkey red damasks, fast colors, at 24 cents a yard. You will see their value is really double what we ask.

TOWELS! TOWELS! TOWELS

You can save 50 cents on the dollar at this sale.

One lot 13 cents.	One lot 17 cents.	One lot 23 cents.
Ex. heavy all linen.	Damask and Huck.	Fringed Damask.
Regular price 25 cts.	Regular price 30 cts.	True value 40 cts.

The finest stock of Housekeeping Goods west of Chicago, also the cheapest.

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT.

Regatta silk! Regatta silk! We will offer for Monday only: 500 yards of black regatta silk at the slaughter price of 69 cents a yard, value $1.00. The less you take the more we make.

We will also offer you a chance at this prize: 12 lengths of black satin rhadame of 20 yards each at 75 cents per yard; regular value is $1.25 per yard. There is no fabric made equal to the rhadame for wear or durability.

GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING DEPARTMENT.

Just received a new spring line of gentlemen's neckwear. The very latest in scarfs, four-in-hands, bows, etc.

An unlaundried shirt for 48 cents that has always proved satisfactory to the purchaser. We never have had a complaint. They wear too long for our benefit.

New carpets, new rugs, new upholstery, exquisite designs in Moquettes, Brussells, Velvets, Ingrains, etc. New curtain laces. Brussels net, Swiss, Oriental, Opplique, Nottinghams, Madrass Scrim, etc. A beautiful Scrim at 5 cents a yard.

Lovely Tycoon curtains 75 cents a pair. It pays to trade at the WHITE HOUSE of

INNES & ROSS,
116 TO 120 MAIN STREET.

To the Suffering Invalid.

Medical science is no longer considered an experiment, but today stands on the proud pedestal where it belongs, and shines forth like a beacon light to the world. It has only been a short time since people, afflicted with chronic diseases that could not be cured by the general practitioner of our villages, were forced to make the long pilgrimage to some of the larger cities of the East, and those who were not rich, or unable from failing health, could not avail themselves of being treated by skillful physicians; but thanks to the enterprising spirit of Kansas, we have today, doctors of the very doors, who have few superiors on the American continent—Drs. Terrill & Shultz, whose portraits adorn this article. These eminent Doctors have the most improved instruments and appliances, and being graduates of both schools of medicine, better enables them to fully understand and cope with the class of diseases of which they make a specialty.

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