

THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL BANK FOR COMMERCE, KANSAS CITY, MO.,

business, July 12, 1893.

SOURCES.

.....	\$3,441,012 27
.....	342,269 33
Fixtures and real estate..	204,455 60
.....\$	2,250 00
.....	56,500 00
.....	1,141,654 65— 1,200,404 65
.....	\$5,188,141 85

LIABILITIES.

.....	\$2,000,000 00
Profits.....	165,814 95
.....	45,000 00
.....	2,977,326 90
.....	\$5,188,141 85

Directors of the National Bank of Commerce certify the truth of the above statement:

- BERNARD CORRIGAN,
- WEBSTER WITHERS,
- J. C. EGELHOFF,
- J. K. DAVIDSON,
- WM. A. WILSON,
- JOSEPH CAHN,
- H. C. SCHWITZGEBEL,
- M. ASKEW.

TWO VICIOUS BANDITS

Outlaws Starr and Wilson Spend an Hour in Kansas City.

BOTH SHOW WICKED TEMPER.

The Former Threw a Glass of Water in One Man's Face.

AND HE SPAT UPON ANOTHER.

He Scowls Upon Everybody and He Swore at Everybody.

TALK OF RESCUES AND MOBS.

Henry Starr, train and bank robber, murderer and all-round highwayman, was in Kansas City for one hour yesterday. With him was "Kid" Wilson, a member of Starr's gang of desperadoes, and the two were shackled together. They were en route from Colorado Springs, Col., where they were arrested, to Fort Smith, Ark., in charge of Sheriff A. W. Brown of Denver and Deputy Sheriff J. C. Smith of Fort Smith, Ark.

A reporter for THE TIMES was on the Union depot platform when train No. 4 on the Santa Fe road pulled into the depot at 4:40 o'clock. The sheriffs and their prisoners were in the smoking car. After the other passengers had alighted Starr and Wilson, followed by the sheriffs, stumbled off the steps of the car and walking across the platform, climbed the Union Depot hotel stairway.

The two prisoners dropped into a couple of chairs in one corner of the hotel office, and a crowd of about twenty persons who had collected to gaze in wonder upon a sure-enough bandit, formed a semi-circle about them. Up to this time neither Starr nor Wilson had spoken a word. They slouched along with a sheriff in front and another behind, and scowled at the crowd from under their wide-brimmed cowboy hats. When they were comfortably seated, with a wait of an hour before them, THE TIMES reporter asked Sheriff Brown if he had any objection to his exchanging a few words with the prisoners.

"None whatever," answered the sheriff. "You can talk to them all you want to, but I'll tell you before you commence that it will be a one-sided conversation."

"What do you mean?"
 "They won't talk to you, that's all; and take my advice and don't get within their reach, for they're as good a pair to keep away from as ever I met."

The reporter was there to interview Mr. Starr, however, and, knowing that under the circumstances the gentlemanly road agent could not get the drop on him, he walked up to the chained terror and, clearing his throat, began:

"Mr. Starr, I'm a TIMES reporter, and I'd like to talk to you."
 "Don't give a — what you are; don't want to talk to you."
 "But, Mr. Starr —"
 "I've got no use for rubber-necked newspaper reporters, nor for anybody else in