

Wichita Daily Eagle

Telegraphing money by the postal telegraph has been instituted in England, beginning with March 1, after a number of experiments. The limit is \$50.

The census bureau will use patent counting machines in summing up returns, and thus do an ordinary eleven hours' work in one hour's time. These will be machines of Republican persuasion, of course.

It is rumored that Prince Bismarck will resign, but rumors about that doughty old German are below par. The character of a diplomat and politician is so marked in him that even at his age a retirement would be a surprise.

The dexterity of a thief is never laudable, but it is sometimes wonderful and amusing. At Beloit, O., a tramp jumped from a slowly moving freight train, seized a gold-headed cane that was standing at the door of a residence, got back on the train and went his way.

The British run up another flag on Portuguese dominion and the citizens of Lisbon threaten to annihilate the British legation. England's attitude towards Portugal reminds one of a great mastiff and a little kitten. But a very small kitten can trouble a great big dog "full score," at times.

It costs Nebraska 28,000 bushels of corn to hear Patti one night. When one considers how many corn fritters 28,000 bushels would make, it becomes clearly manifest that the artistic spirit has an unquestioned ascendancy over the gastric portion of the human anatomy in our northern neighbor.

It is rumored that Jay Gould will soon marry a pretty New York widow. This is probably incorrect, but if not, the bride-elect may console herself that Mr. Gould is not marrying her just to take care of children and see that the home is conducted correctly. This is always a great consolation to wife number two.

"We hear a good deal about a town where the people 'pull together,' but was there ever such a town?" asks the Atlantic Globe. Yes, dear, there is one, but we are too bashful to give the name.—A. C. Dispatch.

Well, you needn't hesitate to speak it out. The Peerless Princess isn't flattered by hearing complimentary truths spoken of her.

The New York World is agitated because the slums of the city produce ten children where Fifth avenue turns out one. As this has been going on in the large cities of the world hundreds of years before that paper was thought of, the discovery itself and not its results seems to be the principal cause for the World's agitation.

The subject matter of the preamble and resolution offered in the senate Monday by Mr. Voorhees will commend itself to the hearty endorsement of the people of the country, but the predominant characteristics of bombast and insincerity which the author divest it of the force it otherwise has in the hands of some other.

For Daniel it is a striking bit of

These Hatzfeldt's debts are still hanging the Huntington family. Papa Huntington expresses a willingness to pay 50 per cent of the old Hatzfeldt's will for the rest. The offer is indignantly refused. The Hatzfeldts are right. If such nobility is worth 50 cents it is worth a dollar; but in the eyes of all patriotic Americans it is not worth 30 cents in the aggregate.

Russia as a government has, perhaps, fewer followers in these United States than any other nation on earth. The feeling against the exile system and the faulty process of justice in the czar's domain is one of condemnation in every man. It is a case of humanity and when the voice of humanity, no matter of what clime or color, calls for a correction, it becomes no nation to ignore it.

INGALLS IN THE SENATE.

Recent reports from the Cherokee strip show that the boomers realize that the late invasion was a mistake and that they are willing to depart without any resistance and take a reasonable view of the affair and wait until the president opens the strip by proclamation, which he has said he will do. President Harrison has proven a great friend to the homeseekers and knowing the vast horde encamped on the borders of this strip, he will probably see to it that they are not arrested long.

There are many of our returns which are not pleasurable. The statue of the short-skirted ballet girl in eastern cities is taking the place of the wooden Indian image for cigar store signs. Now why this discrimination against the straight old warrior who year after year has gazed out into space with stolid indifference, a tomahawk and tobacco in either hand, puzzles us. And in favor of a fairy-timely ballet girl, too? It looks like a step toward the supremacy of the cigarette over the pipe and cigar.

The contest over the Blair educational bill before the senate has taken a new turn. Since the champion of that idiosyncrasy announced it as his purpose to abandon the Republican party unless it shall support and enact his pet measure, the members of the party in the senate have almost wholly abandoned it, while the Democrats are manifesting unusual opposition to the bill. It seems that the New Hampshire senator is on the eve of a great big lonesome—everybody is manifesting an aversion to the crotchety hobby rider.

Instead of being worse off than farmers of other states, the Kansas farmers, as a whole, are in better fix than those of any other state. True, prices for most of the farm products are distressingly low, but they are fully as good as in most of the other surplus producing states, while the volume of such surplus here gives the Kansas farmer decided advantage over his less favored brethren elsewhere. This advantage is shown in the agricultural report for last year which places the average of corn, for instance, for the entire country at 27 bushels per acre, while the average yield for Kansas was 40 bushels. This makes a difference of \$1.75 per acre in favor of the Kansas farmer.

THE GRAVE OF HELEN HUNT.

Over the lone grave on the mountain, The wind sighs a requiem sweet, And sweeps the hills with glad career, Past the poet's peaceful retreat. So pure and high up heavenward, Where the voices of nature thrill, And the rocks of a wild grandeur, To the answering crystal rill. The slender pine trees outstretching, With their shroud of delicate green, Mourn their tender sea-songs, As they watch over the poet's dream. Mountains in silhouette grimly Rise up, proudly meeting the sky, And while their snow-borne children, From the caves where the storm kings lie, The swaying of lacy grasses Hide the narrow pathways that wind A network of wind swept mazes, 'Till that little mound they find. After in the fairy valley, Where the silver waters flow, And the stars of the firmament beam, Of the valley of the world below. The silence here is unbroken, Save when friends remember, and go To lay on the grave a flower, And the voice of the winds that blow. —N. W. H.

Mr. Dolph is a good deal wiser for his senatorial leak investigation, although it failed of the purpose for which it was designed. In fact, the failure contained the points of wisdom imparted, i. e., it demonstrated that the press people intended to be exposed and henceforth barred from the privileges of the senate galleries and corridors are trustworthy, not only, but possessed of discretion in greater degree than the mover of the investigation if no other member of that body. The investigation has not strengthened public confidence in the wisdom and justice of the policy of holding secret sessions.

England and a number of countries of the continent are at present the scenes of labor troubles. The question of what the laborer shall do, that he shall receive and when he shall do it is the foremost and absorbing one of Europe today. Four or five years ago this country was similarly aroused by strikes that involved in some cases sacrifice of life, general insecurity and danger and poverty among the laboring classes. But much good and peace has come of such disputes. Both the employer and employes have discovered a way to settle these difficulties, and satisfactorily, without calling upon violence to aid them—by arbitration. This will probably be the outcome of the troubles in Europe, without, perhaps, occasioning any immediate change in forms of government.

There could hardly be a stronger incentive to a community to engage in a particular industry than the sugar industry presents to the farmers of Southern Kansas just now. The price of that article, that has grown into universal demand, is now high enough to render its production profitable, while the demand is healthy and growing. With a little more practical knowledge, which can only be had from experience, as to the handling of the sugar producing crops by the farmers and the general management of the business of converting of the raw material into merchantable product, the industry will speedily develop into one of the first importance, both as a profitable undertaking and a steady, inflexible source of revenue.

Lightning strokes are very common metaphors in political parlance, but the first real exemplification or demonstration of the idea in a practical way we remember to have seen is shown by a diagram of the Democratic landwork in gerrymandering the congressional districts of Ohio. Some of the districts as at present arranged and outlined on paper look verily like the tortuous streaks of the electric fluid. One of them resembles a huge horse pistol of ancient pattern with a dark lantern attachment, which last, by-the-way, is not an inappropriate insignia in view of the history of the achievement it commemorates. Fact is, the success of the Democrats in getting control of the state and into position to perform such freaks was itself a marvelous lightning stroke. There is this consolation to Republicans in regard to all this, however: lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

UNVARYING TESTIMONY.

Prohibition sentiment has visibly faded away before the unvarying testimony of the splendid and practical workings of the high license law in other states. A compilation recently made by the secretary of the commonwealth of Massachusetts in reference to licenses issued in the several cities and towns of that state present striking testimony to the efficiency of the high license law in suppressing the sale of liquor and increasing the revenue from this source of taxation. The figures show that while in 1884, 6,067 licenses were granted and \$1,057,000 paid for license fees, in 1889 under the operations of the high license law, only 3,269 licenses were granted, while the amount received from license fees rose to the enormous figure of \$1,812,000.

Such figures are unanswerable. They present a consistent argument that compels the attention of the prohibitionists, and where fanaticism does not dominate, must lead him to the side of high license.

ANOTHER SLANDER ON KANSAS.

It is not surprising that the house committee on territories was disposed to skip Kansas and borrow the laws of Nebraska for temporary application in Oklahoma. If they borrowed the Kansas laws they would have to borrow the prohibition law with the rest, and Oklahoma is not exactly the place where that sort of thing can be made to work smoothly just now. Under the Kansas law each county attorney is made a grand jury inquisitor, with power to summon before him any one whom he may suspect of knowing anything about illicit liquor traffic, question him under oath, and punish him for contempt if he fail to appear or refuse to be sworn, or to answer any question the inquisitor may be moved to ask. Such inquisitors are not in great demand in Oklahoma just at present.

A Wonderful Country.

The Kansas immigration bureau is gathering names of eastern people by scores of thousands and sending them circulars filled with glowing accounts of Kansas as a good state to come to. The Kansas real estate people are trying to get low rates for the people to reach that state, and presumably they also want the getting away rate made as high as possible. The competition of the newer states for eastern immigrants is so sharp, but Kansas keeps well at the front rank, for it is a wonderfully fertile country.

THE SILK INDUSTRY.

The McPherson Republican, a short time ago, anent the publication of the superintendent's annual report to the state board of agriculture, of which it is a bureau, took occasion to condemn the state experimental station at Peabody as having failed of the object for which it was established, and also characterized the industry as a failure in the state. The Leavenworth Sun takes up the Republican's criticism and declares it nonsense, for the reason that "the experiment in producing silk in Kansas is new and comparatively untried; the results at first can not reasonably be expected to be satisfactory; our people have everything to learn and must become not only interested but educated in the matter before we can hope for success. Failures and disappointments naturally attend new enterprises and new industries, and the production of silk cannot reasonably be expected to be an exception. Many individual efforts in growing the silk worm have been attended with most gratifying results; enough is known to warrant the belief that the business can be made profitable in Kansas and that ultimately it may become a paying industry. Such being the case, the effort should not be abandoned."

In a general way the Sun might have added that the state of Kansas last year produced about one-third of all the silk that was produced in the United States, which is certainly a creditable showing, even if the aggregate product of the country is but comparatively small proportion of what the country needs and consumes annually. The Eagle is not prepared to defend the management of the Peabody station, though it is constrained to believe that it has done as well in its present hands as it could well do, handicapped as it is by the agricultural bureau, through its secretary. The government's professed encouragement to the industry, by way of assistance in establishing purchasing agencies at two or three different points in the state to take the product off the hands of those who were encouraged to engage in the new industry, was withheld through the interference of this officious sinecure and perhaps other busy bodies who hoped to gain a little personal or local advantage thereby. This, however, is by-the-way.

What we set out to say is that the experiments in silk culture in Kansas, particularly last year, were sufficient to establish not only the entire practicability of the industry in this state, but also that it can be made exceedingly profitable, taking into account the trifling expense connected with it at any stage of the season's operations, from the depositing of the eggs in the osage hedges in the spring, as soon as the foliage is put forth, up to the gathering of the cocoons from the boughs, pretty much as fruit is gathered. The profit of the industry lies in the absence of expense—all that is required is access to an osage hedge or millberry tree (the former being decidedly preferable for many reasons) and a supply of eggs, which the government will furnish through the agricultural department on application. We might add, by way of parenthesis, that free eggs is about all that can be expected from the government so long as the silk bureau remains in the hands of a man who is more interested in the development of a machine that is designed to monopolize the reeling of silk in which operation there is a great profit, to the neglect of the development and encouragement of production of cocoons.

Nevertheless, and notwithstanding these seeming disadvantages and drawbacks, the production of silk is going to develop into one of Kansas' most important industries. There are going to be developments in it in the immediate vicinity of Wichita this year that will prove a very eye opener, and as a sequel to this there will be put in operation in this city in a short time a silk manufactory that will be in keeping, in point of magnitude and completeness, with the city's history and present importance, no unforeseen hindrance intervening.

THE EAGLE'S FAITH IN THE ULTIMATE DEVELOPMENT OF SILK CULTURE IN KANSAS IS STRONGER TODAY THAN IT HAS EVER BEEN.

THE OLD AND THE NEW.

A Kansan in the South—The Wichita of Alabama—Historic Cities and Scenes. Special correspondence to the Daily Eagle.

TOPEKA, Kan., March 18. It is doubtful if there has been as many Republicans in Nashville all at one time since "Pap" Thomas' army left it as were called together there by the national convention of Republican League clubs. It was an irruption that the native Bourbons did not know what to make of, and a flood that the native Republicans found unspokeably refreshing. "It seems mighty good to have you's down here," was the whispered greeting that came to us from behind "Old Shady's" barber chair; while the time-tried white Republicans declared that "the sight of all you fellows is a balm for sore eyes." And it was a great sight. More than 700 men, representing nearly every state in the union, (not forgetting one lone delegate from Alaska) clanked, bright-eyed, gathered in the very stronghold of Democracy to talk Republicanism! And they had a hand along, too, that played "Yankee Doodle," and "John Brown's Body," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Marching Through Georgia." Small wonder that the few Bourbons who occasionally wandered within hearing distance, went away sorrowful, with cars tingling!

But the doings of the convention have been reported by telegraph, and it is not the purpose of this letter to repeat what has already been told. Your readers may be interested, however, in a rapid sketch of some of the things that a brief trip through the late Confederacy reveals to northern eyes. The splendidly equipped Louisville and Nashville railroad is to the south what the Santa Fe is to the west—a highway that points in whatever direction you may want to go. Meeting you at St. Louis, it takes you across southern Illinois, through the corner of Indiana, across the whole breadth of Kentucky, and up the heaviest grade in the United States, to land you in Nashville. From there it radiates to Memphis, to Chattanooga, to Atlanta, and on to New Orleans, and you can go on and so on around all the points of the compass. Finding himself thus, as it were, in the center, the writer of this could not resist the temptation to follow out at least one of the radii, and so procured a ticket to New Orleans, with unlimited stop-over privileges. Leaving Nashville in the evening in the midst of a driving snow storm—alas, for the "sunny south"—he awoke the next morning deep in the "piney woods" of middle Alabama. Here were a turpentine camp, and once in a while a saw mill; but for the most part all the time an interminable, unbroken forest of yellow pine, growing out of thin, yellow soil that doesn't look to Kansas eyes as if it could raise anything; and, as a matter of fact, it can't raise anything, except pine trees, until it is fertilized. The wealth of the country is all in trees. They are "tapped" for turpentine—and its residue, resin—four or five years; then they die and are cut down and hauled to the mill, and the land lies worthless until enriched with phosphates or guano.

As Mobile is approached, the country seems to be mostly under water. Broad, muddy, sluggish streams everywhere fill, and between them canals, breaks and impetuous swamps, crowded with all sorts of semi-tropical vegetation. One shudders to think of the shly creatures that must infest the dark waters, and wonders how the pioneers ever found courage to force their way through such jungles. Such things are forgotten, however, when Mobile is reached, for it is a beautiful city. A typical southern city, with long avenues of magnolias and live-oaks, spanning the whole width of the street, one can drive in their shade for miles, with stately, porticoed mansions of the old regime, and now and then smart, modern cottages, gaily—as belts the bright skies—with white and green and yellow paint. There could not be a better city to "look in" for new ideas in the land, and a just warm enough to make the shade of the arching trees grateful. But our time is limited, and so we make a hasty trip to the beautiful Magnolia cemetery, where the mocking bird is singing over countless graves, and the Confederate National cemetery hard by, hurriedly inspect the shipping at the wharves, and by 2 o'clock are again on the train, bound for New Orleans.

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TOPEKA, Kan., March 18. It is doubtful if there has been as many Republicans in Nashville all at one time since "Pap" Thomas' army left it as were called together there by the national convention of Republican League clubs. It was an irruption that the native Bourbons did not know what to make of, and a flood that the native Republicans found unspokeably refreshing. "It seems mighty good to have you's down here," was the whispered greeting that came to us from behind "Old Shady's" barber chair; while the time-tried white Republicans declared that "the sight of all you fellows is a balm for sore eyes." And it was a great sight. More than 700 men, representing nearly every state in the union, (not forgetting one lone delegate from Alaska) clanked, bright-eyed, gathered in the very stronghold of Democracy to talk Republicanism! And they had a hand along, too, that played "Yankee Doodle," and "John Brown's Body," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," and "Marching Through Georgia." Small wonder that the few Bourbons who occasionally wandered within hearing distance, went away sorrowful, with cars tingling!

But the doings of the convention have been reported by telegraph, and it is not the purpose of this letter to repeat what has already been told. Your readers may be interested, however, in a rapid sketch of some of the things that a brief trip through the late Confederacy reveals to northern eyes. The splendidly equipped Louisville and Nashville railroad is to the south what the Santa Fe is to the west—a highway that points in whatever direction you may want to go. Meeting you at St. Louis, it takes you across southern Illinois, through the corner of Indiana, across the whole breadth of Kentucky, and up the heaviest grade in the United States, to land you in Nashville. From there it radiates to Memphis, to Chattanooga, to Atlanta, and on to New Orleans, and you can go on and so on around all the points of the compass. Finding himself thus, as it were, in the center, the writer of this could not resist the temptation to follow out at least one of the radii, and so procured a ticket to New Orleans, with unlimited stop-over privileges. Leaving Nashville in the evening in the midst of a driving snow storm—alas, for the "sunny south"—he awoke the next morning deep in the "piney woods" of middle Alabama. Here were a turpentine camp, and once in a while a saw mill; but for the most part all the time an interminable, unbroken forest of yellow pine, growing out of thin, yellow soil that doesn't look to Kansas eyes as if it could raise anything; and, as a matter of fact, it can't raise anything, except pine trees, until it is fertilized. The wealth of the country is all in trees. They are "tapped" for turpentine—and its residue, resin—four or five years; then they die and are cut down and hauled to the mill, and the land lies worthless until enriched with phosphates or guano.

As Mobile is approached, the country seems to be mostly under water. Broad, muddy, sluggish streams everywhere fill, and between them canals, breaks and impetuous swamps, crowded with all sorts of semi-tropical vegetation. One shudders to think of the shly creatures that must infest the dark waters, and wonders how the pioneers ever found courage to force their way through such jungles. Such things are forgotten, however, when Mobile is reached, for it is a beautiful city. A typical southern city, with long avenues of magnolias and live-oaks, spanning the whole width of the street, one can drive in their shade for miles, with stately, porticoed mansions of the old regime, and now and then smart, modern cottages, gaily—as belts the bright skies—with white and green and yellow paint. There could not be a better city to "look in" for new ideas in the land, and a just warm enough to make the shade of the arching trees grateful. But our time is limited, and so we make a hasty trip to the beautiful Magnolia cemetery, where the mocking bird is singing over countless graves, and the Confederate National cemetery hard by, hurriedly inspect the shipping at the wharves, and by 2 o'clock are again on the train, bound for New Orleans.



Chapped hands result from two causes. Too much alkali in the soap, which draws the natural oil from the skin, leaving it harsh, dry, and liable to crack, or the fats, from which the soap is made, are not properly combined with the alkali, so, from its greasy nature it is impossible to rinse off the soap after washing. Prof. Leeds, Ph. D., Stevens Institution of Technology, says: "The Ivory Soap, while strongly cleansing, leaves the skin soft and pleasant to the touch, instead of harsh, uncomfortable, and liable to chaps."

A WORD OF WARNING. There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it. Copyright 1900, by Procter & Gamble.

DO YOU WEAR GLOVES?

We are Selling the best Kid Gloves Made. Centimeter & Co. Kid Gloves. Only agents west of Chicago. Perfect fitting. Exquisite finish. All the new shades and black. You will purchase no other after wearing a Centimeter glove. We place on sale a full line of colors in the celebrated brand of Barreite French Kid Gloves. No buttons or hooks. Just the thing for street wear or driving.

TOPSY. Topsy Brand of Fast Black Hosiery. Absolutely fast black. One pair and a Card of Darning Yarn for 25 Cents. Also full line of Oxy's Black.

Boys and Girls Star Wais. Buy these Goods now. Full line of all sizes and Styles. Priestly's Black Goods.

Black Silk Wrap Hosiery, pure black, perfect fibre and texture. We are showing all the new weaves. The most superb wearing fabric manufactured. Examine these before purchasing.

BLACK SILK. BLACK SILK. Pon d' Sole, Failles, Strals and Gro Grains.

GO TO THE White House of Innis & Ross, For Bargains in Dry Goods.

tariff, and if anything in regard to it may be regarded as settled it is that congress, as politics are now conducted, cannot deal properly with it. With English and continental statesmen this has always been a question of policy and expediency to be modified and altered from time to time as public trade and industrial interests required. With the fathers of the American republic, Jefferson and Hamilton, it was the same. Jefferson proposed that agriculture be the principal industry, but as an expedient for an agricultural people, with him it had no connection with the question of rights, of liberties, with which his age was mainly concerned. It was mainly a question of business policy.

With Hamilton it was not presented as a fundamental proposition of government like the separation of governmental function into executive, legislative and judicial departments, but as an expedient policy to develop manufacturing resources and make the nation ready for home consumers, and a home market for the agriculturist.

In the evolution of the question it has come to be connected with principle, and it is supported as a right of the industries to have governmental protection, or, expressed as an expression of one for the benefit of another.

All this is wrong; the government must have revenue, and must obtain it by a tariff; and that tariff should be so regulated as to give the most stimulus to American industries, which may be permanently benefited by it and give the least opposition to any, and to the least possible extent retard valuable trade relations with neighboring nations.

An industry requiring a foreign article is so much entitled to protection by the admission of that article, as one unable in its infancy to withstand foreign competition is to a discriminating duty. Likewise an industry requiring a foreign article is so much entitled to the protection which, by favorable adjustments, opens the foreign market as any other interest. In short, the tariff, which is the national government's instrument for promoting domestic interests, should be so adjusted as to promote them capitally.

Noble Courier: Considerable interest has been aroused among those engaged in selling iron by the fact that W. A. L. Bell, of Noble, have received the first, and so far as can be ascertained the only, retail license for the sale of, introducing liquor in the Oklahoma territory. Hundreds of applications have been sent in to the revenue department. The majority of the senders have their requests, which are in number have had their money returned. It is highly probable, however, that license will be generally issued before many weeks.

Edmond Sun says there are lots of Democrats in and about that vicinity. Democrats seem to have come there from Texas because of the stripping of Democrats in that state, and from Kansas, because a Democrat has no show in the Sunflower state. But it must not be judged from the fact that the Democrats are in the majority in Oklahoma. It is conceded that it is strongly Republican.

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MEXICAN RECIPROcity. From the Kansas City Democrat.

About no question with which American statesmen have concerned themselves has there been more ignorance, fanatic and demagogic than about the

tariff, and if anything in regard to it may be regarded as settled it is that congress, as politics are now conducted, cannot deal properly with it. With English and continental statesmen this has always been a question of policy and expediency to be modified and altered from time to time as public trade and industrial interests required. With the fathers of the American republic, Jefferson and Hamilton, it was the same. Jefferson proposed that agriculture be the principal industry, but as an expedient for an agricultural people, with him it had no connection with the question of rights, of liberties, with which his age was mainly concerned. It was mainly a question of business policy.

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