Wichita Eagle

A FRIGATE BIRD OF THE GULF COAST

Bright rover of the sunlit upper air,
Thy shadow flits across the moveless sea,
Until I seem down gazing near to thee,
And something of thy dreaming rapture share.
Upon thy shining pinions thou dost bear
The radiance of the sunset. Dost thou flee
To some fair clime, some blooming trysting tree,
Beyond the realm of sorrow or of care?
Is there a home in yonder secret space
In emyrean regions calm and still,
As the tradition telleth of thy race,
Where thou may'st rest above the reach of ill?
Oh, tell to man where is that secret place
When storms sweep down, where he may flee at will.

—Laura F. Hinsdale in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A JUST IMPEDIMENT.

"I really think that I, Eva Hamilton, am the unhappiest girl in existence. I am engaged to marry a great stupid, awkward creature, whom I have known for less than a month, and detest as if I had known him all my life, while Fred—you know you met Fred last summer—is staying in the same house and can hardly speak a word to me, such is the devotion of my odious fiance."

The foregoing extract from a letter to a girl friend represents the condition in which I found myself not long after my 19th birthday. As I now look back on what happened long ago I wonder how it was that Gilbert Darien, "my odious fiance," managed to put up with my ill temper and evident dislike for his company, not to mention my incessant flirtation—for I'm afraid I did flirt—with Fred.

Poor Gilbert! He certainly was awkward—one of those big men who cannot move without upsetting something, whether it be a valuable china vase or your equanimity; with a heavy, colorless face, and nothing characteristic about him save the difficulty he always experienced in disposing of his hands, which is not, however, uncommon amongst men. To these shortcomings must be added his method of breathing: it was stertorous, and could be heard at a distance of twenty yards. But I oughtn't to abuse it, seeing that it often gave us warning in our stolen interviews of his approach, and became, ultimately, the means of my release from him.

I was not much over 19 when one day my father addressed me at breakfast: "Eva, Mrs. Darien wants us to go there on the 5th." This apparently innocent remark nearly annihilated me. The long expected blow had fallen at last. Shortly after his return from India my father, who was little better than a stranger to me, had thrown out certain ominous hints as to the expediency of my getting married; and then one fine day informed me outright that it was his one wish to see me happily wedded to the son of his old friend Darien. I was, not unnaturally, aghast.

Not to mention a "prior engagement," I had never seen Gilbert. How could I marry an utter stranger? How could I throw over Fred because he had only £400 a year, while his unknown rival had four thousand? I had no mother to confide in, and had not the courage to confess all to my respected parent, who had returned from India a broken down invalid, whose one object in life was, as he informed me some twenty times a day, to see me happily married to the son of his old friend. "Happily married, forsooth, to a man one detests!" I bitterly exclaimed, perhaps rather unfairly, as I had never seen Gilbert, who, for aught I knew, might have been an Adonis, as well as a future Crœsus, though, from my father's significant silence as to his personal appearance, I had my doubts.

At all events, one thing was certain, and that was that I was not going to give up Fred; and with this resolution I sat down and wrote a long letter to him, in which I set forth my woes. When I received Fred's answer, I was agreeably surprised to find that the Dariens were not strangers to him, as he had stayed with them as a friend of a younger brother of Gilbert's. "There is something," he wrote, "fishy about Gilbert. The fellow never leaves home, and is about as ill bred a hippopotamus as I have ever met. The idea of your marrying him!" And here followed a long diatribe on my father, and what he called the "cussedness" of things in general, and his financial affairs in particular. However, there was a crumb of comfort at the end of his letter, and that was contained in the information that he would fish for an invitation to Darien hall while we were there.

My curiosity was excited by the mystery, the "something fishy" about the man whom my father had chosen to be my future husband. Was he subject to fits of madness? Was he a kleptomaniac or dipsomaniac, or anything else horrid ending in omaniac? I determined to cross-question my father, and that evening I set about the task.

I ultimately succeeded in eliciting the following information: "That Gilbert was the image of his poor father." ("The fright!" I mentally ejaculated, for I had seen a photo of the poor father, in big, baggy white trousers, the legs crossed, and regarding with a wondering smile—as well he might—an enormous, misshapen silk hat); "that he very rarely left his home, having been educated there by private tutors" ("keepers," I exclaimed to myself); "that Darien hall had the reputation of being haunted; that it was my father's one wish in life to see me happily married to the son of his dear old friend, and that he (my father) wished I would not pester him with my idiotic questions." This last because I asked if Gilbert's eyes were blue (Fred has the most charming blue eyes you ever saw).

My father and I arrived at Darien hall late one evening, and a single glance showed me that my worst fears were realized. The photograph of my father's "dearest friend" might have been a portrait of the Apollo Belvidere compared to the dearest friend's son, to whom, however, it bore a striking resemblance with regard to the inane smile—a smile which, in addition to his general sheepish manner, told me plainly that Gilbert was aware of our respective parents' plans that we two should come together.

The next morning there was a kind of solemn betrothal scene, at which Mrs. Darien and my father officiated, and during which Gilbert, like the person in the nursery rhyme, contented himself with staring at my misery.

The following three days I spent in coyly repelling the advances of my prospective husband.

I was only sustained by the thought that soon Fred would arrive, and the hope that he would find some method of relieving me from my painful position.

Gilbert had the impertinence to remark that he hoped I should like young Fred Haliwell, though, between ourselves, he was "rather a prig." Finally, Fred arrived, and was solemnly introduced to me as an utter stranger. One of the few occasions on which I saw Gilbert's smile dry up was when he saw how rapidly I got on with a man whom, as he thought, I had just met for the first time.

The days went by, and my position grew more and more hateful. More than once I determined to make a clean breast of it to my father; but I could never screw up my courage to pay such an insult to the memory of his dearest friend as to decline to marry his son. Moreover, though I had attained the age of 19, I had, strange to say, the remnants of a conscience, which from time to time gave me horrible mental tweaks for what it was pleased to call my double facedness, I being practically engaged to two men at the same time. But what excuse could I give my father for breaking off my engagement to Gilbert? It would not have been the slightest use to plead that I didn't love him, or to find fault with his mental or bodily features; while to confess that I was in love with Fred would have resulted in obtaining that penniless youth his congé from Darien hall.

Fred, in the happy-go-lucky way which is one of his chief failings ("No, I'm not," is here interposed in the manuscript which I gave my husband to correct)—Fred, I repeat, with a Micawber like trust in the future, insisted that something would turn up sooner or later, and that we had better wait until that sooner or later, and spend our time meanwhile in making the best of it, which we did so effectually that even the long suffering Gilbert suddenly took it into his head to remonstrate with me on my manner to "that fellow Haliwell."

One morning during breakfast Fred bestowed upon me a series of mysterious nods and winks, which evidently meant that he had something important to tell me. He aroused my curiosity by whispering in my ear as he passed me a cup of coffee, "I have found out why he never leaves home."

After breakfast I dispatched Gilbert to look for a pair of gloves, which I happened to have in my pocket, and followed Fred into the garden. Leading me out of sight of the house, he delivered himself of the following oracular and unintelligible remark:

"He has epileptic fits."

"Good gracious! How did you find out?"

"Well," said Fred, who was radiant with joy at his discovery, "I'll tell you. You know I went up early to roost last night, and when I got into my room my candle blew out. I couldn't find the matches anywhere; so I went off to Gilbert's room, glad of an opportunity to see the inside of it, for he keeps a fellow out of it as carefully as if it were a Bluebeard's cupboard, with dead wives all hanging about. There was no one there, so I walked straight in, saw a luminous box of matches, struck a light and looked round. The walls were all padded!"

Fred paused in triumph.

"Is that all?"

"All, indeed! Why, don't you see? It's as clear as daylight. He's subject to fits and throws himself all over the place, and the walls are padded so that he sha'n't hurt himself."

Fred's argument seemed plausible enough; and if his conjecture was correct, here was a splendid manner of convincing my father of the impossibility of my marriage with Gilbert.

"Why, it's a clear case of just cause and impediment," cried Fred. "Even £4,000 per annum can't make up for those fits. Why, he might bite you in one of them and give you hydrophobia, and then there'd be the fat in the fire with a vengeance."

But if he was subject to fits, why had he never had them during the time we had been in the house? He had never failed, as we knew to our cost, to put in an appearance in what happened to be going on each day, and usually behaved, as Fred reluctantly allowed, "like a Christian." Finally, in our ignorance of matters medical in general and fits in particular, we decided that he only had them by night, and that this was the reason why he never slept away from home.

After much consideration we determined with reluctance that the only way to discover the true state of affairs was for Fred to conceal himself in Gilbert's room and find out if our conjecture was correct.

I scarcely slept a wink on the night on which Fred had settled to put his project into execution, expecting every minute to hear piercing shrieks from the remote quarter of the house in which they slept. However, nothing occurred to disturb me, and meeting Fred before breakfast, as we had arranged, in the garden, I overwhelmed him with a flood of questions. "Did he frighten you much? How did you manage to hide? Is he very violent? Does he foam at the mouth?"

After a tantalizing and, to me, inexplicable fit of laughter, Fred told me what had happened. "I managed to hide myself in a wardrobe in his room, and, after what seemed a fearful time, Gilbert came up and began to undress. Good heavens! You should see the way that fellow ogles himself in the glass; why, he's nearly as bad as you—as a girl, I mean. Well, I was in an awful funk that he'd open the wardrobe, but he didn't; and at last he got into bed without having shown the slightest symptoms of having a fit. I can tell you I was disappointed, and determined to wait till he was asleep, and then leave the room. I must have dozed off, for suddenly I woke with a fearful start, at what I thought was a clap of thunder, about an inch from my ear. In three seconds I had found out the secret of the padded walls: he snores like a steam worked fog horn!"

Fred was right. This was the horrible seamy side to the silver lining of £4,000 a year.

We had a certain delicacy about informing my father of the one failing of his dearest friend's son, so we had recourse to stratagem. We managed to contrive that Gilbert and my father should be boxed up together for a ten mile drive home from a ball in the neighboring county.

We left Darien hall the next day.

"I assure you, my dear, that young fellow cracked the carriage window, not to mention the drum of my ear, with his snoring. I could not think of you marrying such a man. His poor father never did such a thing."

—True Flag.

Virtue of Apple Sauce.

Probably not one in a thousand of the many persons who eat apple sauce with roast goose or roast pork have any idea why such a condiment should be used in these particular cases. Yet the custom is based, if not on exact science, certainly on a knowledge of the properties of the apple, as well as upon observation. The malic acid of the apple tends to neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by eating too much, and it also serves to eliminate from the body noxious matters which, if retained, would make the brain heavy and dull, or lead to jaundice or skin eruptions.

Apple sauce aids the digestion, which, in the case of the rich meats with which it is usually associated, would be sluggish.

For the Military.

Militiamen should have regular habits and show uniform courtesy.

If the lieutenant is particular now he may be general after a while.

It isn't the number of men a soldier kills so much as the number of men he does not let kill him that makes him a warrior.

Women love the profession of arms and the practice as well.

A soldier never turns his back to the foe, because he is taught to be polite to strangers.

—Washington Star.

Great Relief

IS instantly afforded sufferers from Bronchitis, by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Either as an anodyne, to allay inflammation, or an expectorant, to loosen and bring away the mucus, this preparation has no equal.

"Last winter I contracted a severe cold, which, by repeated exposure, became quite obstinate. I was much troubled with hoarseness and bronchial irritation. After trying various medicines, without relief, I at last purchased a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. On taking this medicine, my cough ceased almost immediately, and I have been well ever since."—Rev. Thomas B. Linsell, Secretary Holston Conference and P. E. of the Greeneville Dist. M. E. C., Jonesboro, Tenn.

"My mother was sick three years and very low with bronchitis. We feared nothing would cure her. One of my friends told me about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. She tried it, has used eight bottles, and is now well."—T. H. D. Chamberlain, Baltimore, Md.

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What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

Fashions in Jewelry.

Pretty pendent watches set in crystal balls are among the fashionable toys of today. They hang as an order, secured by a jeweled brooch on the owner's bodice. The small chain clasp purses, usually seen in steel, which many women carry in their hands when shopping, can be had in gold or silver gilt, with the monogram, delicately wrought in gold and rose diamonds, on them. Some of the watches set in bracelets have the face of red enamel, looking exactly like a ruby. The most minute watches are set in the gold and jeweled bails, which, from a short gold chain, hang from the buttons of a bodice. The ball itself is not as large as a moderate sized cherry, and the watch is set in one side of it. Delicate chain bracelets with the date of the year, "MDCCCXC," in diamonds, connecting the chains; stars, with a single brilliant at the end of a gold pin between the points; large horseshoes, single stone necklets, with the diamonds set farther apart than formerly; names, as if written by the hand of the owner, carried out in gold, or in rose diamonds, are among the latest designs. The latter is often given to bridesmaids, and a small edition of the same, as a pin, to a man. An odd earring, old fashioned brooch or jeweled button is often set in the top of a smelling bottle.

Novelties in Photography.

Many novelties and ingenious modifications of existing processes in photography have been shown at the yearly exhibition of photography at the Crystal palace, Sydenham, England. Several makers are trying the experiment of substituting aluminum for brass in the construction of tourists' cameras, with the object of decreasing the weight of the apparatus. One firm shows some new time and instantaneous shutters, which, when in action, do not cause the camera to vibrate or swing. One maker has adopted a double eccentric notion for the purpose of bringing the lens to any part of the front board, thus doing away with the skewing of the elbows.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Virtues of the Onion.

If I should be asked what was the best substitute for quinine I should say onions. Time and again the sleep producing virtues of the loud smelling onion have been sung, but comparatively few know how valuable it is as a cure for chills and ague. Several customers explain their boycott on quinine by saying onions are cheaper and quite as effective, and one man in particular, who has been a martyr to malaria for years, has been another being since he acquired the habit of chewing onion peel. The onion is used frequently to cure rheumatism with varying success, but I never heard of its failing when persevered in as a cure for malaria or chill.—Exchange.

A Mining Operation.

"You remember young Bilkins, who went west a few years ago? Well, he has just concluded a most successful mining operation."

"I am not surprised. I always knew there was something in the boy."

"Yes, indeed. He has just dug out of jail."—New York World.

Heroic Surgery.

A German medical congress declares consumption curable. From the cable dispatch a cure seems to have been effected by cutting out the diseased lung—a simple and ingenious plan. We know now how to cure softening of the brain—we have only to cut off the diseased head.—San Francisco Examiner.

When Girls Are Engaged.

You have a little band around the third finger of your left hand in which is set a turquois, and when it was put there you remembered that the Hindoo said: "He who hath a turquois hath a friend." Now, that's what you have in the man you love best, and whose wife you are going to become—a friend. He is your sweetheart, your lover, it is true, but because to you his heart seems best worth having, his love the richest gift you can possess, you will not vulgarize, as many girls do, the tie that binds you. It is true you go with him alone to hear some wonderful music, or look at some fine pictures, but I hope it is not true that when you are at a party or in your own home you two pair off and make yourselves the objects for silly chatter and idiotic jesting.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Free Reclining Chair Car Service to Denver and Return, via the Santa Fe Route.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe are now running daily free reclining chair cars on their night train to Denver. Passengers leaving Wichita at 4:30 p. m., will arrive at Pueblo for breakfast the next morning, Colorado Springs at 10:30 a. m., and Denver for dinner. In addition to free reclining chair car service Pullman reservation may be had upon application at union ticket office and union depot.

W. D. MURDOCK,
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Oklahoma Blanks.

Deeds, mortgages, etc., (Nebraska forms) for Oklahoma, for sale at this office. Address the Wichita EAGLE, Wichita, Kan. 147 tf

During the last few years there has been a great rush of travel to the Pacific coast. It has seemed at times as if the entire population of the eastern and middle states was determined to settle in the broad interior valley of the San Joaquin, or in some of the pretty spots near the ocean, from San Diego northward to San Francisco.

Almost everybody has been interested in oranges and lemons and real estate.

The Santa Fe route, being the shortest and best line to the coast, gets the cream of the passenger traffic.

But we did not intend to advertise California exclusively; we have another object in view.

Today, if there may be said to be a "boom" anywhere, it is in the New South. Texas, which is half a south and half a western empire, has felt the rising tide of business push and enterprise, and, as a consequence, people are looking to Texas as they never did before.

Are you going to Texas this spring?

If so, why not take advantage of the one fare round trip excursion rate via Santa Fe route to Fort Worth? Tickets on sale May 7, 8 and 9, good 30 days; also on sale daily from May 8 to 28 inclusive, limited until June 3 for return.

This is a cheap rate, made for the big show of the year, the Fort Worth Spring Palace, which will attract thousands of visitors from abroad.

Our double daily train service to Texas ("Lone Star Limited" and Galveston Express") affords quick transit and excellent accommodations. Through Pullman sleepers and day coaches, Wichita to Fort Worth, Dallas, Houston, Galveston, and other principal cities, on day and night trains. The time from Wichita to Fort Worth is only a trifle over 15 hours; the rate, in dollars and cents, is $11.30.

Persons wishing to go further than Fort Worth can purchase excursion tickets from that point to interior Texas towns.

For tickets and Pullman reservation apply at Douglas avenue union passenger station or union ticket office, 122 North Main street. W. D. MURDOCK,
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The popularity of this line being universally acknowledged by all competitors, all passenger trains of other railway lines entering Wichita from the north, south and west arrive in time to connect with the Frisco line fast express trains to the east.

If you cannot purchase through tickets reading via Frisco line from your starting point, it will pay you to purchase to Wichita in order to secure the advantages and comforts of this line.

For further information regarding rates, time, connections and through reservation of sleeping car accommodations call upon or address W. D. Murdock, ticket agent, 122 North Main street, or Douglas avenue union depot. D. WISHART,
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CHICAGO, ILL., 211 N. Ave.—Blood poison was my ruin. Swift's Specific has proved my salvation. F. WOEHL.

SALEM, MASS.—For years blood poison was eating me up. I took Swift's Specific and to-day I am as well as I ever was. GEO. O. WELLMAN, Jr.

NEWARK, N. J.—All in need of a blood purifier should take S. S. S. It cured me of blood poison. E. B. BLACK.

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The following strong endorsement from Captain John H. Ash, ex-Judge of the 8th Judicial District State of Indiana. He writes as follows:

October 26, 1889.

It is the most complete and concise work of the sort I have ever met with. I cannot see how the systematic, practicing lawyer can do without it. It should be entitled "The Lawyer's Vade Mecum."

Truly and sincerely yours,
JOHN H. ASH, Attorney at Law,
Wichita, Kansas.

WICHITA, KAN., Feb 21, 1889.

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