# Wichita Eagle

## THE CURIOSITY SHOP.

**A Collection of Fugitive Facts and Out of the Ordinary Information.**

The association known as United Confederate Veterans was organized at New Orleans, June 10, 1889. Its avowed purpose is strictly social, literary, historical and benevolent. Its constitution says that it "will endeavor to unite in a general federation all associations of Confederate veterans, soldiers and sailors, now in existence or hereafter to be formed; to gather authentic data for an impartial history of the war between the states; to preserve relics or mementoes of the same; to cherish the ties of friendship that should exist among men who have shared common dangers, common sufferings and privations; to care for the disabled and extend a helping hand to the needy; to protect the widows and the orphans, and to make and preserve a record of the resources of every member, and, as far as possible, of those of our comrades who have preceded us in eternity." State organizations are authorized and are to be called divisions. The presiding officer is entitled general, and the first general of the association is Governor John B. Gordon, of Georgia.

**A Literary Treasure.**

One of the treasures of the library of Mr. George W. Childs is a large folio containing the portrait of every president of the United States, from George Washington to Gen. Chester A. Arthur. Upon the leaf following each portrait is an autograph letter from the president represented. The letters begin with the last letter Gen. Washington ever wrote, which is dated "Mount Vernon, 8th December, 1799," six days before his death. A curious fact comes to light, resulting from the collection of these documents. It is that of the entire list the most difficult letter to be procured was that of President Andrew Johnson. Johnson's letters written by an amanuensis and signed by himself are easy to obtain; but so rare is a letter written throughout by him that it is said as high as $50 have been offered for one.

**Women Who Have Ascended Mont Blanc**

A great many women have made the ascent of Mont Blanc. An English girl, Miss Stratton, conceived the daring idea a few years ago of attempting the ascent in the middle of winter. She tried it, and succeeded. Moreover, she froze two of her fingers on the way up. She fell in love with her guide on the summit, and she married him when she got to the bottom again. The first woman who ascended Mont Blanc was Mlle. Maria Paradis, aged 22, in 1809. The fair sex then took a rest for about thirty years, when a Mlle. d'Angeville made the ascent, in 1838. Mark Twain claims, in his "A Tramp Abroad," that in Chamounix he found an old lithograph which pictured her in the act. This represented her as being clothed in a pair of men's trousers, over which appeared a petticoat.

**Birthplaces of Some Prominent Actors.**

Joseph Jefferson was born in Philadelphia in 1829. Herbert Kelcey was born in England in 1855. James Lewis was born in Troy, N. Y., in 1839. Robert Mantell was born in Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1854. Frank Mayo is a native of Massachusetts and was born in 1839. James O'Niell is Irish, and was born in 1849. McKee Rankin, a Canadian, was born in 1844. Stuart Robson was born in Annapolis, Md., 1836. Salvini was born in Milan in 1830. Lawrence Barrett was born in Paterson, N. J., in 1838. Joseph Emmett was born in St. Louis in 1841. Henry Irving was born in England in 1838. Edwin Booth was born in Belair, Md., in 1833.

**"The Conquering Hero Comes."**

Nathaniel Lee, who was born in the year 1650, and died in 1692, is credited with the well known couplet:

> See, the conquering hero comes;
> Sound the trumpet, beat the drums.

It was he who wrote:

> 'Tis beauty calls and glory leads the way.

Also:

> When Greeks joined Greeks, then was the tug of war.

The above quotations all appear in Lee's "Alexander the Great."

**Halos Surrounding the Moon.**

Halos are frequently observed surrounding the moon, and then we are apt to prognosticate rain.

> The nearer the wane
> The farther the rain

is an old couplet referring to the appearance of the moon, and is supposed to foreshadow the weather by the size of the halo, which is caused, as we know, by the existence of vesicular vapor in the atmosphere.

**Monumental Inscriptions.**

Capital letters and Latin inscriptions are of the first twelve centuries.

Lombardic capitals and French inscriptions are of the Thirteenth century.

German text are of the Fourteenth century.

English and Roman print subsequent to the Fourteenth century.

Tablets against the wall came in with the Reformation.

**Below and Beneath.**

Beneath is a stronger term than below. If a thing is simply lower than the position we occupy we say "It is below us;" when very far below we say "It is beneath us." When we wish figuratively to express contemptuously something very low, beneath and not below should be used: as "He is beneath our regard," "Such conduct is beneath the character of an officer," etc.

**Significance of the Name "Ruth."**

The name of the gentle, faithful Ruth has never been satisfactorily explained. Some make it mean trembling; others derive it from a word meaning to join together; and others again believe it comes from Reuth (beauty), which is probably the best account of it. In spite of the touching sweetness of Ruth's story her name has never gained a great popularity.

**Begging the Question.**

This is a common logical fallacy, petitio principii; and the first explanation of the phrase is to be found in Aristotle's Topica VIII, 13, where the five ways of begging the question are set forth. The earliest English work in which the expression is found is "The Arte of Logike Plainlie Set Forth in Our English Tongue, etc., 1584."

**The King of Dressmakers.**

M. Worth, the king of dressmakers, is not a Frenchman, as is generally supposed, but an Englishman. Exorbitant as are his prices, he is literally overwhelmed with orders, Americans and Russians being his best customers, though Paris furnishes a great number.

**Color of Lightning.**

The color of lightning varies very much. We have the white, the blue, the violet and red. The color depends upon the distance and intensity of the lightning, and the more of it the whiter the flash.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

## LOVE AND SPRING.

> One far off day, when Time was young,
> And Spring, a new born fairy,
> About the world her mantle flung
> With many a sweet vagary,
> The chiming of the lily bells,
> Her dainty footsteps after,
> The busy brook, whose rippling dwells
> Soft echo of her laughter,
> Awoke young Love, who sleeping lay;
> Then up the urchin started
> And vowed by all the buds of May
> They'd never more be parted.
> Her heart beneath its golden zone
> Grew lighter than a feather;
> If Love and Spring are fair alone,
> What must they be together?
> A power that earth to heaven uplifts—
> Ah, wisely was it fated,
> That two of Jove's divinest gifts
> Should be forever mated!
>
> —Sydney Grey in New York Tribune.

## THE CHOCOLATE GIRL.

Although a thick snow was falling, there was no lack of animation in the streets of Dresden. A crowd of soldiers on foot and mounted thronged the open plazas. Gilded court carriages moved cumbrously, impeded by the wet snow. Squads of cavalry, booted and furred, dashed through the town on their way to the outposts, their horses' hoofs clattering against the frozen ground.

Sentinels, wearing the uniform of the Prussian army, paced before the royal palace, and from lace draped windows peeped out the blonde heads and rosy faces of young girls, who scented flirtations and adventures in the electrical excitement pulsating in the air.

Frederick II had peacefully invaded Dresden after the bloodless battle of Pirna, and the inhabitants, who had been left unmolested, were awaiting the result of the arbitrations between their own monarch, Augustus the Strong, and the stern young Prussian king.

In the face of a foreign invasion and the presence of strangers who spoke their own tongue and were almost of their own blood the Dresdeners had lost nothing of their accustomed gayety. In the drawing rooms they danced and sang, in the restaurants they ate and drank, and days and nights flew swiftly.

But nowhere did conquered and conquerors meet on such terms of perfect good fellowship as in the cafe of M. Cocoa, who owed his nickname to the excellence of his chocolate and the beauty of the girls who served it.

On this winter's day the place had been crowded with officers, and when late in the afternoon their brilliant uniforms had vanished in obedience to the roll of drums, the tables were quickly taken by a band of artists and students, clad, according to the customs of the time, in motley garb, borrowed from every age and every clime. Standing out boldly even against the mass of color about him was the tall, handsome figure of a Frenchman costumed as a Turk. A crimson fez rested lightly on his crisp, dark curls. Beneath the jacket of pale blue, embroidered in stars and crescents, the full red trousers fell to the white leggings. Around the waist was knotted a soft sash stuck full of swords and scimitars. This was Liotard, the handsomest man and the first painter in all Dresden.

In his hands the artist bore a huge porcelain vase, which he carefully placed on a table, and turning his laughing eyes full on a beautiful young girl who advanced to serve him, he said:

"To-morrow, mademoiselle, is the fete of Saint Cecilie and also your birthday. Will you permit me to offer this vase as a gift? See," he added with a graceful gesture, "it is my own work, and among my pretty shepherdesses none rival your own beauty."

The girl blushed and hesitated. "But, monsieur"——

The artist's bold eyes noted her confusion, and with ready tact he guessed the cause.

"Do me the honor to accept, I beg of you, and in return I shall ask a greater favor—the privilege of painting your portrait."

Celie still hesitated, but her eyes rested longingly on the vase—an almost perfect piece of Meissen porcelain. She was young. She had a true appreciation of the beautiful, and this rare treasure she well knew could not be purchased by a year's wages. But after a moment she resolutely turned from the temptation.

"No, monsieur; I thank you. I cannot accept."

Sure of his power, the handsome artist bent over her.

"And why impossible, dear child? Let me at least make the attempt—but perhaps," he added, teasingly, "you fear to trust my poor brush?"

A gay laugh greeted this sally, and Mme. Cocoa, scenting an advertisement for her husband's cafe, now advanced to Celie's side and urged her to consent.

But Celie still shook her head firmly, and turning to her employer murmured a few words, among which only "Louis," "fear," "jealousy" were distinguishable.

"But nonsense!" exclaimed madame, shrugging her plump shoulders, "you are a silly child. Accept the vase; 'twill look well among the wedding presents, and grant Monsieur Liotard his wish. The best portrait painter of all Saxony! Your lover will be only proud."

Madame Cocoa's speech was greeted by a burst of applause and the merry clinking of glasses.

"A toast! A toast to the model!"

A place was cleared by the window, and eagerly Liotard arranged his materials on the nearest table. The girl, still blushing, stood before him.

Outside the snow had ceased falling, and the late sunlight stealing through the window streamed caressingly over the ideal face and figure, rested amorously in the bright hair, turning its amber threads to shining bronze, touched the velvet cheeks with a deeper glow, left a lovelier carmine on the curving mouth and boldly kissed the throat and forehead, powerless to tarnish their purity. And the eyes! Those marvelous eyes, veiling with heavy fringes their frank and tender glances—they, too, were flecked with the sweet sun's gold and limpid with suggestions of youth and love! The classic contour of the face was framed in a pale rose colored cap.

Over the close fitting yellow corsage was modestly crossed a lace fichu, the ends tucked under a full white apron. Beneath the short gray petticoat peeped out the tiniest of high heeled big buckled shoes, and balancing a little tray with indescribable grace, in her long, transparent fingers, the lovely Celie was posed for that immortal pastel now in the Dresden gallery.

The students followed with breathless attention the rapid movements of the artist, who used his brush as if every moment were a grain of precious gold.

The clattering of cups and saucers had ceased. Absolute silence reigned in the cafe.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a cry of rage.

"Monsieur! I forbid you to continue."

Every eye was turned toward the door. A young man had entered unobserved and was regarding the scene before him with flaming eyes.

After a moment's pause Liotard, who had ceased his occupation, replied insolently: "I receive commands from no man, and whoever you may be, I do not know what rights you have over this young lady, whose portrait I am painting with her free consent. Speak, Celie, is this not true?"

Before the anguish in her lover's face Celie hesitated; then, disdaining to betray her love to curious glances, she raised her head haughtily:

"You are right, monsieur, I beg you to continue."

"You hear!" said the artist with an impertinent smile.

Mad with anger the outraged lover replied:

"I hear—yes! too well. I comprehend but too clearly! And it is for this woman that I have braved everything—cold, hunger, famine! For her dear sake I have traveled fifteen days and nights, famished and frozen—I have crossed the Prussian lines without a passport—at the risk of imprisonment or death, and the reward of my devotion is to find the woman I expected to make my wife posing as a model in a public cafe! You would know, monsieur, who I am?" Tearing the cloak from his shoulders and pointing to the orders on his breast, the now frenzied man shouted: "He who has been guilty of this mad folly is Louis Kantz, baron of Kottaritz, in the service of his majesty the emperor of Austria, and he acknowledges no allegiance!"——

A moan from Celie interrupted further revelations, and Liotard, now thoroughly alarmed, approached the baron and said in a low voice:

"Silence! As you value your life! You have already said too much. Dresden is full of spies. Fly! you have not a moment to lose."

"And do you think I still value life? Death is indeed preferable. I go to meet it gladly," and with a despairing glance the young man rushed from the room.

Like a flash, the girl flung herself after him. Swiftly she ran, but before she could rejoin her lover Liotard's prediction was fulfilled. A spy, who had lurked unobserved in a dark corner of the cafe, had preceded her and denounced the baron for treason. Already gendarmes were hurrying their captive to a common prison.

Pale, suffocated by tears, Celie returned to the restaurant, and flinging herself at the feet of Liotard related what had happened. Between sobs and bitter reproaches she implored his aid in behalf of her lover, and the artist, who blamed himself for his vanity, used every argument in his power to soothe and reassure her, finally promising, as a last resort, to see the king in person and intercede for the baron's pardon. Murmuring incoherent words of hope and gratitude, the girl made a brave struggle to control her tears, but alone in her room she passed the night in bitter weeping and heartbroken prayers for her lover's safety.

Slowly, interminably, it seemed, the hours dragged by till nearly noon the next day, when Liotard entered the cafe. A glance at his downcast face convinced the girl that his mission had been unsuccessful, and his first words fell like a death knell on her breaking heart.

"My poor child! I have done all I can, and I fear, fruitlessly. It remains with you to make the final effort—the last appeal. Go yourself to the king, and where I have failed your woman's beauty may prevail."

"I go to the king! I, monsieur! Of what use would be my poor words? You, Monsieur Liotard, who are of the same world as my lover, must know what the king would think of my love for Louis. How could I find words to convince him that Louis, so true, so noble, so exalted, has stooped to me, a poor girl of the people, and offered me his hand and name in marriage? Alas! monsieur, the king would misunderstand, despise me," and the sweet voice broke despairingly.

"But!" exclaimed Liotard, surprised and distressed at this unlooked for resistance; "can you hesitate a moment when Louis' life hangs in the balance? Is not your love for him stronger than pride and dignity?"

"O monsieur, do you think I really could save him? Of what am I thinking? Let us go at once."

"Ah! now we shall succeed," said Liotard gayly, anxious to encourage her. "Do not waste another moment," and, without hat or shawl, dressed in her ordinary working garb, Celie hastened to the palace.

A few words from the popular painter served to introduce her to the king.

Frederick the Great, seated on a low dais strewed with papers, was engrossed in affairs of state. Intent upon the parchment in his hands, he allowed several moments to elapse before turning to the person for whom an interview had been requested.

Celie stood before him, trembling with emotion despite her efforts at self-control, the delicate fingers clasping each other nervously, her whole face and figure an appeal for grace.

Touched by her beauty, the king said kindly:

"Well, mademoiselle?"

The white hands were put forth in swift appeal, the marvelous eyes raised full on the monarch, and at the first words spoken in a kindly tone all thought of self, pride, fear, vanished.

"Ah! sire," and the story poured like a rapid torrent from her lips. The warm color glowed in her cheeks, her whole soul shone from her eyes. The exquisite mouth trembled with the ardor of her speech, her voice was tender, musical, impassioned—her lovely figure swayed toward the king. She was eloquent with the force of her grief, but oh! she was irresistible in the power of her beauty.

Frederick scarcely heard the words. The melody of the voice rang in his ears and her charm touched his cold heart as nothing had ever stirred it before.

And she was here alone! She had come to him of her own accord; and he was king!

With pulses throbbing and eyes aflame he started from the dais. His arms, trembling with desire, were outstretched—words of passion broke from his lips.

But suddenly he hesitated, arrested by a glance—not of terror, pride, nor outraged virtue—but the frank, limpid glance of innocence which shines from the faces of children. So absorbed was she in her mission, so lost to thoughts of self, that the king's purpose failed to dawn upon her consciousness. Clad in the armor of her perfect purity she needed no defense.

Frederick paused, gazing long and ardently into the tender eyes, and slowly the fires in his own paled.

The king acknowledged the dignity of the woman.

But a brief moment and the monarch's habitual calm returned. Then he said quietly, "My child, go! What you ask is yours!"—Translated and adapted for Current Literature, from the French of Victor Tissot, by Isabella Reid.

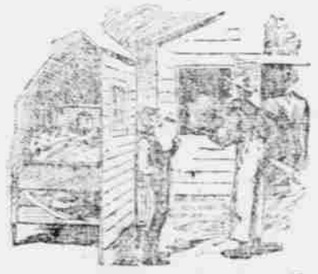
**The Amende Honorable.**

Reporter (mistaking the English interpreter of the Japanese embassy for a Jap)—You speak remarkably good English for a Japanese.

Englishman (indignantly)—Sir! I am no Jap. I am an Englishman born and bred.

Reporter (abashed)—Um—er—yes, yes, I know. I meant to say you speak remarkably good English for an Englishman.—New York Weekly.

**An Awful Suspicion.**



Proprietor of Lonesome Pike County Hotel—I don't agree with yer, Uncle Cook. If yer shoot him right through the winder it won't muss up the yard so, an' we kin git his hide off under shelter.—Life.

**Betting on His Egotism.**

"My dear sir," said the lecturer, "I had a very observant listener in you to-night. May I ask the reason? Were you deeply interested?"

"I was, sir—I was. I had a bet that you would use the first personal pronoun once every minute, and by Jove! I won the bet."

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**Fewer Fiction Readers.**

Librarian Foster, in his twelfth annual report of the condition of the Providence public library, points out that the proportion of its circulation of fiction has been reduced to fifty-six one-hundredths of all the books that go out. This is believed to be a remarkably low figure, but in our own public library the same point has been noted. The circulation of fiction is not relatively increasing. The librarians and their assistants are partly responsible for this, and it is in part due to the influence of the daily press, which the pupils in our public schools are now interested in, and which, when they reach riper years, will lead them to other kinds of literature besides the all absorbing novel.—Boston Herald.

Miss May Brammer is the latest musical sensation in Europe. She is only 16 years old, and is the holder of the prize of the Leipsic conservatoire. Her execution on the violin is said to be wonderful.

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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.

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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.

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

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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 comfort of this line.

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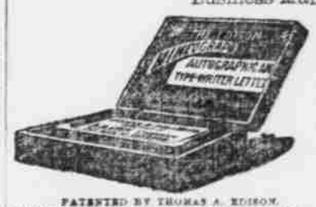


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