

WEATHER BULLETIN. SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, Kan., July 7.—The highest temperature was 95.8°...

THE CROP CONDITION.

June Not Altogether Favorable for Growing Cereals.

TOPEKA, Kan., July 7.—Secretary Mohler, of the state board of agriculture, has issued the following monthly crop report...

NO LAND ON WHICH THE SUN SHINES Possesses greater natural advantages than our own...

A FUGITIVE NEATLY CAUGHT.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo., July 7.—Charles Kendall, who several months ago broke jail...

PRAM'S SOAP secures a beautiful complexion.

LA GRANGE SENTENCED.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., July 7.—Charles La Grange, who was arrested on the charge of bigamy...

FIVE YEARS FOR ARCHER.

BAITSWORTH, Mo., July 7.—Ex-State Treasurer Archer came into court today...

CLOVER'S OFFICE.

HUTCHINSON, Kan., July 7.—B. H. Clover, president of the State Alliance...

TURF WINNERS.

CHICAGO, Ill., July 7.—Winners at Washington park today: Chinese, Chio...

INSANITY IN THE FAMILY.

COLUMBIAS, Kan., July 7.—Infant S. P. Harker, heir principal of the school here...

FOR MURDER IN '61.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., July 7.—A man named Joseph Tribble was arrested at Watenna, Kan...

NONCONFORMITY OF STE.

Mrs. Glenover—Have one of the ponies saddled, Michael, and take him to the station...

SOLD TO THE MISSOURI PACIFIC.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., July 7.—The Journal tomorrow will announce the confirmation of the rumor...

BASE BALL NATIONAL LEAGUE. AT BOSTON. Boston.....2 0 0 0 2 0 1-8 Cleveland.....1 0 0 0 0 0 1-3

AT BROOKLYN. Brooklyn.....0 0 1 0 1 3 0-4 Cleveland.....0 0 1 1 0 0 0-3

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THE MIRRORED DEMON.

Toward the end of a cloudy summer day, having slowly climbed to the top of a hill thickly wooded with young pines...

Under the dark and heavy sky, the pines to right and left looked on a gloomy hue; below me, blurred in the haze of the valley, rose the chateau, a dark and broken mass...

Arrived at the foot of the hill, I had to pass through a little village of 100 or 150 homes, the last cottages extending quite to the main entrance of the chateau.

The noise of my horse's hoofs brought to the doors eight or ten peasants, who stared at me curiously, but with no sign of a salutation.

A cold, drizzling rain was now falling, and I soon felt very uncomfortable, for the morning had been fine and I had neglected to bring a top coat or traveling wrap.

At the foot of the hill, I had to pass through a little village of 100 or 150 homes, the last cottages extending quite to the main entrance of the chateau.

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upper floor. The manager and I drew up to the fire.

"Sir," said the old man, "excuse us if we receive you poorly. It is said in this country; the fever takes the children from the very cradle, and only at the graveyard does it leave the men who have resisted it."

"Your daughter is dead, Chartier?" I asked. "God knows, sir. As for us, we do not know what has become of her."

Presently he went on in a very low tone: "Madeleine was very sad, very ill; she was as well as my good sir. But the birds still sing when they are ill, and Madeleine sang near us, who do not even talk."

"I thought she would resist the scourge, and I said to myself, 'Some day, God willing, I shall take her to live in a city.' To see the roses in her cheeks we would have given our lives, my poor wife and I. But she was very pale; she went too often to the edge of the water."

"The water, which harmed her so. Often, when her mother called her to dinner, she was seated in the wet grass at the side of the pool. We scolded her, but it did no good."

"I had no other idea than to listen to the noise of the wind in the reeds. She had nothing else to amuse her, the dear child. In other countries the little girls of poor people can gather flowers, peep in the birds' nests and have doves and play with them as in the pictures I have seen in the city shops; here, sir, there are no other flowers than the lilies of the pool, the little birds would be afraid to build their nests in our great, gloomy trees, and the only doves are ravens. My poor girl, then, loved the pool. Sometimes, of an evening, I would hear her open the window of her chamber—the chamber where you will sleep to-night, sir. 'Come in!' I would cry: 'go to bed, you will take cold.' 'No, no!' she would say; and when I asked her what she was looking at, 'There is a star in the pool,' she would answer. One morning at the breakfast hour Madeleine did not come down stairs. Her mother went up to her room. 'Madeleine is not here!' cried my wife. It was a month ago, one Sunday morning. Madeleine has not yet come back."

Chartier had spoken slowly in a monotonous tone. Now he went silently. The disappearance of their child more than accounted for the gloom of my hosts. I repeated having judged wrong harshly, and it was with sincere pity that I pressed the old man's hands as I retired.

My chamber was a room covered with a moly paper; in one corner an iron bed, two cane seated chairs at right and left of a walnut commode, a portrait of a young girl—Madeleine, doubtless—facing the single window; that was all. I went to bed and to sleep, without some difficulty, for the old man's tale had predisposed my mind to lugubrious thoughts, and then I thought of the fever which I dreaded so.

After an hour of restless sleep I awoke with a start. "Who's there?" I cried. The lamp which I had not extinguished enabled me to convince myself that I was alone—absolutely alone with the portrait. From my bed, where I could no longer sleep, I looked long at this picture. It was a young girl, very pale, dressed in white, in an attitude of meditation; she gazed at the window with a strange earnestness. As one involuntarily follows the glance of a person near, I directed my eyes parallel to those of the portrait. The window had no curtains; the indistinct silhouette of the forest, and in the shadow there was a single star. Turning back from Madeleine, I noticed that her gaze had become more intense, but it was easy to explain to myself why it seemed so: plunged for an instant into the night, my eyes should now see more clearly those of the portrait, on which the lamp shone full.

What I could not explain, what I do not understand even yet, was an absurd idea—the result, no doubt, of my nervous excitement—which led me to get up, to open the sash, as if in obedience to the desire of the portrait, and the window open, turn back to it to receive its thanks. A breath of wind which entered the room extinguished the lamp, and the portrait disappeared.

Without the shadows were profound; beneath the low and black sky vast trees stood out, terrible against the night, and quietly, pale spaces in which shivered furtive, steady lights and the dimmed reflection of a single star—it was the pool. Shuddering, I knew not why, I gazed at the heavens, the trees, the pool. It slept, but it lived. I divined that a ceaseless agitation moved it, revealed on the surface by the trembling of the weeds; strange visions were in its inky depths, shadowy dreams of that slumbering water whose respiration rustled dolorously among the reeds. Something inquieting and fascinating lay prone in that sea. Near the side toward the house the reeds were very thick; their heads, now bowed, now lifted up by the breeze, formed a moving black surface, which made still more somber the shadows of the neighboring trees. I stood up, pale as space in which shivered furtive, steady lights and the dimmed reflection of a single star—it was the pool.

"I heard a slight noise beneath the window and lowered my head. Along the wall, something, I knew not what—white, furtive, swift, like a white cloth in the wind—moved toward the pool. It was a woman or her ghost. One instant this vague form stopped and turned back. By the pale ray of the single star I saw a face and recognized it. Had I gone mad? I recognized the face of the portrait. That face was Madeleine's!

While she approached the pool the wind must have shifted, for the reeds, which just now had leaned from the side of my window, bent down now to meet the young girl, and toward her reached the long arms of the Shadow cradled on the road tips. Madeleine seemed to hover, a prey to violent emotion. Now she started toward the phantom of the pool; now she stood motionless and seemed about to retrace her steps; but soon she

took up her interrupted course, and reached the spot among the interlacing trees, the obscure and indefinite line where land and water met. At the edge of the pool, almost within reach of the fastidious man, which strained toward her as if to enfold her, she stopped.

In the heavens there was but a single star; there was a single star, too, in the pool. I was not dreaming, for I noted that. Long, long she stood undecided, and sometimes she seemed to wish to fly to the house; but often, lost, shivering in the breeze, in the garb of death or of a bride, she held out her arms to the shadow which silently called her.

At last she threw herself into the terrible pool. The water must be up to her waist, for I saw only the whiteness of her breast. She advanced ever toward the Shadow, and the Shadow came to meet her. Then I saw only her head, appearing from time to time between the reeds—then I saw nothing.

But the bushes rattled more dolorously, twisted, bent, pushed aside; the phantom which followed the movement of their tips writhed so that his chest shrank away from one side, while his legs grew long on the other, and his arms, as if they enlaced in the depths some prey caught at last, disappeared all at once in a mighty parting of the reeds.

Madeleine had drowned herself in this black, awful pool. I had not seen her, but surely I would have heard her cry out if the terrible water had not filled her mouth. Oh, horrible death!—her feet sinking in the humid slime of the pool and her hands vainly clutching at the elusive support of the rushes! Little by little the motion became more rare, more convulsive, less prolonged; Madeleine was dead beyond a doubt. Anew the wind alone agitated the great, noisy grasses, and I saw the constant phantom slowly re-form itself on the surface of the greenish blackness.

The next day at breakfast I ate little and spoke scarcely at all. The old steward asked when it would suit me to inspect the estate. "Immediately," I replied, "for I leave this evening."

As we started toward the pool, I noticed in the forest an old piece of ruined wall. "What is that?" I asked. "It is all that is left of an ancient chapel," replied Chartier; "your father greatly admired the stained glass window, which represents an apostle stretching his arms toward heaven. When the moon rises toward the window, it casts the image of the apostle on the reeds of the pool. Sometimes, in the night, it is terrible."

As Chartier said this, I felt my legs brushed by something furtive, soft and light, as if a cat had rubbed against me. It was a napkin, still damp, detached by the wind from a cord where I had hung to dry a few steps from us, between two trees before the house.

"Well," said I to myself, "I must confess that the fever and wakefulness have played the fool with me. I have taken for a woman in white some sheet or garment borne by the wind, and for a phantom the reflection of a stained window on the reeds." And I began to laugh, to reassure myself completely. But I returned to Paris that evening.

Three years passed. I had sold the Alders to an industrial company which intended to drain the marshes. I had given no thought to my sojourn at the melancholy chateau, except now and again on a sleepless night, when one morning, in a journal opened at hazard, I read the following:

In the unhealthy district of —, whose inhabitants already seem to enjoy better health, thanks to the draining of the marshes by a celebrated philanthropic society, there will remain a vast pool which forms part of the estate known as the Alders. The pool is famous in the legends of the country. Each night, it is said, a gigantic phantom is to be seen, sleeping lightly on the reeds. Some enlightened persons having traced this phantom as nothing, but the reflection of an ancient stained glass window in a wall near by, was demolished; but by the report of the people of the place, the phantom has ceased to appear over the marshes.

"It has not ceased to appear!" I repeated, with a shudder, and I read on with a feverish eye. However that may be, recently, while the workmen labored at the draining of the pool, one of them, in rolling some stones from the bank near M. Chartier's house, discovered among the reeds, deeply imbedded in the mud, a skeleton absolutely stripped of flesh; it is supposed that it is the skeleton of a young woman whose death must have taken place three or four years ago.

There is a lawyer with an office in one of the large buildings down town who is famous among his friends as a man who never loses his temper or allows his language to stray from the path of propriety. He was desperately busy the other day when a female look conversant entered his private office, and as she advanced from the door announced her mission. "I should like to show you a very valuable work," she began.

"Madam," said the counselor, as he rose from his chair, "you must excuse me. I am very sorry, but at present I am engaged."

Evidently the agent had heard something of the kind before, for she didn't pause in her progress toward the lawyer's desk. "Madam," he repeated, "I am engaged at present."

Still the agent came on. "Madam," cried the lawyer in desperation, "I am engaged—and if you don't go away you will force me to do what I have never been before—guilty of rudeness to a woman."

"That settled the agent. Probably the very rudeness of the threat led to her retreating. But like a true woman she had the last word—and several of them—just as she vanished through the door. "I ain't a woman," she said, "I'm a lady."—New York Sun.

He Got a Chew.

There was a painter working at the top of a long ladder of Fourth avenue yesterday when a tramp came along and called to him. "Hi, you got any of the weed about you?" "Well, you've got cheek!" replied the painter, as he looked down and sized the man up.

Quick Relief Was Needed.

There may be cases where human aid would be powerless to relieve suffering, and man ought in a quickness. A case which almost proves this occurred in Milton, Upper Canada, where a well digger sunk into quicksand up to his knees. The windlass rope was promptly pulled around him, but it was soon discovered that if the effort to pull him out was persevered in his legs would be torn off. Accordingly an attempt was made to dig him out, and men with shovels worked unintermittently for six hours to accomplish that end, which was successfully achieved.—Hamilton Globe.

To Keep a Necessity Fresh.

"I can tell you how to cross the Atlantic with fresh carnation in your buttonhole," said an experienced traveler to me the other day. His recipe was to start the voyage with two carnations and a new pop. The carnations were to be worn on alternate days, and each when new surrounding the buttonhole is to be firmly thrust into a hole in the poppet. At the end of the week at least one of them will still be fresh enough to excite the surprise of fellow passengers.—New York Star.

Beware of Imitations, there is only one

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of acropur or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of acropur or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal.

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TOO HEAVY

Our Large Stock We cannot Carry.

WE MUST UNLOAD!

Cut prices will do it provided the cuts are deep enough. Read the cuts and compare the prices.

35 cent Fast Black Sat- teens cut down to 16 1/2. Is this cut deep enough?

20 cent hand-drawn White Goods cut to 14. Is this cut deep enough?

40 cent hand-tied fringe Linen Damask Towels cut to 25. This too deep a cut.

Gents' underwear. Real Balbriggan Shirts 38c; Real Balbriggan Socks 18c. Now will you go elsewhere?

French Challies, 44-inches wide, patterns woven in the goods, not printed, worth \$1 per yard, but cut to 60 cents. This is hardly selling goods, it is almost giving them away.

American Challies cut to 13 cents. How much of a cut do you figure this to be?

Pure Mohairs, 40 cent goods, double width, cut to 23 cents. We frankly ask how can you go elsewhere and pass such cuts.

Our sale is a blue mark sale, come and compare the Prices.

ARCADE!

DRS. TERRILL & PURDY.

DOCTOR TERRILL DOCTOR PURDY, Surgeon, Oculist and Aurist

154 N MAIN ST., WICHITA, KAN.

Cures diseases of women heretofore abandoned by the profession. Such as fibroid tumors, displacements, enlargements, prolapsus, etc., by the use of electricity, according to the methods elaborated by the great French Surgeon Apostoli.

NERVOUS DISEASES—Dr. Terrill wishes to call the attention of those suffering from nervous diseases, paralysis, nervous prostration, etc., to the wonderful curative effects to be derived from electricity, which is scientifically applied, and desires to state that he makes the application of electricity in nervous diseases a special feature of his practice. The doctor has the finest fifty diamond carbon cell battery ever seen in the west and all the appliances especially adapted to the treatment of lost manhood or seminal weakness, which he quickly and permanently cures by the aid of electricity.

CATARRH—Every case of catarrh is curable if properly treated, regardless of what others have said. Many cases cured by a single treatment.

PHLEBS, skin eruptions, rheumatic diseases cured; no knife, no pain; a cure guaranteed.

Urethral Strictures quickly and permanently cured, no cutting or protraction by any means.

CHRONIC DISEASES—Bronchitis, asthma, hay fever, all throat and lung troubles, skin eruptions, rheumatism, dropsy, Bright's disease, bladder, kidney and urinary diseases, blood poison and private diseases.

OPHTHALMIA—The dread disease of mankind, quickly and permanently cured, by the new treatment, without the poisonous drugs of days gone by.

Medical attention sent to all parts of the country. Send for question blank.

J. H. TERRILL, M. D.

THE MODERN WAY. Mrs. Cottonlock—This book for boys says the way to success in this world is to do two dollars' worth of work for one dollar.

Curious Visitor—Why is it that all these big buildings are faced with hard, smooth brick?

Resident—That's for looks. "And why are those streets paved with soft and rotten wood?" "That's for use."—Chicago Tribune.

Help Wanted. Mrs. Grubbs (in the kitchen, 6 s. m.)—Dear me! The fire is out and no wood; no coal up, either. I'm not going to build it, Susie!

Little Daughter—Yes, ma. Mrs. Grubbs—Go wake your father and tell him breakfast is ready.—LIFE.

He Wrote the Poem, the Old the Best. "Now, madam," said the censor to the poet's wife, "your occupation?" "Seamstress, cook, chambermaid, waitress, housewife, amusements, errand boy, landlady, and so forth."—New York Sun.

Foreign Intelligence. Editor Looking at his watch—The paper not gone to press yet? What is the matter?

Foreman—The Nihilist's daily threat to the czar hasn't come