Wichita Eagle

WEATHER BULLETIN.

SIGNAL OFFICE, WICHITA, Kan., Oct. 25.—The highest temperature was 66°, the lowest up to 7 p. m. was 44°, and the mean 55°, with slightly cooler, cloudless weather, fresh northwest and brisk to gentle north winds with high barometer, 30.30 at 7 p. m.

Last year on Oct. 25, the highest temperature was 65, the lowest 46°, and the mean 55°, and two years ago the corresponding temperatures were 72°, 42° and 57°.

FRED L. JOHNSON, Observer.

WAR DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 25, 8 p. m.—Forecast until 8 p. m. Saturday:

For Kansas—Fair weather, varaible winds, warmer by Monday morning.

For Missouri—Fair weather, northwesterly winds becoming variable and warmer by Mandap morning.

Cures while you wait—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

STANLEY'S REPLY.

LONDON, Oct. 25.—The Herald will publish tomorrow an interview with Mr. Henry M. Stanley, in which the explorer says that he could blast the reputation of the late Major Bartellot and others who have brought serious charges against him.

If fails, money refunded; Preston's "Hed-Ake."

A VILLAGE DESTROYED.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 25.—A special from Wilkesbarre, Pa., says: The little village of Stillwater, Luzerne county, composed of planing mill, butcher shop and thirty-three dwelling houses, was wiped out by fire. Thomas Edgar is the principal loser. Loss $31,000; uninsured.

Sure cure—Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Silver lamps covered with repousse work are among the newest things in silver. Some are only low bowls, and others are tall and stately affairs.

Silver toothing bells have handles of carnelian and pearl. Others have substantial chased handles in shape something like a shoe horn.

The blackberry seems to furnish the newest motive for ornamentation of silver spoon handles. These are oxidized, with the vine in relief and the fruit brought out in gilt.—Jewelers' Circular.

Immediate, harmless—Preston's "Hed Ake."

Adornment of Handkerchiefs.

Novelty in the way of the adornment of handkerchiefs includes those with flowers embroidered in their natural colors, also some on which the three initials are embroidered in a different color. Other handkerchiefs are edged with real black lace, or have black lace butterflies or bees appliqued on the handkerchiefs.

Immediate relief by using Preston's "Hed-Ake."

Ice Preserved All Night in a Pitcher.

If the following plan for preserving ice in a pitcher proves as good as it is simple it is a useful item for those who wish to keep ice all night or for use in the sick room. According to Medical and Surgical Reporter, a pitcher of ice water treated in this manner has been known to stand over night with scarcely a perceptible melting of the ice: Fill the pitcher with ice and water, and set it on the center of a piece of paper. Then gather the paper together at the top and bring the ends tightly together, placing a strong rubber band around them to hold it close, so as to exclude the air.

Salol for Burns.

Gratzer recommends a mixture of from two to three parts of salol with fifty parts of starch as an application to inflamed and painful surfaces, bruises, burns and painful skin diseases of all kinds. The relief is said to be great and very prompt. The remedy is simply dusted on the surface.

Cures in fifteen minutes: Preston Hed-Ake."

TWO MEN OF NEW YORK.

Hugh Grant, the Mayor—James Gordon Bennett, Publisher.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 2.—The New Yorker who notices a hole in the sidewalk should go directly to Mayor Grant and talk to him about it. It is a return to the simplicity of our forefathers. Let him go to the mayor's office, and he will find three or four policemen in the anteroom. The proper way to do is to walk past them, saying nothing. They may object, and try to stop him, but an American citizen should not submit to dictation—unless he has to. Probably he may have to. Then he can send in his name, or his card, if he has one. Any card will do. The mayor is somewhat of a joker, and will take even the right bower. After the caller gets in he will probably be intercepted by the mayor's secretary, who will try to save his honor from the annoyance of listening. The citizen, however, should refuse to tell anybody but the mayor what he has to say, and he will be pleased to find how patiently the mayor will listen. That is really what he was elected for, of course.

As a matter of fact the mayor is one of the most easily accessible of all the public men in the city. The policemen in the outer room and his vigilant secretary are the only barriers in anybody's way, and it is easy to pass them if one has anything like a reasonable pretext of business.

Probably the most difficult to see of any man in New York, when he is in New York, is James Gordon Bennett. I worked for him ten years, and never saw him but twice in that time, once by accident and once when I was sent to him by the managing editor of The Herald. As nearly as I could judge by what I saw and heard in those ten years Mr. Bennett is absolutely indifferent to the demands or the desires of other people who have occasion to see him. It is said that he once refused to see a committee from a workingmen's convention who called on him to offer him the nomination to the mayoralty. Probably there isn't another man in the country who would do that.

Moreover Mr. Bennett is enabled to dodge, and does dodge, the people who wait to see him by the labyrinthine facilities of The Herald office. There are three entrances known to the public, and I have known process servers to wait twenty-four hours watching all three, having learned that he was in the building. They didn't catch him. They didn't know that there is a subterranean passage from The Herald building to the Bennett building, which stands a block away and fronts on three streets. Mr. Bennett knew it, however, and he fully appreciates the advantages the passage affords.

Among Turkish Women.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 10.—The dress of the Turkish woman is peculiar and the style never changes materially, though once in a while sleeves will be tight instead of loose or some trifling change will be made. The colors are always of the most brilliant, and the most startling contrasts are much sought.

No woman can seek or ask the society of her husband out of her turn on any pretext. Where there is a large harem the wives are called Lady Monday, Lady Tuesday and so on.

Turkish houses of any pretension have a courtyard, or at least a large hall, where the men servants and visitors sit while awaiting the signal to enter the haremlik or room where the master of the house receives his friends and eats his meals and attends to all business connected with the household. His little boys, after they are 6 years old, live there with him in care of a tutor. The girls remain with their mothers. The rooms of the harem, or "sacred place," are placed on the other side of the hall or court, and generally consist of a suite of many rooms. The large living room is in the middle, with a long hall opening out of it, on each side of which are the wives' separate suites of rooms.

The number of attendants and servants considered necessary for a Turkish household could never be accommodated in buildings of reasonable size if each had to have a bedroom, but they sleep on the divans and on the floor in every room. The bitter cold is very hard to bear in Turkey, as there are no stoves or grates or other means of heating than little braziers, with less than a quart of glowing charcoal partially covered by ashes to keep a great bare room warm. Women and children are muffled in furs to the very eyes, and they eat, smoke and sleep away their time.

In the summer the women can go to the Sweet Waters, a pretty creek with some fifty or sixty plane trees, and here they sit on the ground and listen to the wandering minstrels, eat, drink and amuse themselves like children. They go out in caiques, and they have picnics at several points on the shores of the Bosporus. Most of them go to their country homes in summer and return to the city for winter. They do not go to the mosque often, but wherever they go they are followed by one or more great black eunuchs.

Girls marry very young, and are old at 25. Poor and aged widows are cared for by the imam or priest of the district in benevolent homes, all except the widows of a sultan, who, no matter what their age, must go to the retreat at Seraglio Point, for they are sacred forever, having had the felicity of seeing the sultan. M. D.

The Cape Barren goose of Australia, though endowed with webbed feet, never swims, but, a member of a family of swimmers and sifters, has adopted habits that have caused it to be modified into a grazer. The cassowary has feathers that much resemble hairs, and penguins are covered with feathers that are modified to look like and to do the service of fish scales.

A Prince Sued by a Subject.

While traveling in Russia and Germany not long ago Prince Victor Emanuel, heir to the crown of Italy, desiring to avoid the pomp and ceremony of official visits, assumed a title which it seems belonged to one of his father's impecunious subjects. The real owner of the title is now suing his prince for damages.

HONEST MEN.

A Little Misunderstanding Leads to a Financial Transaction Between Them.

Old Abraham Dillinger sued Bill Hilliard for calling him a liar. He thought that his character had been damaged to the extent of fifteen dollars, and for that amount brought suit before a justice of the peace. Just before court met Hilliard approached Dillinger and said:

"Look here, Abe, you know your character ain't been hurt fifteen dollars' wuth."

"Yas, blamed ef it hain't."

"Now, Abe, I b'lieve that five dollars will kiver up all damages, fur, Abe, you know well enough that you air a liar."

"Yes, I know all that, Bill, but it's one o' them sorter truths that I despise."

"I don't want no lawyer er peckin' at me, Abe. Tell you what I'll do. I'll give you five dollars."

"Tain't enough, Bill."

"Wall, now, I want to do whut's right. We are both honest men an' good citizens. I'll give you the fifteen dollars if you'll go before court, say that you was a liar an' withdraw the suit."

"Give me twenty, Billie, an' blamed ef I don't do it."

"I'm your man."

The money was paid, and after the court had been called to order Abraham stated that as he "mout" have told a lie he would withdraw the suit. "Well," said he, after making the acknowledgment, "b'lieve I'll be goin', as it's gettin' 'long toward the shank o' the evenin'. Goin' out my way, Bill?"

"Not right now, Abe. Say, hold on a minute. Jedge, I want this man tuck up for false arrest. He has acknowledged that he is a liar."

"Let me see you a minute, Bill," called Abe.

Bill went out and Abe said:

"Look here, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothin', only I'm going to have the clamps put on you."

"I'll give you ten dollars to wipe the thing out."

"Now, Abe, I want to be far an squar'. Gimme thirty dollars, an' out she goes. I ken send you to the pen for this, Abe, an' I consider thirty dollars mighty cheap."

"I'll give you twenty-five."

"Thirty, Abe."

"You must be a fool!"

"All right, Abe."

"Say!"

"Well?"

"Here's your money. I'm gettin' tired o' this blamed law business, fur thar ain't no honesty in it. Settle her up, an' let's be travelin'; I wouldn't be a lawyer fur nuthin'."—Arkansaw Traveler

THE WASHINGTON OF OLD

THE CITY BEGUN BY L'ENFANT WAS FINISHED BY ELLICOTT.

There Were Rings and Jobs in the Early Days of the Republic, Just the Same as Now—A Lottery to Build National Structures Which Were Unsuccessful.

It was not until 1796 that the tempest tossed congress of the thirteen colonies saw the first evidences of the federal city that excited the mirth of the wits, the forebodings of the timid. The circumference of the city as it now spreads out under the great dome is greatly contracted from the imposing dimensions originally laid out by the engineer L'Enfant. Where the superb patent office now stretches in marble majesty the poetic Frenchman, inspired by recent events in Paris, had marked the site for a national tabernacle, where national events were to be religiously commemorated, where national obsequies were to be celebrated, and the dead honored by the country were to be buried and their monuments be perpetuated—a sort of Pantheon to the glories of the republic.

A BEAUTIFUL PLAN.

Two columns of majestic proportions were to rise at specified distances from the Capitol, the one representing in bronze and granite the memorabilia of the seven years' war from Lexington to Yorktown; the other such prodigies by seas as in ten years had made our little navy a rival of Britain's. The streets running eastward from the Capitol were to be continuous arcades, like the sequestered alcoves of Bologna and Venice. Between the Capitol and the president's residence were to be elysian fields, and palatial dwellings for the foreign ambassadors and the public buildings.

But even at that early day "rings" and "jobs" found their account. The indignant Frenchman, beset on all sides by venal legislators and self seeking jobbers, threw up his commission in disdain, and the city as it stands was perfected by Andrew Ellicott.

In 1792 $500 in gold was offered, without restriction as to calling, to the citizen who should send in the accepted design for the president's house! Five hundred dollars and a lot in the new city or a gold medal were offered for the best design of the Capitol. To a generation that has become familiar with the sums annually voted for postoffices and custom houses in Plumville and Pumpkintown our forefathers will seem thrifty indeed, embarking upon city building with a grant of $19,200 from the states of Virginia and Maryland. This was supplemented by a national lottery, for which 50,000 tickets were sold! Sixteen thousand seven hundred and thirty were to draw prizes, the capital one being a hotel which was to cost $50,000. The price of the ticket was $7, and the prizes ranged from $10 to $25,000!

Nor need the student of current morals and manners, depressed by the laxity of our times, wholly despond when he reflects that the lottery was made use of a hundred years ago not only in the building of our national Capitol—churches, schools, colleges, even Harvard itself, were indebted to the wheel for moneys to secure their usefulness.

THE LOTTERY THAT FAILED.

In 1796 the president's house and the Capitol were the only evidences of a city where the traveler now sees squares and monuments, edifices and gardens, that eclipse Paris and Vienna in beauty and taste. When the lottery failed, and the sums voted by Virginia and Maryland gave out, Washington was less of a city than the humblest suburb of Jersey City or Brooklyn. Three hundred thousand dollars were asked by the commissioners to go on with the work, and the country was distracted by such profligate outlay. The press of the time thundered against such wasteful extravagance.

In 1800 the capital was a sore trial to men accustomed to the homely comforts of New England and New York. There was but one good tavern in the town. The members of congress were herded together in a few mean tenements, like soldiers in a barrack. Land was rated at twenty-five cents a square foot, the speculators holding for a rise! The residents were mostly negroes, or shiftless vagabonds thrown out of regular industry by the visions of sudden city making.

Though the whole city was covered with wood, Mrs. Adams, the wife of the first president who took up his residence in Washington, could secure none for the grates of the White House. The house required thirty servants to keep it in order, and all the food had to be brought from Baltimore, Georgetown or Alexandria.

Gouverneur Morris, writing to the Princess de la Tour et Taxis in December, 1800, says sportively: "We want nothing here but houses, cellars, kitchens, well informed men, amiable women, and other trifles of this kind to make our city perfect; for we can walk here as in the fields and woods, and, considering the hard frost, the air of the city is very pure. If, then, you are desirous of coming to live in Washington, I hasten to assure you that freestone is very abundant here, that excellent bricks can be burned, that there is no lack of sites for magnificent hotels, that contemplated canals can bring a vast commerce to the place. In short, that it is the very best city in the world for future residence."—Harper's Weekly.

A PUGET SOUND VOYAGE.

Beautiful Scenery—Indian Passengers. The Hop Fields of Washington.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 8.—A few days ago I was sitting on the narrow deck in front of the small cabin of a Puget sound steamer smoking a cigar and admiring the magnificent scenery in Bellingham bay. In the horizon toward the east rose the snow covered top of Mount Baker, some seventy miles away. Toward the west the dark outlines of the Olympic range, covered with almost impenetrable virgin forests, shut out the rays of the descending sun. Deep shadows fell upon the rippling surface of a most lovely sheet of water as it gently rose and fell in response to the gentle winds and the stir of revolving paddle wheels. In the distance a dark cloud of smoke rose and mingled with the air as a slow moving freight vessel leisurely picked its way among the many little islands which rise abruptly out of the blue water. The rumbling sounds on the deck below, caused by stalwart men rolling barrels and boxes from the wharf, explained the cause of our long delay at Sehome.

A small stern wheeler slowly rounded the point and made fast to the piles a few rods from where our little vessel was stationed. A gangplank was run out to the platform covering the piles driven in the mud, and a motley stream of what faintly resembled human beings emerged from the little steamer just arrived. Old men with stooped shoulders, and old women with wrinkled faces, bent under huge burdens of blankets, pots and pans, while younger women, with bronze skinned babies swung in perpendicular hammocks suspended between their shoulders, marched in single file from one vessel to the other. I went below to see what it all meant, and was informed that it was a colony of Siwash Indians from British Columbia on their annual hop picking expedition to the Puyallup hop fields further up the sound. They were soon stored aboard our vessel in a heterogeneous heap—rubbish and camp accouterments such as may be seen nowhere else except in an Indian lodge, and Indians of all ages and both sexes lying around with their own peculiar abandon. When our boat steamed out into the darkness toward Seattle a number of the passengers, members of the Washington Press association, went down below to visit our quaint fellow travelers.

We found a negro preacher in charge of the Siwashes, and he acted as spokesman for them. He was their spiritual sponsor in their British Columbian home, and accompanied them to the hop fields ostensibly to guard their souls from the blighting contact with Yankee hop field morals and fire-water.

It was a somewhat curious combination; but the colored dominie had apparent perfect control of his queer flock, and when a song was called for he led in his native tones, and the Indians joined in with apparent zest in a hallelujah chorus which would have done credit to an Alabama camp meeting.

We reached Seattle at the early dawn and I boarded a train for Tacoma. Soon the destination of the Indians was revealed in the most bountifully laden hop fields I have ever seen. The tall poles were simply burdened with luxuriant vines, which grew in perfect masses on every hand. The land sells readily at $400 to $600 an acre in the valleys thereabout. Two thousand eight hundred pounds of hops were picked per acre in some instances. From 1,500 to 2,500 pounds was a common yield. The price was 35 cents and the market rising. One farmer reported a net result of $35,000 for this year's crop. Eight cents a pound covered every item of expense in growing, gathering and marketing. All above that was net profit.

The Indians were paid $1 a box for picking. A box holds sixteen bushels of loose hops. They earn at that rate from one to two and a half dollars a day. They all pick, from the oldest men and women to the child of a few summers. They pitch their canvas tents under some near by grove or in one corner of the field. Rain does not drive them from the fields, as it does white pickers who go out from the cities for an annual spree at hop picking time. That is why farmers prefer the Indians. It is said that the Washington crop this year is the best ever known, and it is a veritable gold mine at the present prices. The eastern crop is short, and this is all the better for the Washington farmers.

B. G. W.

HOW THEY POUR IN.

Notes Regarding Present Immigration to the Port of New York.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Oct. 13.—The continent of earthquakes and volcanoes, Central America, is sending us a small but estimable number of immigrants. Nearly all of these are business men or clerks of ability and enterprise, who come here to represent the commercial relations which have grown so great in the past few years. The extent of this trade is hardly realized by the average reader. In Costa Rica alone the export of bananas to the United States jumped from 360 bunches in 1880 to 900,000 bunches in 1889, a growth never equaled in the history of commerce. Besides fruits Central America exports to the United States coffee, hides, india rubber, tapioca, cocoa, indigo and any number of dye woods, doing an annual business far up in the millions. Their immigrants to us can hardly be considered a gain, as each one acts as an agent to secure citizens for his own republic. Thus far their efforts have been only successful enough to balance the flow of population between the two continents. The Central Americans who come here are usually handsome brunettes, who resemble Spaniards, but unlike the latter have the quickness and energy which mark the peoples of the western continent.

An excellent but pitiful proof of the decadence of the Sandwich Islands is afforded in the disappearance of the sailors who belong to that nation. They make superb mariners, and since the last century have been favorites with ship captains. Twenty years ago they were quite a common feature along the water front, but nowadays they are rarely seen. Even these few are not the tall and stalwart men of a past generation, but are small and sickly in appearance. Judging from the New York standpoint the entire race seems to be rapidly following in the footsteps of the Maori and the North American Indian. The reason of their popularity with those who go down into the sea with great ships lies in their docility, sobriety and courage. They have fewer troubles on shipboard than any other race, and seem to take a pleasure in their work. On shore in New York they are quiet and orderly, with a mild leaning toward opium and other vices.

Despite the exclusion laws there is a steady increase of our Chinese population. Excepting in California they are popular with the American public. Most of those who now come in do so via Vancouver's Island, the Canadian Pacific railway, Mexico and the gulf and Atlantic seaports. It should be added that there are no more coolies, and that many of those who obtain ingress are shrewd, well educated men.

Her Groundless Fears.

Clara (with emotion)—George, are you sure you will always love me?

George (fervently)—While life lasts, my own.

Clara (suppressing a tear)—George, if trials and tribulations should come"—

George (amazed)—My heart is yours alone, my love, and always will be.

Clara (sobbing)—George, are you sure, perfectly sure that nothing—nothing at all could cool your affection?

George (thoroughly alarmed)—My gracious! What's happened? Has your father failed?

Clara (hysterically) — Worse. Far worse.

George (much relieved)—Tell me all, my angel; I can bear it.

Clara (with a heroic effort)—George, I've—I've got a—a boil coming on my nose.—New York Weekly.

Hard on the Family.

Ethel—Have you any remembrance of your great grandfather, Clara?

Clara—Excuse me, but we never speak of him.

Ethel—Why, is he tabooed?

Clara—Well, I've been told that he married beneath him, and that after that time the family never took any notice of him.—Judge.

A Lesson in Respect.

Young Cashly—Aw, governor, can't you let me have a check for a hundred today?

Old Cashly—Veto!

Young Cashly—Aw—veto! What does that mean?

Old Cashly (mimicking)—Aw—governor; what does that mean?—Munsey's Weekly.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
Cure SICK HEADACHE.
25 Cents a Box.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Trotter's Sweet Revenge.

Rosalie—I'm afraid you hurt Mr. Trotter when you dismissed him last week, papa. You were too rough, for he hasn't been here since.

Papa (who is president of an accident insurance company)—My dear girl, I'm afraid I did injure him, but he is getting square with me. He has a policy in the company which pays him a hundred dollars weekly, and he has already drawn one instalment.—Harper's Bazar.

Satisfied.

Mr. Meekly—I wish to ask you why you stare at my sister so. It is weally wery wude.

Mr. Tuffly—Look here, young feller, you want to let up or you'll get hurt. See?

Mr. Meekly—Thank you, sir; your explanation is entirely satisfactory.—Journal of Education.

Self Helps for Boston.

Passenger (who is going to Boston and wants a city map or guide)—Say, boy, I am going to Boston for the first time. Have you anything that will help me to find my way around?

Train Boy—Yesser. Got pocket dictionary, Webster's Unabridged and Good News.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Important Announcement!

In order to have better facilties to display our new stock of Holliday goods we have decided to clear out our magnificent line of wall paper, we cant help it, we need the room for a starter, we offer any gilt paper in our racks at twenty five cents a role on your walls. We know this is a dead loss but realize the fact, that to move the stock we must make prices. Come quick before stock is broken.

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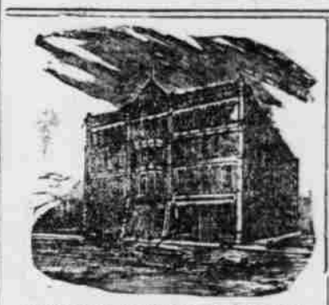

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DOCTOR TERRILL
DISEASES OF WOMEN—Dr. Terrill has made diseases of women a specialty for the past twenty years and wishes to state that he has all the late instruments, batteries, electrodes, etc., for their successful treatment, including fibroid tumors, displacements, enlargements, prolapsus, ulceration, leucorrhœa, diseases of the ovaries, painful, irregular or profuse menstruation, etc. Dr. Terrill has recently spent several months in the large hospitals of the east in the special study of diseases and is the only physician in the southwest thoroughly familiar with its scientific application.
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 when 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 cell diamond carbon battery ever seen in the west, and all the appliances especially adopted to the treatment of lost manhood or sexual weakness, which he quickly and permanently cures by the aid of electricity.
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