

Wichita Daily Eagle

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AN ASYLUM ROW.

Another Quarrel Among the Employees of the Deaf and Dumb Institution.

OLATHE, Kan., Dec. 14.—A merry war, which threatens to disrupt the deaf and dumb institution at this place, is now going on. The trouble is over the discharge by Superintendent Carter of the engineer, his assistant and a teacher, who refused to be removed, and are holding on by force. Engineer Ketchner had hired as his assistant one Schilling, whom Carter this morning discharged, for, it is said, expressing an opinion upon the recent discharge by the state board of Steward Dixon and his wife, the matron. Ketchner protested against Schilling's discharge, whereupon Carter also dis- charged him. When the newly ap- pointed employees attempted to go to work today, Ketchner refused to turn over the keys, and he and Schilling have all day been holding their positions by force of arms. O. W. Hendee, a teacher, found his class room door locked this morning, and upon being told that he too had been discharged for sympathizing with Steward Dixon and his wife, refused to go. Superintendent Carter telegraphed for the state board of charities, who will probably arrive in the morning, and endeavor to patch up matters. In the meantime all three of the discharged employees are holding the fort.

THE JEWEL.
To the Editor of the Eagle:
The directors of the Childrens Home have made arrangements with little Opal Street to produce a play written especially for her by Mrs. Sallie Toier, entitled "Jewel," for the benefit of the Childrens Home.

The play is a romantic dream in four acts, full of pathos, comedy, scenes and effective climaxes. The cast is made up of some of Wichitas best talent. The play is now being re- hearsed under the supervision of Professor Frank Rich, director of the nation school of actors of Wichita. A synopsis of the play and the names of the cast will be published in a few days. The date will be January 17, 1894.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS,
Wichita Childrens Home.

COVINGTON IS AGAINST IT.

Mr. A. Covington, a representative col- ored citizen, deems that any considerable number of colored people in this city are in favor of separate schools for white and black. He says that in 1889 such a move- ment was on foot in the legislature and a committee from this city was sent to To- peka and succeeded in squelching it. "We have no colored school teachers in the city schools," said Mr. Covington, "for the plain reason that no colored people have applied for such places."

MEETING FOR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN.

This evening at the First M. E. church the pastor will preach to the young men and women of the city. A most cordial in- vitation is extended to the young people of the city High school, Normal school, and business colleges, and to the young men and women employed in the various lines of business throughout the city. Let every young man and woman in the city con- sider themselves invited to this meeting. Let us make it a great service. Let the church pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the meeting.

TO CITY PATRONS.

By calling at the counting room of the EAGLE you will receive your portfolio at once. In mailing the coupons it will cause a delay of four or five days. Call at the office with the coupons and get cents in coin and get the portfolio immediately.

Another double deck of fine hogs were shipped to Fort Worth yesterday from the stock yards. The Texans are becoming active purchasers of pork on the Wichita market. They can do better here than in any other market, and they are beginning to realize that fact.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The Ladies Aid society of the First Pres- byterian church will meet at the home of Mrs. Louiey, 614 North Emporia avenue, Friday (today) at 2:30 p. m. All are re- quested to be present, as there is work to be done.
MRS. KENDRICK, Sec'y.

The meeting for young people and chil- dren at the Emporia Avenue M. E. church will be at 3 o'clock p. m. on Saturday. All young people are cordially invited to be present by the pastor.

Irishmen in High Position.

It is not only in the United States that the sons of Erin have secured a place among the leaders of the people. This fact has been called to mind by the circumstance that while all France was mourning one illustrious Irishman in the person of honest old Marshal MacMahon, the masses of the population of Austria-Hungary were acclaiming another Irishman, the Irish peer, Viscount Taffe, who holds the post of prime minister of Austria, for bring- ing forward a bill in favor of univer- sal suffrage. In Spain one of the most in- fluential military leaders is a general of Hibernian origin, O'Ryan by name, who held the post of minister of war during the former administration of the present premier; while the queen re- gent's private secretary and most trusted adviser and friend bears the name of Murphy. The little king and governess is also an Irish woman; and so, too, is the governess of the young queen of Holland. The tutor of Em- peror William was an Irishman named Adair.

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.

CHILDHOOD.

I am dreaming to-night in the glow of the moon. Dreaming of days that have vanished too soon. Of days that were lit with the smiles of the dead. Of friends who, alas! to Love's Kingdom have fled.

How long the days were by the shadows they cast. How short they now seem in the light of the past. How brightly they beamed on my innocent brow. The brightest of all but a memory now!

From the moment the sun first appeared in the east. Till he sank in the west was a cycle at least. Now further advanced, mid the cares of the way. It seems that my life has been only a day.

And then, as I knelt in the twilight to pray, And a mother's soft kiss pressed the seal of the day. How boldly I dared the dark shadows to creep. And folded my cares on her bosom to sleep!

The hills have grown smaller in stature since then. And smaller have dwindled the figures of men. A mist in my vision the scenery mars— And the oak trees no longer reach up to the stars.

But this is the spring of the tenderest sigh: My childhood's fond playmate no longer is nigh. Too fair for this earth she has lightly put down. The weight of the cross for the glow of the crown.

Farewell to my childhood, a tender farewell, How much I have loved thee no music can tell. How deeply I mourn o'er thy bright moments lost. Oh! thought but grim sorrow can measure the cost.

How much I still prize the sweet message you bring. Till deeds to the harp of thy melody sing. Let ransomed, uprise and free from the sod I greet thee again in the Gardens of God.

—Atlanta Constitution.

DR. TRIFULGAS' DOUBLE.

A Queer Story from the Pen of Jules Verne.

HOO-O-O-O! roared the wind. Mi-ih! the rain was pouring in torrents. The fury of the gale bowed the trees on the Volsonian coast and beat upon the cliffs of the mountains of Crimma. The lofty rocks along the shore were gnawed by the waves of the vast sea of Niegaleride.

Whodoo-oo! Whi-ih! At the end of the harbor is the little town of Luktrop. A few hundred houses, four or five steep streets, which look like ravines, paved with pebble stones and roughened by the scoriae ejected by the neighboring volcano, Vanglor. During the day it emits sun- phurous vapors; at night, ever and anon, huge tongues of flame. Like a lighthouse, the Vanglor shows the harbor of Luktrop to the coasters whose keels cut the waves of the Niegaleride.

On the other side of the town are some ruins of the Crimmarian period. Then comes a suburb which recalls Arabian villages, with white walls, round roofs and sun-scorched terraces, a heap of stones flung there hapazard, like a pile of dice whose angles were worn off by the steps of time.

Among other buildings is the Six-Quatre, a name given to an odd-looking structure, with six windows on one side and four on the other.

A steeple dominates the town—the square belfry of St. Phililene, with a chime of bells which are sometimes stirred by the tempest. It is considered a bad omen, and always inspires terror throughout the country.

Such is Luktrop. Then outside are scattered houses, standing amid the broom and furze, as in Brittany. But it isn't in Brittany. Is it in France? I don't know. In Europe? I don't know that either. At any rate, don't look for Luktrop on the map—not even in Steller's atlas.

Tap! A timid knock was heard on the narrow door of the Six-Quatre at the left angle of the Rue Messagiere. It was one of the most comfortable houses, if the word can be applied to Luktrop.

The knock was answered by savage barking, intermingled with howling, like the barking of a wolf. Then a window above the door opened. "Deuce take these troublesome people," said an angry voice.

A young girl, wrapped in a shabby cloak, who stood shivering in the rain, asked if Dr. Trifulgas was at home. "He is or isn't—according to circum- stances."

"I've come to ask him to go to my dy- ing father."

"Where is he dying?"

"On the coast of Val Karinon, four miles from here."

"What is his name?"

"Vort Kartif."

"Vort Kartif?"

lon, four miles off! No, thank you! Deuce take me if I will!"

And the window banged again. Twenty fretzers! A fine piece of busi- ness! Risk a cold or lamboleg for twenty fretzers, especially when, the next morning, he was expected at Kilrono by the rich Edzinger, from whose gout he made fifty fretzers a visit.

With this agreeable prospect Dr. Trifulgas slept still more soundly than before.

Whoo-oo-oo! Mi-ih! And then tap! tap! tap! This time three blows from the knocker, plied by a more reso- lute hand, blended with the noise of the storm. The doctor woke, but in what a temper! When the window was opened the wind burst in like a bomb- shell.

"It is for Vort Kartif."

"That miserable fellow again?"

"I am his mother."

"May his mother, his wife and his daughters die with him."

"He has an attack of—"

"Well, let him defend himself."

"They have sent you some money," the old woman added. "An install- ment on the house which was sold to Dontrop on the Rue Messagiere. If you don't come my granddaughter will be fatherless, my daughter a widow, and I shall have no son."

It was pitiful and terrible to hear this aged woman's voice, to think that the wind was chilling the blood in her veins, that the rain was drenching her thin form!

"An attack of epilepsy is worth two hundred fretzers," replied the heartless Trifulgas.

"We have only one hundred twenty."

"Good evening."

And the window shut again. But on reflection one hundred and twenty fretzers for a two hours' walk, including the visit. That was sixty fretzers an hour, a fretzer a minute. The profit was small, yet after all not to be despised.

Instead of going back to bed the doctor slipped into his coat, put on his high boots, his thick overcoat and his mittens, then leaving his lamp burn- ing beside his Codex, open at page 197, he unbolted the door at Six-Quatre and stood upon the threshold.

The old woman was there leaning on her staff, emaciated by her eighty years of poverty.

"One hundred and twenty fretzers?"

"Here they are, and may God increase them to you a hundredfold."

The old woman followed him.

What a tempest of wind and rain! The bells of St. Phililene began to ring. A bad omen! Pshaw! Dr. Trifulgas was not superstitious. He believed in nothing, not even his own science—except for the income it brought him.

What weather and what a road, too! Stones, slippery with seaweed, scoriae crumpling under the tread. No light, except the faint, wavering rays from Hurzof's lantern. Sometimes there was a burst of flame from the peak of Vanglor, amid which, huge, grotesque sil- houettes seemed to hover. We do not know what lurks at the bottom of these fathomless craters. Perhaps they are the souls of the under world, which turn to vapor in rising.

The doctor and the old woman fol- lowed the curves of the little bays on the shore. The sea was white with a livid pallor—the whiteness of mourning— glittering with a phosphorescent light along the line of surf, which broke in shining waves upon the strand.

Both climbed to the bend in the road, between the downs, where the broom and furze met like a thicket of bay- onets.

The dog had come close to his master and seemed to say:

"Ha! A hundred and twenty fretzers for the strong box! That's the way to get rich! More land for the vineyard!"

Another dish on the supper table! Another bone for faithful Hurzof! Let us nurse the sick rich people and bleed- their pockets."

At this point the old woman stopped, and with a trembling finger pointed to a ruddy light shining through the gloom. It came from Vort Kartif's house.

"There?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," replied the old woman. The dog howled plaintively.

Suddenly the volcano, with a roar which seemed to shake it to its founda- tions, sent forth a sheet of flames which appeared to touch the clouds. Dr. Trifulgas was thrown down by the shock.

Swearing like a trooper he rose and looked around him.

The old woman was no longer there. Had she disappeared in some chasm in the earth, or was she concealed in the heavy mist?

The dog was standing erect on his hind legs, with his mouth open and his lantern out.

"Let us go on," murmured Dr. Triful- gas.

The worthy man had pocketed his money. He must earn it.

There was only one glimmer of light—perhaps half a mile away. It came from the room of the dying or dead man. That was the house. The old woman had pointed to it. No mistake was possible.

Amid the roaring of the wind, the rush of the rain, the whole fury of the tempest, Dr. Trifulgas walked swiftly on. As he advanced, the house, stand- ing alone in the fields, became more and more clearly visible.

It was strange how closely it resem- bled the doctor's residence, Six-Quatre, at Luktrop; the same arrangement of the windows in front, the same little vaulted door.

Dr. Trifulgas hurried on as fast as the hurricane would permit. The door was ajar. He pushed it open, and the gale banged it after him rudely. The dog, left outside, howled, raising at

intervals like the singers between the verses in a psalm.

Stranger! One would think that Dr. Trifulgas had returned to his own home. Yet he had not grown bewil- dered and made a circuit. He was ready at Val Karinon, not at Luktrop. Yet there was the same low, vaulted corridor; the same winding wooden staircase, with its wide railing worn by the friction of many hands.

He went to the landing. A faint light filtered under the door at Six- Quatre. Was it a delusion? In the dusk he recognized his own room, the bed with its yellow canopy; on the right the old pearwood chest, at the left a strong box where he meant to deposit his one hundred and twenty fretzers. There stood his leather- cushioned arm-chair, his table with its twisted legs, and on it near the dying lamp his Codex, opened at page 197.

"What all this?" he muttered.

What a chill of fear crept through his veins. His pupils dilated. A cold perspiration came through the pores of his skin.

He must hasten. The lamp was go- ing out for lack of oil. He must look at the dying man.

INVITED TO HER SUICIDE.

A Chinese Woman Calls in Her Friends to Witness Her Act.

Mr. Medhurst, for many years British consul at Shanghai, tells of a singular "card of invitation" which, says the Million, he once received in China. It was from a lady, intimating her intention to commit suicide at a specified date. She was very young and attrac- tive, and belonged to a wealthy family; but the Chinese gentleman to whom she had been affianced from childhood, having died just before the date fixed upon for their nuptials, she gave out that she deemed it her duty to render her widowhood irrevocable by dying with her betrothed. So she sent cards around to the local gentry giving no- tice of her purpose.

No attempt was made by her rela- tives or the local authorities to frus- trate her design, though Mr. Medhurst appealed to the mandarins, the gen- eral opinion being that she was about to perform a meritorious act. Eventu- ally, on the day named, the woman did deliberately sacrifice her life in the presence of thousands of spectators.

A stage was erected in the open fields, with a tented frame over it, from which was suspended a slip of scarlet crepe. The end of this slip she fastened round her neck, and then, embracing a little boy presented by one of the bystanders, she mounted a chair and resolutely jumped off, "her little clasped hands saluting the assemblage as her body twirled round with the tightening cord."

The woman was not hounded on by a frantic mob, as was the practice at suttees in India, but immolation ap- peared to be an entirely voluntary act. Sacrifices of this kind, according to Mr. Medhurst, are not uncommon in certain districts of China, and strange to say, they are rewarded with mon- uments, sometimes erected by order of the emperor.

LAID BY THE FABLED ROC.
Important Discovery in Madagascar of the Egg of the Extinct Gigantic Bird.

A large specimen of the egg of the fabled roc of the "Arabian Nights," or Zepornis, as the extinct gigantic bird of Madagascar is called, has been se- cured by Mr. J. Procter, of Tamatave and Prince's square, W., who has brought the curiosity to London. It was discovered by some natives about twenty miles to the southwest of St. Augustine's bay, on the southwest coast of Madagascar. It was floating on the calm sea, within twenty yards of the beach, and is supposed to have been washed away with the foreshore, which consists of sand hills, after a hurricane in the early part of the year.

The childlike longshoreman of the antipodes, opining that the egg had a value, showed the unusual piece of flotsam about with a view to sale, and it thus came into the hands of Mr. Procter. The egg, which is white- brown in color and unbroken, is a fine specimen, 3 3/8 x 2 1/2 inches, and an even higher value is placed upon it than upon the egg of the great auk, which lived within the memory of man. The Broodincaplan proportions of the egg are better demonstrated by compar- ison with the eggs of the ostrich and crocodile. An ostrich's egg is about 17 inches by 1 1/2 inches, and the contents of six such are only equal to one egg of the Zepornis. The measurements of the egg of the crocodile are normally 9 inches by 6 1/2 inches. It would re- quire the contents of 16 1/2 emu's eggs to equal the contents of this great egg, or 148 eggs of the homely fowl, or 30,000 of the humming bird. The last egg of the kind disposed of in London sold for £100, though cracked.

Work of a Royal Inventor.
The signaling apparatus invented by Prince Louis of Battenberg, which is now on trial in the Royal Sovereign, has received notices of approbation from various prominent naval judges, says a London letter. The contrivance consists of a sort of collapsible spheroid, capable of being opened and shut like an umbrella, visible at sea for a far greater distance than flags, by which Morse code signals can be made without difficulty. If Ad- miral Fairfax and the signaling depart- ment report favorably it will probably be universally adopted, to the satisfac- tion of the clever inventor, who is said to have been helped by Capt. Percy Scott, now employed on signal books at the admiralty.

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On the tipple at Hoytdale mines, Beaver county, Pa., the coal is dumped by William Grundy, who is sixty-one years of age. He has been on the same tipple for twenty-eight years, and during that time has dumped 2,500,000 tons of coal.

WIT OF THE DAY.
AFTER a woman has been married three weeks she doesn't like to have her husband around the house in the day time.—Tehison Globe.

Among other virtues it must be said of the football player that he doesn't get his hair cut in a crowded shop on a Saturday night.—Philadelphia Times.

TALKATIVE BARBER.—"There's one thing that never causes me any sorrow to part with." "Lackless Customer—" "And that is?" "Talkative Barber—" "A comb. Next gent!"—Buffalo Courier.

At a school examination the inspec- tor asked a boy why the earth turned around the sun on its own axis. The boy answered with great promptness: "Because it doesn't want to get roasted too much on one side."—Tid-Bits.

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