



TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Many of the EAGLE'S more fortunate readers will sit around the festal boards of happy homes tomorrow; will sit down to rich repasts of choice foods and delicacies enhanced, mayhap, with the added zest of sparkling wines. These joyful readers of ours will all be celebrating the advent of one into this world who "came neither eating or drinking," the birthday of one who carried the proof of his divinity in his love for humanity. Tomorrow, that day, and the hours which crowd it into light, are, ever, one round of innocent pleasures, of love's offerings and joyfulness, yet they are thus observed in memory of one whose heart only throbbled for the friendless, whose miraculous manhood was consecrated to the poor and whose life, in the end, was given for our race. Surely riches and sumptuous living did not count for much with that meek Master who had not where to lay his own weary head. Over the sun-heated hills of his nativity, up and down in the dust of its desert roads, and by the margins of Judea's streams and waters plodded he his years out, remembering, forgiving and blessing the lowly. How lighted that divine face, how glowed with compassion that sinless soul, in love, for the helpless and the obscure of earth.

To celebrate with joy this sweet day of blessed memories and fail to be mindful of its distinctive inspiration would be to forget the why of His birth, His life, His death. The halo of that baby head in its manger-cradle is the brightest signal of the world's hope, the fountain of its loving charity, as is its spirit the truest test of Christianity.

Tomorrow, then, being the Day of the Divine, let us remember His poor, and by so doing heighten immeasurably its hallowed joys. In the compass of a single tear arrested in its fall from the face of a poor waif in distress may be found a passport to paradise; in the hushing of a widow's cry, unending happiness. It is very certain that few things hold so much of opportunity for an earthly blessing. After all, it may not be found such a difficult thing for that rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven who shall find in his credit a loaf of bread given to a needy neighbor or a helping hand extended to a helpless one.

In Christmas the Christian finds Christ. Without the one the others are impossible, but the primal significance of the one or of the three combined is charity—sympathy for the neighbor. In an answering heart lies the fountain of love, which is charity. God gave good for no other end.

"Peace on earth and good will to man," should be the key-note of tomorrow, and every heart should be a gleeful and a happy heart. The misery of naked heads, the woe of poor, naked wretches and the wants of the sick and hungry should be banished for this one day that has held, since the hour when Bethlehem was filled with light and the sky with music, so much of promise for the world and good cheer for its poor.

The charity concert, which promises such substantial results, does not take place for nearly a week yet, and Christmas will be tomorrow. Years nor months are necessary in which to find a blessing. Take up a collection today, a collection, around your own table of food, in your own wardrobe of clothing, out of your own pocket of money, and in every home and there will not be found an unhappy man, woman or child in all this city on tomorrow's Christmas.

MATERIAL MYSTERIES.

It is a paradox in life that the affairs with which we have to do in every day matters are most mysterious. It appears in the elements of what we see and hear—of what we eat and what we wear. It obtains in the logic of what we know, but cannot explain. It shows up in our own native qualities and constitutional tendencies. It requires no hair-splitting metaphysics to develop a profound mystery. One of Mr. Beecher's great sermons was on "The Background of Mystery." It was profound and suggestive, but why go scaling the heights of imagination to find a perspective for what, at best, is unthinkable? If mystery was to be the subject, why did he not draw upon material adjuncts? There is mystery in the contents, or the psychology of the victim who takes them for ailments.

Figures don't lie, but it is mysterious that the butcher retails his choice cuts at a uniform price, when the raw material fluctuates all the way up and down the scale of per cents, and always remains poor; and that the baker sells as many 5 cent loaves out of a \$12 barrel of flour as one which cost him 33 per cent, of that amount; and that a pair of all wool blankets can be sold at the compromise figure between the cost of wool and shoddy. The dispenser of choice imported wines at the cost of carriage from Rhineland may not have discovered the "ways that are dark, or tricks that are vain," but it is mysterious.

History abounds in puzzles—deeds and doings which baffle the understanding. There was double mystery in Ponce de Leon's fruitless search for the fountain of youth—mysterious that a man of culture and of gentle birth, should pursue a phantom, and mysterious to him that it was not revealed in the inspiration of his dying hour. The poor Salem witcher died—not the martyr's death, nor for the cause of outraged justice, but on the mysterious charge of being possessed of the demon mystery.

Why McClellan, with men, munitions and millions to back him, failed to cross the Patomac and capture an insignificant army as mysterious as that Horace Greeley should furnish bail for the arch-

traitor and supplicant captive in petticoats. Strange incentives and ghoulish fancies haunt the dreams of our present executive, when he coolly hazards the bread and the lives of millions in obedience to the demands of a party platform. There is mystery in secular pursuits. The mental process which prompts the speculator to risk the ninety-nine certainties of a fortune well in hand for the chance of suddenly acquiring a greater one is not even imaginable. The man who closes his eyes to his judgment and opens his ears to the story of an expert swindler, while he rifles his pockets, is the enigma—the walking embodiment of unaccountable fools. Why does the "great criminal lawyer" get down to plead the cause of a worthless criminal for a contingent fee? Why does the jailer increase his vigils after the prisoner has flown? How does the well dressed loafer support a style of two thousand a year, or literally, how do some people live? What of the mother who devotes the time due to her children to thankless charity, or to reforming an incorrigible public in the political arena or the lecture field? What is the mental status of the belle of society who barters her brightest hopes for a bogus foreign title and an "educated whisker?" Who can weigh the soul stirring emotions which lie beneath and behind a church fair? yet who has the magnifying optic to see the good that follows? How are we to enter the pearly gates by routes which lead in opposite directions is known to the Infinite mind only, but the greater mystery is that these conditions are made by men. Our Bible chronology divides and measures the centuries, yet its origin is vague as the authorship of "Beautiful Snow." We have authentic history of ancient Carthage, yet no title monger has been able to locate the town site. Whether the lost Atlantis is a myth or a reality, its latitude and longitude are lost in mystery.

We are told that protective duties reduce the cost of living, and that they do not reduce the cost of living; that a tariff is a tax and that it is not a tax. In finance we learn that a promise to pay has inherent, intrinsic value, and that bullion only has such value. The one thing certain is that there is delusion somewhere, and that somewhere, intermediate or beyond all laws and theories, lies the shining, beautiful truth, which is none the less potent by being clothed in mystery.

THE WHY OF WOMEN.

In an article on woman, the ballot and taxation, the editor of the EAGLE, the other day, set out an estimate of woman-kind in contradistinction to mankind. The Leavenworth Times pronounces the sentiments "slush" and "rubbish." Between the compositor and the proof reader our editorial was badly mangled; nevertheless it was a reflex of convictions such as no woman suffragist, male or female, can disturb. If, in the estimation of equal suffragists, the sentiments are open to the criticism of a want of masculinity, none can charge brutality. It is said that women admire the brute that is in the man. We doubt it. While undoubtedly she is compelled to endure that in him, brutality in the man is nevertheless as shocking to her as masculinity in women. And the woman who washes dishes and scrubs the faces of her children and the kitchen floor," alluded to by the Times, is no exception, otherwise the "Song of the Shirt" and Gene Ware's "Washer Woman" would never have found the universal echo in the human heart which they have.

All men are more or less of the brute brutal, and the more the brute he is the more difficult is it for him to distinguish that in woman which makes her more than the mere female and even more than the mother. We reaffirm that psychologically woman has ever been superior to her human conditions, or otherwise man has fallen infinitely beneath his own. There is no satisfactory solution other than that had man been in this respect woman's equal this world wouldn't have been good enough for the race, while upon the other hand had woman been as brutal as man this world would have been too good for them; so the matter was constituted as it is by an all wise Creator who probably little dreamed that a time would come when the abnormal of both sexes would get together in an attempt to make their spheres, natures and endowments alike, equal and interchangeable.

MORE TOPEKA TIDINGS.

There was another Topeka meeting of politicians this week. It was of an abject crowd, but it was no new crowd, not by any means. It was not emphatically an anti-Morrill crowd nor yet a pronounced Barney Kelly crowd. Greer and Douglas and Simpson and Burton and Aily and Findlay and Case and a number of others, including J. B. Johnson, were there, and all there as possible candidates. The meeting was as informally called as it seemed mysterious, still some things were developed. They were all, of course, anti-combiners unless the combiners should include them. The first thing discovered by the crowd was that there are not enough offices to go around and that too many of them are after the same office. The senatorship, the governorship and the congressman-at-large seemed the most conspicuous persimmons. It seemed further developed that Barney Kelly would be willing to shift to the senatorship if Aily could be satisfied. Joe Hudson by kept off the track and Ralph Burton's ever-wearing ambition squelched. Another snag encountered was in the shape of Cy Leland who had badly blocked things by promises made in the interest of the Brown county banker. At this meeting as at the Morrill "round up" the anti-republicans of the state were conspicuous for their absence. Those present, however, were all very strong men, individually and as a caucus—in their own estimation. In the meantime the people of the state are loyally, in patience and with entire confidence, waiting the happy hour when the whole matter will be fixed up satisfactorily to the dear fellows who are so willing, nay anxious, to become their servants.

Women have gained one important right since last Christmas. It is now no longer possible to tell whether a woman is wearing her hair in the very latest style or has merely forgot to comb it.



WESTERN KANSAS CROPS.

Reports from all parts of western Kansas represent the wheat crop in exceptionally fine condition and the acreage equal to the largest ever sown. The farmers are also giving special attention to alfalfa, the acreage to which is being increased nearly double each season. Having learned by experience what crops are surest as well as most profitable the farmers of that section have started upon the highway of success and prosperity. Wheat is as sure a crop in western Kansas as it is anywhere, while the expense of producing it is as small and the yield as large—conditions that settle the question of profit to the producer, the status of the market being favorable.

As for alfalfa, the practical tests, both as to its adaptability to climate and soil, its certainty and yields, have established it as one of the staple crops. It is free from damage, the effects of adverse weather conditions, than any other crop, except it gets a firm hold in a good setting. Alfalfa is a surer crop than even the native grasses, which makes it the stock raiser's desideratum. Horses thrive on it, cattle fatten upon it and hog develop more rapidly with it as their food than on any other single article. For forage there is nothing that equals it in quality or yield per acre. These qualities render alfalfa the most profitable crop that has so far developed for western Kansas. It is a success under normal conditions on uplands and bottom lands, and as irrigation is extended, as it will be, the crop will be enhanced in value on account of increased yield and improved quality.

With bread and meat thus insured and a surplus to fill the exchequer the citizens of western Kansas will become the most independent of all the rest, and ere long will be able to snap their fingers in the face of the fates that periodically distress those of every other quarter and country.

"All wool and a yard wide" doesn't mean a great deal now.

This summer torridity might adjourn for the holidays, at least.

Under Democratic rule the ship of state seems to be a revenue cutter.

When a gift is appreciated the giver gets the most satisfaction out of it.

Stock report: Industrial and railroad stocks will pass their dividends this year.

Up in Chicago, when a man wants 1,000 laborers he advertises for twenty-five.

It would be well to prove the sanity of the insanity experts in the Prendergast trial.

Still the senate holds Mr. Hornblower off. It is doubtful if they would recognize Gabriel.

With Cleveland president the laborer is in the soup—and Harrison the soup was in him.

Ice report: Next season's ice crop is very backward, and hasn't commenced to sprout yet.

In Kansas when a man gets mad he starts a new party; in Oklahoma he starts a new town.

Peixoto is scared. We would suggest that he wear suspenders on his heart to keep his courage up.

What Grover will find in his sock, more than a lock of the deposed Lill's wool, would be hard to tell.

Should Prendergast only go to the penitentiary for the murder of Mayor Harrison Algeid will pardon him out.

The individual who said that a green Christmas was unhealthful was born before southern Kansas was discovered.

If you have no objections to feeling real good, hunt up some needy family and make a merry Christmas for them.

All in all it has been a hard year, but then it has witnessed the downfall of the Louisiana lottery and female suspenders.

At the last sitting of the United States supreme court, every case brought up from Judge Gresham—five in all—was reversed.

The EAGLE wishes its readers everywhere without regard to party predilection, nationally set or sex a merry Christmas.

Our governor can reflect this morning that Santa Claus who covers the whole world in a night must be something of a tramp himself.

Now is the time when the wife gives the husband extravagant gifts and generously allows him to begin the new year by paying for them.

It never occurs to the youngster for some unaccountable reason to make his mother a present of a pair of pliable and easy house slippers.

If Cleveland would pay less attention to restoring Queen Lill, there might be some chance of his trying to get King Corn back on his throne.

Governor Lawelling is so prejudiced against the rock pile that he may yet send out to Governor Waite and ask him to have Pike's Peak removed.

If Cleveland were to live long enough to suffer a separate pang for every case of hopeless despair that he has promoted, Methuselah would lose his laurels.

Topeka talks about forty thousand population and eleven thousand registered voters. She cast but a little upwards of four thousand at the election this past week.

Over 100 marriage licenses have been issued in Wichita during the last week. There is some mistake. The expression is "merry Christmas," not "Marry Christmas."

Eastern cities have discarded the smoke-consumer as a measure of cleanliness. They do not need them. Under Democratic rule there is no manufacture and no smoke.

It has been amply proved during the past few days that if there is a person in the family whom you wish to keep in the dark about a certain present that person will be at the door when the clerk delivers it.

The Americans along the border are very foolish to go to war with Mexicans and kill and be killed over a few sheep, while the chances amounting almost to a certainty are that sheep will shortly become worth less than the feed they consume.

The drying up of the Missouri river is worrying the Cliff Dwellers, not that they have any personal use for water, but they want it for a bluff on the freight rate question. It has been growing steadily worse since old "procrusteaned precipitation" visited them.

There never was a time when the promises of the future were so devoutly yearned for as the present with the farmers of the United States. If time could only jump a couple of cogs and bring us around to March, 1896, what a relief the depressed farmer would experience by the everlasting banishment of the low prices for their products, especially wheat.

There is another reason why Wheeler is opposed to single statehood for Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. If the Indian Territory should come in there would be no more use for the committee on territories and Wheeler would be a chairman out of a job.

Superintendent Messer's experience at the Indian school near Lawrence has not been devoid of friction nor as pleasant, perhaps, as he could have wished, but it is extremely doubtful if the change in caste, from Indian to Negro, and in latitude from Kansas to Carolina, will prove more so.

Mayor-elect Harrison of Topeka, the Republican candidate, lacked but a few votes of receiving twice as many as both the other candidates. Only about half the male and one-third of the female vote was cast. The election was held under the new state law, with the Australian ballot and booth.

We make too much of our cranks. Other states are as well provided in that respect but they wisely refrain from pushing them forward into prominence. Let the crank revolve until he knows not which way to turn, but let us who run that mighty engine, the press, tacitly acknowledge his right to attain obscurity in his own way, without molestation.

In one of his public speeches recently, David Overmyer declared that "prohibition has been of more detriment to the prosperity of the state than has Populism," and the Democrats are quoting the statement at the Pops to prove to them that David is the man they should support for governor next year. The compliment is in the comparison, but the Pops being something of prohibitionists themselves they will probably fail to appreciate it.

The action of the board of regents of the State Normal school at Emporia in prohibiting the game of football on the grounds of the institution and forbidding the pupils to participate in the game elsewhere, may have been a slight stretch of authority, but the stretch was in the right direction. As at present planned and played the game educates the participants to become rough and tough, trends in which nature needs no assistance. The game should be remodelled or abandoned intoto.

It is not so much the value of the gift that causes it to be appreciated by the recipient as the motive that inspires the giver. A penny's worth, conveying the hearty good will of the donor, is more valuable to the appreciative person who receives it in the same spirit than a gift of great intrinsic value made grudgingly or from some sinister motive. A gift may be an instrument of torture or a vehicle of delight, along the lines above indicated. If the true spirit of the event the beautiful custom is meant to commemorate shall be the prompting, then will the gifts of the "morrow," made because of the "morrow," make it indeed a happy Christmas to those who receive as well as to those who give.

The paralyzing effects of Democratic rule upon the industrial and commercial interests of the country has been well nigh universal, the railroads suffering in full proportion to every other. During the year sixty-three roads have passed into the hands of receivers, a number greater by two than all the roads that were operated by officers of the law at the beginning of the year, bringing the total number now so managed up to 123. The total mileage of these lines is \$2,195,000,000. Total funded debt \$97,812,000. Capital stock \$79,700,000, exclusive of bonds; total bonds and capital stock, \$1,727,512,000. These lines represent 19 per cent of the railway mileage of the United States and 16.3 per cent of the entire apparent investments as represented by the bonds and stock.

The Blackwell Record says that that town is moving south, but it is doing it by regular growth of the corporate limits.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1893.

[BY ONE OF THE MASC.]

December, dark and dreary,  
To the Christmas seems divine,  
With snowy robes untaint'd  
And jewels crystalline,  
The source of hope eternal  
To cheer us on life's way,  
We love thee, dark December,  
Thou bringest Christmas day.  
Thou brought'st the Redeemer,  
Whose death for all suffic'd  
The long-expected Saviour  
The Messianic Christ;  
Rejoice, ye sons of Adam;  
Deliverance is nigh,  
Hark! hear the angels coming  
"With tidings of great joy."  
The gloria in excelsis  
Was the sweetest holiest strain  
That e'er reverberated  
O'er Judah's lonely plain  
Its music to the shepherds  
Of what then and where occur'd  
Was the most triumphant anthem  
That nature ever heard.  
Ye skeptics, great of reason,  
Who oracles condemn  
Behold the prophet's triumph  
In far-off Bethlehem;  
"The sceptre shall depart not  
From Judah until he  
Come" at the time predicted  
In Jacob's prophecy.  
The ancient rites were emblems  
Of "Israel's holy One."  
"All nature's expectation"  
Was Mary's sinless son;  
Hope fill'd the soul of Adam  
When Jehovah kindly said  
"The offspring of the woman  
Shall crush the serpent's head."  
"Twere sweet in adoration  
To kneel down on that sod  
Still hallow'd by the footsteps  
Of an incarnate God,  
And there of self forgetful  
Continually pray  
That all would find thro' Jesus  
An endless Christmas-day.  
Gies May Farm, Dec. 1893.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

Malone has furnished his bond of \$1,500. Cyrus Corning, Populist, is gallivanting around Oklahoma.

The Santa Fe, it is said, has promised to put in a depot at Perry.

Mike Eickhoff of El Reno, it is said, will succeed Treasurer Murphy.

The first store building in the strip is being constructed at Newkirk.

Oklahoma City is literary. Anybody who writes for the papers is right in it.

Koid has a new red street sprinkler that is a thing of beauty and a joy forever.

The bachelors of Pond Creek are going to organize a club for mutual protection.

Guthrie has a new dancing club that does not permit Hebrews to become members.

Mr. Boloupe was held up at Perry the other night. He did not lose any of his name.

The school children of Medford are making a map of the United States in wax.

Just now the average Methodist in Guthrie has a profound pity for his Baptist neighbor.

Sam Small wants Oklahoma to establish a large non-sectarian educational institution.

Bion Hutchins of Ponca City arises to remark that the coyote is the greatest ventriloquist on earth.

McMasters has sued the Oklahoma City Press-Gazette for criminal libel. Here is one of McMasters' jokes again.

It is bound to occur to some people, now that Oklahoma is likely to be made a state that maybe it isn't the thing after all.

A Ponca City man, in describing his lot to a possible purchaser, said: "It is 30 feet wide, 100 feet long and 4,999 miles deep."

The Rock Island has served an injunction on the mayor of Enid restraining him from cutting a grade in their right-of-way.

Aspirants are flocking around the two new judgeships in Oklahoma like men around a "No Ladies Admitted" sign-show.

Chief Murphy of the Enid fire department now twists the tail of the fire bell with an elegant gold badge dangling on his vest.

It will be well to keep an eye on Beaver county the next two days. It may attempt to give itself to Kansas as a Christmas present.

Thompson of the Guthrie News calls one of his esteemed contemporaries a "gan-grened skunk." Thompson might be said to be getting personal.

The Oklahoma City man who put in a large stock of hard coal now reserves the afternoon of each day in which to devote his whole time to kicking himself.

Men who have taken the contract to act as Santa Claus at church socials in Oklahoma might as well resign themselves and prepare to be smothered to death.

According to the Enid Tribune several fiddlers have been arrested at that place for fiddling without a license. Men can not make people miserable in Enid without paying for it.

EXCHANGE EPITOMES.

Patience in Love's Service.  
Let her own me, let her fly on,  
Let her eyes their light deny on,  
Never shall my heart cease to despair  
Or my tongue cease to tell my care,  
Mock to love, and laugh to grief,  
Is to heaven the nearest way.

Gained His Reward.  
From the Topeka Capital.  
Mr. A. A. Stewart, who has just been appointed superintendent of the deaf and dumb asylum at Oklahe, was formerly Republican politician at Manhattan. When Cleveland was elected he tried to get a reappointment from him and failing in this he left both the old parties because they were so awfully corrupt, dishonest, and joined the Pops.

A Modern Atlas.  
From the Atchison Champion.  
Dick Walker (United States marshal) has a scheme on foot to build a little railway, a thousand miles or so, from Salt Lake to Los Angeles. It will open up large coal fields. The money is not all subscribed yet, but Dick can carry the entire project on his own lousy shoulders if necessary.

That's the Doctrine.  
From the Lawrence World.  
Since the declaration of the Topeka Capital in effect that it will be necessary next year for the Republicans to stick to straight Republicanism and anti-

calamity, the Journal does not know of a single influential Republican paper in the state that advocates putting prohibition, woman suffrage and all the other items in the platform, as it does, together in the text of righteousness, with a plab form of sound Republican planks.

TAKING A WOMAN'S ARM.

The Policeman is the Only Man Who Can Do So with Propriety.

There is only one man in the world who can be pardoned for the atrocity of taking a woman's arm, and he is the policeman who arrests her for shoplifting or tries to save her from a cable car trolley car or some other form of sudden death. Any other man guilty of such a massacre of good taste and good manners deserves—not to be shot, but to be designated "a gent."

Common sense and custom have established the rule that after dark a gentleman shall give his arm to the lady he is with. This not only signifies to the public that he is acting as an escort, and saves her from its comments and jostling, but enables the two to keep easily in step. There are also occasions during the day when a rude crowd, rough walking, standing in the cars, or lack of strength makes a manly arm doubly welcome to a delicate woman. In short, the courtesy is beautiful in its significance of the attitude of man and woman.

It must be admitted, however, that many men are so ignorant or so careless in their manner of extending this courtesy that a sensitive woman would rather walk with both hands in her muff or her pockets, she daret than avail herself of it. Walking behind a couple arm-in-arm, one can generally guess at the man's breeding and his relation to the woman. The anxious lover is as easily detected as the indifferent husband.

The former holds his arm at an angle acute with hope and tenderness and admirably adapted to the height of the angel who trips beside him. When she puts her little hand under his coat sleeve his heart goes with a thump to meet it, and it is with an ill-concealed effort that he refrains, if he does refrain, from pressing it passionately to his side as he blesses himself that the cruel world does sanction this one sweet, unspoken mode of communication. As even the noblest, stoniest street inclines toward the sparkling and murmuring stream, his whole being leans toward the tender creature at his side, and, with a courage that is delicious to contemplate, he protects her in her innocent little alarm from even the shadow of a mouse on the sidewalk.

Then watch the married man, but the ideal married man, but the average husband of the average wife. He stalks along as nearly like the red Indian with his squaw in his tracks as civilization permits. His strong arm, crooked at the feeblest angle, hangs limply down, furnishing a sort of sliding scale for the slender hand that in vain seeks a resting place. Sometimes, in crossing a walk or mounting a step, the slender hand slips away altogether, and then in accordance with his degree of natural brutality, indifference or ill-breeding, he asks why the something she can't hold on, or what the thing-a-bob she's trying to do now. She sighs and says nothing.

Better it is to see a couple just in the prime of life and who have climbed the heights together so well and so faithfully that they walk with one gait, just as they feel, with one accord; he with slender arm well squared to the world and a strong arm that holds with tender firmness the hand that came to him with the truest heart in all the world.

Best of all see the venerable couple, whose bent figures and snowy locks are beautified by the love of a life-time, as arm in arm they descend the hill of life into the shadows of the peaceful valley. To return, however, to the purely practical aspect of arm-giving. It is well to add that in certain parts of the country it has a peculiar significance. For instance, we are told that in Wisconsin for a young lady to accept of a gentleman's arm in the daylight is almost equivalent to the sending out of wedding cards, and we know this to be so in east Tennessee. Right up in the Great Smoky mountains, which Miss Murfree so lovingly depicts, the stalwart mountaineer, whose six feet of brown and muscle becomes as so much pulp, will approach his divinity at a camp meeting or picnic with the agitating question, "Has she winge?" This is the crucial test. If from the depths of a fascinating sun bonnet issue the cruel words, "I wouldn't give shucks for chicken," then the mountaineer knows his doom. If, however, through those gringham frills is breathed the tender words, "I don't care if I do"—then being forth the magnolia blossoms and ring the bells.—N. Y. Press.

Debits of Women.  
The number of grossly extravagant women who carry the burden of their debts about London society is enormous. Many of them are rich, but that fact does not prevent them from outrunning the constable. We know instances of famous women in the London world at this moment, says Heath and Home, whose husbands are worth large fortunes, women who have dressmakers' bills they cannot pay, which they simply dare not show to the men whose liberal allowances they have squandered in reckless follies. One beauty told on the other day that she owed her dressmaker £2,500, and that she saw no more way of paying her than of paying the national debt. She did not dare to mention the bill to her husband, rich though he was, and so she compromised the matter by ordering more gowns that she didn't want, and allowing the dressmaker to charge anything she liked for them. And so the snowball of debt rolls on.—N. Y. World.

Portrait in Water Colors.  
Artist—I am sorry you insist upon a portrait in water colors. I should do you greater justice in oil. Patron—'I must insist upon a water color. I come of a long line of teetotalers and am a prohibitionist myself.—Pittsburgh Courier.

Awarded Highest Honors World's Fair. DR. PRICE'S Cream Baking Powder. The Only Pure Cream of Tartar Powder.—No Ammonia; No Alum. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.