

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor. For the State Convention to be held at Topeka June 6.

THE WHOOP AS STOCK IN TRADE.

A juxtaposition of hard times and ready mouths are drawing hard lines for this beloved country. The yawn of the socialistic reorganizer mobilizes the tired patriot and the tramping loafer grasps a situation and awakes to fame. Where ready supplies end there trouble begins. Too much mouth brought trouble to Ireland whose daughters and sons thereupon seized America. All might have been well on this side had they left their mouths on the other. Men everywhere are found responding to a howl for bread in which the promise is only stones, instead. The dead beat exists in an industrial army the inscription of whose banner is loaf and beg at will, but steal if you must. What per cent of this cause are well meaning men would be hard to say, but that the great body are ignorant and their leaders designing demagogues is not questioned. There is the tom-tom, the slogan and the pass word. The black flag, the trigger and sword are only missing. Enlist, enroll, let loose the dogs of war, is the cry of the Coxeys, and the hatchet is metaphorically unearthed and the torch of war lighted with the comparative flame of a glow worm's tail or the light of a lightning bug. It is all warlike and internecine, but wanting the belicose of a cannon's mouth. The whoop and the drum beat are but a make-believe, the pibroch and bugle being wind, manipulated in the mug apertures of those whose stock in trade is wind and wind only.

The conditions that make such a demonstration possible are here, undeniably, but that any instantaneous relief is possible no one believes, not even the leaders of the so-called industrial army themselves. Many of these men have left work in which they could have gained at least a livelihood.

If it were possible, and a national election could be held this fall, relief would be instantaneous, for the reason that the universal conviction of how such election would go would restate confidence. There is no other trouble, industrial or financial, save that which comes of an all prevailing distrust, principally of an inability to figure out the results to the producer, manufacturer and trader, of the pending tariff legislation, when it shall have become the law of the land.

Industrial army movements and strikes, and the like, but intensifies such distrust, and the owner of money is thus induced to hold on to it until he can see his way clear, which simply hampers every specie of business and shrinks the money value of every kind of property.

So Coxeys' army might march till doomsday, while any affirmative action of congress in response to the demands of Coxeys' cohorts, being simply an experiment, would likely plunge the country in deeper distress.

IT IS NOT THE DAY OF ADVERSITY.

"The poorest day that passes over us," says Carlyle, "is the confux of two eternities. It is made up from the currents that issue from the remotest past and flow onward to the remotest future." Not only the days, but the deeds and purposes of men are linked by the ever lasting present. What is past, say, seems like a dream, or it may be brightened by rose tints and sunshine or yet embittered with the wormwood of some sad experience we fain would forget, but the day that is with us bridges the chasm beyond which we look with that "hope which springs eternal" and without which all human aspiration would die within us. This day of adversity in our secular affairs is not the meanest nor the darkest we have seen or may see. It is what is left us, and the provision is ample upon which to build for the future. If the past has left us nothing better than a wreck of fortune and disappointed hopes then the present should be the beacon-light by which we discern the course toward future conquests. It is the weak minded, the man without will or purpose, who falters and complains at the so-called decrees of fate; but is it fate? and are there decrees touching his ill-derived plans? Probably not. Plans carried to a successful issue are never attributed to fate. They are fondled and cherished, as of our own making, but let them fail and we hurriedly saddle them upon fate, luck, or destiny. The man of business who has discovered his own inherent weakness has rolled away the greatest obstacle to fortune. If the discovery comes through adverse fortune and actual loss, so much the more valuable, and should be counted the best of his assets, and the date of its discovery an era in his business career. If now is the day, let it be fixed as the date and beginning of safe dealing. Let it fix the limit of useless mortgages and unwarranted promises to pay. Let it mark the event of growth upon the fundamental principle that accruing profits, only, constitute a safe principal, though the beginning be ever so small. Let it establish the unalterable rule that no man has the right to speculate, or take undue risks with money not his own, though backed by bonds, mortgages or personal security. If we but utilize it as the period for laying the foundation upon which to build permanently, taking advantage of the rise which must follow the present depression in values there will be no occasion to put a blot upon this day of seeming adversity. The present low prices, from whatever cause, make the opportunity for growth with the rise. The present contraction is as certain to bring an expansion as that day succeeds night, and he will be who invests his dimes, to take up dollars on the return of the next tide of speculation.

ARISTOCRACY OF CRANKS.

In all this din of discontent, Kansas is not. While the nation reverberates with the wail of the west and the shriek of the soprano wail, which is peculiar to Kansas, to rise above the detonating uproar and stab the wail in the neck. Coxeys and his hordes of howling hoboes have marched up under the portals of the national capitol, and are calling for justice and hot biscuits. General Kelly and his centurions are gouging the rich alluvial soil of Iowa with their feet. There are fifteen movements squirming about the country kicking against the United States in

WITCH, BEAUTY OR BRAINS.

From the Emporia Republican. "Do Men Care for Erudition in Women?" was a subject recently discussed by a woman's league in New York. Miss Starr, who presented the subject, said that the idea was suggested to her by reading a few lines written by Herbert Spencer: "Men care little for erudition in women, but very much for physical beauty, good nature and common sense. How many conquests does the blue stocking make through her extensive knowledge of history? What man ever fell in love with a woman because she understood Italian? Kiss cheeks, laughing eyes, and a finely rounded figure are far greater attractions." Miss Starr decided to question her own countrymen regarding their opinions, and found that only two out of eight—and these were professors—wanted intelligence in preference to other qualities. One didn't care for beauty, but the young woman "clothes must fit," one wanted a clever woman to talk to, but didn't care to marry a woman who murdered English, neither did he desire her to be able to translate Greek. A newspaper man, when questioned, was considerably excited and replied: "Beauty is a great factor, but she must have intelligence and must not nag." In the discussion which followed there was a general agreement that personal attraction was far more potent charm with man than any amount of erudition.

Even Worth, the Parisian, has caught the Democratic spirit. He announces that ladies' purses this season will be much smaller. Breckinridge's friends say it was a northern conspiracy and are waving the bloody shirt. The opposition is waving the closed carriage. Coxeys is going to stay in Washington, he says, until something is done. The Republican congress will not take its seat until next year.

Tomorrow the Seventh district Republicans meet at Newton and select a man to do the great rolling-off-log act of being elected to congress. The city ambulance corps is in readiness in Washington, as it is understood that Peffer may begin his speech to the Commonwealth at any hour. The utter absence of anything from Bill Hackney on the Coxeys movement, suggests that he is quietly waiting for England to show her hand.

No one will be surprised if Breckinridge is elected. Breckinridge couldn't surprise this country in anything unless it was by paying that \$15,000. Dean Swift said: "A man makes his surroundings." This is the method by which the Kansas state house has been turned into an insane asylum. Dear! dear! Mrs. Potter Palmer has complimented the Kansas world's fair board on its work. What does Mrs. Palmer know about it, any way. The idea of the average senator appears to be that in this country every man should be as good as another, or, even, as the Irishman added, "a little better."

A CASE OF DEPERATION.

From the Chicago Tribune. He looked rather lugubrious and his chin hailed him to know what it was about. "Well, ah, that is, it's about Miss Alice." "Turned you down, has she? Well, I know an awfully nice girl that I'll introduce you to. I call on her sister rather often, and you could keep her in the back parlor, while—"

A SQUARE BACKDOWN.

The tariff row in the senate, as reported in our dispatches yesterday morning, can mean but one thing—a backdown. The three hundred amendments proposed to the Democratic House bill by the Democratic committee of the senate was in itself a revelation of unhappy conditions existing in the ranks of the majority, as it was a notification to the country that that party did not dare do what Cleveland through the Wilson bill had concluded; but when the cat was let out of the bag to the effect that the Voorhees committee, under instructions from Carlisle, had altered the entire scope and reversed the original provisions of the bill, it was no wonder that Turpie and his confederates made exhibitions of themselves. Turpie in his anger sneeringly referred to the antecedents of Senator Aldrich. The entire country knows that Turpie was but a third rate Indiana lawyer himself. Never in the history of political parties was there such a back-down and about-face as that now being experienced by the representatives of the party of tariff reform. They lack the courage of so far carrying out the declarations of their platform as to test their sincerity by passing the law embodying their convictions. The conservatism of the Democratic party is only surpassed by its cowardice.

THE HEROIC TREATMENT.

"The wages of sin is death." It would have been almost a crime for the newspapers to have withheld from the public the rottenness which Breckinridge would have had society condone. The scalpel of the press made the healthy parts of the body politic cry out with anguish, but the instrument went to the bottom of the festering corruption. A minister said to the editor of this paper that the daily proceedings of the court during the trial. The minister's duty is to preach Christ and his religion, which means not only morality for the world, but much more. The mission of a newspaper is news; if the news is good to commend; if bad to condemn; but still to hold up the mirror that shall truthfully reflect the image of society, that it may be benefited or take warning. Silence upon the part of the press where wrong exists or crime is sought to be hidden or covered up, would itself be a species of crime. The resultant work of both press and pulpit is morality, but it is not the primary mission of either. The press and the pulpit are great forces, but in entirely different fields.

GEORGE AND HIS SLEDGE HAMMER.

From the Kansas City Star. It is beginning to look very much as though the Republicans of Kansas will try to send Douglas and his sledge hammer to keep company in the congressional museum with Kilgore and his famous boot, Cannon and his mouth and other choice political specimens.

PROFITABLE CURRENCY.

From the New York Herald. The fractional currency of the United States was the most profitable form of money ever issued by the federal authorities. All of it that was lost or destroyed, and this is estimated in round figures at \$5,000,000, but is probably more, is figured as a clear gain to the government.

The total amount of the currency emitted, including reissues, was \$988,730,073.51. The total amount redeemed aggregates \$333,447,698.50. This would apparently leave outstanding \$655,282,375.01, but in the last annual debt statement the outstanding amount is set down as \$6,900,504.25. This amount is merely an estimate of the authorities, but clearly illustrates the fact that \$377,925 has been marked off to profit and loss.

The government still stands ready to redeem its fractional currency and has no intention of reissuance save of it.

LIFE IN A DUG-OUT.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Some people are not aware of the fact that in the southwestern part of this country a considerable percentage of the people live actually under the ground. Farmers, cowboys, ranchmen and various others are among the number, and they form by no means a poverty-stricken array. Pat yourself in your circumstances, and see what you can't build a house out of gold itself. What shall you do? If you are a sensible man, you simply dig you a house in the ground, roof it over and spend your nights unmolested by cyclones in the spring or northers in the winter. Of course, you expect some day soon to build you a house of a different kind, but you gradually grow to like your new quarters, and as you are very busy any way, that "some day" doesn't come for a long time. Dugouts have been a great help to Texas. Many a herd has been kept and many a farm has been cultivated which never would have been till years later had the owner been obliged to wait till he could build him a home of wood or brick.

Some are dug straight down into the ground, while others are dug in the side of a hill. The one in which I recently spent the night was of the former kind. It was fifteen by twenty feet at the bottom and about seven feet deep. About three feet from the floor the walls were abruptly widened out, thus giving a shelf in the solid earthen wall some three feet wide and extending around the whole of the room. This was an exceedingly convenient arrangement, as it answered for chairs, dining-table, miscellaneous shelving, and beds, all in one. My friend had cut a fire-place of proper size in the solid dirt wall, and by means of a post-hole augur had bored a chimney down to it. One single joint stovepipe projected from the top of this chimney out into the open air. Looking up from within I could see the structure of the roof. One log had been laid across the dugout in the direction of its greatest extent, and did duty as a ridge pole. Smaller ones were placed with one end on this and the other on the ground, just as the rafters of a house are arranged. Hay had been thrown on top of these, and above all a pile of dirt had been banked up. There was a slanting door in this like that of a cellar, and leading up to it was a flight of steps. These were rather steep, but one was not afraid of their breaking down with him. They were cut in solid dirt. Under ordinary circumstances one might have objected to the room on the score of its having nothing resembling a window, but with the temperature outside as it was, this was an advantage rather than otherwise. A bright roaring fire burned on the hearth, and as we reclined on the blankets spread over our shelf-like beds, I thought the whole scene an embodiment of substantial, comfortable and picturesque luxury. We could hear the wind howling and roaring outside, but aside from this there was nothing to indicate that the first northern of the season, and one of the fiercest known for years, was raging outside.

One class of dugouts, instead of going vertically into the ground go horizontally, at the side of a hill or a bank of earth. This form is preferable to the other, but of course the finding of a suitable hill is pre-requisite to its construction. Once when in the Swisscher country, over one hundred miles west of here, I saw a house of this kind, furnished in a manner to satisfy anybody's taste. It was built with a view not to saving money, but to saving wood. The walls and ceiling had been canvassed and papered, the floor had been strewn with hay and then covered with rich carpeting, but there was not a particle of wooden flooring, and only enough wood for a framework for walls and ceiling.



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JEWETT STOCK FARM, Cheney, Ks.

UTILIZING THE OCEAN WAVES. From Cassell's Magazine. Now that some enterprising genius has proposed to press into service the wave power of the Bosphorus for lighting the Turkish capital it might not be amiss to call to mind at least one or two of several more modest schemes of wave power utilization that have actually been called into effect, and that have practically demonstrated wave motors to possess elements of decided value and usefulness. One of the summer resorts along the New Jersey coast, consisted in the use of a thick wooden blade, strongly built, about five feet wide and eight feet long, which was hung from pivots at its upper corners, between two piles of the dock, and was free to be swung to and fro by the waves. Projecting from the upper edge was a rod so connected as to operate a pump which raised water to a tank, to which it was delivered to start for street sprinkling.

The contrivance, it will be understood, depended for its action upon the progressive action of the waves, which swung the pivoted blade. Crude as this apparatus was, it appeared to give quite satisfactory results, and led to the use, a short time later, of a second motor of the same general class, though essentially different in manner of operation, depending, as it did, upon the rise and fall of a float acted upon by the waves, and upon the to-and-fro motion of a sliding valve.

A timber frame was pivoted at one end between the piles of a dock, and at the other end carried a float, which, of course, was free to rise and fall with the waves. A wire rope extending from the float passed over two sheaves and carried a weight at its other end. Attached to this rope was a second one, which passed over still another sheave to the plunger of a pump, the water from which was delivered to an overhead tank. The float weighed about two thousand five hundred pounds and the counterweight two thousand pounds. As the float rose on a wave this counterweight descended and lifted the pump plunger, which performed the return stroke by its own weight the counterweight being lifted by the falling float. Allowance could be made for the rise and fall of the tide by changing the length of the rope leading from the counterweight to the pump plunger, and provision was also made for lifting the float entirely out of the water when the waves were running unusually high. The pump used had a six-inch bore and a six-foot stroke, and ordinarily filled the twelve thousand gallon tank in about seven hours.

Me—You can't very well have a headache five days ahead, so just say we have an engagement. She—But that will be plain fibbing. Me—It's no more fibbing than to say that we accept with pleasure, and no more likely to be found out, for I should hate awfully to go, as I am sure that I couldn't conceal my feelings.—Harper's Magazine.