Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

REPUBLICAN CALL.

For the State Convention to be Held at Topeka June 6.

The formal call for the Republican state convention has been issued, signed by the officers of the state central committee, as follows:

A delegate convention of the Republicans of Kansas will convene in the city of Topeka, Wednesday, the 6th day of June, 1894, at 12 o'clock, m., for the nomination of candidates for associate justice of the supreme court, governor, lieutenant governor, secretary of state, auditor of state, treasurer of state, attorney general, superintendent of public instruction. Said convention will also nominate a candidate for congressman-at-large.

Delegates to this convention shall be elected by county conventions duly called by the several county Republican committees under such rules and regulations as may be by them prescribed. The basis of appointment of delegates to said state convention will be one delegate-at-large for each county of the state and one delegate for every 200 votes, or fraction of 100 or more votes, cast for W. C. Edwards for secretary of state in the election of 1892, no county to have less than two delegates:

Allen	9	Linn	11
Anderson	9	Logan	3
Atchison	14	Lyon	14
Barber	6	Marion	12
Barton	8	Marshall	14
Bourbon	13	McPherson	12
Brown	14	Meade	3
Butler	14	Miami	12
Chase	5	Mitchell	8
Chautauqua	8	Montgomery	15
Cherokee	15	Morris	8
Cheyenne	4	Morton	3
Clark	2	Nemaha	12
Clay	9	Neosho	4
Cloud	11	Ness	4
Coffey	10	Norton	6
Comanche	2	Osage	14
Cowley	20	Osborne	7
Crawford	16	Ottawa	8
Decatur	4	Pawnee	4
Dickinson	13	Phillips	8
Doniphan	12	Pottawatomie	12
Douglas	15	Pratt	4
Edwards	3	Rawlins	4
Elk	7	Reno	17
Ellis	4	Republic	12
Ellsworth	6	Rice	10
Finney	4	Riley	9
Ford	4	Rooks	5
Franklin	12	Rush	4
Geary	5	Russell	6
Gove	3	Saline	10
Graham	3	Scott	2
Grant	2	Sedgwick	25
Gray	2	Seward	2
Greeley	2	Shawnee	25
Greenwood	10	Sheridan	3
Hamilton	2	Sherman	4
Harper	7	Smith	8
Harvey	12	Stafford	5
Haskell	2	Stanton	2
Hodgeman	3	Stevens	2
Jackson	10	Sumner	19
Jefferson	11	Thomas	3
Jewell	11	Trego	3
Johnson	11	Wabaunsee	8
Kearney	2	Wallace	3
Kingman	7	Washington	15
Kiowa	3	Wichita	2
Labette	16	Wilson	10
Lane	2	Woodson	6
Leavenworth	18	Wyandotte	30
Lincoln	8		

The secretaries of the several county conventions are requested to forward to the undersigned chairman at Topeka, Kansas, a certified copy of the credentials of the several delegates immediately upon the adjournment of the county conventions, said credentials to be received at Topeka not later than the morning of June 4th. The credentials should show the postoffice address of each delegate. From the credentials the Republican state central committee will prepare a roster of those entitled to participate in the preliminary organization of the convention.

By order of the committee.

FRANK L. BROWN, Secretary. J. M. SIMPSON, Chairman.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

FOR CONGRESS:

Seventh District.....CHESTER I. LONG

No wonder Morrill is a strong candidate. He has to be. He will carry the day.

That dead lock in the Second district is the result of the absence of a dead sure thing.

The Kansas chigger beats the Washington policeman in making people keep off the grass.

It has now been fully a week since any actress has attempted to break into the Gould family.

If we were not entering on June we might regard the coal miners' strike as a game of freeze out.

The newspapers still continue to call her "Miss" Lillian Russell. Certainly more Miss than hit.

If Funston is finally beaten it will be a severe blow to him and it will not be through his larynx.

And Breckenridge is again constrained to put the wick of his incandescent character up a little bit higher.

The way to test those plates, if Carnegie insists, is to make him stand behind one when it is shot at.

It is understood that Funston holds the key to the situation but he couldn't open that dead lock with it.

Close our doors to the foreigners? Why, they would have no country in which to riot and murder then.

Warden Chase is now charged with corruption. But he can't be sent to the penitentiary. He is already there.

Mrs. Catt says she would willingly give up her life for equal suffrage. Of course. She would have eight left.

Perhaps the Minnesota crank deferred killing Mrs. Lease until he could get up an army to come along and help him.

There was a time when a man who tried to bribe a senator was kicked down stairs. But why go into ancient history?

Coxey, when he dies will probably ask that the grass on his grave be kept green and that plutocrats be kept off it.

Congress, like the Olathe convention, has done nothing. But as the convention has adjourned the similarity is rudely shattered.

Apparently those Carnegie plates will lead to the government fortifying its ship with material fashioned after restaurant pie crust.

If Coxey should ever get into congress he would move to amend the Bible so the eleventh commandment would read: "Keep off the grass!"

The Englishmen cheered Cleveland at a banquet in London. They appear to realize just how he stands in public esteem in this country.

Contrary to all predictions, Rosebery's ministry still lives. In the classic language of Mark Antony, Rosebery is considerable of a cuss.

The development that the ordinary congressional bribe is about $30,000 makes Breckinridge's offer of $10 to Miss Pollard appear more despicable than ever.

THE COARSE BRUTE THAT HE IS.

Miss Effie Gilstrap is the editor, or editress, if you please, of the Chandler, Oklahoma, News. Effie is evidently for female suffrage. In going for the editor of the EAGLE, woman fashion, she accuses us of coarseness. Of course, Effie, we are "coarse." The question is, how much does that man who is as fine in fiber as a woman amount to, anyway? If Effie is not doomed to cats, tea and leathery old maidenhood, she, herself, can have little use for the man whose brute force has been eliminated or refined away. Such men fail in the struggle of life; fail ignobly to be the stay, protector and comforter of woman. There are such, we admit; but nine times out of ten they are supported by a wife, mother, or some association in which women predominate. If men were not men, and women were coarse, possessing the brute force and elements of man, then we would say, by all means, transfer the responsibility of the ballot, of public life, together with the conflict in which man has wrested from nature all that renders civilization desirable, over to women.

Look into your heart, Effie, deep down into your woman nature, and you will find there an admiration for the brute that is in the man, or otherwise you ought to be an old maid with a ballot in each hand and a chance to vote twice at every election at least.

But the coarseness and brute attributes in man which have enabled him to conquer the world of nature for himself and wife and children, are the very elements which cause him to admire the womanly tenderness and the feminine softness of woman, and which renders him at once her champion almoner and contented slave.

And more and further, Effie: No man is ever so "coarse" or brutal that coarseness in a woman does not shock him, especially if he is convinced that she is a pure woman. A woman passed along one of the streets of this city a short time since, dressed peculiarly but comfortably. Her skirts reached to her knees, underneath which was an ordinary pair of men's trousers, the legs of which came down to her shoe tops. She went gently—modestly. Certainly, however, she attracted the attention of "coarse" men. Some of them smiled sneeringly others looked disgusted. Many swore under breath, and ground their teeth. Only the refined wing of apron-string graduation or a pronounced woman's-righter could have discovered anything pleasurable in the sight. Many men, common coarse fellows, a greater number than you dream of Effie, are disturbed and rendered, somehow, uncomfortable every time they see a woman astride of a bicycle. They don't find anything in the thing to openly criticize, but there is a suggestiveness of unwomanliness and the "coarse" brute suffers accordingly to himself, at least he don't tell it to women, because women wouldn't understand so refined an objection, almost unexplainably refined, coming from a brute.

WICHITA'S RAIN PRODUCERS.

That was an odd advertisement appearing for the first time on the first page of yesterday morning's EAGLE. In all the history of journalism no such an advertisement was ever put in type before. It offers rain at so much an inch, to be paid for on delivery, for any section designated. The purchasers take no risks in buying the rain as the water is guaranteed or no pay; no irrigating ditch or other diverted water from a stream, but water from the clouds of heaven, formed in a clear blue sky, water charged with amonia, electricity and all the necessary elements to vegetable growth, rain in so many hours by the watch and on time.

Two or three gentlemen of this city having given some months study to the prevailing atmospheric conditions of the transmissouri region and to investigating the mechanical and combined chemical agencies employed by the government and by other "rainmakers" as tests, commenced a series of chemical demonstrations this spring in this city. Having convinced themselves that enforced precipitation by the artificial means employed by them was a sure thing, Mr. Mathews went out, last week, to the central plains of western Kansas and opened out under a clear blue sky, a high barometer and a forty-mile north wind, his alternating volumes of generated gas. The storm center was developed and a splendid rainfall ensued, covering an area of two or three counties. This is the report.

All this sounds like fairy tale magic, but Mr. Matthews is a solid and successful business man of this city who offered yesterday to wager a good sum that he would produce clouds and other rain indications in forty minutes from the time in which he was speaking, the sky being perfectly clear and no indications of precipitation, but nobody would cover his money.

BUT A CUTE DODGE.

A great many honest people have been led to believe, no doubt, the senate sugar investigation to be a commendable effort either to purge that body of corruption or an ordinary effort to whitewash over a stain. It was neither, however. Nobody suspicioned the two senators who instigated the investigation. There is not a smarter set of men on earth than the majority of the United States senate, when it comes to a question of commercial politics. A number of them were head over heels in the conspiracy which sequestered the Wilson tariff bill for weeks while millions were manipulated out of sugar. But the orders for buying and selling from Washington became so numerous and enormous as to excite comment, and something had to be done to allay a suspicion which was fast becoming a conviction that there was a deal on between the Wall street heads of the sugar trust and the members and friends of that committee behind locked doors in the capitol at Washington. When an investigation seemed inevitable then it was that the superior smartness of the senate fellows twisted a threatened disaster into a triumphant vindication. Having provided the straw witnesses and the humbug victims, they themselves moved an investigation, and of course the committee found nothing for the simple reason the wrong men were investigated, or otherwise the right men were investigated for the wrong thing. The whole move was a pre-arranged by-play for throwing dust into the eyes of the public and diverting attention from the really guilty in the one instance and the real guilt in the other. Today or tomorrow the committee will report that there was no foundation for the charges, winding up with a tone of injured innocence and assumed righteous denunciation.

All the same there were millions realized by senators and their friends out of the manipulations of the sugar schedule.

KEEP OFF THE GRASS.

The announcement of the fact that it is proved that the sugar trust contributed one-half of a million dollars for the election of Cleveland and a Democratic house will shock the moral sense of the country. Van Alen and his fifty thousand advanced for the promise of a foreign ambassadorship was bad enough, but that was only a corrupt personal deal between Grover and his friends, which did not so directly, perhaps, touch the rights and interests of the people generally. And that John G. Carlisle should have gone before the sub-committee insisting that his schedule for sugar should stand "because of the party pledges made previous to the election" is scarcely less astounding, yet this is an administration so pure in its pretences, so exalted in its ideas for the enforcement of law that it arrests and fines and sends to jail handcuffed in a black Maria, American born citizens for stepping on the grass.

THAT MAY FROST FOR KANSAS.

Sufficient time having elapsed in which the results of the frost of last week in Kansas could be determined there is no longer any question as to their seriousness. Wheat in south Kansas was largely headed and in blossom and a number of fields were utterly ruined. The wheat in the central and northern portions of the state were not sufficiently advanced to sustain damage, but the corn in many counties was nipped close to the ground. The potato crop of the Kaw valley, where more potatoes are grown than in any section of the state, was at least half destroyed. The corn and potato fields of south Kansas did not noticeably suffer.

JERK ENGLAND BALD-HEADED.

As a matter of amusement it is all right for Admiral Erbin and a few laced and primped toy sailors to be banqueted in London and to cheer a Britisher when he gets up, flushed with wine, and tells them how all Englishmen love the United States of America and also how friendly and brotherly the people of this country should be with the people of the tight little isle.

It is all right for our nice little sailors to respond by daubing praise all over Queen Victoria and her conceited and bigoted subjects.

But notwithstanding these frothy vows of eternal friendship the people of the United States will continue to cultivate and mulch their old yearning to some day paste England between the eyes and everlastingly wipe it off the earth.

None of us love England and none of us ever will. This country has whipped the gizzard out of her twice and we have a perpetual and deep-rooted desire to do it again.

On every occasion that has been presented England has attempted to disrupt this country and wipe it out.

Mr. Washington at one time had to quit his fall plowing in order to go out and grab General Cornwallis by the back of the neck and yank his false teeth out.

At another time General Jackson felt called upon to wear away the seat of the British trousers by attrition and he used his boot with signal and spectacular success.

This country has no use for the blasted Britisher. It has whipped him twice and despite the pretty phrases at banquets this country will willingly get up in the middle of the night to jerk him bald headed again.

PENITENTIARY THE BOODLER.

The latest report of usurpation in office comes from New Orleans. The city council lately granted the right of way for a belt line of railroad around the city, the route extending through some of the finest resident streets. The report says the ordinance was rushed through and received the mayor's signature before the public was advised of its provisions. The result is that a large majority of the better class of citizens are up in arms in opposition to it, and it is feared that serious trouble will be the result if the ordinance is not repealed. There is no reserve in the charge that illegal means were used to procure its passage. If this is a fact the people will be justifiable in using almost any means to defeat it. The responsibility would rest with the aldermen who first violated the law. An object lesson might open the eyes of boodlers and plunderers in other cities, where the same thing is done openly and in open defiance of all law. The wonder is that people who observe the law suffer this iniquity as they do. There are hopeful signs, however, that the crime of boodling will be listed as plain grand larceny, and that the public will treat it as such. When it is found that the penalty for plundering the public is to be a term in prison, there will be fewer candidates for office. While there is doubt as to whether capable men degrade themselves by accepting official positions it will be difficult to secure their service. Let the boodler be branded, prosecuted and safely locked up, and, in the interest of economy and good government, let honest men be made to feel that it is an honor to serve the public.

Probably those senators took advantage of the condition of the country to speculate in sugar on the idea that sweets are the uses of adversity.

It is not against the law to carry the star spangled banner on the Capitol grounds, but while this congress is sitting it is terribly inappropriate.

It is confidently expected that Funston will now plunge around through the big drifts of sunlight, shake the farmer's hand and eventually win.

Shakespeare says that "borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry." Presumably this is Lillian Russell's trouble in borrowing other people's husbands.

Cannon balls go right through those Carnegie plates. This would be all right if the idea of a naval battle was to steal the other fellow's cannon balls.

"As a man thinketh, so is he." If a man thinks he is an old codger, that's just what he will be.—Wichita EAGLE.

But some times an old codger gets the notion he is a young shaver and then gets left.—Leavenworth Times.

Willits precinct in Jefferson county has gone for Lewelling; so has Mrs. Lease's ward in Wichita, and Corning's ward in Topeka is mighty shaky. The fixer is right into it among the Pops.—Kansas City Star.

ITS EYE ON THE SUN.

From the Kiowa Journal.

Usually when this people receive their eastern and Kansas dailies they strike for the telegraph news, but this does not apply to the Wichita EAGLE, as that paper has more news in its editorial and local columns than all the telegraph.

The EAGLE celebrated its tenth anniversary of usefulness last Sunday. For ten years the EAGLE has been served to the people of Kansas and the country at large, fresh and sparkling as a diamond. There is only one paper in the United States that leads the Kansas Bird—the Inter Ocean of Chicago, and we prophesy that when the EAGLE reaches its twentieth anniversary it will lead the Inter Ocean. We are all proud of the Peerless Princess, but above all we are proud of the EAGLE, for the EAGLE made Wichita and through the EAGLE Kansas is made known all over the world.

The Wichita EAGLE is gradually adopting a new but improved style of journalism. It believes in shooting at the readers instead of newspaper contemporaries. Its paragraphs are exceedingly bright.—Florence Bulletin.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

A town lot contest in Perry cost the litigants $340.

There is said to be excitement in Paul's Valley over the purported discovery of gold.

A great deal of the cotton in the low lands of Cleveland county was destroyed by frost.

Texas had frost the other day. The same thing had not occurred this late in the year since 1858.

Sam Farris who was shot in the side during the fight with the desperadoes in Yukon, has died.

Dick Bland is sure of two votes if he ever runs for president. The Norman Democrat has come out for him.

The school lands in old Oklahoma will be leased after thirty days notice and the lands in the strip after sixty days notice.

Miss Effie Gilstrap of the Chandler News will read a paper at the editorial convention in Guthrie next Tuesday on "Editorial Pie."

A man has just turned up in Oklahoma City who wants the earth. He kicks because the men and boys play ball in the streets.

On the death of a homestead entryman, the right to perfect his claim and receive title thereto rests in the widow and not in the heirs.

J. J. Burke has withdrawn from the partnership with Brown of the Oklahoma City Times-Journal. Brown is now sole proprietor.

J. R. Furlong has been elected commander-in-chief of the Commonweal army of Oklahoma, an organization that claims to have 2,000 members.

Arkansas Tom gets fifty years in the penitentiary and some one should get out a perpetual injunction restraining all governors from ever pardoning him.

There are ten or twelve Dalton gangs in the territory. Every time a Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Arkansas or Colorado murderer escapes he makes a rush for the Indian Territory and goes into the desperado business.

At a rehearsal of an amateur show in Oklahoma City the other evening the heavy villain was about to stab a knife through the heroine when he slipped on a banana peel and stabbed his head through the floor instead.

Today in Blackwell A. J. Blackwell, after whom the town is named, promises to make a revelation which will increase the price of lots $50 a piece. Blackwell claims to be divinely appointed. The Blackwell Eagle even goes so far as to call him Apostle Blackwell.

Oklahoma Times Journal: D. A. Harvey is back from a visit to the Quapaw agency. He reports a new plan adopted by the Indians belonging to the Quapaw agency to bring about allotment. The Indian department desired them to take their allotments under the Dawes act, which gives each eighty acres. The Indians objected, and at once cast about to secure better terms. They finally concluded to organize a government among themselves, allot 200 acres to each, and keep regular records of such allotments. This was done and each allottee was given a patent which provides that all but eighty acres may be alienated. When they had allotted to each his 200 acres, they sent a committee to Washington to lay their case before the department. The department was highly pleased with their enterprise, and agreed to recommend a bill to congress ratifying what had been done. The bill has been sent to congress, and the committee has reported favorably upon it.

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—At a small village in Kent, south England, twenty shirts are annually given away to deserving poor persons.

—We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than in endeavoring to be so ourselves.—Goldsmith.

—In England, France and Germany the ratio of multiple births is 13 twins per 1,000; 160 triplets and 8 quadruplets per 1,000,000 births.

—It is not what a man earns—not the amount of his income, but the relation of his expenditures to his receipts that determines his poverty or wealth.—Anon.

—In Paris, by an ordinance of the senate recently passed, women who stand independently at the head of a mercantile business have a right to vote in the election of trade arbitrators.

—Clerk—"I don't think you will be able to wear this collar. You can't stretch your neck up like that all the time." "It's exactly what I want. I'm going to the theater to-night."

—Human nature is not so much depraved as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. We love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity.—Steele.

—While young hoard up a great stock of knowledge, though in that season of dissipation you may not have occasion to spend much of it; yet a time will come when you will need it to maintain you.—Chesterfield.

—The Montana Stockgrowers' association has adopted a resolution providing for the employment in each round-up, from June to November, inclusive, of an expert wolf poisoner, the expense to be divided pro rata among the stockmen.

SELECTIONS BY THE POETS.

We and the Weather.

This is the changeful season when
The weather tries the souls of men
And keeps them ever on the guess
To know just how they ought to dress.
One can't be certain if the day
Will like December be or May,
And so the very prudent man
Carries both an overcoat and fan.

Now as we go upon the street
We're always very sure to meet
Men wearing heavy coats and those
Who have put on seersucker clothes.
Some wear their arctic shoes and boots
And some have donned their tennis suits,
While others seize their newest chance
To air their ice-cream summer pants.

Some fancy tan shoes are the thing
While others to their ear-muffs cling.
And mammoth gaiters, deep and wide,
And pink shirts travel side by side.
It's quite enough to waken smiles
To note the oddly tangled styles
That an observer may behold
Between these days of hot and cold.

The man who'd have his dress to be
In warmth or coolness the degree
The changing weather may demand
Should always have his trunk at hand.
Then, come the breezes cold or hot,
He'd have his wardrobe on the spot.
Where he could suit each changing breath
And neither roast nor freeze to death.

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

Revelation.

Most men desire yet fear to stand revealed
Unto themselves; when forced, aghast they stare,
As captives long from life and light concealed
Start at their shadows in the sunlit air.

—Craven Langstroth Betts, in Harper's Weekly.

How Curious!

Said one little girl to another little girl
As proudly as could be:
"I'll tell you something very nice
That my papa told me:
He said I was the sweetest girl
That ever there could be!"

Said the other little girl to that one little girl
"Why, now!—how can you be?
For that is just the very same thing
That my papa told me!"
(And neither was as sweet as my little girl,
As any one could see!)

—Tudor Jenks, in St. Nicholas.

The Passing of the Gate.

They've moved away the dear old gate
On which the children used to swing
Through morning hour or twilight late
To hear the night orchestras sing.

There in the starlight lovers met,
Above the dear old gate they kissed;
It sills me with a sad regret,
This ruthless spoiling of their trust.

They tell me 'tis old-fashioned now
To live upon a fenced estate;
To fashion's progress all must bow—
Good-by, good-by, dear garden gate.

A boundary of the heart remain
In memory, to guard and bless;
Shut out the images of pain,
Shut in the forms of happiness.

—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

The Consistent Kicker.

"Whatever is, is right," I've heard—
I'll never sing that song;
The modern motto I'll adopt—
"Whatever is, is wrong."

Just think of how delightedly
We'd bask in summer's charm;
What hours of sweet content we'd pass
If heat were not so warm!

What blissful comfort we could know
In months that now speed illy!
What weeks of indolent repose,
If cold were not so chilly!

Think of the rambles we might take,
With freedom from regret,
Consulting naught but our desires,
If rain were not so wet!

And so by night and day I'll raise
My wail both loud and long,
To make this foolish world believe
"Whatever is, is wrong."

—Washington Star.

The Evolution of a "Name."

When Hill, the poet, first essayed
To push the goose's quill,
Scarce any name at all he made,
('Twas simply "A. H. Hill.")

But as success his efforts crowned,
Rewarding greater skill,
His name expanded at a bound.
(It was "A. Hiller Hill.")

Now that his work, be what it may,
Is sure "to fill the bill,"
He has a name as wide as day.
("Aquilla Hiller Hill.")

—Charles B. Loomis, in Century.

Do Your Work Early.

Beside my window in the early spring,
A robin built her nest and reared her young;
And every day the same sweet song she sung
Until her little ones has taken wing.
To try their own bird living; everything
Was done before the summer roses hung
About our home, or purple clusters swung
Upon our vines at autumn's opening.
Do your work early in the day or year,
Be it a song to sing, or word to cheer,
Or house to build, or gift to bless the race;
Life may not reach its noon, or setting sun;
No one can do the work you leave undone,
For no one ever fills another's place.

—Sarah K. Bolton, in N. Y. Independent.

A Song of Sunny Sides.

The sunny side o' city life, what is it to the rills
O' sunshine gleamin', dreamin', on the valleys an' the hills?
What is it to the river banks where honeysuckles swing?
To the peach fields where the mockin' birds are primpin' up for spring?

The sunny side o' city life, what is it to the light
That is tangled in the woodlands, where the purple and the white
Of springtime's earliest blossoms seem blowin' into you,
With the rumpled trees abendin' an' a bowin' "Howdy do!"

The sunny side o' city life, the poets sing it fine,
An' for the girls with glittin' curls their city roses twine;
But the brightest light is beamin' from a wilder, sweeter sod,
Where the dew-wet violets dreamin' send messages to God.

—Frank L. Stanton, in Inter Ocean.

Too Much Realism.

O, writers realistic,
Won't you, just to please a friend,
Be not so pessimistic
In the way your stories end?
And won't you now and then contrive
To let the lovers wed,
Nor have the heroine arrive
To find the hero dead?

The fair-appearing things of life
Are not forever bad;
And even in this vale of strife
Are moments that are glad.
O, won't you to your world of doubt
Admit a little flash
Of sunshine now and then without
Its going all to smash?

Quit blasting every happy bud;
Quit clouding every hour,
Quit plastering our gods with mud,
Quit making sweet things sour.
We're tired of regimers who
Embitter every cup.
Ring off, ye billious whiners, do
For pity's sake let up!

—Nixon Waterman, in Chicago Journal.

Her Reason.

"'Tis strange that it always is easy
For a man when he's flirting, you know,
To swear to a woman he loves her,
By all that's above and below.

But when he is truly in earnest,
Tell me the reason, I pray,
'Tis awfully hard to utter
The words that he fain would say?"

She replied, as her dimples deepened:
"The reason is simple, forsooth;
'Tis because it is awfully hard, sir,
For a man to utter the truth."

—Inigo Wolcott, in Life.

THE TERRILL-PURDY

Medical-Surgical Institute

AND

EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

The above is a cut of the instrument used at the Terrill-Purdy Institute for the examination of catarrh and all nose and throat diseases. Instruments and medicine furnished for home treatment. A written guarantee in every case.

DISEASES OF WOMEN—Dr. Terrill has made Diseases of Women a specialty for the past twenty years, and has taken several courses of private instruction in gynecology under some of the leading specialists of the east. The wonderful curative effects of Electricity in the diseases of women are daily demonstrated by Dr. Terrill at the Institute.

TO YOUNG AND MIDDLE AGED MEN.

A SURE CURE The awful effects of early sin, which brings organic weakness, destroying both mind and body permanently cured. We guarantee to cure you or no pay.

PILES, FISTULA—And all rectal diseases cured. No knife, no pain. Cure guaranteed.

URETHRAL STRICTURE—Quickly and permanently cured by Electrolysis. No cutting, no pain, no money until cured.

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OUR EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

Is in charge of Dr. Purdy. Cataract removed and sight restored after years of blindness. Cross Eyes straightened, Pterygium removed. Granulated Lids cured (or no pay) and all forms of Sore Eyes treated. Glasses scientifically fitted. Many cases of Headache, Dizziness, Nervous Prostration, Etc., are due to defective vision, and relieved by suitable glasses.

All Chronic Diseases successfully treated.

Consultation and examination free and invited. Send for book and question blank.

Address the TERRILL-PURDY MEDICAL INSTITUTE,

158 North Main Street. - - - - Wichita, Kansas

AMONG THE WITS.

—Weary Waggles—"Why don't you sit down?" Dreary Draggles—"So I don't have to get up."—Hallo.

—Few things are impracticable in themselves, and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.—Rochefoucauld.

—"It was pretty stormy last night." "Yes; and as I was late in getting home and my wife was waiting up for me I found it stormier inside than out."—New York Press.

—Wisdom—

There was a woman in our town,
And she was wondrous wise:
She cut her cloth to make her gown
Exceed the sleeves in size.

—Harper's Bazar.

—Buggins—"Did Wilwag swear when his wife played the two-spot instead of taking the trick?" Muggins—"No; he simply told her she was playing the deuce."—Philadelphia Record.

—"Whatever became of that greyhound you had?" "Killed himself." "Really?" "Yes; tried to catch a fly on the small of his back and miscalculated. Bit himself in two."—Tit-Bits.

—"Been vaccinated yet?" "No," said the athletic girl. "I've not. I can't quite make up my mind whether to give up my Indian clubs or my bicycle for awhile."—Indianapolis Journal.

—"That's the kind of weather profit for me," mentally observed the merchant, calmly charging a customer five dollars for a two-dollar umbrella one rainy morning a day or two ago.—Buffalo Courier.

—Mike (on the road)—"How fur is it to Chistnut Hill, sir?" Native—"About five miles. Whom do you want to see there?" Mike—"Faith, I'm anxious to see mesel' there befoor night."—Philadelphia Record.

—Kept Him Away.—Bingo—"How did my wife look at the reception yesterday?" Witherly—"Elegantly. Why weren't you there?" Bingo—"Didn't have any decent clothes to wear."—Detroit Free Press.

—Dr. Thirdly—"I am glad to hear, my son, that you refused to fight Willie Snipper." Johnny—"Yes, sir, it's wicked to fight, and then Willie's father is a tailor, and besides he's bigger than I am."—Kate Field's Washington.

—Loving Mother—"I can not understand what makes our boy, Robert, so fond of pedestrianism." Fond Father—"He gets that from me. Didn't I walk the floor with him for week when he was a baby?"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

—Mother—"Walter, see that you give Beatrice the lion's share of that banana." Walter—"Yes, mamma." Beatrice—"Mamma. Walter hasn't given me any." Walter—Well, that's all right. Lions don't eat bananas."—Brooklyn Life.

—Compliance—"Speak!" She heard him plead, yet hesitated. "Speak!" he persisted. She bestowed upon him a searching glance. "Speak, I pray you!" "Very well." Clearing her throat, she recited with great fire: "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."—Detroit Tribune.

—Little Dot—"Mamma, I was playin' with your best tea-set while you were away, an' when you bring it out for company you'll be shocked, 'cause you'll think one of the cups has a hair in it; but it isn't a hair." Mamma—"What is it?" Little Dot—"It's only a crack."—Harlem Life.

—Uncle Silas—"It's queer how some fellers gets on." Marthy—"What's happened now?" Uncle Silas—"Why, that old fool Tompkins is makin' a great stir down in town. Only been there two days an' the paper says the green-goods men gave him a glorious reception.—Harper's Weekly.

—Hicks—"They tell me that Hussell is making quite a mark as a journalist." Wicks—"He is, indeed. But then he has such a wonderful memory. Why, let a man talk to him for two minutes and Hussell will remember enough of what the man said to fill a column."—Boston Transcript.

FOES OF THE NATIONAL PARK.

From the New York Sun.

Army officers acting as superintendents of the great national parks have for years past been alternately protesting against threatened legislation to authorize encroachments upon the reserved areas, and asking for other legislation that shall make it possible effectively to protect the parks against marauders. Capt. George S. Anderson acting superintendent of the Yellowstone park, has protested in his later reports against this proposition embodied in legislation now pending to pare down the park on the north and west to the Wyoming boundary. He has also pointed out the need of a stringent law to protect game, and such a law is now on its way through congress. The acting superintendents of the Yosemite park and its neighbors, Sequoia and Grant parks, have year after year asked for the enactment of laws providing some penalty for cattle owners whose herds are found grazing in the parks.

"The Yellowstone, with its area of three thousand, six hundred square miles, and the Yosemite, with fifteen thousand, and Sequoia park, with an area of about two hundred and fifty square miles, constitute the greatest area of public parks held by any country in the world. The aggregate area of these parks probably exceeds that of all the great European parks combined. While the superintendent of the Yellowstone park has been battling to save the reservation from being pared down in the interest of mining companies, Capt. James Parker, acting superintendent of Sequoia and Grant parks in California, near the Yosemite park, has been urging the enlargement of Sequoia park, so that it may include within its area Grant park and a fine territory north and east of Sequoia park. The park, as thus constituted, would equal the area of the Yosemite park, and would include what Capt. Parker calls the finest fishing region in the world.

Sequoia park, which is somewhat neglected by tourists, lies about seventy-five miles southeast of the Yosemite park. It is surrounded by a grazing region, and some of the land within the park is owned by cattlemen. The park is guarded all summer by a detachment of soldiers, but every year thousands of sheep are turned into it. They have destroyed the nests and eggs of many thousand game birds, until some species have become greatly reduced in numbers. The superintendent and his soldiers can arrest herders found with sheep or cattle within the limits of the park, but cannot punish further than by ejecting them. It used to be the policy of the military to pretend that the herders were liable to severe punishment, but the trespassers soon discovered that this was an invention. The superintendent after that stretched the law a little, or rather chose to enforce it in such a way as to make the penalty of expulsion from the park as severe as possible. When he caught a party of herders, with their dogs and pack horses, he would march the whole company by a difficult road across the park to the exit most distant from the point at which he made the arrest; meanwhile the cattle and sheep were left without attendants during the ten days or two weeks that must be occupied in the journey out of the park and the return trip by some circuitous outside route. The neglected animals, thus left to themselves, fell a prey to wild beasts, and the owners hearing of their loss made haste to bid their herders keep out of the park. The law, of course, contemplated no such ingenious method of providing a penalty where none existed, but the device of the superintendent lessened the damage from sheep and cattle.

Grant park, which contains a noble forest of the giant sequoias, is constantly overrun by cattle and sheep. The small detachment of soldiers guarding the park is constantly busied in running out cattle. The superintendent estimates that the area could be enclosed within a barbed wire fence at a cost of about sixteen hundred dollars, and believes that nothing but such a fence will be effective in protecting the park from the cattle. If it shall come to be included in the proposed extension of Sequoia park, the wire fence would not be practicable, and it would require, thinks the superintendent, two companies of infantry to protect the whole area.

Yosemite park has been much beset by herders, but the superintendent and his soldiers have made trespass so uncomfortable to the trespassers that there is much less difficulty than formerly in excluding sheep and cattle from the park. A park guard of some kind is necessary, however, because the local sentiment is not friendly to the park.

Yellowstone park has to contend not only with those who would cut down its area, but as well with a gang of watchful and persistent poachers. The park is believed to contain at least 400 buffalo, the only considerable body of those animals now living in the United States; 25,000 elk, many mountain sheep, between 500 and 1,000 antelopes, bears of several varieties, a few moose, besides beavers, wolverines, badgers, porcupines, otters, and a great number and variety of game birds. The finest and some of the rarest of these animals live on the upper edge of the park in the beautiful mountain region it is proposed to pare off. The poachers here about this region trap the beavers for their valuable skins, catch the buffalo calves and young elks alive, kill the old buffaloes for their hides and heads, and destroy game of all kinds. The increasing scarcity of big game makes the park more and more tempting to poachers. Most kinds of game, however, are increasing in the park. The beavers, in particular, are multiplying, and so are the elks, though it is estimated that 5,000 perished the winter before last. The bears of the smaller sort have become very tame, and so have many other of the large animals. Even the mountain sheep permit the near approach of the soldiers that guard the park, and the buffalo herds are undisturbed by visitors.

—Book thieves of the utmost apparent respectability haunt the large book stores of New York, and it is not long since a venerable gray-haired man was arrested in a publishing house with a satchel full of new books just stealthily removed from the counters. He had been systematically robbing the house for some months. It is known at one of the richest and most notable clubs in New York that a few members make a practice of cutting illustrations from books in the library, while doubtless every club that has a library is despoiled of its books by its own members.