

Daily Eagle

W. A. JOHNSON, Governor. J. A. THOMAS, Secretary of State. G. E. OLBE, Auditor of State. F. B. STANLEY, State Treasurer. O. L. MILLER, Attorney General. J. H. HANCOCK, Superintendent of Public Instruction. J. H. HANCOCK, Superintendent of Public Instruction.

Re-affirming the Republican national platform of 1892. Resolved, First: That the constant platform of our party is in itself a guaranty to the nation that the interests of its defenders...

Second: We adhere to the Republican doctrine of protection, and we favor tariff laws which protect the products of the farm, as well as the factory. Third: The American people favor...

Republican County Convention. The Republican county and district conventions for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following offices to be held in the November, 1894, election, will be held August 25...

First Ward: J. H. Hancock. Second Ward: J. H. Hancock. Third Ward: J. H. Hancock. Fourth Ward: J. H. Hancock. Fifth Ward: J. H. Hancock. Sixth Ward: J. H. Hancock. Seventh Ward: J. H. Hancock. Eighth Ward: J. H. Hancock. Ninth Ward: J. H. Hancock. Tenth Ward: J. H. Hancock.

The central committee gives notice that the primaries will be held on the 22nd day of August at 10 o'clock a. m. at the usual voting places...

Republican Meetings. Chester L. Long, Republican candidate for congress in the 8th district, will speak at the following places...

Slowly and surely the summer girl is being eclipsed by a freckle. The Santa Fe railroad wanted but little below, and they didn't have to keep him very long.

If Santo, or any one else, profited by his deed, it would be interesting to know where and in what. It is about time China and Japan picked out a spot near a well equipped telegraph station and had a slashing old fight.

Plunger Partridge, as he was not Dan Vorhese of Indiana, and not on the senate floor, made a large adult fool of himself. There still remains a chance for the Democratic congress to benefit the country. It hasn't taken an adjournment yet.

That Oklahoma City woman who wants a divorce from her husband because he smokes cigars in bed is an ingrate. Does she want him to smoke a pipe? Female suffrage has been knocked out in New York, and it isn't feeling as well in Kansas as it did before the National Suffrage Bureau threw over Laura Johns for being a Republican.

SYMPATHY FOR POOR WILSON. Right now a great deal of sympathy is being poured into Mr. Wilson from all sides. It began with Tom Reed's flash of sarcasm, in which he referred to the contrast between the time when Wilson was carried out on the shoulders of the Democrats, and now when he is being carried out in another way.

Wilson deserved the sympathy. He has worked hard. He has broken his health. He was actuated by an honest desire to carry out the pledges made by his party to the country. But he was thrown down, his counsels were pushed aside, his labor was tossed into the waste basket. His party did not carry out its pledges.

The majority of his party, as represented in congress, did not want to carry out the pledges made in the Chicago platform. This howl that the senate made the house give in and back down, and made them, bandit-fashion, give up their blood or their money—pass the senate bill or be forever damned—is a little thin.

Wilson deserves the more sympathy on that account. If he was sincere in his efforts to put out a bill which would free trade principles embodied in it, it was unfortunate for him. It is unfortunate for him because the result of his party was not with him. If it had been the Democrats in the house would never have consented in caucus to pass the senate bill.

THE ARROGANCE OF TRUSTS. Apropos of the great trusts and combines which prey upon the public, small combines are springing up everywhere, embracing in their reach most commodities used by the people. A combination was formed in Kansas City in January last for the purpose of controlling the price of a leading staple in building material.

Madeline Pollard has decided to go upon the stage, and so she will accordingly lose all the sympathy the public has had for her. John P. St. John says: "If I were God Almighty for fifteen minutes I would abolish the United States senate." But then, you know, he isn't.

TELEGRAPH WIRE AND SUN. Fleeter than the light of the great sun, the telegraph instrument in the EAGLE office at 3 o'clock yesterday morning ticked off the story of the execution of Santo, which occurred at Lyons at 4:55 a. m., or nearly two hours later than when it was put into type.

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These symptoms are the result, not of the corruption of one dynasty nor the mismanagement for a century or a decade, but of long ages of human genius, labor and natural development. These systems will stand despite Anarchists and all else. They may change and become better year by year, they may be temporarily suspended for a while, but the propelling power of a world has always been progress, and it will come up again and go on upward. When progress cannot be restored a dead like Santo's will be held a benediction and not an assassination.

LOSSES IN LIVE STOCK. Can you not give us western farmers some facts about the loss in values of live stock? T. H. DUNLAP, Logan, Okla., June 25, 1894. The values of all live stock have decreased, with the exception of milk cows, which, on January 1, 1894, showed an increased value of 4 cents per head, as compared with their value January 1, 1893.

Table with 3 columns: Stock, 1893, 1894. Rows include Horses, Mules, Milch cows, Sheep, Swine.

Taking the total value of all the different kinds of live stock the entire loss to the farmers of the country amounts to \$12,390,495; their property was worth that amount of money less on January 1, 1894, than it was worth to them a year earlier.

Protection, it will be remembered, according to the National Democratic convention is unconstitutional. Madeline Pollard has decided to go upon the stage, and so she will accordingly lose all the sympathy the public has had for her.

Table with 3 columns: Stock, 1893, 1894. Rows include Horses, Mules, Milch cows, Sheep, Swine, Total live stock, Loss in stock, Total loss.

There are just twelve bicycles in Stillwater. It is safe betting that no town in the west, as far from a railroad as Stillwater is, has as many bikes. Two Indian ponies at Wankam, named Eugene Debs and Dynamite Bill, had a kicking match the other day and laid waste a half mile of board fence.

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much larger number of persons who are born into the world without any elasticity of nerve nowadays than there were in less exciting times. In spite of the great extension of the average age of life, there is a falling off, we believe, in the eager wish for experience, that instinct for living even under a heavy load of difficulties, which there used to be in the old times before all the exhausting interests of the present day.

Where the eagerness for new experience, for new gain, used to predominate greatly over any dread of new pain, new loss—the imagination of modern man and woman is far more influenced than it was by fear and far less influenced by hope. And no doubt the great apparent loss of religious faith is partly due to this attenuation of the general buoyancy of the whole nature.

What a helpful spirit in his cheery tones! How he makes sweet music out of fretful stonies! Believer or non-believer, be dark or bright, still his glow is ever of his heart's delight.

How I loved my Jenny, I could never say, All the world had violets— I, too, loved my Jenny, Only Jenny knew!

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AMONG THE POETS. How it is in life. A rooster flies up on the fence, just as he hears the people say: His satisfaction is immense. His self-possession is intense. His lusty lungs give evidence That this is so.

Another rooster sees him there And hoots him from above. With snapping wings he clears the air, The fence-top is too small to share. And so they fight, and scratch, and sear, Till down they go.

When baby goes a-walking, Ah! how her paces fall! For that the way the babies say To other folk "be-by-by." The trees bend down to kiss her And her curls in rapture sing. As there she stands and waves her hands— The cunning little thing!

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This Matter of Darning doesn't amount to much, with the women who use Pearline. Most of it has to be done because you persist in rubbing things over the washboard so. You have to, to get them even passably clean, if you wash with soap in the old way. Use Pearline and you'll save the darning. You haven't rubbed the things to pieces, and you won't have to mend them. And another kind of darning won't suggest itself, either, for you haven't tired yourself out to the cross point with the

hardest of women's work. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "This is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE! Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back.

Beware of cheap imitations. \$5 A MONTH. On account of the prevailing financial stringency, we will treat cash and kindred diseases for \$5 a month, for the next six days. Chronic diseases, Diseases of Women, Varieties, Hygiene, etc. Address the TERRILL-PURDY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, 158 North Main Street, Wichita, Kansas.

SLEUTHS ON THE SCENE. From New York Sun. It is in the private office of the chief of detectives of a western city. A mysterious murder has been committed and Officers Sleuth, Sneak and Tracem have been detailed to "work on the case."

Chief—Officer Sleuth, what success have you to report? "But partial success, captain. "You located the scene accurately?" "Yes, sir. The body was found with two bullet holes through the back. There was no weapon about the body and the house was ransacked."

Chief—Officer Sneak, what success have you to report? "Officer Sneak—Officer Tracem and I worked together, while Lieut. Sleuth only stayed here." "How long was this after the body was found?" "Supposed to be about seven hours, sir. As the lieutenant went inside we walked three times carefully around the house; we took accurate measurements of the woodshed door and noted the color of the paint on the gate post, and gathered such other clues as we thought might be useful at the trial."

"And did you see no suspicious persons?" "Made one arrest, sir—a boy fully eleven years old having bloody hands on him." "No; I had the nippers on him till Sleuth and Tracem got him handcuffed, when—"

"What then?" "When he convinced us that he had been carrying a five-cent soap-bone home to his grandmother, and that's how the blood got on his hands." "Any more arrests?" "Yes, sir—just as we were measuring the chimney to determine if the murderer could have escaped that way we noticed a boy who wore a white muslin shirt—"

"And you arrested him?" "Certainly! The corpse also had on a white muslin shirt, and here was a clew, sure enough. We all three put the nippers on him until he could be handcuffed—"

"What was his age?" "He was all of seven years old—" "Where is he now?" "Oh, he proved to be the grandson of the murdered man, and we felt justified in letting him off, though the lieutenant gave him a sharp lecture—" "Is that all?" "That is as far as we have got with the case, captain, though we think we can establish that a street car passed the house some time in the night; a milk wagon passed next morning, and the wind was blowing from the northwest at the time."

Chief—Gentlemen, you are doing splendidly; such correct and add interest to our record for efficiency. Now it is fairly established that the man was killed—though this will be verified by an autopsy by the police surgeon; it is fairly certain that he was killed at home, and that he was not killed before coming home; with the measurements of the woodshed door, the direction of the wind, the milkman incident and the two suspicious arrests there ought to be no difficulty in running the perpetrators to earth, though one important clew may have escaped you. You should have noted whether the bricks of the pavement showed signs of having been recently trampled upon. I am proud of your success, gentlemen, and you will doubtless soon receive promotion.

OUOUGHT TO SEE HIS PARTNER. From the Boston Transcript. A man who looked as if he had been trying to hug the cylinder of a threshing machine when it was in motion was seen offering a pack of furs to a dealer up town. "You are rather late getting your furs to market," said an Oregonian reporter who happened to see the man. "Yes," was the reply, "but I have been laid up and could not get to town before."