

Daily Eagle

R. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

STATE REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- Associate Justice.....W. A. JOHNSTON
Governor.....E. N. MORRILL
Lieut. Governor.....J. A. THOUTMAN
Auditor of State.....W. C. EDWARDS
Secretary of State.....GEO. E. COLE
State Treasurer.....OTIS L. ATHERTON
Attorney General.....F. B. DAWES
Supt. Public Instruction.....E. STANLEY

COUNTY REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- Clerk of District Court.....S. N. BRIDGMAN
Probate Judge.....A. J. MYATT
County Attorney.....JOHN D. HENRY
Supt. Public Instruction.....CHARLES J. MACKAY
FOR COMMISSIONER.
City District.....N. E. HAINES
FOR REPRESENTATIVE.
City District.....U. M. LAWRENCE
Sixty-eighth District.....P. A. ROEBERGAH
Sixty-ninth District.....F. J. R. ZELNER

REPUBLICAN STATE PLATFORM.

Re-affirming the Republican national platform of 1892. Resolved, First: That the constant patriotism of our party is its strength...

LONG REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

- Hutchinson, Wednesday, Oct. 3rd, 7:30 p. m.
Wichita, Thursday, Oct. 4th, 7:30 p. m.
Smith's Grove, Barber County, Friday, Oct. 5th, 7:30 p. m.
Antonia, Saturday, Oct. 6th, 7:30 p. m.
Mound Ridge, Monday, Oct. 8th, 7:30 p. m.
Kingman, Tuesday, Oct. 9th, 7:30 p. m.
Pratt, Wednesday, Oct. 10th, 7:30 p. m.
Canton, Thursday, Oct. 11th, 7:30 p. m.
Mankato, Friday, Oct. 12th, 7:30 p. m.
Garden City, Saturday, Oct. 13th, 7:30 p. m.
Clearwater, Monday, Oct. 15th, 7:30 p. m.
Spivey, Tuesday, Oct. 16th, 7:30 p. m.
Great Bend, Wednesday, Oct. 17th, 7:30 p. m.
Nickerson, Thursday, Oct. 18th, 7:30 p. m.
Colwich, Friday, Oct. 19th, 7:30 p. m.
Lonsa, Saturday, Oct. 20th, 7:30 p. m.
Troy, Monday, Oct. 22nd, 7:30 p. m.
St. John, Tuesday, Oct. 23rd, 7:30 p. m.
Oxford, Thursday, Oct. 25th, 7:30 p. m.
Gould Springs, Friday, Oct. 26th, 7:30 p. m.
South Haven, Saturday, Oct. 27th, 7:30 p. m.
Cheyenne, Monday, Oct. 29th, 7:30 p. m.
Valley Center, Tuesday, Oct. 30th, 7:30 p. m.
Newton, Wednesday, Oct. 31st, 7:30 p. m.
McPherson, Thursday, Nov. 1st, 7:30 p. m.
Harper, Friday, Nov. 2nd, 7:30 p. m.
Medicine Lodge, Saturday, Nov. 3rd, 7:30 p. m.

Evidently Hill doesn't know that he received the nomination for governor.

The secret of McKinley's popularity is that he is laboring for America's prosperity.

Lewelling should put down these scoundrels, even if he has to call out the militia to do it.

When Mr. Wilson returns he will undoubtedly make a campaign with his trousers turned up.

There are lots of fine after-dinner talks delayed in this country on account of the lack of the dinner.

Charging a high duty to protect and then failing to protect is the Populists' way of getting revenue.

It will interest hard drinkers to learn that a Philadelphia chemist has found a way to solidify whisky.

England is one of the issues this fall. The Republicans prefer New England and the Democrats old England.

Since Cleveland has gone out of politics the cuckoos are fluttering around without knowing just what to do.

McKinley isn't running for president this year, but at the same he isn't injuring his chances for running in 1896.

The Democratic campaign orators are having a hard time defending what all the leading Democratic statesmen have condemned.

The preliminary in bringing about good times is to elect a Republican majority to congress, and that will be done next month.

Governor McKinley is making the people of this country feel just as good by his speeches as Mr. Wilson is making the people of England feel by his after-dinner talks.

There may be some question as to Corbett being able to whip up all the rest of the fighters, but there isn't the shadow of a doubt about his being the champion "heavy-weight" talker.

All the leading Democratic papers read David B. Hill out of the Democratic party for his treachery and corrupt wantonness in the senate. The New York Democracy reward him with a unanimous nomination for governor.

Use for the Small Boy.

Mrs. Watts—Mary Ann, these balusters seem always dusty. I was at Mrs. Johnson's after church, and her stair rails are as clean and as smooth as glass.

Mary Ann—Yes, mum. But she has 'free small boys.—Boston Home Journal.

—Mrs. Hale (just married)—"Maria, we will have ecstasies as a second course for dinner." "Maria—"How much ought I to get, ma'am?" "I think twelve yards is sufficient."—Vogue.

DEATH OF SWING.

David Swing, who died in Chicago Wednesday, was a man of wonderful brilliancy and independence. Thousands have listened to and read his words, words that never showed any fear of death, but rather looked on the end of life as a divine favor.

There is something in the mind of man that makes the death of a philosopher of the greatness of Swing appear strange, at least stranger than the death of a work-a-day man.

It may be a false alloy in the make-up of the human, and without excuse either in reason or intuition, but there is always the feeling that the man who has had much to do with death, who has combated its terrors for years, and who has smoothed away the sorrows and the woes of so many fellow-beings—that that man himself should be exempt.

Of course he is not, so far as the physical end is concerned. For years Professor Swing has depicted the glories of a paradise, not metaphorically but in an eminently practicable way. He drew his conclusions and asserted his beliefs from a close, conscientious study of man, his progress first of all, his mental development and the limitations of his development. He was merciful, too, to all. He did not put the fact that the great exponent of right between man and man, Blackstone, believed in witchcraft against him, but against the imperfectly developed world in Blackstone's time. He did not hold it against Washington, the greatest exponent of human liberty, because he owned slaves. Swing held that there was something wrong today. He felt that a condition where thousands were penniless while others were immensely rich was a terrible thing. But he blamed no man and criticized none for not remedying it. He held that human progress would solve this industrial wrong.

He was a student of man and man's progress. And from those studies he induced the belief that life is immortal. He worked at the secrets of the infinite by assaying the secrets of the finite. In the world which he loved so well all was not peace with him. He was combative and fought with all his energy. He could not believe in and uphold a creed simply because it was a creed, and on that account he fell out with one of the great religious organizations of the time. But that was years ago, and at the time of his death there was no man who harbored enmity to David Swing or envied him for his great talents and his successful work on earth.

WHAT ABOUT ALLEN'S DUTY?

There is one matter in this campaign which appears to have been wholly overlooked. But it is important, and should be brought out at once.

Judge Allen, a man who was put on the supreme bench of this state by Populist votes, is there still. He is still a Populist. He is supporting the Populist ticket in the state this fall. He is not running for re-election. He is not in the campaign as a factor. But he should not be passed by when the voter is honestly considering about casting his vote.

Judge Allen wrote a letter, a private letter, in which he said that Lewelling and the present Populist administration was corrupt. He did not want them renominated for the good of the party. Did he say a thing about the good of the people? Did he say that Lewelling and the other state officers should be bounced because they were robbing the people? Did he not say that they should be thrown overboard because they were hurting the Populist cause? Is the Populist cause greater than the interests of the people? Hasn't it been the claim of the Populists from the time of the formation of that party that it was for the people against all parties?

If this is true, was it not Judge Allen's duty to warn the people against Lewelling and the state administration, and not a politician? Is he, as a high representative of the people, true to them when he serves his party in preference to the people? The true course was that taken by Ben Henderson. He knew the Populist officials were corrupt. He made an honest effort to overthrow them inside of his party. When he failed in that he came out and told the people that he would hang his head in shame if Lewelling was elected. Was that the manly and the honest thing to do? Or was Judge Allen's course of swallowing the corruption and supporting the party and letting the interests of the people go to the dogs the proper thing?

Will Judge Allen, a high official, the adjudicator of the people's rights and wrongs, vote for Lewelling after he has said that Populists are corrupt? What business did he have as a "friend of the people" and their servant to inform a friend of the fraud and dishonesty inside of the Populist party, and then refuse to tell the people the same thing?

PUGILIST CORBETT'S MISTAKE.

One Jim Corbett, a pugilist, says he is ready to wipe up the whole kit and posse that are forever tagging after him and nagging and aggravating him. He wants to do it all in one week. He will meet them one at a time and lick each while he waits.

Corbett represents the nearest thing to decency in pugilism. He is not dissipated or immoral to the extent that other champions have been. But he is strong enough and quick enough to knock the wadding out of any bully in the world. At the same time he dislikes his calling and discourages brutality.

After his last fight he said emphatically that he would fight no more; that he had licked the biggest and was satisfied. Corbett made prize-fighting a respect. He made the surgeons and the anatomists take a lively interest in the sport. He showed the world how infinitely fine and active all the muscles in the body were, and to what a high state of flexibility and strength they could be brought. He demonstrated that quickness and mind was superior to brute strength and bull-headedness.

hope has been that some one would arise with sufficient force to overcome Corbett's cunning. They have consequently set out to harass Corbett, and insist on him meeting every plug-ugly that happens along. For a while Corbett withstood this onslaught. But finally he has given in and thirsts for a fight. He will get it. If one man does not lick him another will be found who will. His downfall is certain.

He should have maintained his original resolution. He should have refused to fight again. He should have left the church and become one of the better element of society. But his bad temper has got the best of him, and he will go down in the same miserable way that his predecessors have.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

Dennis Flynn is now talking to the people on in the Woodward district. The Democrats are counting on the Cherokee strip being an "uncertain factor."

The Newkirk Democrat wants the escape of Tom Maddox from the jail there investigated. About \$300 in railroad tickets are sold every month by the Rock Island at the little town of Union.

The editor of the Ingalls Leader has never taken his "salutatory" from the head of his paper. He has probably come to stay.

Okahoma is lucky. Chicago and Dallas, Texas, are now accusing each other of being the home of that man who sold his wife for a cow. There are three old Chicago newspaper men in Oklahoma, Otto Bekemeyer of Guthrie and Joe Humphries and George Pursell of Perry.

Judge Burford says that \$20,000 of the D county warrants are invalid and has authorized the issuance of \$3,500 in bonds to cover the indebtedness. An Iowa Indian, with a sarcastic turn, has pinned up this sign on his farm not far from Newkirk: "Hunt all you please, and when the bell rings, come to dinner."

A missionary, after a good deal of hard work, persuaded two Comanche Indians to procure a license and get married in a civilized way at El Reno last week. This is believed to be the first time this has occurred in the Comanche tribe.

The reporter on the Guthrie Capital has a ray lighted on some time on what he people's domestic troubles. It is ten to one that the young man is not married. This is the way he deals with matrimonial infelicity: Suit for divorce was filed this afternoon in the district court by Michael Calligan against his wife, Alice M. Society has been molesting its gossip tongue for some time on many probable sensational reasons for the pair not getting along together, hinting at illicit lovers, etc. This is all brushed away. The husband in his petition simply declares that his wife for a year past has refused to sleep with him or tickle his conjugal heart by bearing him children that should make him famous down the ages of time, when the grubworms had held him a fashionable S-cloak tea on his now despaired carcass and that she has not him many times that she does not love him. Coupled with all this, the plaintiff states that the wife now walks the house in perfect contempt of him; hence he wants to get loose from the golden chains that are a prison now and the sweetness that turns to ashes on the lip.

TEA GROWING IN JAPAN.

In the twelfth century Kyoto was the center of life in Japan, and the district of Uji, between that city and Nara, has always kept its reputation for producing the finest tea. The most valuable leaves are those on the young spring shoots. Most of the shrubs grow in the open air without any protection, evergreen bushes from two to three feet high, and among them the women and children were at work. As they squatted by the plants filling their baskets very little of them was visible, but their big grass hats shone in the sun, looking like a crop of gigantic mushrooms. The Japanese "kasa" is made of various light materials—straw, split bamboo, rushes, or shavings of deal; it is used, like an umbrella tilted to the head, as a protection against sun and rain; in the evening or on cloudy days it is laid aside, and the laborers wear only their cotton kerchiefs, spread out like a hood, or tied in a band round their brows. As they can not be called the "vast hat the Graces made," it is, nevertheless, very effective in the landscape, and the variations of its outline in different positions indicate happily the action of its wearer. The plants which produce the most expensive tea, costing from six to eight dollars a pound, are carefully protected by mats stretched on a framework of bamboo, so that the tender leaves may neither be scorched by the sun or torn by the heavy rains, and there are acres of them so enclosed. There is an curious thing to look down from a little hill-top on a sea of matting which filled the whole valley from one pine-clad hill to another, its surface only broken by the ends of the supporting poles and by the thatched roofs of the drying-houses which stuck up here and there like little islands. Underneath the mats women were picking, and in every way-side cottage those who were not in the fields were busily sorting and cleaning the leaves. There are no large factories or firing-houses; each family makes its own brand of tea, labelling it with some fanciful or poetic name.

A FAMOUS WARSHIP.

Standing before the bulletin-boards of any of the newspapers of the country, on a morning in the early days of last February, we should have found ourselves in a group of people eagerly discussing the news. We should have heard exclamations of surprise, sorrow, and regret arising on every side. "What a pity to lose the famous old ship!" "Too bad that she should be lost!"—while the older men in the crowd, turning to the younger, were recalling incidents of those stirring times when the Alabama, built in England for the confederate states, was for nearly two years the terror of the seas.

During the height of the civil war, from the Sunday, August 24, 1862, when she was put in commission under the command of Capt. Raphael Semmes, near the Azores, to the Sunday, June 13, 1864, when she was sunk off the coast of France, the Alabama reared and sailed over the North Atlantic, South Atlantic and Indian oceans. From Newfoundland to Singapore her name was known and spoken with fear. Appearing and disappearing, she captured and looted prizes, pursued and de-

stroyed merchantmen, but eluded all naval pursuit. Escaping every danger, she accomplished more work and did more harm than any other ship of ancient or modern times.

So great, indeed, was the injury done to American commerce, that at length the government built a ship of good live-oak in the navy-yard of Portsmouth, N. H., and naming her the Kearsarge, after one of the mountain peaks of the Old Granite State, commissioned her, under the command of Capt. John A. Winslow, to hunt down this famous "Corsair of the Seas."

The Kearsarge immediately went in search of the Alabama, and found her at last in the harbor of Cherbourg, on the northern coast of France. The Alabama had run in there for coal, and Capt. Winslow, having made sure of his famous enemy, awaited her off the coast. Visitors from Paris, and all the country round, flocked to town, as rumors of a coming naval combat filled their ears, and the rumors proved not without foundation; for on Sunday morning, June 19, 1864, while thousands of spectators lined the shore, the Alabama, flushed with her past exploits, and confident of success, sailed proudly out to meet the Kearsarge beyond the neutral waters of the bay.

"We, as victors, will continue last night's festivities on shore this evening," said the Alabama's officers to their friends, on taking leave, laughing merrily over the hand-shakings and good-bys. One hour and two minutes from the time the first guns were fired, those very confident officers were swimming for their lives, and the Alabama, riddled with shot and shell, her hull pierced through and through by the eleven-inch shells from the great after-pivot gun of the Kearsarge, and with many of her crew killed and wounded, had disappeared forever beneath the waves.

"The Alabama sunk!" How the news, when it arrived, flashed over this country, and with what rejoicing it was received in all the loyal states!

THE TRUE HORSEMAN.

In dealing with horses there are two things to be done: first to control and restrain them; secondly, to stimulate and encourage them to perform the greatest efforts of which they are capable. For a dozen men that can do the first you will find only one who can do the second. But that one has an extraordinary power; at a word from him, and a touch on the reins, the horse will freely strike a pace to which another man cannot urge him by voice or whip or spur. It would be hard to say what is the secret of this power, but I doubt if it is ever found in any man not possessed both of a strong will and of a feeling for dumb animals. The "magnetism" that people talk about is, I suspect, simply the fortunate combination of these two qualities.

Sometimes it crops out in unexpected places. I was once riding on the back seat of an open carriage drawn by two lazy horses. On the front seat, beside the driver, sat a Methodist minister—a solemn-faced person, with a long and, except that his upper lip was shaven, a full beard. He was dressed in black clothes, and altogether looked the very antipodes of a horsey man. The team was plodding slowly along, with heads and tails down, when, at his request, the reins were handed over to the passenger. As soon as he had taken them, and had uttered one quiet word of command, the nags seemed to be electrified; up went their heads and tails; ten years slipped off their backs, and away they started at an elastic twelve-mile-an-hour gait. These horses not only obeyed the minister, but they took pleasure in obeying him. Alas! a great driver was thrown away in that man.

A trainer or driver may, it is true, succeed fairly well with a horse in spite of certain defects in his temperament or character. With ordinary horses, pluck in riding or driving can usually be made to take the place of nerve. Whyte Melville analyzed these two qualities very justly. Pluck, he said, is that kind of courage or determination which enables a man to do what he is afraid to do; whereas nerve is the absence of fear; the one being chiefly a physical quality.

MISTAKE OF A LIFETIME.

Inmates of the city hospital are rejoicing over a little incident that took place the other day. For some time past they have been annoyed by a prowling, homeless cat, that made undurable noises during the night. The cat was a large one, and its bedraggled appearance plainly indicated that it had no definite and fixed place of abode. It was the custom of the cat to swagger along the sidewalk in front of the hospital about six o'clock in the evening and pick a row with Whiskers, a rat terrier, that is usually in the front yard about that time in the evening. There is a very high fence in front of the hospital, and no actual combat ever took place between the rat terrier and the cat, because the dog could not get over the fence and the cat did not want to.

Yesterday evening the cat appeared on time, but instead of the little rat terrier Dr. Mark's big, good-natured greyhound lay asleep in the sun. The cat looked around for the dog, but could not find him, and apparently decided that it could insult Reilly, the big greyhound, with the same impunity that it had been accustomed to quarrel with Whiskers. The cat's tail grew big, and soon some of the most spiteful yaws and sputterings that ever disgraced the feline family were heard. The greyhound lifted his head, and saw the cat, but with an air of supreme contempt he resumed his nap.

Again the cat annoyed the dog by the same means, and strutted about in a manner that indicated that it wanted to say it could whip any dog that ever lived, especially when there was a fence between them. The greyhound could stand it no longer, and went to the fence. The cat seemed a little taken back by the general make-up of the adversary, but the fence was still there, and it put on a bold front. Just when it was making the most aggressive movements the greyhound dashed in from a bounding and for an instant looked at the cat. The cat seemed to be astonished that any dog could jump so high a fence and started to run. Its astonishment turned to amazement when it saw the speed with which the greyhound was pursuing it and tried to reach a friendly tree. The race was short, but exciting. Reilly was not

doing his best, but the cat occasionally looked back and then doubled his speed. It was of no use, however, for the greyhound's blood was up. He apparently thought he was chasing a jack-rabbit. He bit the cat just once. The hospital patients heard the last noise the cat ever made, and the scavengers were called upon to remove a dead cat. The greyhound quietly jumped the fence again and lay down and went to sleep, apparently not heeding the plaudits of the patients, who exulted over the death of the cat.

BRAVERY HALF THE BATTLE.

From Golden Days.

There was once a wise old goat. One day he took refuge from a storm by entering into the first cave he saw. It proved an excellent shelter, but it belonged to a lion; and soon the goat heard the lion coming home.

"Aha!" remarked William Goat to himself, "this is a place where wit is of more use than sharp horns!" And when the lion came in, he calmly found the goat stroking his beard.

"How very lucky," exclaimed old William, just as the lion was about to spring upon him.

"Not at all," answered William; "I mean for myself. It is my business to hunt lions."

"I never heard of such a thing," answered the lion, laughing scornfully.

"Very likely not," replied the goat. "But then I'm not an ordinary goat. I am a lion-hunting kind. We are rare, but there are a few of us still left. I made a vow that I would kill ten lions this week, but they are scarce, and so far I have slain only five. You will be the sixth."

"So saying he lowered his head and charged the lion with pretended ferocity. Not expecting the attack, the lion turned and ran out.

No sooner was William the goat sure that the lion was at a distance than he started off, too, but in another direction. Meanwhile Leo met a jackal, and told him about the story the goat had made up.

"What nonsense!" said the jackal, bursting into a roar of laughter. "Why, I know old William Goat well. He is no fiercer than any other goat. Come with me and we'll quickly make an end of him!" So they turned back toward the cave, and soon finding the goat's tracks, they made after him at top speed.

William Goat luckily caught sight of them before they saw him.

"Now," said he to himself, "I must make believe harder than ever, or all is lost."

Thereupon he turned around and ran toward his pursuers at full speed. As soon as he was near enough to be plainly heard, he cried out in as angry a tone as he could put on:

"Why, jackal, how is this? I told you I needed five lions, and here you bring me only this little one!"

At this Leo was again overcome by fright, and he once more took to his paws toward the deepest part of the jungle. The jackal called after him in vain, and, being really a coward, did not dare to face old William Goat alone.

So William arrived safe at home, to the great joy of Nanny and the little kids.

A TALE OF TWO RINGS.

From the Jeweler's Weekly.

When Estelle was a mere child, her mother occasionally showed to her a slender gold ring set with a tiny diamond. This ring her mother kept locked in a little brass casket, which was in turn kept in a locked bureau drawer. Estelle noticed that the ring was in places worn almost to a thread, and that sometimes, when her mother returned it to the dark little casket, Estelle knew that her mother was a widow, but she would not write sure what a widow was, and she knew also that she herself was the youngest of many children—so many that at five years of age, Estelle could never remember the exact number.

What to do with Milk Pails! Clean them with Pearline. You can't get them so thoroughly sweet and pure in any other way. Besides, it's easier for you—quicker, more economical.

ALL HALLOWS ACADEMY FOR SCHOOL YEAR OF 1894-95.



WICHITA, KANSAS. This Academy, established in 1887, is a boarding school for girls. It possesses every advantage that parents can desire for the general improvement of their children.

DO YOU KNOW? That we cure chronic and surgical diseases where others have failed? Diseases of women given special attention. Piles, Fistula, Facula, Ruptured Stricture, Varicose Veins, Hemorrhoids cured without any cutting or pain.

OUR PLATFORM. We pledge ourselves in favor of Protection of our customers from overcharges and mistatements.

Free Trade for everyone with the merchant who does most for his customers.

Prohibition of monopolistic rings, inflated values and oppressive high prices.

Reduction of the people's burden and buyer's bugler—tax profit. Buy as you please—intelligently. As a candidate for your patronage I invite an examination of my business record in support of my claim for fair dealing.

ROSS' GREAT FURNITURE & CARPET EMPORIUM. 119 and 121 N. Main. The Largest Establishment in the State. A Tip—Horsey—"Why didn't you give the waiter a tip?" Colleigh—"I offered him one and he refused it with scorn." Horsey—"That's very strange." Colleigh—"I don't know about that." Horsey—"What did you offer him?" Colleigh—"A tipon that three-year-old of yours."—Detroit Free Press.