Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Sedgwick County Republican Ticket.

For District Judge.....C. REED
For State Senator.....H. L. GORDON
For Sheriff.....HENRY SCHAD
For Treasurer.....MORRIS LLOYD
For Register.....JOHN STANLEY
For Clerk.....A. M. DENNY
For Surveyor.....A. H. JACKMAN
For Coroner.....M. M. M'COLLISTER
For Commissioner—
Third District.....W. J. PITTINGER

A majority of the new women are old timers.

Jim Corbett appears to be a pugilist not only physically, but morally.

The noise of the 4th of July had no deleterious effect upon the ears of corn.

Just now Kansas is having the cloudburst. Later we will have the binburst.

Ten thousand orators yesterday: "One hundred and nineteen years ago today, etc."

Cleveland likes to have fat men around him, and very often mistakes beef for brains.

The gold craze in England has turned her grain fields into pastures, and her farmers into paupers.

The introduction of noiseless firecrakers, out of consideration to England is a goldbug idea.

You will have to try again Mrs. Lease. The bicyle proved to be only a one day advertisement.

There is a growing belief that there is a woman in the moon, but the big sleeves are not accounted for.

Those who worship the golden calf are very intolerant, and would destroy the unbeleivers if they could.

On re-reading the Declaration of Independence we are somewhat surprised to find no provision for hospitals.

The course of true love never did run smooth, but Corbett's fault is that he tried to run too many loves on one track.

In British India the demonetization of silver is enforced by the bayonet.. Threats are all that is necessary in America.

It is only a matter of a few days when the wild ,wierd cry of the car faguine will be heard across the prairies of Kansas.

And now Tolstoi's hired girl has been telling stories on him. We suspected as much. Tolstoi, be it remembereds, is a reformer.

Chauncey Depew denies that he will marry a girl with $8,000,000. Perhaps he intends to marry the $8,000,000 with a girl attached.

It is announced that the irrigation plant which costs the state $1,600 can be built by an individual for $1,200. Is there only $400 rake-off?

Mrs. Stanford, who will sell her jewels to keep a university running, will please to move up. Queen Isabella will make room for her.

If, as reported, Attorney General Harmon is a good ball player he is the only member of the present administration who is not off his base.

The actresses of America will naturally suspect that Mrs. Stanford is selling her diamonds for the purpose of advertising the California university.

No doubt the Prohibitionists feel better now, but the nature of the Prohibitionist does not allow him to feel good for more than two days at a stretch!

One of the peculiarities of journalism, as she is today, is that a boy is never drowned, without the accompanying fact that he was swimming with "boys of his own age."

It is not only necessary that we are promised that every day will be Sunday bye-and-bye? We should also have the assurance that none of them will be Fourth of July.

A Syracuse jury would no doubt find that a man who had been crushed under a brick house was just ready to die of dropsy anyhow, particularly if he were a pugilist.

After carefully weighing the matter we are inclined to believe that the great American youth is drifting into the conviction that if necessary we can lick England again.

A Japanese beetle has been found which delights to pursue and eat the potato bug. Has Japan anything in the insect line that would enjoy chiggers as a regular diet?

One sample of the new woman in Oklahoma chews tobacco, and if further investigated would no doubt be found to have a bone-handled knife that is "the best ever made."

"Father," said a Wichita boy last night, who had shot both thumbs, blackened his eyes and knocked an ear off, "What is the Fourth of July intended to celebrate, anyway?"

Two hundred men are out of employment in Atchison as a result of closing the joints. There is no hope for them, as Kansas City is dead and the fare is too high to St. Louis and Chicago.

The death of Robert Strong will remind the public that at the time Gliteau was executed the name of the executioner was kept a secret, although such a precaution at this time appears ridiculous.

Atchison Globe: The clerks in the internal revenue office at Leavenworth were kept busy yesterday issuing permits to sell liquor. Most of the applications were from Topeka. That town is only exceeded by Leavenworth. There were almost no permits from Atchison or Wichita.

MORE ABOUT THE NEW WOMAN.

"Love" and "obey" have been divorced in the marriage ceremony. The separation being a demand of the "new woman" it becomes absolute. Hereafter if the loving and obeying are both to be done by either it will have to be by the husband. The new woman proposes to love, and just as hard as the old woman, but not necessarily her husband. As for obeying she will obey nobody. In cases where she loves she will expect the one she loves to do the "obey" act.

The Rev. Thomas Dixon of New York, in the Academy of Music, last Sunday, announced that he was done with the word "obey" so far as the woman is concerned, for all the future. He gave it as his experience, and from observation, that no woman ever thoroughly in spirit obeyed any man. The apostle Paul in advising women to obey their husbands advised the men to have nothing to do with women. Obedience, Mr. Dixon held to be an all round relic of barbarism and that all divorce laws are based on the principle of the inferiority of the woman, which principle is a mere primitive presumption.

When a woman agrees to obey she acknowledges to a moral and a mental inferiority. She should not for she is not. As a rule a woman's judgment is something higher and nobler than man's. Her subconsience, that is her subjective soul, or the findings of that within her which we denominate woman's intuition, are purer than the deductions of man's coarser objective reason.

There is much light made of the new woman. The majority seem unconvinced of her entirety. Half of the world view her as a myth or as a joke at most. But the "new woman" is here in real ernest, not of her own motion but by the environment of development. She is a survival of conditions, and being, therefore, the fittest, is here to stay. She is in our homes, in our commercial life and the "wheel" will soon roll her into our trousers. In short she is ours, or what seems more likely, we are hers. The sovereign power of her gentleness is resolved into ninnyism. Soft bodies will not so soon give place to muscular outlines, but her external smoothness is no longer indicative of her heart. Its mild flexibleness is already stern, obdurate, remorseless beneath her gentlest smile. Woo who will, but the time to sue is at hand. Men will not "give like gods" but render as slaves. The future standard of virtue will be a single one, to which woman will descend but to which man must come up. She will in ceasing to be an extreme become medium and common. Instead of being ever a delightful contradictio,n, she will be an obdurate fact. Whatever God and nature may have originally made her, man and conditions have changed her into that which she is even now showing herself to be. It will not be hereafter tea and tattle for her and whiskey and cigars for him, but whatever he asks she will demand. As Mother Eve, in passing over the apple, dished up a lot of law and gospel to Adam; so the new woman will no longer plead her frail and defenceless sex but swipe the old man one where he lives. His domestic slave will become his equal foe, if there is to be any foe in the business, and a furious one. Instead of weakening him with the gentleness of an April shower of tears, she will wipe him off the earth with the vehemence and vigor of a combined cyclone and twister. It is therefore wisdom to say that the new woman is all right as it will be in the near future dangerous to assert that she isn't.

HE IS A FOOL.

A cuckoo goldbug yesterday objected to the Eagle's criticisms of Wall street, remarking that as the people of New York owned their money they therefore had a right to do with it as they pleased. Any effort to improve on such ignorance would prove a hopeless task. Any explanation of the system whereby Wall street is enabled to control the volume of money of the entire country, including the surpluses of the national treasury and to direct financial legislation would be lost on such a one. But he ought to be able to understand the fact that there is not a community large or small, city or town, little or big, that does not keep a deposit in New York. Every bank from the Atlantic to the Pacific must, under our present system be prepared to draw on New York at a moments notice. Everyone of them do it every day. These banks can't draw against nothing. They must have a credit with their New York corespondent, which credit is cash money. New York does not do business on its capital. Its business so immense as to be almost immeasurable is done on capital and credit furnished by the banks of New York, which capital and credit is largely the money of all the people of all the states in the Union.

The money of Wall street controls everything, even to the price of the loaf you eat or the clothes you wear. For instance the market reports of yesterday announced that the price of wheat declined because of the announcement on Wall street of another gold shipment. The supply of and demand for wheat had nothing to do with the decline in its price day before yesterday. It was simply a matter of money, of single standard gold, which was going to be shipped.

The farmer, the producer or the man who must eat bread made from wheat by the sweat of his brow is blind to his own interests if he does not fight a system that makes gold superior to the laws of nature and of nature's God.

PEOPLE AND NOT POLITICIANS.

If only the people and not the politicians ruled; if the people would but rule in spite of politicians, yesterday's glorifying would have meant much more than it does today. This nation was founded on the idea of "the people" and not the rulers., in the ascendency. All its troubles have come of rulers and not of the people. All its wrongs have been righted in the end by the people and not by rulers. So trust the people. The great majority cannot go wrong if let alone, but having gone wrong through political direction they will turn to the right. As a rule on every vital or fundamental principle the masses are ever right, the classes always and persistently wrong. The independence of the country was gained by the common people. While they fought under chosen leaders the classes of New York City, as now, plotted continually to aid the foreign enemy. Trust the people. They are the bulwark of all that is worth having or striving for. Upon the other hand the wealthy class are ever monopolizing privileges and seeking to draw distinctions between themselves and the people. The hope of the Republic is in the common people, however elevated the nose or mean the sneer of him who seeks to rule by money. If the cause of the people of this country, if their liberties are ever lost it will be through the power of wealth in the hands of those who acquired it from those who created it. Only that statesmanship is sound and eduring which places entire confidence in the intelligence and honesty of the people.

PRODUCTION OF MONEY METALS.

Acording to the figures given out a few day ago by the director of the mint, Mr. Preston, the total production of money metals throughout the world in the year 1894 was $235,991,200. As his estimates do not claim to take in every nook and corner of our earth, or to be exact, the total may be set down as four hundred millions. His estimate by nations is now at hand, and is well worthy of critical analysis. First of all, we give a table of the European countries. Mr. Preston does not separate and group them, but he furnishes the data for so doing. This table is as follows:

	Gold.	Silver.
Russia	$27,646,000	$ 429,500
Germany	2,205,100	8,027,300
Austria-Hungary	1,681,000	2,548,400
Sweden	62,500	119,200
Italy	117,000	1,200,500
Turkey	8,000	63,000
France	185,200	4,076,100
Great Britain	60,800	329,700
Spain		2,643,400
Norway		185,500
Greece		1,472,700
Total	$32,970,700	$21,096,300
Grand total		$54,067,000

But this table, standing alone, would be very misleading. Two of these countries, Russia and Turkey, are partly in Asia and partly in Euorpe. So far as conerns Turkey its production of both metals is too insignificant to be an appreciable fator, and the same is true of Russia in the matter of silver. But nearly all the gold in the foregoing list comes from Russia, and from Siberia, which is in Asia. Territorially Europe does not produce any gold, hardly, only about five millions. But the product of Russia in Asia goes all the same to swell the gold reserves of what is really one of the great powers of Europe. With these points of explanation the foregoing table speaks for itself.

Leaving out Russia and Turkey the money metal prodncts of Asia, so far as reported, are insignifiant. Four countries figure in the gold list, one only in the silver, that one, Japan, figuring in both. It is not worth while to tabulate these. The four, with their gold products, are China, $6,014,000; British India, $3,986,900; Corea, $467,200; Japan, $489,800; to the latter add $2,529,700 silver, and we have the grand total for Asia, outside of the two countries which are partly in Europe and partly in Asia. These figures foot up, gold, $10,957,900, or adding the silver of Japan, $13,487,600. The total amount for Europe and Asia is $71,554,600.

There are no details given for Africa, but the total is $40,346,000 gold and no silver at all, something more than the total gold of the two other continents of the Old World. The total of money metals for the three continents comprised in the Old World is $197,060,000, out of a grand total of the world, both metals, of $235,992,200, not much more than one-quarter. The great bulk of this product of three continents comes from regions wholly unknown to the ancient world.

Perhaps the most remarkable item in the entire table is this entry under the head of silver: "Australia, $23,367,700." This is more than half as much as the gold of the same group, $41,760,800. It is the fourth in magnitude. The United States leads in silver production, $64,000,000, followed closely by Mexlo, $60,817,000. No other countries at all compares with these two. Then comes Bolivia, $28,444,400, only about five millions ahead of Australia. These are the big four of silver, all countries unknown to the ancient or medieval world. In the production of gold there are three countries nearly neck and neck in the race, Africa, Australasia, and the United States, to name them in their order, but taking both money metals together this country leads by a long distance all the other lands, and is clearly ordained in the economy of creation to be bimetallic.

RUSSIAN RUMORS.

There are rumors of a Russian war with Japan, and the whole world is agog It is said that a vast army has been massed on the Corean frontier, great enough to eat up the gallant little island so lately covering herself and people with glory. It is not believed, however, that the great northern bear could possibly make any unknown military movement unknown to the world. While Russian's eastern frontier reaches the Orient, and one beyond the Volga and her interests are known still this, an age of the telegraphs, of lightning and steam, and great armies are not massed in secret. However, should the unexpected prove true the reported Russian movement would be the commencement of war upon a grand scale. Russia, hitherto impregnable on its eastern frontier, would be attacked on that point by the capable naval and military forces of Japan, while the allied forces of England, Germany, Italy, and probably Austria would threaten its western and southwestern bords.

Japan is a new factor in the European-Asiatic problem. And it is a fator, apparently, more minatory to Russia than to any other of the great powers that until recently have been onsidered as dominant.

The vertebral theory of the skull has been credited by many of the obituary editors to the late Professor Huxley. It was not a scientist per se but a poet who first glimpsed the truth that the skull was only a more highly developed vertebra, the flower of the spine. To Goethe belongs the credit, although it was left for the scientists of this generation to demonstrate the truth of his inspired belief.

There is an interesting study in the latest news from Oscar Wilde. He can endure the roughest treatment from the prison authorities who are mentally his inferiors. But he could not stand the talk of a minister who wanted to offer him advice, on the assumption that the minister was the purer man.

A license has been refused the Dallas fight. However the Oklahoma man who has started to walk to Dallas to attend the fight should keep right on. He will hear a good many rumors of the same kind between now and next October.

This is a great country. On Douglas avenue yesterday the little daughter of Black Coyote was firing crackers; also a negro; also a Chinaman, and about a thousand white children. All races but the Brown were represented.

In a theatrical contract just signed it is stipulated that Fay Templeton shall not weigh over 125 pounds when the time comes for rehearsal. Fortunately it is not stipulated that she shall be less than 60 years of age.

Oklahoma City has declared war against the Salvation Army and the army lasses have accepted the challenge and there is no ground for the suspicion that they are talking through their poke bonnets.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde has taken a new name and forsaken her husband. By the way what has become of the philosopher who held that a man's wife would stick by him when all the world had forsaken him?

Japanese Idea of Grant.

A Japanese story of the life of General Grant has been unearthed in Japan and literally translated for the Century Magazine. There are nine volumes of twenty pages each, opening with a description and picture of the "discovery of America by Americus." In dealing with the early life of Grant, the following incidents are related:

From the time of his birth he was different from an ordinary baby. His body was large. He weighed 1 kwan, 232 me. As he grew, his thought became deeper accordingly. It was seen by the eye of every man. He showed no color of fear, however great the sound that came into his ear. When he was not fully two years old his father, Jesshi Rumito Gurando, happened to carry him outside of his house, and some bad young men in the neighborhood, looking back at Gurando Kuen, said, "We hear that this baby, as people say, has a brave heart, and never fears anything; we will try whether this is true or false." And they went away and got a pistol, and gave it to the hand of Gurando Kuen, and pulled the trigger. Then out came a bullet like a thunderstorm. The baby was not afraid of it, and never changed the color of his face; but pointing to the pistol, asked another shot. The father, as well as the bad boys, was astonished, and there was no one who did not roll his tongue.

A year and a half later a circus rider entered his village. Desiring to see the show, Guarando Kuen, on his father's arm, entered the place. Pointing to the horse, he insisted on riding it himself. His father consequently asked the circus-rider to let his boy ride. Gurando Kuen, showing in his face perfect satisfaction, rode on the neck of the horse, and appeared as if he was persuading the horse to go on. One day, when he was older, he was playing ball by his own house, and he accidently broke a glass window of his neighbor. Having regretted what he had done, he made up his mind, and went into the neighbor's house, and excused himself to the lord of the house, saying "I accidentally broke the window of thy honorable house. I have no word to excuse myself. The only thing I can do is to my father tell, and a new glass buy, this loss to repay. Please excuse." This house lord, having been much pleased with the child's unusual thoughtfulness, without any condition excused his sin. Indeed, Gurando Kuen's heavenly nature is like a serpent which has its own nature when it is but an inch long.

How Women Treat Women.

The friendship of one woman for another when both stand upon the same moral and social level, is in nine cases out of ten devoid of all the obligations of loyalty and honor which are inherent in the friendship between one man and another, says a writer in the Saturday Review. There is less reserve in it, an also less sincerity, for a woman will reveal her heart of hearts to a friend and quarrel with her the next day because she has pirated her bonnet or alienated an admirer. Such relations never become stable or sacred between women, for they are apt to begin by chance, proceed with passion and die at a breath. Even at fever heat a woman never gives as much to another as she gives to her lightest lover, and at any moment she is ready to sacrifice cher friend at the behest of any man in whom she is momentarily interested. For his entertainment she will betray any confidences without a scruple or a regret, even if she refrains from denouncing her feminine friend to the first comer as soon as a shadow of misunderstanding has arisen between them.

In the lives of most men there are only one or two friendship bonds, riveted by years of intercourse, which nothing but undreamed-of treachery can sever. Women, on the other hand, make and discard friends with equal facility. If they are seldom true to men, their fidelity to their own sex is rarer far, for there are no Davids and Jonathans among women, no friendships founded on mutual faith and held in honor. Until woman learns to conduct her relations with her own sex on the same principle as that on which men act, the sisterhood of women will never come within measurable distance of the possible. She has learned so much from man in this decade that it is not unreasonable to hope she may yet learn the true character of friendship as well as the policy of combination. When woman stands shoulder to shoulder with her sister in public and in private life she will stand at the very gates of her kingdom, abreast of that "brave vibration, each way free."

Author of "Old Oaken Bucket."

One who strolls into Laurel Hill cemetery in San Francisco and turns to the left on Mount Vernon avenue, near the entrance, may see close to Pioneer Path the name Woodworth carved on an ivy-covered mausoleum. The ivy clings in such dense and fond profusion to the vault that it half conceals the the letters and the Egyptian pillars of the sepulchre. In the vault the remains of Samuel Woodworth, the author of "The Old Oaken Bucket," have crumbled into dust. In the same vault are the remains of nine others of the Woodworth family, some of them direct male descendntas of the illustrious Samuel.

The survivors of the family dwelling in San Francisco number nearly one hundred, and several are descendants in direct line.

Selim E. Woodworth of the navy and his brother Frederick A. Woodworth, grandsons of Samuel Woodworth, have for some months considered the advisability of cremating the remains in the vault at Laurel Hill. Before a final decesion is reached others of their kin will be consulted. Whatever disposition may be made of the ancestral remains, it is sure that the dust or ashes of the man who wrote "The Old Oaken Bucket" will be preserved and a monument erected in his memory.

Leading men and women of the temperance societies have discussed this proposition, and the indications are that a fresh impulse will soon be given to the monument-building enterprise. Few people outside of San Francisco, and not very many dwellers in this town, know that Samuel Woodworth's remains were brought here in 1860 and placed in the Woodworth family vault.

"The Old Oaken Bucket" was written in the summer of 1817. The family reminiscence concerning its production is thus told in George P. Morriss's introduction to Mr. oWdworth's poems:

"The family was living at the time on Duane street, New York. The poet came home to dinner one very warm day, having walked from his office, near the foot of Wall street. Being much heated with the exercise he drank a glass of water—New York pump water—exclaiming as he replaced the water on the table, 'That is very refreshing, but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good long draught this warm day from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home.'

"Hearing this, the poet's wife, who was always a suggestive body, said: 'Samuel, why wouldn't that be a pretty subject for a poem?' The poet took the hint, and under the inspiration of the moment sat down and poured out from the depths of his heart those beautiful lines which have immortalized the name of Woodworth.

Samuel Woodworth also wrote a dramatic poem entitled "The Forest Rose," which attained a fairly good place on the stage, and held it for several years.

The Woodworth grandchildren now living are Selim E., Frederick A., and Benjamin Woodworth in San Francisco, and Nellie Woodworth and sister in Cambridge, Mass.—San Francisco Chronicle.

ACTORS, WRITERS AND MUSICIANS

Patti recently wore diamonds worth $350,000.

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Rudyard Kipling has written a play for Beerbohm Tree.

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Patti has been on the operatic stage upward of forty-five years.

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Grau has offered Calve $100,000 for fifty performances next season.

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Hoyt is at work on "A Satisfied Woman." Woman suffrage is his theme.

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A company playing "Jane" in Michigan charges 5 cents for admission to all parts of the house at the matinee performances.

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Ralph Modjeska, the engineer in charge of the new bridge at Rock Island in behalf of the Rock Island road, is a son of Mme. Modjeska.

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The New York Chinese theater is doing a rushing business with a play called "The Haunted Tea Chest," which was begun in April and will probably last well into July.

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Miss Sybil Sanderson has given up the stage for the present, and is living in retirement in a small town near Paris. Gossip is very busy over the cause therefor.

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Fay Templeton is to play the principal role in "Excelsion, Jr." A clause in the agreement provides that when the time comes for rehearsals she must weigh not more than 125 pounds.

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Loie Fuller has had remarkable experiences. At one time she was a religious exhorter, and at another she was a temperance orator. She was married unhappily, she was a buslesquer, she was a comic opera singer and she was a comedienne before she invented this new style of dancing.

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"I hold," says Kyrle Bellew, "that in order to succed on the stage you must have a natural bent for acting, but the actor who does not acquire the technique of acting is at the same disadvantage as an artist who has never earned the rudiments of drawing, or a musician who merely plays by ear."

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The wicked Parisienne, Yvette Guilbert, has just finished a profitable engagement in London, and Oscar Hammerstein has agreed to give her $2,000 a week to open his new Olympia, New York. Guilbert has no voice worth speaking about; yet she earns more money than any prima donna of grand opera. She began a public career behind the counter of a Paris dry goods shop, selling ribbons and thread at wages of 15 francs a week.

A SONG OF SUMMER.

Midsummer month! O royal June,
What days are thine of deep delight!—
The golden morn, the golden noon!
And, ah! the crowning golden night!
A perfect verse with perfect rhyme
Each day is, dawn and close and prime.

The hours move on from love to love,
The glorious round is never done;
The lark, a sun of song, above
Soars, ringing to his brother Sun;
Anon his lyric tilting falls,
Then rouse the Romeo nightingales.

Now is high noon in this green shade,
Among the roses let us lie,
Where, underneath a briery braid,
A low-voiced brooklet prattles by,
Sending innumerous crystal calls
From thousand tiny waterfalls.

Dusk bumble-bees, about the grass
(Anacreons of field and hill),
Drown with their droning double-bass
The dragon flies' soprano shrill,
And small winds touch melodious stops
In whispering wood and murmurous copse.

To music of this fair demesne,
O sun-kissed Hebe, young, divine,
Pour, pour "the blushful Hippocrene"—
The poet's and the lover's wine—
And o'er these flutes and hautboys raise
A song to Love and Summr Days.

A health to thee, O Royal June,
That queen of all thy sisters art!
A health to Love, the world's one boon
That makes midsummer in the heart!—
Sing, throats; sound, pipes; let all folk hear
How sweet is summer, love how dear!

—W. A. MacKenzie.

OKLAHOMA OUTLINES.

An El Reno merchant advertises a "Quit the Town" sale.

There were fifteen hundred Indians in El Reno yesterday.

There are now ten inmates in the new insane asylum at Norman.

Delegate Flynn's wife is said to be dangerously ill at Colonnial Beach, Va.

On the day of Marshal Jones' funeral at Oklahoma City the merchants closed their stores.

Judge Pitzer gave the people a few inside pointers on Liberty at Shawnee yesterday.

Jerre Johnson of Kildare, is an authority on poultry as well as on the free coinage of silver.

Oklahoma City does not incline to the belief that the Salvation Army means what it says.

J. A. Vandemark has been appointed county commissioner of Woods county, vice Jappin, resigned.

Colonel Blackwell will be tried July 10, but he doesn't worry about it enough to even hire an attorney.

The Oklahoman at Oklahoma City is the best authority on divorce in the territory. It publishes all the divorce trials.

The Oklahoman is inclined to believe that the ups and downs of the Oklahoma editor are distributed on a ratio of about one up to sixteen downs.

Jailor Garver at Oklahoma City, may be an honest man, but he has a capacity for negligence that couldn't be trusted in a nitro-glycerine factory.

In a few days the Salvation Army will hold an impromptu convention in Oklahoma and the city council will wish it had left the bass drum alone.

Early plums and wild grapes are now ripe in Oklahoma and it is part of the Oklahoma boy's career to take an old sack and go out in the woods after them.

The body of Casey, the prisoner who was shot at Oklahoma City while trying to escape, has been placed in the cemetery next to the body of his brother Victor.

El Reno is not a slow town by any means. A town that can get up a big Fourth of July celebration by a lavish use of hams and dress patterns among the Indians has a future awaiting it.

In Oklahoma the other day a man tried to get a divorce from his wife because she used obscene language. When asked for an instance he said she once yelled to a dog, "Get away from there, you little cuss."

Oldest Bridge in the World.

A peculiar monument, remaining over from the olden times, will disappear within a few weeks, being replaced by a modern structure. One of the oldest existing bridges of Europe, probably the oldest wooden bridge in the world, will enter upon the end of its career.

An old parchment, found in th archives of the little town Krems, informs us that Emperor Frederick III "graciously permits the burghers to erect and build a bridge over the Danube between their town and the village Stein," and is dated March, 1463. Ever since then the old wooden bridge has withstood not only the inclemency and turmoil of the elements, but many were its military experiences. In 1805 and in 1809 the Turks invading Central Europe marched over the bridge; in 1645 the Swedes conquering Krems became possessed of it; in 1805 Napoleon used it to cross the Danube, and again in 1866 it was expected the Prussians would try to obtain control over this important crossing. In the latter year preparations had been made to burn the bridge down rather than see it go into the hands of the enemy, but peace was concluded before the invaders got that far. The severest accident to the old bridge occurred in 1884 when the ice gorge moved, and, having torn three barges from their moorings, hurled them with such force against one of the yokes that it collapsed. The bridge was repaired by placing a span of iron construction across the break and tearing out the old broken yoke. Ever since the bridge has borne the seal of the nearing end. A new bridge of granite and steel proudly rears its pillars within a few hundred yards from the old venerable bridge, and its dedication will take place this month. The destruction of the old one will begin at the same time.

How He Saved His Hat.

There is a good story told of the late Dr. Matthews Duncan, the specialist, when he was a struggling young practitioner, who was just beginning to be taken notice of by the world. He was called in consultation with several eminent men of the profession, and for the occasion, he donned his best silk hat. Being poor, he could not go in his carriage, nor could he afford a cab, and as the day was fine he left his umbrella at home, for the double reason that he did not think he should need it and that it was a particularly shabby one, and walked. The consultation lasted a long time, and when at last it was over, Matthews Duncan saw with consternation that it was raining, and remembered that his umbrella was at home. What was to be done? A new hat meant something considerable to him in those days, and so did even a cab fare.

Suddenly a thought struck him. Making an excuse to the effect that he had an appointment, he left the big medical guns, and, proceeding down-stairs, took the hat of one of them whom he knew to have come in a carriage, leaving his own new silk hat in its place. Then he walked home in the rain. When the owner of the hat finally came down and saw the exchange, he congratulated himself on his luck, and putting it on, drove home in his carriage, and so kept it dry. His exultation, however, was next morning turned to grief, for Dr. Duncan sent him his hat, with a note full of apologies for having made the mistake, and asked him to give to his servant the hat which he had taken home in his carriage.

Of course, under the circumstances, there was nothing for the great man to do except to return Matthews Duncan his new and undamaged hat, and to receive in exchange his own, which had been made a kind of scapegoat for it, with as much graft as the circumstances permitted of.

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