

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor. Sedgewick County Republican Ticket. For District Judge, CHAS. HATTON...

Oh Reform! What a reverberating wail the people of Indianapolis gave you!

Search this wide country over, fellow citizens, and there is no place where a poor man can lay his fat.

A change of 5,000 votes in Indianapolis. The Republican leaders in Indianapolis were being led by the preachers.

South Carolina dislikes the negro for two reasons—firstly, he is a negro, and secondly—but that is superfluous.

“Joe Malone’s saloon” at Leavenworth has been wiped out by fire. Does the “contract” with Morrill cover that, too?

Diplomacy now demands that the Sultan submit categorically to civilized reforms—that is, categorically come back.

The heart of Kosciuszko will be placed in a Polish museum, next Wednesday. And Polish freedom can be locked up with it.

There are 25,000 people in Oklahoma, and the other 24,999 do not agree with Governor Relfow on the matter of statehood.

The scheme of making an Indian of Jim Corbett was ridiculous. Indians have an actual antipathy to unhinged loquacity.

The Princess Kauliana’s reception in England has been so warm that she may not find it to her safety to return home to Hawaii ever.

Boys of two villages near Brussels had a battle Tuesday, which showed more fight than any engagement yet in the Cuban rebellion.

Personal: Will the gentleman who wrote “Stone-walls do not a prison make, or iron-bars a cage,” please communicate with John Waller?

Reverend Talmage is now co-pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Washington. The other minister will soon find it is Pastor Talmage and Co.

Miss Vanderbilt’s sweetheart is nine generations away from the great war captain. She pays \$100,000 for him, or over a million per generation.

The city of Johannesburg, Africa, has actually got a prodigious boom. It is a long way from here, and people in Wichita need not shrink back in alarm.

Indianapolis goes Democrat. Yes, Benny Harrison, enforce all laws, whether people like it or not. Where is your Republican candidate for mayor now?

If Oklahoma had known that London was inclined to get excited and spend its money on mines, it would have kept up the Boggy creek craze a little longer.

The Chicago ministers have set out to have a church in every ward in the city. This sort of action will make the politician’s gorymeander appear respectable.

Having elected Democrats to office in Indianapolis, the preachers, Benny Harrison, and the reformers will suddenly realize that public sentiment is the vox populi.

Mrs. Lease will now proceed to size up Henri Watterson, and give him a job or two, that will make Kansas stick out on the map in his eyes like a red patch on a green dress.

When Reverend Cole composed that hymn entitled “Wichita for Christ in 1855,” he probably never imagined Bill Campbell, Seth Tucker and Charles Burrows as seraphs.

While it may be that the white girl blushes red and the Indian maiden blushes white, there are times when a prettier girl is near, when they both turn green with envy.

Mrs. Langtry has made a formal demand of \$200,000 on the London bank for the loss of her diamonds. Before paying it the bank ought to deduct \$50,000 at least for advertising.

Massachusetts elects a governor for only one year. But as prohibition is a dead issue there, we advise no Wichita man to move to Boston just for the satisfaction of voting often.

At Munster, Germany, the people arose in a mob and assailed the authorities for closing beer gardens an hour earlier. What would they do if the beer gardens had been closed entirely?

The preachers led the Republicans in Indianapolis, calling for reform and the enforcement of all laws. And the Democrats gained 5,000 votes. Oh, no, public sentiment amounts to nothing.

The reason that Mrs. Pabst whacked her husband with a buggy-whip was because she had been snubbed by her sister-in-law. The sister-in-law, in truth, is as bad as the mother-in-law, but never gets blamed.

To the outside world, Governor Culberson’s difficulty appears to be over, but the outside world doesn’t remember that Mrs. Culberson, like any other woman, can keep a debate three years after the result.

Answer to correspondent: No, we do not believe that President Faure, of France, made use of the expression that he “would curl John Waller’s hair” before he was through with him, it’s that way already.

If John Ingalls has really hired Bernard Kelly to follow him over the state and interrupt his anti-Prohibitionist speeches, there is nothing for J. H. Burton to do but make a similar contract with Rev. Dotkin.

Gladstone is nearly ninety years of age. He has had about seventy years of experience in matters political, and has been an exceptionally creditable student of the same. He now admits that, as a whole, the liquor question puzzles him. It puzzles everybody else; only Mr. Gladstone does not make that confession.

As if the Sultan’s cup of bitterness were not full to overflowing, with the spirit of revolt stalking through Armenia and Macedonia, and even in the shadow of his palace at Constantinople, now comes a petition from Crete requesting the powers to intervene in the affairs of the island, and put an end to the anarchy, accompanied by murder and rapine, of which the Cretans are victims. In a little while it may no longer be necessary to partition Turkey, the empire of the Ottomans will fall asunder from sheer rottenness.

A BLOT IN KANSAS HISTORY.

Revolutions have resulted from less cause than the attempt at Wichita to overturn self-government. We shall always believe that the most dastardly blot in Kansas history was the Wichita affair.—Atchison Globe.

There is no self-government in Wichita. The government of its people has been overturned, and the officers elected by the people are powerless. The city is in the hands of a cabal, who make law a pretense, a jumbo not one of whom could be elected to any place.

The city is ruled by the tools of a faction, appointed by the governor of the state over the protest of four thousand people in mass meeting assembled.

These tools are nothing, nobody, being materially of no importance and politically irresponsible. Their power inhere in a state temperance union with headquarters at Topeka, that dictates the policy of the state administration, with which union the people of this city have no voice. They are directed and controlled by another, appointed at Topeka as a representative of the state’s attorney, who as a man is frangible, as an official unrelenting. This cabal appointed its own judge, its own city marshal and its own police force.

Over it all hangs the suspicion of political jobbery, official crookedness and money corruption. Every official whom this jumbo has found impossible to bend to their purposes has been deposed. The man into whose hands they have placed the police patrol and the lives and property of our citizens, only last winter made public disclosures of his former official career such as shocked the conscience of upright citizens. There is no community in the world, not excepting the penal settlements of Siberia, that is more utterly hopeless and helpless so far as self-government is concerned, than are the people of Wichita, Kansas, United States of America. The voice of the people is not the voice of God in this unfortunate city, it is indeed as impotent as the moan of the Autumnal winds about the window casements of the room in which we write these lines of sad confession and humiliation. Men and women who never drank a drop of spirituous liquor in their lives, others of us who came to Kansas at a time when nine out of ten of its inhabitants were Indians and bushwhackers, who have in years of patience, through mental toil and physical toil built modest homes of comfort, anxiously looking for an opportunity to dispose of their all, their dread of a new start and settlement in life being less than the uncertainty and distraction of a high-handed rule in which they have neither voice nor will, in which they have no interest save in the one which compels them to foot the expenses by a taxation which in the end must prove confiscation.

Wrong the farmer by depressing his interests and every conceivable industry, and every possible line of trade is hurt. The prosperity of the producer is indissolubly linked with every other interest of mankind, for from production spring all things else. Now, there is no class of citizens suffering more from the effects of the Wilson-Cleveland tariff bill than the farmer, not even excepting the manufacturer. The Wilson bill and the gold standard combined have done the business for the American farmer, for all that he raises, for even the land he owns. From sweet potatoes to horses, from eggs to wool and hay, nothing that the farmer’s land produces directly in the way of grain or indirectly in the way of live-stock but that has been squeezed by the appreciation of gold upon the one hand and a tariff which discriminates against him upon the other. The degree to which the agriculturist’s interest has been sacrificed for tariff reform, Clevelandism and democracy is even greater than the losses that have come to other branches of industry since early in the year 1893. The American farmer now needs no instruction to open his eyes to the fact that an increase of from \$761,940 to \$1,435,719 in the value of imports of 1894 means so much less for him to sell. He is not long in perceiving that such results demonstrate beyond question that we have not captured the Democratic myth, “the markets of the world,” but on the other hand that we have lost the best market in the world—the United States. The reduction of the duty on salt by which he makes about 37 cents per year will not compensate the farmer for his losses on account of free wool and the horizontal reduction of hay, hops, butter, eggs and other products of the farm, and he knows it now. Even the one-sided McKinley bill took care of hay and eggs, and indirectly, by reciprocity of other products. Under a high protective policy and with silver 16 to 1, and the mines kept busy, wheat would be bringing one dollar per bushel, and horses would be worth more than one cent per pound, the price at which they are selling in Colorado. The legislation of the plutocrat, in pauperizing the producing classes of America, is making of the balance of the masses serfs, beggars and tramps. The plutocrat owns the politician, hires the preacher and buys the lawyer. The people rule only in name. There is probably no profit in the expression of these cold facts, there being no profit left in anything, but there may be hope in truth if told so simply as to be understood.

THE PASSING OF THE FUGITIVE. The present indications are that prizefighting will soon be one of the sports of the past. The ring with its Marquis of Queensbury rules is being relegated. It is even doubtful if the great mill for which Corbett and Fitzsimmons are in training will ever come off in such a public manner as was proposed, if indeed it takes place at all. “The manly art of self-defense” has fallen into “ineffectual desuetude” so far

as ring “knock outs” for money are concerned. Any other state might have passed the law enacted last week by the Texas legislature, but the passage of such a law by no other state would have had such an effect. Of the “wild and woolly west” Texas has been viewed as the least restrained. But the home of the cowboy having held prizefighting to be brutal, and not to be countenanced, will come pretty nearly settling the question. The federal authorities, with such an object lesson will hardly permit the fight to be “pulled off” in the Indian Territory.

Prizefighting grew out of exhibitions of boxing with big soft gloves. Such a contest was not nearly so dangerous or brutal as modern football. But it has not been long since one of the parties to the present proposed contest killed his opponent by a single blow. And so the prize game of football will have to go or otherwise be rendered less dangerous to life and limb. Only a few years ago Texas permitted ring pugilism upon the payment of \$500 for each encounter, but now Texas declares it to be brutal and a felony. These glove contests for the future will have to be conducted quietly in club rooms and the like without previous advertising and in such a way as not to force the attention of the authorities.

THEODOSSIA BURR. The October number of the Century Magazine has published from the pen of Dr. John Williamson Palmer, with a series of fine illustrations by A. Hencke, the sad story of the beautiful Theodosia Alston, the wife of Governor Alston of South Carolina, while on her way by sea to meet her father, Aaron Burr, in New York, after his duel with Hamilton, and to console him as only a daughter could in the disgrace in which he had fallen. The pilot-boat in which she embarked was lost on the coast, and it was not until years afterward it was known that it was decaying to destruction by wreckers, and all on board forced to “walk the plank.” The actual fate of Theodosia Alston was not known for a long time, and for many years it was discussed and made the subject of sad conjecture at many firesides.

Dr. Palmer, taking his inspiration from the confession of two criminals who were subsequently tried and hung at Norfolk, has told in bold, vigorous, picturesque verse the story of that awful crime, making the wreckers themselves the tellers of it. In no other way could it have been depicted with such power of expression, or the brutality of the men who lived by plunder and murder so strongly brought out. We see in it all the lawlessness, all the recklessness, drunkenness and cupidity which in those days made such bloody misdeeds possible, and the qualities of the worse, powerful as the strokes of a trip-hammer, is in keeping with the theme. It has offered to the artist opportunities for sketching the lives of these marauders—the moving of the decoy light along the sand dunes, the coming of the doomed vessel, its seizure and the dreadful fate of its passengers. The first plate, which shows the wreckers carousing, is not as strong as it might have been, but that where Theodosia Alston, with her pale face and mourning dress, moves among the wreckers is very good, while that in which she stands on the plank with her face uplifted and her arms outspread is strikingly fine and by far the best of the series. The poem itself, in incidents and graphic strength, is one of the best we have read for many years.

Dispatches recently mentioned the death at Troy, Pa., at the age of 82, of Rev. Joel Jewell, who is said to have originated the word “testotaker.” The story is that at a public temperance meeting in Hebron, N. Y., in 1838, he introduced into the pledges the letters “O. P.” for “old pledges,” which pledged against distilled liquors, and “T.” for “total,” including both distilled and fermented liquors. When names were being taken a young man in the gallery said: “Add my name and a T., for I am a T-totaler.” Mr. Jewell adopted the word in speeches and writings. Some four years later an Englishman named Dick Turner employed the word, and its origin has been claimed for him. Mr. Jewell was born in Dunham, Greene county, N. Y., Feb. 11, 1803, and became a revivalist and temperance worker at an early age. For over fifty years he was an active Presbyterian clergyman, although not ordained until he was 40.

As the result of a wager the following advertisement was published in a French newspaper: “I promise nothing! I engage to perform nothing, but send me one franc fifty centimes in postage stamps, four years later a little surprise in store for you. Who knows? Address F. D. Postoffice.” The impudence and apparent candor of this cool appeal to the public met with every success. Stamps rained in for several days, so that the winner of the wager was able to hand over a considerable sum to a local charity, after which he told the story in the newspaper, so that the dupes might know what had become of their money.

The government’s idea of refusing to allow the prizefight to take place in the Indian Territory because it would be “disrespectful to the Indians” will cause Lo to quit his meal on the raw intestine of a cow long enough to laugh.

Unless Colonel Tomlinson of Topeka, files those nominating papers right his candidate will not be a legal Holiday.

HOLY TOPEKA. As this paper has previously remarked, it is not difficult for any individual who desires to get outside of a well-developed and full-grown “jag” to do so.

The assertion was boldly made and has never been denied that the town was full of joints; and the assertion is now repeated, that the town is full of low-down, distasteful places where intoxicants are sold. This is no secret among civilians or police officers. It is a notorious fact that one of the low-down whoops who was employed by Wilkerson as a spotter, was himself the proprietor of a joint and disorderly resort down on lower Kansas avenue up to the very time he was put on Mr. Bonebrake’s “detective” force.—From a column of like talk from the Topeka Daily Co-Operator.

PURLOINED PLUMAGE. According to the will of the late H. O. Houghton, his interest in the publishing house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is to continue, and each of his children is to share alike in the profits. \$50,000 is given in trust to each of his three daughters, the earnings of which they are to devote to the benefit of the “worthy poor” of Cambridge. At their death their descendants are to carry on the work forever. The remainder of his property is equally divided among his children.

Sir Ernest Mason Satow, the new British minister to Japan, is one of the best Japanese scholars among all the English-speaking peoples of the world. He was trained under Sir Harry Parkes and understands how to make himself acceptable to the Japanese. Under his diplomatic England expects to restore her former friendly relations with Japan.

Alphonse de Rothschild, whose secretary was the victim of the outrage the other day, does not believe that the reign of capital is destined to endure. Interest dwindles. He said not long ago that the man who in another generation has 25,000 a year may think himself rich, so rapid is the fall in interest and so rapid the spread of socialistic theories.

Victor Maurel is soon to publish in book form his impressions of the United States. The book will be made up of letters he wrote to the Paris Temps, and contains most letters of the kind, they are compiled

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C. P. Wickmiller of Kingfisher, has been elected president of the Oklahoma Pharmaceutical association.

In the Perry decision Judge Bierer held that city councils cannot make appropriations except by ordinance.

Broom corn is going up in price, 40 now being offered. Experts advise the farmers to still hold their supply.

A minister at Perry last Sunday snatched the public interest by talking on “banks and their currency.”

Foster Hamilton, aged 6, the son of the government physician at Shawnee, was accidentally killed last week.

The Alva fair was not a success, and the fellows who had nothing to do with getting it up are now roasting the fellows who did.

The Norman Transcript makes the startling statement that Mrs. Lease and Dennis Flynn danced together at the Peckinck fair.

Jack Gates of Lexington, left a note for his bride the other day telling her he had left her for good. Mrs. Gates promptly took poison.

This week Judge Burford opened a new court at Granite, Day county, Oklahoma. Few Oklahomans can tell where it is without looking at the map.

The Woodward News this week is full of warnings against prairie fires. The editor gets nothing for it but he don’t want to see his subscribers burned out.

By about Christmas it will be generally conceded in Southern Kansas and Oklahoma that the fair as an attraction has lost its virtue. Fairs are not the drawers they once were.

Miss Olive Roe, a beautiful girl aged 13, has been indicted at Guthrie as an accessory to the death of her 16-year-old sister, Miss Daisy Roe, who died from the effects of a criminal operation.

It is an Oklahoma axiom that musicians who sue for divorce always charge their wives with cruelty. It should be understood that this applies only to musicians from the east. There are hundreds of men in Oklahoma who play the Jewsbury and the trombones who get along nicely at home.

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Broom corn is going up in price, 40 now being offered. Experts advise the farmers to still hold their supply.

A minister at Perry last Sunday snatched the public interest by talking on “banks and their currency.”

Foster Hamilton, aged 6, the son of the government physician at Shawnee, was accidentally killed last week.

The Alva fair was not a success, and the fellows who had nothing to do with getting it up are now roasting the fellows who did.