

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Major McKinley: "I have nothing to say." Mr. Quay: "Those are my sentiments too."

Causes are now so low in Topeka that the boarding-houses are giving away a coffin with every meal.

The Ingalls boom is bounding its rotary tail along the Kansas prairie preceded by a violent, ominous silence.

There is a growing howl in this country against "one man" politics, in which of course Mrs. Lease melodiously joins.

The national prohibition sentiment seems to be: "The lips that talk for gold, gold, gold, can never touch these lips of mine."

It is illogical to praise McKinley's cabinet at this time. McKinley couldn't guess the men he will select now, to save his neck.

There is every reason to believe that Mr. Sibley climbed into a cyclone cellar and the tornado dropped a forty-ton safe on the exit.

While Edison's new light may be wonderful the world will be content with the old incandescent if the meter will consent to arbitrate.

If Edison is to simulate sunshine without heat, as he claims, we should open negotiations with Old Sol to suspend entirely in July.

Anthony Hope's last novel is a failure. The sixth chapter has already appeared and only eighteen leading characters have been killed off.

From a superficial survey every Oklahoma Democrat, when it comes to handling a carpet-bag, imagines himself a baggage-smasher.

At present General Weyler is getting more quinine into the systems of his soldiers than he is bullets into the systems of the insurgents.

There is no doubt that McKinley will be nominated on one shirt and two collars. We do not blame the St. Louis hotel-keepers for weeping.

The czar is now crowned and we hope Mr. Brockris will at once return to his long trousers and try to look like an American citizen again.

The Allison delegation of twenty-six should unwind a string behind it as it goes into the delegation. It may get lost and not be able to get out.

While the Democrats result in Oklahoma is uncertain, appearances indicate that the carpet-bag has been violently and maliciously stepped on.

The carpet-bag Democrats of Oklahoma may insist on holding another convention, if they have to call on the governor of Georgia for troops.

While our Russian ambassador had to wear knee-pants at the coronation, it is pleasant to know that he didn't have to appear as Mr. Breckinridge's coachman.

It is said if the Bostonian ray had been known in 1847 Gardiner's life would have been saved and a volume or two of John Sherman's memoirs would be missing.

While Mark Hanna will ask nothing of McKinley, he will coddle in his breast the warm pulsating knowledge that he could have anything he wanted if he asked.

When the Oklahoma Democrats endorsed Dick Hland for president, a large ward of Georgia rested, plunged over the precipice and dragged a hunk of third term with it.

McKinley is not afraid to speak on debatable subjects when he wants to. He said the other day fearlessly that he hoped the Cleveland club would win the baseball pennant.

Mrs. Lease says that Major Morrill is a "good, conscientious, old soul," and says he will be re-nominated. But Mrs. Lease has been lopsided in her faculty for prophecy before.

A rumor is abroad that the A. P. A. are going to boycott the Lord, for permitting Charles Carroll, a Catholic, to survive all the other signers of the Declaration of Independence.—Troy Chief.

What makes Editor Pulitzer tired is that after getting the prices of Wales and all the royalty to talk through his paper, he cannot get a word out of a fellow-citizen—Major McKinley.

There was a rumor that the A. P. A. and prohibitionists had combined in Kansas, but it faded away like a summer dream when the Frodoles introduced a man by the name of Murphy to the state.

Judge Tarney will note that when the Oklahoma Democrats endorsed Dick Hland for president they demonstrated that they have nothing against that part of Missouri which "grover Cleveland doesn't own."

The fourth commandment prohibits the working of "hate" on Sunday. The cyclists argue that they can ride on Sunday because a wheel is not included among cattle. But they work their calves.

The largest grand opera company in the country has failed. Grand opera is a fraud. The world gets tired of listening to a woman talk four octaves and three parts of music to sing: "Come to supper."

Still it should be borne in mind that in the St. Louis platform the first word on live bunnies was for a protective tariff. There is no doubt the people want that and the Democrats and Pope will have to listen to it.

The debtor class are for McKinley because his policy can aid them in paying out. This is but only true of the protective tariff, but they may find a Democrat foolish enough to bet that McKinley will not win.

The Empress Republican says that J. G. Hutchinson of Emporia is in the lead for justice of the appellate bench. The Republican says that Mr. Hutchinson has written a work on practice in the supreme court which has been adopted by a large legal publishing company.

The Wine and Spirit Gazette announces that the whisky interest will oppose McKinley. As for that so will the prohibition party, to say nothing of the goldbugs and Pope and Democrats. But the infidel, level-headed liberal people of the country will elect him president all the same.

CHUMP AND CHUMPER.

The Denver Republican says that international bimetalism is impossible because England will never consent. Why should England consent? England and all her provinces furnishes but a very small per cent of the world's silver. Had England America's output of silver she would not only coin it free but fix the ratio lower than 16 to 1 and then say to the rest of the world if you want our silver you will pay our price or go without it. America furnishes about 68 per cent of the world's precious metals, but she sits like a bump on a log and permits England, which furnishes less than 14 per cent of them, to dictate prices and ratios, without any reference to the law of supply and demand. It is just equivalent to the farmer who having no flour or bread should fix the price of his neighbor's wheat from whom he must buy. The wheat producer would be a fool to permit it, all the same. At one time Spain controlled the world's output of silver, and she immediately fixed the ratio of 16 2/3 to 1. Afterwards Portugal controlled the world's supply of gold, and she immediately fixed the ratio at 15 1/2 to 1, where it stood for centuries and even long after she ceased to produce the majority supply. England and all her dependencies produce less than one-tenth of the silver that England must have for money purposes, yet England says to the United States, the greatest silver-producing country in the world, silver shall not be money, and the United States humbly closes up one-half her mines and submits the output of the other half to be depreciated fifty per cent in value, and only that creditor England in controlling the money of the world may be paid in the kind of money which will go the farthest in purchasing all of the other products which she must have. The United States is a chump, the people chumpers and Wall street owns both the chump and the chumpers.

TOPOFTY TOPEKA.

The Topeka papers are squealing because of the prodding their town has been receiving at the hands of Atchison, Leavenworth and Wichita papers. This peevish cry is being taken up by cuckoo journals, which out of their abundant sympathy have taken it upon themselves in turn to criticize the prodders. The abundantly attested fact that the prodders invited just what they are getting too much of. They have not only held Topeka to be holy but indulged in invidious comparisons. "Comparisons are odious," especially to the victims. For many weary months Atchison, Leavenworth and Wichita were the victims of the most unfair criticisms and malicious misrepresentations of Topeka people and papers. To have listened to them one would have been led to believe that the three cities named were seething sinks of iniquity. That impression yet largely obtains among the readers of the Topeka papers. The truth is Kansas communities average very closely for intelligence, sobriety and morality. Touching the matter of the violation of the prohibitory law, per capita, as our Pop friends would put it, there is no difference in the quantity or quality of the liquors consumed by Wichita and Topeka. If there is a difference in the price of that furnished by a drug store and that of the joint, the difference goes to the city in the way of revenue. All that Topeka has to do to relieve herself of the unpleasant prodding is to let up on the elongation of her face, give her mouth a more lateral pull and cease her lugubrious cant of "I am holier than thou."

HE IS SLOPPING OVER.

For a ruler whose empire is but a few years old, Unser Willie of Germany does a good deal of promiscuous slopping over. He seems to do little else than fill up and slop. The great iron chancellor who founded the empire may live to see it fall. Willie's crown should be an iron band, otherwise it may burst. The Germans are a liberty-loving people of a strongly pronounced individuality. The Fatherland is dear to their hearts, their loyalty a leading article of their creed, but their love of personal liberty is uppermost. Yet more and more does their strutting ruler draw the lines of despotism. Germany can never be made a Russia, nor its emperor a czar. Forty-five arrests for the crime of lese majeste were reported in one day last week. The most trivial and insignificant utterances are regarded by him and his counselors as sufficiently serious to warrant imprisonment. He who speaks ill or thinks ill of the reigning power is as much of a criminal in Germany now as he was in England in the time of Henry VIII. The only difference is that the unfortunate change in the ethics of government makes it impossible for Wilhelm to reward as he would like these awful crimes against his august dignity. The latest exhibition of the emperor's intolerant despotism relates to the clergy. One Dr. Stoeker was one court chaplain. He is a Socialist leader with an inborn conviction that it is right to speak what one thinks. Certain of his utterances displeased Wilhelm, and he sent a message to the learned doctor to this effect: "The clergymen must not meddle with politics, because it is no concern of theirs." Dr. Stoeker replied as follows: "Since Christian social thought was tabooed in Berlin, socialism reigns politically there. As I have begun, so shall I continue. I leave the end to God." As certain of our cotemporaries have noted, there is a Lutheran ring to this declaration. Luther also received notification that his protest against indulgence was no concern of the clergy. He persisted in considering it his concern. The result was that the power and wealth of Rome was cut in two. Still further back in history there is an instance of the kind, where two preachers were forbidden to speak of the gospel which they had been preaching. "Whether," said they, "it were better to obey God rather than man, judge ye." The clergy not only have a right but a duty

in opposing all sorts of wrong, wherever it is found, and when they fall to oppose it they fall short of their duty. There should be more clergymen like Dr. Stoeker, not necessarily with his socialist views, but with his determination to speak out against wrong wherever he finds it. A clergyman who is only for use on Sunday is not of the greatest use in the world. Meanwhile, Unser Willie has a contract on his hands.

A FUNNY FACT.

History shows that it is a fact, without a break or exception, that up to 1873 the metal of which the most was produced, for any given period, was made the standard of value, and that the country which produced it named the ratio or price, the ratio originally being fixed at 16 2/3 to 1 by Spain. This is a curious fact. Another funny fact is that England, which produces practically no silver, forces demonetization upon the world, thereby fixing or controlling the price. America, which in connection with South and Central America, produces more gold and silver than all the balance of the world, has turned over to creditor England the authority to fix the price and the ratio, thus compelling America and the rest of the world to pay creditor England in that metal which under demonetization enables England to buy the greatest amount of all the other products of the world, including silver.

ALL ABOUT THE YANKEE.

Until within a very few years the citizen of the United States was wont to consider himself as the "American." But recent political events have opened his eyes to the fact that there are other Americans, British Americans, Central Americans and South Americans. British America is as large as the United States. Central America counting Mexico is equally as large, and South America is as large as all North America. "Yankee" is the national designation given the citizen of the United States very largely by the rest of the world. A foreign writer in a communication to an American paper only last week desires to call attention to the fact that this is by no means a peculiarly Spanish method of so calling your countrymen. I believe it to be common to the people of all other lands, and judging by its evident popularity as a self-chosen term throughout the United States, (as witness your favorite national air, "Yankee Doodle," many articles of common, every-day use, "Yankee notions," and a multitude of other instances which might be mentioned,) I certainly fail to see in its alleged use by Spanish speakers or writers any very serious addition to the grievances—real or imaginary—at present felt by the United States against the land of America's discoverers." He adds that the term "Americans" is generally used by Europeans "in speaking of the republic of South America at large, or it may be, of the nations and colonies in general of the entire continent, but most commonly in the former sense, so far, at least, as it refers to the people of the Iberian peninsula." In the opinion of this writer no "single country has the right to assume a designation of continental proportions to the exclusion of its sister nations." Citizens of Brazil, he points out, are called Brazilians, of Mexico Mexicans, and he thinks that "each American country should for convenience sake, if for no other consideration, adopt a specific nomenclature for its territory and its people, in conformity with the practice of the nations of each of the other continents. Now, if Yankee—a name of native origin, and not an epithet of the foreigner—be objectionable to the citizens of the United States, (shall I say United-Statesers?) is it not incumbent upon them to decide upon some designation by which, without intruding upon the natural and incontestable rights of their fellow-Americans—North, South and Central—they may henceforth be known among the nations, both of the Old and New World?" Everyone is aware that the word "Yankee" is applied abroad indiscriminately to all citizens of the United States, but it is used generally as a "nickname," and not always in a complimentary spirit. Our Spanish friends just at present are doubtless inclined to employ it in a sneering and derogatory sense, but however it may be used by them or other Europeans, it has long since ceased to carry with it the slightest sting or latent satire. From a term of reproach or ridicule it has become to the citizen of the United States a verbal badge of honor, and is now synonymous the world over with shrewdness, enterprise, pluck and achievement. The writer is probably mistaken, however, in calling it a "self-chosen term." Its origin is uncertain. According to one authority, "Yankees" is a variation of "Yankees," or "Yankees," or "Yaunghees," a name said to have been given by the Massachusetts Indians to the English colonists, being, it is supposed, an Indian corruption of the word English or of the French Anglais. Washington Irving in his history of New York explains the derivation somewhat differently. The first settlers of New England, he says, came to America "to enjoy unmolested, the inestimable right of talking. And, in fact, no sooner did they land upon the shore of this free-spoken country than they all lifted up their voices and made such a clamor of tongues that we are told they frightened every bird and beast out of the neighborhood, and struck such mute terror into certain fish that they have been called dumb-fish ever since. The simple aborigines of the land for a while contemplated these strange folks in utter astonishment, but discovering that they wielded harmless, though noisy, weapons, and were a lively, ingenious, good-humored race of men, they became very friendly and sociable, and gave them the name of Yankees, which in the Mass-Tchusset language signifies silent men—a English appellation, since shortened into the familiar epithet of Yankees." It had gained great currency as descriptive of the colonists in 1755, when Dr. Schuckburgh, the Brit-

ish surgeon, is said to have composed the words of "Yankee Doodle" in derision of the colonial militia, but the tune to which it was set is declared by some authorities to have been popular in England during the Commonwealth, at which period its doggerel words, it is alleged, also existed and were applied to Cromwell. Whatever its ancestry and original significance, it has come in the light of history and accomplishment to be a designation of which the people of this country have no reason to be ashamed. They have no objection to being called by a nickname which is so associated with daring, skill, energy and triumph that even when used in derision or anger it creates in the mind of the very raller and scoffer a secret feeling of envy. The Englishman, Frenchman, German, Russian, Spaniard and the rest will have to content themselves with their narrow national appellations, except on special occasions of merit when they show themselves worthy of being decorated with the Yankee cross of honor and being complimented with the title of English, or French, or Spanish Yankees. The writer's suggestion as to the selection of some other nickname than "Yankee" may be wise, but it is not practicable. Nobody would ever adopt it here or abroad. Let us be content with the designation as it is. We can stand it if our Spanish cousins can.

A MATTER OF MICROBES.

Pretended healing by faith, by mental science, by the projection of psychic forces, occult virtues and so forth, like the X rays are more particularly effective on pocketbooks where the medium is the credulity of gudgeons. A Pennsylvania coroner's jury has just held an inquest over the remains of S. S. Edwards, a well-to-do resident of Hemlock township, near Wilkesbarre. He died last Saturday under what his neighbors thought peculiar circumstances, and the neighbors notified the coroner, who sent a physician to perform a post mortem, the fact being disclosed that the man died of typhoid fever. It was learned from the neighbors that Edwards was a firm believer in the so-called doctrine of Christian science, as was also his wife and a number of other people in the neighborhood. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that Mr. Edwards came to his death from typhoid fever, and that he was neglected by certain parties known as Christian scientists in not securing proper medical treatment, and that Mrs. S. S. Edwards and John W. Edwards are guilty of negligence in not procuring such treatment. It is only on somewhat rare occasions that cases of this kind reach the public. Faith sometimes fails and the physician is called in at the last moment, who is readily persuaded to make out the necessary documents for burial of the deceased. Typhoid is a matter of microbes, not of faith, and the Edwards family are gradually being led to discover this valuable truth.

TURN ON THE SCREW.

The fact that Premier Mellin of France is in favor of bimetalism and that he has so declared himself in public will encourage really no encouragement in it for the cause of bimetalism. International bimetalism depends for success upon the action of England, but England will never give its consent to the restoration of silver unless driven to it through the adoption of silver coinage by the United States or some other great commercial nation. The best way to drive England to bimetalism is to open the mints of the United States to the unrestricted coinage of silver and gold at the ratio of 16 to 1. That would give the country such an advantage over England commercially that the latter would hasten to throw open its mints also. The thing for the friends of silver coinage to do in this country is to throw aside all consideration of what Europe may say and think and act independently. If the United States would open its mints to the unrestricted coinage of silver and gold practical bimetalism for the whole world would soon be established.—Denver Republican.

PRESENTS OF MIND.

A well known medico, it is related, was walking home late one night when he was accosted by a footpad. "Gimme your money," said the thief. As quick as thought the doctor turned, and in an offended tone said: "What are you doing over here? Go on to the other side of the street. I'm working this side myself." With a muttered apology for his breach of etiquette, the would-be robber vanished in the darkness.—Tit-Bits.

A JOKE IN THE COMMONS.

It is not often that the house of commons has the change of enjoying a good and innocent joke. But it found the occasion the other night, and at the expense of Mr. John Burns, who is far too earnest a man to indulge in jokes of male response. "Since I came into the house, four years ago," Mr. Burns said, "the confidence of the public in it has much diminished." The laughter that here broke forth prevented him from finishing the sentence.—Household Words.

TO AVOID A TIP.

The following is a good plan, says a Frenchman, to avoid tipping the waiter at a restaurant. A certain bill comes pay it exactly. A certain involuntary act of atonement will be visible on the waiter's face, well trained though it may be. You should then rise, saying to him, "I have made an excellent dinner; you manage the establishment better than the preceding proprietor did." During his rupture at being mistaken for the owner of the restaurant, you escape.

THE TWO O'CLOCK TRAIN.

It was a very small western town, and the only train out of that night left at 2 o'clock. The traveling man had expressed upon his right port of the hotel the importance of calling him in time for his train. Promptly at 1:30 a prodigious knock roused the sleeper. "Yes," he said, "the man that wants the 2 o'clock train?" "Yes," was the sleepy reply from within. "Well, you can shlope an hour longer for she's so much late." The man tied off down the hall, and silence ensued. Another hour had passed, when Pat again knocked. "Say, be ye the felly what said he wanted to catch the 2 o'clock train?" "Yes," and there was a sound of the man hastily springing from his bed. "Well," drawled Pat, "ye can go back to bed again, for she's another hour late." A forcible remark or two proceeded from the traveling man's room, and were audible to his awakened neighbors, as was the departure of Pat; but soon all was quiet again, and the few occupants of the hotel were left for some time to undisturbed repose. The first faint streaks of dawn were tinged the sky Pat once more made his presence known, and in terms giving unmistakable evidence of recent and heavy slumber, remarked: "Say, if ye was the felly what wanted to catch the 2 o'clock train, ye can shlope till mornin', fer bedad, the blame thin's gone."—Harper's Drawer.

SPARROW AND RHINOCEROS.

It is not easy to astonish a sparrow. You can scare them—often scared as you return, a pert, voracious kind—and make them fly away; but that is only because the sparrow has a sense of self-preservation very pronouncedly developed, and takes a hint as to the mental danger with extraordinary promptitude. But though it may remove its small body out of harm's way for the time being, it is not disconcerted. You can see that by the way in which it immediately goes on with its soldier

Its nerves have not been shaken—that is evident from its obvious self-possession, and the way it scratches its head and makes a note of the fly which went by. It would not commence at once a frivolous altercation with another of its kind if it had been disconcerted. And really, it is not to be wondered at that the sparrow should be beyond the reach of astonishment. Think of what a sparrow surveys the approaching fire-engines unslayed, and it sits with its back to the street when a runaway van comes thundering down Ludgate Hill. The small bird's life is, in fact, made up of surprises that it regards the astounding as commonplace. So a fly, sitting down in a train, thinks nothing of finding itself in the next county when it gets up. Its whole existence is volcanic and seismic. It can settle on a leaf without the least moving. What would you do, think if, on going into a ten-acre field, the field suddenly turned over? But the fly is not put out of countenance by such "phenomena." It comes back to the head again. It is the same with the sparrow. It thinks no more of another wonder than the Seven Champions did of an extra dragon in the day's work.

All the same I have seen a sparrow totally confounded and silent to pieces. It was, I confess, only a young one, with just the promise of a tail, nothing more; and some odds and ends of fluff still clinging between the red feathers. I was looking at the rhinoceros, which I was lying down close to the railings, and a very sleepy one it was. Except for slight twitches of the tail and an occasional fidget of the ears, it was quite motionless. And the young sparrow hopped about in the enclosure, coming to the head, hopped on to it, looking into the chinks of its skin for chance grains or insects. And it hopped all along its back onto its head, (the rhinoceros winked) and along its head onto the little horn, and from the little horn on to the horn on its blink, and then off the horn on to its nose. And then the rhinoceros snorted. The sparrow was a sight to see. Exploded is no word for it. And it sat in a heap on the corner of the house, and chirped the most frantic chirps. "I hadn't the smallest notion the thing was alive," it said, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and it wouldn't be pacified for a long time. Its astonishment had been severe and had got into the system. I remembered the story of the boy who sat on the whale's blow-hole. Behemoth had got stranded on the Shetland coast. While the population were admiring it, an archaic climbed on to the head of the distracted minister, and exultantly seated his gracious person on its forehead. He had but a short time to enjoy his triumph, and the next instant the whale, filling itself with air, blew such a blast through his blow-hole that the boy was blown up in to the air and out to sea. So said the veracious chronicler of the day—and I hope it was true, for little boys should not, under any circumstances, sit on the blow-hole of whales. Nor young sparrows on the nostrils of a rhinoceros.—English Illustrated Magazine.

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ALONG THE KANSAS RIVER.

At a musical jubilee the judge is called an adjudicator and is paid extra for the title.

This year there is danger that both the farmer's oats and pig may be injured by rust.

31 Howe of Atchison, has on a solitary campaign against women joining literary societies.

The politicians might as well make up their minds to it—the Ingalls sentiment is prodigious.

It is now reported that Chester Long refuses to let the Washington paper print his photograph.

The Abilene Reflector calls on Cy Leand's "some other good man" to make his appearance at once.

It is said that the Mystic Brotherhood in the Republican primaries in Topeka didn't do all they intended to.

All the men nominated to the legislature by the Shawnee county Republicans are against Burton, it is said.

The Topeka Journal says that Rgar was disgracefully dispensed to voters at the Topeka Republican primaries.

Answer to "Reader." The Kansas City Journal is not for silver from all appearances. It used to be, but Crawford.

Cliff Baker, an Ingalls' candidate for the legislature in Shawnee county, was beaten by a big majority at the primaries.

The man who teaches girls to ride bicycles at Newton announces that he is going to put on knickerbockers and call himself "Professor."

The rear in the northwest which you hear this week is the chorus at the Hutchinson musical jubilee whistling its appetite for the adjudicators.

The Wellington cyclone used to stand in the front row of the cyclone record, but the Sherman, Iowa, and Cloud county, Kansas, tornados put it back in second place.

The Lawrence Journal reports Ferd Vandegrift's declaration that a big slough had and a free railroad pass is all that is required to make a "prominent citizen" in Kansas.

Dick Howard says that the 79-year-old widower of Great Bend, who on marrying a girl of 26, said the match was made in heaven, may find that he has been guilty of a geographical error.

In Finney county the Republicans wanted to endorse Ingalls but Ingalls' managers requested that it would not be done. There is going to be some sense along with the Ingalls enthusiasts.

The Napoleonic revival will help Ingalls as it has helped McKinley. Ingalls doesn't look like Napoleon but he once said the greatest regret of the average American was that Napoleon lost Waterloo.

Wichita is rejoicing over the signing of the contract for its 30000-bushel elevator. The railroads have given the elevator as an encouragement a rate of 75 cents less than the rate now prevailing, and that means 75 cents per 30000 bushels extra to the producer for his grain. That is 75 cents on every bushel of grain raised in this part of the country is an annual saving of more than the cost of five elevators.—Leavenworth Times.

Mammoth

The Sixteen Great Specials and the hundreds of new attractions that are offered by us this week keep the crowds coming to this store. Every customer who trades here is a satisfied customer and is sure to come again.

Another case of Silk Pleated Socks for Saturday. The manufacturer wants to introduce this Half Hose to every man in this section, therefore on Saturday a 50 cent Ink well goes free with every half dozen box of socks and the price for this lot will be only 25 cents a pair. Look in the north window.

Don't make any mistake, but see the Ladies' Bows we are selling for 25 cents.

New Chemis Gloves just in; very stylish and perfectly washable.

Ladies' Waists, "The only stock in the city," that's what a lady said today after she had been around.

Millinery at cut prices and no charge for trimming.

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123-127 Main Street.

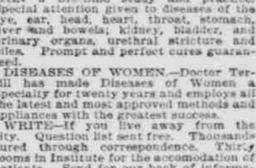
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The Lawrence Journal reports Ferd Vandegrift's declaration that a big slough had and a free railroad pass is all that is required to make a "prominent citizen" in Kansas.

Dick Howard says that the 79-year-old widower of Great Bend, who on marrying a girl of 26, said the match was made in heaven, may find that he has been guilty of a geographical error.

In Finney county the Republicans wanted to endorse Ingalls but Ingalls' managers requested that it would not be done. There is going to be some sense along with the Ingalls enthusiasts.

The Napoleonic revival will help Ingalls as it has helped McKinley. Ingalls doesn't look like Napoleon but he once said the greatest regret of the average American was that Napoleon lost Waterloo.

Wichita is rejoicing over the signing of the contract for its 30000-bushel elevator. The railroads have given the elevator as an encouragement a rate of 75 cents less than the rate now prevailing, and that means 75 cents per 30000 bushels extra to the producer for his grain. That is 75 cents on every bushel of grain raised in this