

Daily Eagle

THAT EXPEDITED MAIL AGAIN.

The Topeka Capital essays a reply to the Eagle's editorial protest against a "job" upon the part of the postoffice department, whereby a mail service is expedited at one end for the benefit of two Missouri papers and retarded at the other end to the detriment of all the big towns and counties of Southwest Kansas and of Oklahoma.

Touching the responsibility for this expedited mail train, which falls to expedite except for a lot of people who will not be out of bed, and which will compel the holding of the real mail train until it is overtaken by the half-baked editions of two Missouri papers, we do not believe the assertion of the Capital that Judge Sam Peters of Newton, backed by the people of that town, inspired the order, much less had anything to do with the contract subsequently entered into to carry it out, further than to urge a fast mail train from Kansas City to their town.

It is astonishing how supremely ridiculous a free trade organ can make itself when it lets itself out on this subject. There is one article in the Hawaiian annexation convention which will probably cause no little international friction—namely, the article which provides that "the treaties of the United States with other countries be substituted for the treaties of Hawaii with the same countries in controlling the international relations of the islands."

It was five miles to town from the Matkins farm. Five miles out of a western town is a long trip for a closed carriage to make. But the town back made the long trip today and those country people who got near enough to see within were startled by an apparition of a tangled mass of cool lawn reclining idly on the seat.

It is now said that just before Barnato plunged into the deep, he was struck with the utter impossibility of drinking up that \$10,000,000.

McKinley's attempt to revive the arbitration treaty scheme is a bigger job than having a wave of prosperity sweep over the land and drown discontent.

One of the sad lessons that politicians have not learned is that with certain brands of Kansas, the more prosperous they are the more Populists they become.

So many "latest photographs" of Queen Victoria are on the market, that the belief is growing that her photographer doesn't give the Queen time to eat her meals.

filed with the postmaster general, by the editor of the Eagle, and the receipt of which was duly acknowledged in a lengthy explanation, was stronger and more direct than anything that we embodied in the editorial which the Capital so inconsiderately and feebly criticizes.

SOMEWHAT IDIOTIC. The boast of the Democratic party has always been that it is the poor man's party. It has always been resolving for all classes of poor men except the "nigger." It never had any use for the negro except as a slave.

Some free trade organs say import duties on foreign agricultural products do not protect American farmers. Such talk is simply idiotic. There isn't in Kansas a farmer so densely ignorant that he does not know that to give Canada and all foreign countries absolutely free access into our markets with their agricultural products would amazingly increase the competition in those markets to the distinct injury of the agricultural interests of this state.

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Stories of an Inland State.

The climax to all Nature's numerous surprises is her occasional presentation to parents of physical and mental inferiority to a child, remarkable in the possession of those graces in which they are most deficient.

Old Matkin and his wife had been a vehicle of Nature's demonstration to arrive at astonishing results. They had been married years before and the first and only child had come early. Si Matkin had been "no good." He had run little stores and failed innumerable times. He had tried coal mining at one time, photography at another and wasteful speculations in real estate without end, until he was driven at last to a farm. And here he had been for years making a meagre living for himself and his wife, for he had left this child behind them. The child was a girl, a girl of golden hair and large brown eyes and they had named her Belle. Driven back by the onslaught of adversity eager in finding its one bright spot, the couple had been forced to retreat to the farm. It was then that the true little mother reared. She believed that starvation would meet and overcome them if they remained in the city, but her whole motherly solicitude protested against dragging a child of such excellence into the swarming atmosphere of rural rearing.

She insisted that she would make the sacrifice of parting forever with her child in order that the child might have the proper advantages. She would give it up. Would let some one adopt the girl. Belle Matkin was at this period of her life six years old and her schooling was to begin.

One day Belle was taken into the parlor by her crowded little home and shown to a handsome gentleman with a fine shingling hat resting with its brim upon his wrist. And he had asked her her name and her age and asked her to give him a kiss. She thought him a very fine gentleman indeed. She remembered this all very well. But she did not remember that that night her mother stooped and wet her face with kisses and tears and that she was bundled into a carriage and driven into another section of the city. But she remembered awaking the next morning and finding herself in a great fine room and seeing a gentle woman near her and desolately feeling that her own mother was nowhere about. She had been dressed and shown all about the city home, but with all its finery she preferred her own old home and her own old mother. So she had wept and wept again, and happiness was forced into her face by bribes of candy, and by toys, until she came to like her new home immensely and to think of her old surroundings and her first parents as a not too pleasant dream.

For many years her parents had lived on a farm in the Western Reserve in Ohio. Once a year she had visited them. In the last two years her parents had been living in Kansas, after moving aimlessly about in an effort to find a prosperity which might have come to them had they waited in one place long enough.

So in their little country home they had prepared for her coming. To speak more correctly her mother had prepared for her coming, for her father had received the information of the proposed visit with a grunt, indicating that he was to be worried for a few weeks at the end of the road with his daughter, who had nothing in common with him whatever.

When the Matkins farm was reached, the driver came around and opened the door. Matkin himself was in the field. But the mother was there fingering her skirts with a nervous clutch and eyeing the cab with intense anxiety.

As the daughter sprang from the carriage and shook out the light, fluffy draperies of her dress there was in the half-forward, half-hesitating attitude of her old mother a world of pain and anxiety.

Just then Si Matkins entered. He saw his daughter and jerked off his hat, kicked it into a corner and shook her hand indifferently and said: "How long you going to stay?" "Nell's pretty teeth all glistened between her red lips, curling into a smile, for she understood her father's intimation. He turned away from her and walked on through the house. He did not care for her. And yet she cared for him. His very unconcern met her approbation, while she half-despised her mother for her fawning.

Snakes and Religion.

Silas Suggs, the itinerant evangelist, of Illinois, proves his faith by snake bites. He plunges his bare arms into a writhing writhing mass of rattlesnakes, copperheads, cotton necks, moccasins, and puffing adders, draws forth his arms from the unpainted deal box that he has given them for a den, with a copperhead hanging by its fangs and teeth to his thumb, a copperhead reeking its fangs so deeply fixed in his wrist, where the veins are largest and bluish, that the blood spurts from the two black punctures where the fangs pricked through—and shows, besides the poison fangs of the moccasin, broken and broken in the flesh. When he does this his followers declare that Silas has worked a miracle, while other people ponder whether the huge white-bodied, cool-blooded, blue-eyed, gray-haired old farmer, silver-haired, gray-limbed, traveling evangelist, has not, after all, produced an optical delusion before the men who shuddered and the women who fainted, when he enacted the horrid scene.

Silas is a preacher and has evolved a religion on his own. His doctrine is that Christ came to save the lost, restore peace between the sons of Adam and to efface the enmity which has existed between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent, since Eve ate the apple and God's curse reigned. It is his faith by his works that he allows the snakes to embrace them, and also that he may draw an audience to listen to his sermons.

Preachers have said that Suggs dragged his snakes. But this he disproves. For his cats, dogs and fowls die, and die soon, in some pitiable agony when bitten by the same snakes that bite Silas Suggs. A hundred men saw a copperhead snake taken from Suggs' box struck a full-grown hen, rooster, who had been crowing from the top of a near-by poultry-yard fence, and in seventeen minutes by the watch the cock staggered, fell and died.

This copperhead snake, within that hour after he had been taken from the box, has literally fastened itself with its fangs and teeth on Suggs' wrists and hands.

Silas Suggs is 48 years old and has been an evangelist for four years. He was born eighteen miles northeast of Vienna, in Johnson county, Missouri. His father, Gabriel Suggs, being a whittier, who in early youth immigrated from Tennessee. The elder Suggs, a man of no education, died at Corinth, Miss., in 1828. Mary Suggs, Silas' mother, still survives her husband, at the age of 80 years, and resides with one of her granddaughters in Union precinct, Pope county, Illinois. She, too, never learned to read. Silas Suggs, without serving an apprenticeship, took up the occupation of a silversmith and jeweler sixteen years ago, and has since made his living from it. His neighbors say he is a skillful workman. He cannot remember the time when he could not read nor can he remember who taught him. Four or five years ago he began to read his Bible, and out of his study of the theology which he declares explains all he does.

He bases his peculiar religious belief upon the story of the fall of man as related in the third chapter of Genesis. When Eve and Adam had each eaten of the forbidden fruit, Adam declared that Eve had tempted him, and she that "the serpent beguiled me and I did eat." Then began the enmity between mankind and serpent in response to God's curse. "Because thou hast done this, thou art cursed above all cattle and above every beast of the field; upon thy belly shalt thou go, and dust shalt thou eat all the days of thy life. And I will put enmity between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel."

Silas Suggs says that when the fall of man was explained by Christ's coming into the world to save sinners the enmity between man and serpent was also at an end. As proof he cites the experience of St. Paul when he was on the island of Malta, when cast upon the island of Malta he gathered a bundle of sticks and laid them on the fire. "A viper came out of the heat and fastened on his hand." The barbarians expected that Paul "should have swollen or fallen down dead straightly; but after they had looked a great while and saw no harm come to him they said that he was a god."

Fear and superstition, according to Suggs, is all that is now responsible for snake bites. To those like him who feel no fear, serpents can do no harm. This doctrine he preaches to his hearers.

When the leaves begin to fall Suggs releases everyone of his snakes and lets them find for themselves dens in which to spend the winter. He does not remember when he was first bitten, nor the circumstances under which the snake bit him, but he is positive as to the fact. He ceased to fear both the snakes and the snake bite, he says, and consequently began handling them as one would pets. The only sensation he experienced when struck by a very much like what he says he imagines an electric shock would feel like, but he says he never saw an electric battery. He never rode on the cars nor took a trip anywhere by steamboat, and Galconada, Ill., where he works, is the largest town he was ever in.

In his deal box he carries a rattlesnake, which appears to be a fine four-foot specimen of Crotalus confluentus; three or four copperheads of various sizes, which are really recognized as Anolisodon confertus; a five-foot cotton mouth, otherwise known as the highland moccasin to ophiologists as Anolisodon atrocus and equally dreaded under every name; several moccasins, the bite of every one of which is ordinarily speedily followed by death. Ophiologists say that the puffing adder or Heterodon platyrhinus is harmless. Suggs has one in his box. He says that cats and chickens die when bitten by the puffing adder, but the puffing adder doesn't hurt him.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Fynn is not in it with McKinley. There is no question of this. He will be allowed to dictate nothing.

Harvest hands from Cluster county are drifting into old Oklahoma, where work is said to be plentiful.

An Oklahoma editor wants to know how Brann of the Iconoclast can talk so and keep the county printing.

Some one after too many steam-mugs at Guthrie has estimated that Oklahoma consumes 4,000,000 bushels of wheat a year.

Bermour Price is back from Washington. He does not believe that Bettlers appointment as postmaster at Oklahoma City will be confirmed.

It is estimated that the wheat crop of Oklahoma will go to fifteen millions of bushels. Estimates of wheat crops are something like numbering the stars.

Leo Vincent is still keeping on Callahan's trail. This is pretty good work for Vincent, who is inclined to follow false trails. Callahan is the man he wants to stay with all along.

James Stirling of Glasgow, Scotland, is hunting for William Reid, a mining engineer, who is supposed to have gone to Oklahoma, but who has not been heard from since 1884.

Adolph Busch, the brewer of St. Louis, has presented Governor Barnes with a painting, "Custer's Last Fight," in which Custer is shown with his hair flying out back like Leslie Nicklachs.

The Rock Island has quit fighting the government. On and after June 18 Emd station will be called by the brakeman as North Emd, Emd as South Emd, and Pond Creek as Jefferson. Jefferson being the name of the postoffice.

Our Great Offer

During this week we will distribute free 1000 reserved seat tickets to the GRAND ORATORIO OF ELIJAH, the great musical event now attracting so much attention in Wichita and Southwestern Kansas.

Look in the Windows and see what the Greatest Value Giving House in Kansas is doing its patrons. Others make no attempt to match our great bargains.

1500 yards of Book Fold Scotch Ginghams, to be sold on Thursday at 5c a yard. A lot of Untrimmed Hats, fall the most fashionable shapes and colors, worth \$2.00 and \$2.50, but on Thursday 88c only.

1000 yards of Printed Organdy, fine new designs, at 9c. If you buy here you buy right. 123 and 127 Main St.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS. ALCOHOL, OPIUM and other drug additions are habitually cured. Dr. Keeley's Golden Remedy used exclusively. Dr. Keeley's remedy can be secured at no other place in the state.

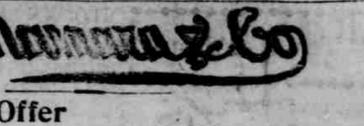
S. E. NOYES & CO. 127-129 Douglas Ave. Cor. Market. SLAUGHTER SALE SURE ENOUGH. We will sell any of the goods enumerated below at HALF PRICE. No misstatement here. Examine and judge.

WAISTS Tailor made, detachable collar and cuffs, formerly sold at one dollar reduced to 49c. WAISTS Tailor made, detachable collar and cuffs, formerly sold at one dollar reduced to 69c. WAISTS All the best Waists we have, many of which have sold this season at three dollars, reduced to 85c. The Waists must go.

MUSLIN NIGHT GOWNS All sizes, trimmed with Nainsook Embroidery, elegantly made, decollete style, reduced from one dollar twenty-five to 59c. Best value ever offered in any city.

MUSLIN SKIRTS Wide, Cambric Flounce, seven rows tucks, fine Muslin, all lengths, reduced to 59c. 100 PORCH PILLOWS Muslin covered, 24x24, formerly sold at eighty cents, price now to close 39c.

S. E. NOYES & CO. Headquarters for Bargains.



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Heaven help the poor society reported to the church. Allais is a strong reality and a great drinker. It will absorb the moisture from the ground and rob the trees of nourishment, and eventually kill the orchard.