

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

HEARD FROM AGAIN.

The world will be hearing from Andrew for some time to come, but at lengthening intervals. Yesterday morning it was through the killing of a carrier pigeon, and a long way round. Few believe that he, his balloon, or pigeons have in reality been seen or heard from. It is now nearly five weeks since he cut his airship loose and sailed away from Spitzbergen, disappearing in the direction of the North Pole. He started in a wind going twenty-two miles an hour, which rate, if kept up, it is said, without varying in direction, would carry him and his companions to and over the North Pole in thirty-odd hours. He took a number of carrier pigeons with him. The report that some of these had returned is probably a hoax. A carrier pigeon can fly much faster than twenty-two miles an hour in an equable atmosphere, but whether it could fly far or at all back against a wind of such velocity in the Arctic circle is questionable. It was thought by one man at least who witnessed the start that the balloon was defective and would not float with its great load more than for a few hours. Andrew and his two companions were provided with condensed food sufficient for four months, or provisions which would keep them comfortable until the first of December. They took along a boat large enough to carry the party and its outfit, which was lashed beneath the cabin of the air-ship. Nansen says that the boat would be of no use in case the balloon came down all right and safely. Nansen with one companion and twenty-five dogs found it hard enough to get anywhere. Andrew has no dogs or sledges. But should Andrew be heard of again, or should he actually sail over the Pole and get back alive, of what value to science, or to the world, will the trip have proved? Practically nothing. He would bring the information that it is very cold up there, possibly would have a register of the degrees; that there was snow and ice, all white and only white, and cold and nothing more. There can be no value to be found in that land, if indeed, there is any land or even sea there. All being imbedded in or covered with the ice and snows of unnumbered centuries, there is nothing to go for or to save as a spot in this wilderness of frigid desolation where some imaginary lines cross or meridians meet. This being a materialistic age and there being no possible valuable material in that dead and wintry wilderness, wherefore the sacrifice?

A BID FOR CELIBACY.

The town of Harper City, Harper county, is being rent and torn politically and religiously over the whisky question, the trouble finally threatening the disruption of the social status of that people. It seems that the mayor and city authorities, backed by business interests, proposed to make the jointists contribute to the general revenues. Later, a meeting was called at one of the churches to protest against such an evasion and violation of the prohibitory law, at which a minister proceeded to skin the municipal officials, more particularly the county attorney, for a neglect of duty. The latter individual appearing to be present embraced the opportunity to tell the preacher and his sympathizers a whole lot of things of which they seemed to be in ignorance. His defence of himself was not only complete, but he charged the protestors with just what they had been accusing him, mentioning the proofs of the fact. The mayor and his backers for the time seemed to be on top. But a subsequent move has left everything in doubt. An auxiliary movement has been started by the daughter of the preacher so much in evidence, who is organizing all the young women under the pledge that they will not associate, or have anything to do with, men, old or young, who either drink, smoke, chew or use profane language. The crop of old maids in Harper, if that scheme is made to go, promises to be large. They no doubt are all angels, if arrayed only in Mother Hubbards and wingless. But the sacrifice they propose for themselves is too great. For a young man to take a drink is inadvisable, and the use of tobacco is abominable, but to thus fore-swear their chances for a lover or a husband is one of those serious things which even involves the future of the state, and of humanity for generations to come. The girl who would pledge her present happiness and future contentment away upon such a contingency is a crank who would as a wife lead her hubby-pammy husband around by the nose, and one whom no thorough-going, self-respecting, well-conditioned boy would want either as a sweetheart or as a wife. This life is terrestrial, not celestial, an existence of bread and butter and of flesh and blood, not of ethereal top-lofty emotionalism and dilute sentimentality.

A ROYAL SCOUNDREL.

Mention was made in the cable dispatches, the other day, of the King of Bulgaria seeking an alliance with the Sultan of Turkey. Only a villain could desire the Sultan as an ally. And that is just what Ferdinand of Bulgaria is. He is not only a despicable tyrant, but a crowned murderer. The death of his late prime minister, Stambuloff, the man who secured the throne to Ferdinand, is directly traceable to the crown. Ferdinand's hired assassins did the foul and most dishonorable deed. Then came the death of Anna Szymons, the beautiful and talented victim of Ferdinand's court. She was unquestionably murdered also. The King having no further use for her and disliking her presence, gave, it is said, a large sum of money to his favorite courtier, one Captain Anna far away, out of the country, and having got her properly located, to fix her up in luxury and leave her. Botsch being a man after Ferdinand's own pattern, and being hard up, had Anna Szymons assassinated and then pocketed the money with which he was to install her in some foreign home. That outrage, which only occurred last summer, is now known to all Bulgaria, despite of which the King still stood by his royal tool and sought to elevate him to a higher command in the army. Bulgaria, however, is so situated that the eyes of all Europe and of western Asia are upon her. These could not mete out personal punishment to Ferdinand for the assassination of his prime minister, but Austria-Hungary demanded that Captain Botsch, the murderer of the beautiful and brilliant Anna Szymons, be brought to trial. Not until the palace of Ferdinand was surrounded by a cordon of Austrian soldiers, where he and his captain were dining together, did the prince and ruler of Bulgaria yield up his friend to justice. Ferdinand could not save his criminal associate from prison, but he saved his neck. He was found guilty and sentenced to life imprisonment, which in that country, for royalty's favorites, means from eight to ten years. The unfortunate Anna Szymons' father, who went to the capital of Bulgaria as a witness, had to be guarded day and night by Austrian soldiers to protect him from assassination at the hands of the friends of Ferdinand and Botsch. The world and its humanity would be better off if in settling the eastern question such a war would occur as would wipe from the map Turkey and Persia in Asia, and Turkey in Europe, and a half dozen adjoining principalities bordering on the Black and Mediterranean seas, including Bulgaria, Servia and Roumania.

EXHIBIT BRYAN.

If it is in the power of any man to convince W. J. Bryan that the people are permanently and effectually done with him, it would be an invaluable service. He is now, in national politics, what the loquacious street orator is in every cross-roads village. He has spoken his piece in every state of the Union. He has peddled out his vagaries from the rear platform on every line of railway in the country. He predicted, in most emphatic language, the very things which have not happened. He preached calamity as the necessary result of McKinley's election. He arranged the music and started the tune for every calamity howler in this broad land, and it was a mighty chorus while it lasted. After the election, and prior to the passage of the tariff bill, it was regarded an unanswerable sociologist to ask "Where is your McKinley prosperity?" With Bryan and his dupes this query was the opening and closing of all argument. Because the government at Washington did not start all the mills, and advance the price of wheat under the Gorman-Wilson law, it was assumed that the new administration was a fit failure, but the tariff law, and its effects, changes their tune. The ink was hardly dry on the president's signature to the bill till the mills were running and idle men returning to work. To the man out of a job, this was more convincing than Pop oratory, even from the silver tongue of the late defeated Bryan. For very shame the rank and file of his supporters have ceased to agitate, and are busily engaged in adjusting themselves to the new conditions. Only the leaders and place hunters are heard to perpetuate the cry of hard times. It is a dismal yawp—the last despairing bleat of a few stray wethers on the deserted hills and waste places of Populism. For all the good it will do them they might as well retire to the coast of Labrador, and command the motion of the waves. William Jennings Bryan and his lieutenants are already retired to private life, and the American people will see that it is permanent.

So far as Andrew is concerned, it is about time his will was probated. Soon McKinley, tired out with rest, will return to Washington to rest up by working. What Governor Pingree needs is an adult dose of wheat market taken three times a day just before meals. The bomb business is becoming dangerous. As it is, no crowned head or Kansas jointist has any peace. Angliolite will hardly live in history. History has a weak memory when it comes to proper names like that one. The head that wears a crown has its eye cocked most of the time for a small line of curling smoke on the ground beneath it. This country is rather free, but to be on the safe side you want to be careful and not unlawfully assemble or obstruct the United States mail. The Pennsylvania courts have finally come to the conclusion that under circumstances a man may use his legs for walking purposes legally. That sheriff at Coffeen, Illinois, should be educated for a musician. A net set of serve such as he has should not be allowed to go to waste. The campaign in Ohio is very quiet, and when a campaign is quiet these days it means that the Republicans are getting their hooks into the soft, flabby flesh of success. Our large force of bank presidents in Canada should decide to go further north and come back to the United States with enough gold to pay all depositors in full, as they promised the morning after the failure. Toppa is working the Santa Fe to a finish for their fall festival, from headquarters to the end of the last division. With the Santa Fe and its shoppet, and its division employees left out, and the carnival would look lonesome. Emperor Billiam of Germany says that dwelling is all right, that an officer must protect his honor to the last drop of blood. It is always apparent that Billy keeps all his blood inside his veins and we have openly insulted him a thousand times.

Stories of an Inland State.

That our natures are primarily noble, is most remarkably shown by the wayward jealous guardianship of the innocent. If the truth were known, the world would probably find that general sin is abhorrent to the single sinner, and only his individual lapse pardonable. If you could elevate a thief to the level of the criminal, he would be feared by thieves so much as his A. thief set to catch a thief is not only efficient for the task because he knows the practices of the thief and his haunts and tricks, but because he has a thief and despises him and will pursue him unrelentingly.

Since Nell Everett had discovered John Wright's malice and the dreadful determination which had sprung from it, she herself called to thwart him. If the worst came to the worst, she believed she must inform the police. The knowledge that he had been her benefactor was weighed with an added portion of gratitude, but it did not blot out the crying demand within her to save her fellow men. She did not entertain the thought of a possible reward for her information or the possible suspicion it might throw about her and the inconvenience and undesired publicity which would come with an exposure. This old man was mad, with an insanity of a single dire purpose, and she must stay his hand at any cost.

She had hoped for some way out of the difficulty by which she could save those whom he threatened without punishing him. She had no sympathy with his anarchistic notions. Her mind pierced through the passion of the moment and saw clearly the visionary deceptibility of the old man. Her argument was that if she would say what she had seen a man she would have used force.

"Much as it is derogated," she said to herself, "violence is an excellent deterrent. Violence has no appeal. If I could intimidate him with the threat of a little corporal hurt, I could prevent him from this act. A man will face a library of statutes, restrictions and legal penalties who will quail before the impending penalty of a clenched fist. If I could knock him down and beat him, he would drop this."

In seeking for some means by which to forestall John Wright's act, she thought of Joey, and once thinking of him, resolved to appeal to him. She knew she could do so with safety. She did not know the truth of Joey's pressure on the farm, but he had been guilty of something and had been in hiding. He could not easily expose John Wright to the police, for fear of a counter-accusation. She resolved to call on Joseph Renter.

Her passion, long suppressed, came again when she passed the mill. She had intended to go to him, the past seemed to become the present, for she had never been estranged from him, and that this visit was but a continuation of the past. But the fancy of the moment faded when she got out on the street and took her way to the great store which she knew was growing richer day by day. And the thought of her own fallen fortunes and her compulsory condition in life entered her, so that when she reached the store she refrained from going in, held as she was by bitter envy of the fortunes of the house which she had once planned to own and control.

She lingered about on the opposite side of the street with the appearance of an industrious shopper. It was yet two hours before the great store closed. Perhaps her mind would change and she would permit herself to go in. But she had not waited long until he came out with the young woman at his side. Madge was dressed plainly but with urban taste, while Joseph, in shining lute and clothes of faded cut, was gloved and booted in exquisite taste, and tripped along with the light, graceful carriage of ease-loving gentility, which labors so little that walking is a physical luxury.

There came into Nell's mind as she watched him the memory of the figure as she first saw him, the rough, shuffling creature, his slouch hat, his heavy, wrinkled boots with the dust gathered in the deep grooves of the leather and his big, brown, knobby hands, now so delicately gloved. She smiled at the contrast and then, sobering, rebuked herself for her folly in not accepting his attentions on the country road. Dimly now she could see the penalty for her capriciousness. Had her heart been undaunted then with the hope of gain, this man would have been now her husband.

Joseph Renter, tall, graceful and dressed exquisitely and his eyes passed on up the street with Nell Everett following them. She did not know why she should do his foot-step, she did not mean to speak to him, but the two figures attracted her, and she kept them in sight. They walked leisurely, loltered a while in the park, and went on. She watched him bid Madge good-bye at her door-step, holding her hand and kissing her high cheek. She turned away, hoping he would come up to her, but determined not to attract him in any way. She walked slowly and heard his foot-falls close behind her, then beside her and with down-cast eyes, for she did not permit herself to look behind her. She did not believe he had ignored her, but his failure to recognize her and accost her choked her with emotion.

But at the same moment he turned and stopped. She came up to him with graceful tenderness. Every detail of her marvelous splendor of person and beauty of face, seemed to vie with one another for his charmed glance. Her soft brown eyes, cast down, the fringe of her eyelashes, the curling of her delicately flushed cheeks, round-eyes in distracting lines to her white, soft chin, drawn slightly with emotion, her golden hair, with its rich inviting coils in fascinating disorder, the glitter of the diamonds on her swelling bust, the curving sweep of hips, the undulations of her long, light skirts, the tinted outlines of her arms through the thin material of the sleeves, her lips full and trembling with a glint of pearl in the midst of their redness, her hands raised before her and clasped with a nervous grave, every curve, color and movement of her form and face appealed to him, and in the bewilderment of their united splendor, bore down his sense of rectitude.

"Nell! Oh, Nell!" he cried. She loved this man. She thought she read in the emotion of his voice his love for her. She felt, so strangely, the fear that if she spoke, she would lose him. She felt the ocean of silence and that command, being a restriction, was the only taint in the bliss of the moment. Strangely, too, he felt his own powers of speech desert him, and stood before her quaking into her eyes, his hands raised, except for the deep anger in the thought that the joy must be short-lived. At last she reached her gloved hand out and let it rest on his arm and said: "Go. Please go."

He started at her as if he had not heard. "You do not hear me?" she asked, not raising her eyes. He did not answer. "Go," she said again, softly and with a little sob. Had he spoken then he would have saved himself the sin of his life, but he did not speak, and the beautiful woman before him placed her own interpretation on the silence. Every fibre in her system was tingling with the new hope. Her form bent low and she was changing into a hundred delicious curves, her face, illumined with bewitching light, came close to his cheek and she tightened her little hand on his arm. "When you shall say," she said in a voice that rang with soft triumph, "forever."

Eyes May Tell Murder.

No more curious romance than "The Accuser," by M. Jules Claret's, has appeared in a long time. It is based on the theory that when a man is murdered the image of his murderer can be seen in his eye. "The Accuser" in this instance is the victim's eye. Claret explains why he wrote a story on such a subject. True, the idea is a mere hypothesis, he says, "but peasants will tell you that if you look into the eye of a slaughtered ox you will find there the image of the butcher. Moreover, thirty years ago I saw a photograph of a woman of a woman who was assassinated June 11, 1868, and the publication caused a great stir in the medical and scientific world. The Medical Society instructed the celebrated Dr. Verneil to investigate the matter, and he reported that Dr. Bourne had not seen, but had simply fancied that he had seen, an image in the retina of the assassinated woman. Before I began to write 'The Accuser' I consulted Dr. Fromard, and he told me that no new discovery had been made since the time of Dr. Verneil. Evidently, then, I had to work on a mere hypothesis, but the subject pleased me, and I wrote it."

LOMBROSO'S VIEWS. "And, after all, it may not be a mere hypothesis. What is a dream today is a reality tomorrow. Look at the Roentgen rays! A few years ago no one dreamed of such discovery. By the way, I have dedicated my book to Professor Cesare Lombroso, for he is to some extent an authority on the subject. In a note on psychophotography, published at Turin, he narrates some wonderful facts. One of them is that a pencil stamp, if studied intently for some time, will remain reflected in the eye of the student. Moreover, at any later period, whenever the student thinks of this postage stamp, the image will re-appear in his eye. Thought recalls the vanished image."

Several eminent physicians and specialists have been questioned on the subject and their views are well worthy of attention. "When death comes suddenly, or with a shock," says Dr. Berillon, "it is quite possible that the last image received by the eye may remain on the retina. How long this image would remain it is difficult to say. The likelihood is that it would be covered by other images and thus be lost to sight. At death all is confusion, and if at the moment of death there were any image on the retina it would also disappear. The image of the dying man, however, he obtained unless the dying man concentrated all his energy in this direction. If he were resolved that his assassin's image should be pictured on his retina, he might succeed in leaving after death a clear picture. A dying man, however, thinks of other things, and hence such a test is practically impossible. There is no reason, however, why other experiments should not be made. For example, dogs might be confined in rooms painted with different colors, and after a time they might be killed. Thus we could learn whether the retina of a dog killed in a red room differs at all from the retina of a dog killed in a blue room. If there is any difference it would be of great value to show that there is a good deal of truth in M. Claret's hypothesis."

PROPOSED TESTS WITH DOGS. "As a subject of a romance this idea that the assassin's image is pictured in his victim's eye is excellent," says Dr. Blum, "but from a scientific standpoint it cannot be regarded as serious. The eye undergoes many rapid changes, and the experiments which have been made on the retina have not yet shown us anything conclusive. That M. Claret's hypothesis may prove to be a scientific truth is possible. He is right, likely that if the experiment is tried at all the work will be done in secret and nothing will be heard of it unless some wonderful scientific truth is thereby brought to light."

Along the Kansas Nile. Would we have heard so much about "poor crops abroad" from the Populists if Bryan had been elected? In September McClure's Will White will have a story entitled, "An Episode at the Swimming-hole at Bayville." Mrs. Doster, wife of the chief justice, has invited on her husband renting a home in Topeka where she can keep a cow. Perhaps the girls of Harper, Kansas, will associate with the boys who smoke corn silks and cabbage; that is, if the boys will let them. Mike Sutton has named his deputies and in his anxiety to get on the warm side of that hot iron he forgot the short grass country entirely. In his latest poem John J. Ingalls speaks of his soul going through anonymous avenues. A soul looking for a street number would be a fine thing, surely.

Tom Anderson says with great precision that he will be a candidate for the state senate. He is leading that gun for Senator Baker a long time in advance. Ingalls wrote one good poem, "Opportunity." His last, called "Sub-soil," shows that he is a much better politician than poet and a much better orator than politician. The Kansas school child will go and back to the old days and buy dolls and Striker's Kansas histories which maintain that the only good money is the green-back. After all, even the Republicans must agree that the free silver question was a powerfully fascinating one. For a good many years it did look as if wheat was going to money.

A farmer said yesterday, "I am a Populist yet. The Republican party on the price of wheat proved me wrong, but I am given not at a man who proves me wrong by giving me money." It is understood that the young men of Harper will soon form an association refractory to associate with the girls who take pride in new dresses or who comb their hair more than once a week. That society of young ladies at Harper, the members of which please themselves not to marry, any man who drinks and smokes, should be called the "Old Maids' Society" and let it go at that. It is easy enough for the Kansas Populist to see now that it was a mistake for a political party to make for its chief issue the question of whether the wheat markets were liable to change at any time. "Hold up," said the old Kansas farmer, "I borrowed this money when wheat was 40 cents a bushel and I could have sold the debt with 100 bushels of wheat. Now it takes only 1200 bushels of wheat to pay it! Gosh, am I robbing the other fellow?"

The workmen well removing a divan from one of David Leahy's mansions in his town yesterday unearthed a large iron chest, which upon being opened was found to contain a couple of coat-tails which Patrick O'Leary cut off Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo.

One morning, John R. Gentry, the factotum of the city, was walking on the sidewalk and was crawling back over the fence grabbed John R. Gentry up and threw him through the side of the barn. That's the way it will go with the Populists, if they ever get to be a government.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Wheat in Oklahoma on the same day in different places sells from 70 cents to 75. An undertaker at Perry complains that there hasn't been a death there for a month. A colored man paraded the streets of Enid the other day with his face covered with charcoal. The Northwestern Miller, Minneapolis, Minn., has the following from Guthrie in its last issue: Plainly and distinctly it is becoming apparent that everybody is tired of the De Ford wrangle. Eugene Watrous, of the firm of Watrous & Harley, druggists at Enid, is very sick in Lebanon, Ohio. A. G. Mudgett of Enid has traded the National hotel in Enid for a brick business block in Chicago. If Cash Cade is still in the race for something he ought to authorize Ned Sison to announce it. J. M. Beatty, a hardware merchant of Oklahoma City, who died in Colorado, has been buried at Oklahoma City. A hail storm west of Enid last week stripped the corn stalks and left the ears of yellow corn standing out bare. It is said that Frank Greer has gone to Washington, presumably to see the authorities on the naming of the judges. All the hotels of Oklahoma are doing a land office business, and traveling men are finding it necessary to telegraph ahead for rooms. A new help-up means that another outfit is in operation and new fame and fortune awaits the doughty deputy marshals. Mrs. Frank Cannon will leave Perry soon for Seattle. She will remain there all winter and in the spring will join her husband in Klondike. The Perry Democrat intimates that the deputy marshals are pulling the Osage country wire a little bit too hard again. Nagle should call them off. The Oklahoma of Oklahoma City says that DeFord and Barnes have made up, DeFord denouncing his part in the expose and leaving Flynn to bear all the blame. The Cushing Herald, a paper which makes more startling and razzle-dazzle discoveries than any other in the territory, has found a descendant of Bobby Burns in that town. The supreme court will not decide that equalization question in September. The supreme court might err on the side of caution and decide it, or it may have a scandal on its hands. The Oklahoma says that a more delightful summer has never been experienced than the present one in Oklahoma. And a couple of weeks ago the heat was peaking the point off. Judge J. W. Wilson of Guthrie announces that he is not a candidate for a land office position in Alaska, but is still in the race for judge. How many of the judgeships are going to be allotted to Guthrie? The milling and grain trade was never better. The mills are running full time with a heavy demand for flour at good prices. Just now wheat is coming in a little slowly. Still, we manage to get enough to keep us running. There are about seven wheat buyers at this place, which makes bidding pretty lively at times. Guthrie nok boasts of a wheat pit conducted by F. M. Tarlton and J. A. Williams. Besides wheat, the sell cotton and corn. Be sure note that the Tarlton Milling company no longer exists, having some three weeks ago, sold out to E. D. Nix, ex-United States marshal of Oklahoma, O. D. Hallsell and W. A. Frazier. The two latter comprise the wholesale grocery firm of Hallsell-Frazier Grocery company. The present owners are trustees of national reputation, and will make this mill one of the biggest industries in Oklahoma. We are arranging with the Great Western Manufacturing company, of Leavenworth, to increase our capacity 20 bushels. We will soon begin the erection of a 20,000 bushel elevator.

Southern Kansas Business Men. Bristol and Powers have bought out the Clark laundry at Newton and are re-opening it. A good advertising phrase, which has been overworked, is "Time tried and tested." One Kansas dealer is reducing the price of a bicycle one dollar a day until it is sold. Price, Hope & Co., dry goods, of Wellington, are advertising satin draperies and silken goods. H. F. Toews & Co., of Newton, have joined the group which is advertising new school books hard. The nights are getting cool and fall goods of all descriptions, even stoves, can be pushed with profit. S. A. Haulin, dry goods, of Newton, who recently returned from the east, says he put \$12,000 in new dress goods. The highest compliment that can be paid a clerk is the request of an old customer that that clerk wait upon him. McManis, of Newton, has taken a pointer from P. Martin & Co., of Hutchinson, and is having hourly sales during the day. A. Barnum & Co., clothiers of Newton, have a list of prices which are headed as follows: "Real Value," "Our usual price," "Sale price."

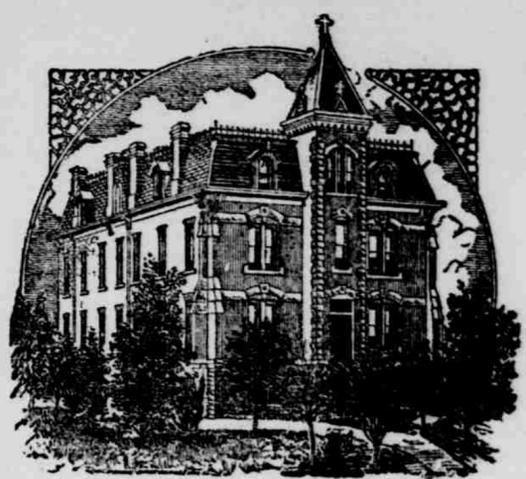
If you must write humorous advertisements never let a single one go into a paper twice. Nothing is as poor as a good joke twice told. S. A. Haulin of Newton, in advertising dress goods, guarantees that "no two suits alike will be sold in town, whether by ourselves or others." Phrases can become so old that the mind is absolutely calloused against an impression from them. "Regardless of cost" is one of these phrases. Do not say your sale is the "bark of the town" unless it is. And be assured your readers will know whether it is or not. If it is the talk of the town it pays to say so. Clem Spruance, clothier, of Wellington, says of a certain kind of cloth he carries: "It is like politics; never wear it, Jerry lasts until you get tired of it and try something new." Every salesman should remember that a majority of customers believe they are doing him a favor to buy of him, and that he must avoid saying anything unpleasant. A customer is the most easily offended man on earth. H. E. Ellison, a real estate dealer of Abilene, has the excellent wording in an advertisement: "Why is it that when wheat was worth fifty cents speculators were afraid to buy? When the same commodity arose to eighty cents, they assumed to buy. And so the world wags. The simplest lessons are the most difficult to learn. The time to buy is when things are cheap." P. Martin & Co., dry goods, Hutchinson, say: "There was a gruff fellow once, who said that he never had in contact an almanac or the weather to know that fall was approaching. The summer of the females for new garments was sign enough. In deference to their demands, we have brought on the first installment of the new season's fabrics, and invite the ladies to see them. We say nothing about the moon—they can have the moon when the bill is presented. We do not say anything about the opportunity we present—golden."

You need not wait for winter to display your new muff-chain, a slender women gown, set at intervals with tiny pearls or turquoises. Pretend that it is necessary to support your garments, or just wear it without strings, or rather wear it with a few pearls and a chain of pearls. It is a very pretty oxidized silver muff-chain by

Wheat and Grass

Just between season in our line, but we can sell you Summer Goods at very low prices, and all staple Dry Goods are to be had here at regular prices, and prices right or your money back. 123 and 127 N. Main St.

All Hallows Academy, Wichita, Kansas.



CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY OF B. V. M.

The attention of parents, who desire to give their daughters an opportunity to acquire a thorough and accomplished education, is respectfully called to the many advantages offered by the above-named institution. Established in 1887 as a boarding school for girls, it was furnished throughout with modern conveniences, as hot and cold water, baths, etc., etc. The location is attractive and, as experience has proved, unsurpassed for healthfulness. The grounds are spacious and every facility is offered for in and out-door recreations. The course of study is all that constitutes a modern, practical, refined education, with special attention to Music and Art as optional studies. The Sisters prefer with confidence to the Rt. Rev. John Joseph Hennessey, D. D., the Rev. Clergy, and to their many pupils scattered throughout the neighborhood. For terms and particulars apply to

SISTER SUPERIOR.



TO EXPLORERS, MINERS AND SPORTSMEN.

The Miner, Explorer or Sportsman wants a general medicine that will keep in any climate and not be spoiled by wetting in water, salt or fresh. Such a medicine is Ripans Tabules (of the standard sort), put up in boxes of six vials, each vial securely corked and containing six Tabules. They cost fifty cents a box or two dollars for five boxes. May soak a week in water without wetting the medicine. Can be had of any druggist, or by mail from the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York.

Advertisement for THE KEELEY INSTITUTE, KANSAS CITY, KANSAS. Includes text about alcohol, opium, and other drug addictions.

Official Route to buy National Encampment

Advertisement for G. A. R. (Grand Army of the Republic) with details about their encampment and route.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY SAFOLIO 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

Advertisement for SAFOLIO, a hair care product, with details about its benefits and price.