Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

OODLES OF MONEY IN KANSAS.

Bank Commissioner Breidenthal gives it out that the banks in the smaller towns of the state are overflowing with money. He reports having received many letters from these country banks asking whether or not they can legally refuse deposits. Surely this is a flattering revelation to the people of Kansas and to all the world. His report must be accepted as reliable because he is in position to know, but it is none the less an anomala in western finances. We have heard of a glut of money in the eastern money centers, which has been taken as proof that money was being drawn from the west, but now that it is accumulating in Kansas banks we may assume that the day is past when a few eastern banks hold a corner on the cash, and that money is once more performing its proper functions where it is needed. This not only portends general prosperity, but it is prosperity. It is not a sign of good times, but it is good times right in our midst. It puts to rout the claim that there is no money in the country, as claimed by the late Pop contingent of Kansas. They must accept Breidenthal's report, because he is one of them. It is proof that the last foot of land upon which they can stand has crumbled, and their isms and their fancied grievances are floating, gossamer like, before the prairie zephyrs. For very shame, every voter in their ranks should accept this report as final and stop the cry that money is scarce.

The commissioner further says that forty thousand Kansas homes will be cleared of mortgages this year. Estimating them at $1,000 each, he thinks $40,000,000 of debt will be paid this year. When we consider that all this money comes from the soil and that this enormous burden, in the brief space of one year, is lifted from the shoulders of our people, it is no difficult matter to see the speedy end of our financial troubles. The most industrious farmer, or the most competent business man, with his hands tied by debt, is helpless when money is locked up and he is deprived of working capital; but with his debts paid, and money in abundance at all the banks, his talents are no longer restrained nor his energies baffled by conditions over which he has no control.

It is no longer a streak in the dawn of prosperity. It is the broad sunlight of a day that was imminent but long deferred.

The incident proves another fact: that the recuperative power of the people of Kansas is greater than that of the effete east. They may go down under adverse conditions, but they are not a people to whine or give up in despair. It is out of these very conditions that we come up smiling and prosperous, with our banks full of money, the mortgages paid and material prosperity at every man's door. The star of empire is still westward, but it reaches the full meridian over the sunlit prairies of Kansas.

A COWARDLY LAW.

Unquestionably no legislature ever convened in the history of the country equalled for boodling predilections the Pop polypus assembled at Topeka last winter. In addition to its pot-hunting venality was its general imbecility. Subsequent investigations proved the one and the character of its enactments affirm the other. Next to this Kansas disgrace was the legislature of Pennsylvania, the principal difference being in the respective degrees of their intelligence. The Pennsylvania crowd of lawmakers as a whole did not lack for smartness, which was only surpassed by their extravagance and pusillanimity. The state house itself took fire and burned down before they had fairly launched for the session. The governor was forced to veto much of their work. One bill, hoever, became a law which met with denunciation from all parties and from every quarter of the country. It was a measure placing a tax of three cents a day upon all unnaturalized foreign laborers. We do not remember to have seen a single newspaper endorsement of the law from anywhere. It was contemptible beyond expression. Judge Acheson of the United States circuit court has pronounced the measure unconstitutional, being in conflict with the Fourteenth amendment. It seems that the law was intended to help the coal miners of that state. The method, however, was infamous. There is no doubt that in the interest of both the present and future of this country some action should be taken upon the immigration question. But foreigners who have once been admitted to this country should not be prevented from earning a livelihood. They are entitled to make an honest living and to be protected in their life and property. The power to regulate immigration is the federal congress, and the place the seaboard. A general immigration law should be enacted looking to the protection of this country and its people from the off-scourings of the worst sections of Europe. We want only the straight and the clean. But it is a question of national, not of state legislation.

THE YARD FENCE.

There are limitations to everything in this world. Time and space, height and depth, and even the human qualities of patience and forbearance have their limit. There is a bottom to the unfathomable ocean. The hazy summit of the highest mountain peak marks an exact altitude above sea level. Continents lie between the great oceans. States and empires are bounded by lakes, rivers and imaginary surveys. The farm on our western prairies is designated by the number, township and range. Like the index pointing to a chapter in a book, they point to the exact quarter section on a map so accurately that Jones of New York can knock at the front door of Smith of Kansas with no other directions. In the labyrinth of lots and parcels, the eagle eye of a real estate agent singles out lot No. 61, in Miller's subdivision of block 23 in Hayseed's ninth addition to the city of Saskatchawan, in county Grover, in Oklahoma Territory. It may be noted that there is always a dual motive in making town lots: ostensibly that of providing homes for prospective buyers, but actually for the purpose of selling out at a handsome profit. It happens sometimes that a lot or block is utilized for a home, and here we encounter the necessity for a yard fence. Like other good things in this world the yard fence has its uses and abuses. They serve to divide the human family into two classes: those who like them and those who don't. Our views are one-sided. We stand by the yard fence as an American institution, dating back to the "small inclosures" of our Puritan fathers. Aside from its defining the boundaries of every man's estate, it serves to keep his own children in and his neighbors chickens out. It saves him the drover's herd thus raising the standard of our Christian religion. The very cattle know where eminent domain leaves off and private possession begins.

Then there is the high board back fence. Where is the housewife who would give her husband a moment's peace without this modest embargo between her and her neighbor's domestic affairs? It is at once an ambush and protection for such gossip as can only be repeated with head and eyes visible. "She can never say that such language ever passed my lips." Of course not.—both mouths being invisible. There is also the midnight catterwaul—the immemorial Thomas concert. What institution or device could supply the forum for a genuine nocturnal sleep-defying cat concert but the high back fence? As a neighborhood quarrel without a sewing society, or a schism in a church, choir without a stated place for weekly drill, so would be this Tom and Tabby concert without a partition fence.

The legal profession would suffer, too, without a line fence to show just how much fruit hangs over into the adjoining yard. The right of ownership, of course, will never be determined, but it provides the means for ethical and legal disquisitions upon property rights and privileges. It supplies material for court reports and puzzles the head of ye honest juryman with matter which he knows nothing about.

Then there is the front gate—the hospitable entrance to hearth and home. Every other panel implies the warning "no trespassing allowed," but the open gate bids welcome to all the world. Poets have sung and savants of all the ages have written of the tender sentiment engendered at the front gate. Given a lone, starry night, two lovers and a swinging gate over which the parting word which melts and merges into that unintelligible yum, yum, which no linguist has ever translated into an ancient or modern language, and you have the unbounded—the indescribable felicity which sways and rocks upon the creaking hinges of this same front gate. Like the storied entrance to the heart and the affections, so is the open gate to the home and the fireside. We endorse the yard fence, gate and all.

A good time to read the Luetguert trial is as far away from a meal as possible.

The quietest thing in the United States is that campaign in Ohio. Money has a cold. It whispers.

There is no talk in Populist circles just at this time in regard to the government ownership of wheat farms.

The real benefit of the big wheat crop is that it has throttled the irrepressible money crank with the yard-stick argument.

Mrs. Lease says she will go to Klondike. She is joking. Mrs. Lease never gets out of calling distance of the millinery stores.

Mrs. John Drew was one of the greatest actresses of modern times. Still she was merely an actress. She married three times.

There is lots of money in Kansas, and the Populists should be given some of the credit. That last legislature of theirs put lots of it in circulation.

Big barges will be built at St. Louis to get wheat off to Europe in a hurry. Meanwhile the pig-headed railroads are discriminating against Galveston.

It appears to be the inalienable right of every man to bless the Dingley bill when he has anything to sell and cuss it roundly when he has anything to buy.

Germany's back is up at France since that country formed its alliance with Russia. All Germany demands in this world is that France shall stay licked.

In Japan's designs on the Nicaragua canal it looks very much as if England was using Japan as a cat's paw. If it is deemed necessary we will lick 'em both.

General Weyler's army is now busy pulling up the insurgents' sweet potato vines. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front. He is guying Weyler.

It is feared in Populist circles that Mark Hanna is arranging to force congress to enlarge the capacity of a bushel of wheat in the interest of the wage-earners, not on farms.

The scare stories about starvation in the Klondike have prevented no one from going. They are told by the heroes already there in order to let their relatives know they are heroes.

If Luetguert is not guilty it is about time his attorneys explained what he was boiling in that vat that night and what he did with it after he boiled it, if it was not the body of his wife.

There is no sugar so sweet to the human fly as mystery. The hundreds of people who crowd to the Luetguert trial would turn away if it was a certainty that the man was either guilty or innocent.

The Cloud That Passed.

(A story by Amelia Hutchinson Sterling in the English magazine McMillan's. In five parts.)

PART II.

Priscilla sighed gently, as she continued to gaze out of the window, though, it must be confessed, with a lessening interest. The fresh glory of the morning had departed, alike from her heart and from the landscape; she began to be unpleasantly conscious of the heat of the mid-day sun, and of the patched, dry look of the scrubby, irregular hills; she gradually became aware of the sameness and monotony of the scene, and ceased to feel its novelty—more scrubby hills, more lemon-trees, more sun-baked houses, with picturesque, ragged children playing on the steps, and picturesque peasant women leaning over the railings, more dried-up streams with the white stones showing in their beds. She sighed again.

"If madame would permit that the blind be lowered?" the Frenchman suggested respectfully. For in her eagerness to see Priscilla still kept her blind drawn up, though the sun was beginning to shine in at the window.

Before Priscilla could reply, George broke in.

"Go over to the other corner," he said; "you will be out of the sun there."

His tone was sharp and authoritative. Priscilla could not resent it, smarting as she still was from the recollection of the repulse which she had suffered from him already in the course of the morning's journey.

"Thank you," she said, with a little air of quiet dignity, "but I think I shall stay here. The sea will be on this side."

"As you like," George replied ungraciously, "but I shall get out of this sweltering sun anyway.' And, rising, he removed the bag in the rack above his head to the corner of the compartment farthest from that in which his wife was sitting.

Priscilla had asserted herself, but she did not seem to be happy. She shifted uneasily in her seat, and uttered a half-suppressed sigh. Her glance strayed towards her husband in his remote corner, but was arrested in passing by the look on the Frenchman's face—a look of gratified vanity. That look settled the question.

"After all, I think I shall go over there," she said, as she arose from her seat. "It is getting very hot here."

If the Frenchman felt any disappointment he did not show it.

"Madame is wise," he said approvingly, springing with alacrity to his feet in order to remove her belongings to the other corner; "I, too, commence to suffer here from the heat, and it is well that we take now the places which we wish to keep, for this coupe will not long rest to us three alone."

"We are coming to a station, then?" queried Priscilla, who had now seated herself opposite her husband.

"We aproach the 'City of Palaces,'" replied the Frenchman, as he removed his possessions, and took a seat beside her. "We approach Genes—Genova—how do you other English call it?—Ah, yes, Genoa! And there find themselves there always many travelers—ah, but many!" he gave an expressive shrug of his shoulders.

George looked up from his books with an air of importance and self-satisfaction. He felt that in changing her seat his wife had acknowledged his authority, and yielded a fitting obedience to it, and he consequently felt pleased with himself and with her.

"We shall lunch at Genoa," he said in a tone of decision, hich was intended to show the Frenchman that he was master of the situation. "We have twenty minutes there."

Priscilla, whose face was turned towards the window, said nothing. Gentle though she was, she felt inclined to resent her husband's little air of ownership and authority, and to half regret the concession she had made in changing her seat.

The Frenchman smiled that half pitying, half-patronizing smile of his which George found so irritating.

"Monsieur has perhaps travelled to genoa before by this train?" he queried.

George admitted that he was making the journey for the first time; but there was something in his tone and manner that seemed to say that he knew what he was about, and would not accept advice from any one. So, at least, the Frenchman interpreted it. With a softly ejaculated "Ah!" he threw himself back in the seat and gently stroked his moustache.

Even this apparently inoffensive exclamation, however, proved irritating to George, as was evident from the increased dignity and self-sufficiency of his bearing as he proceeded to fold up his maps and shut his books.

The train was entering the outskirts of the "City of Palaces;" on either side of the line houses began to appear; gradually they became more and more numerous, and soon the view on the right, where the ground sloped down to the sea, was a confused jumble of roofs and chimneys, with the masts of shipping in the background; while on the left, large square stone houses, with an air of solidity and dignity about them, struggled up the hillside amid lemon and orange trees. Then, with a shrill whistle, the houses and lemon-trees gave place to the walls of the commonplace modern railway station.

As the train drew up at the platform, George rose with a business-like air; but his heart sank within him as his eyes well on the confused crowd of people of every nation of Europe, all excitedly rushing abou and elbowing each other. There were stout Germans of both sexes in nondescript garments, with blue spectacles and opera-glasses; there was the omnipresent American girl in checked tartan, talking volubly to her male companion; there was the invariable group of English women of uncertain age, standing erect and dignified amid the general excitement, with their women all of property and proprietorship, calling aloud with correct English accent, "Faccino! Facchino!" There were neat little Frenchmen in new tourist costumes, in which they did not seem to feel quite at home, running about in an aimless way, knocking up against everyone, and perpetually taking off their straw hats and murmuring distractedly, "Pardon!" and here and there was a picturesque contalina, with a bambino in one arm and a bundle in the other, looking bewildered and apologetic, as if she knew she had no right to be there.

As George stepped out onto the platform, there was a sudden rush for his compartment, and it seemed to him that he was surrounded by a dozen excited women, all pushing against him and shouting in as many different languages. The general excitement proved infectious; in an instant his calm dignity deserted him, and he, too, was wildly shouting and gesticulating, like the rest.

"Posti pren—prenduti!" he cried, in the best Italian at his command, which might perhaps be Englished, "Places tooked," while he endeavored with his spare person to stem the torrent bearing down on the compartment.

In spite of his exertions, however, two active, business-like German women of uncertain age succeeded in making their way into the compartment, and actually began to remove the roll of rugs which he had laid on his seat.

George's agitation increased, and his face became white and drawn. "Mio posto, mio posto!" (my place) he cried in a tone of breathless excitement.

But the ladies paid no attention to him; and the Frenchman, suppressing a smile, came to the rescue. Politely raising his hat, he explained, in his own language, which appeared to be intelligible to the ladies, that three seats in the compartment were already engaged. George could not but thank him for his assistance; but his manner of doing so was rather lacking in graciousness, and Priscilla thought it necessary to make up for his coldness by throwing more warmth into her brow and murmured, "Thanks!" than she would otherwise have done.

"Monsieur sees that it is dangerous to descend here all the three," remarked the Frenchman. "One must remain to guard the places. If monsieur will permit, I will conduct madame to the buffet, and then afterwards monsieur——"

But here Priscilla, who had cast a look in George's face, quietly interposed.

"I will stay here with my husband till monsieur returns," she said.

"As madame will." And the Frenchman raised his hat and moved away.

His departure was the signal for a fres onset on the compartment, and George, who wos momentarily becoming more agitated and nervous, felt scarcely able to maintain the defence against the bombardment of Gladstone bags, card-board boxes, paper parcels, hold-alls, and canvas-covered port-manteaus. Fortunately, the two German ladies, who had now secured their seats, proved most effective assistants, and, after the first rush was over, he was able to leave the defence in their hands. But already ten of the precious twenty minutes had slipped away.

"Come, quick!" he said, in an excited, flustrated tone of voice, as he drew Priscilla's arm through his own, and hurried her along the crowded platform. "We have scarcely time to get anything to eat."

A Singular Life.

In the reading of some books, it becomes extremely difficult, as a by-thought, to convince one that Kansas is a child of New England. We are told that Kansas is. Undoubtedly Kansas is. A new and very popular narrative: "A Singular Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, deals with a certain phase of New England life, any counter-part or any imitation of which is totally and curiously lacking in this western and New England sired state.

A young theological student with a name which would be haw-hawed out of Kansas, Emanuel, Emanuel Bayard, denies himself comforts to struggle through a New England University. The author has modeled her hero after the character of Christ, as much as it is possible to give man the attribute of the Infinite. From the first he denies himself, without a nod, falter of misstep. He is conscientious in everything. His ascetic resignation is complete. But his theology is not sound—a phrase we do not know in Kansas. He does not receive a call as readily as the other graduates. When a call is at last received, it comes from a New England decorum, the other a hell's acre of immorality known as Angel's Alley, and frequented by the rougher fishing classes of the place. Young Emanuel with a face as white as a star and other spiritual accoutrements, on his way to ordination, knocks down a rough drunkard who is about to strike his child, makes a minute's acquaintance with several tough characters who are, of course, awed by his prowess, and passes onto the ordination. As we would say in Kansas the old deacons were "loaded for him." They whipped and lashed and lashed and whipped and pricked and gouged, jabbed and slammed questions into him in testing the soundness of his theology until they found his weak point and refused to accept him. He left the fashionable church and went into Angel's Alley and started a church of his own. It was not long until he performed several feats of daring and heroism impossible not to admire. But he didn't reform anybody. He was hunting for a tangible enemy in the grog-shops, and there he found it. He succeeded in having several licenses revoked. His church was burned down by the Equor interest. He built another church, and finally was assassinated. He was a beautiful character. There is no doubt of this. The book is full of tears for him. Every reader must love him. There is a love story running through the book to hold the lighter readers and a beautiful girl to ornament it, just whimsical, foolish and "flip" enough to be lovable. The readers certainly love her, for she is more life-like than bookish.

Emanuel Bayard, however, is the figure in the book and the others are but stage-in the book and the others are but stage-settings. Theorthodox church's treatment of him was diabolical. It is no doubt a true picture from New England life. The queer thing is that Kansas has inherited none of this intolerant priggishness of its parent. It is safe to say that if a young man from New England, with great personal and magnetic beauty, of excelling spiritual force should come to Kansas and make a plea before a congregation such as Emanuel Bayard made before that New England outfit, and the deacons of the church should refuse to accept him on account of some trivial technicality of creed, the congregation would arise en masse and do something, if not violent in action, then in words. Thirty years ago the deacons might have been dropped out a back window, but Kansas of a more recent date is sedate, and, in such a scene, a half dozen men in the church would be on their feet in defense of the young preacher.

Kansas is a state of churches. It is also pre-eminently a state of religious freedom. We have so many experimenters out here in so many different ways that differences of opinion are taken as a matter of course, and a man is suspected if he agrees with you too much. Certainly no man in the state would throw a superior young man out of a place by disagreeing with him as to the exact meaning of "verbal inspiration," which was the log in the path of Emanuel Bayard.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' story, "A Singular Life," should be read by every Kansan who is able to procure it. Negatively it brings the Pharisaical congratulation to one's heart that Kansas has outgrown intolerant, picayunish, narrow-minded New England.

The book is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., and can be secured at the Goldsmith Book and Stationery company of this city.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Breidenthal says that about $40,000,000 in mortgages will be lifted in Kansas this fall.

Dan Anthony of Leavenworth the other day disposed of one of his little farms for $8,000.

Kansas will not be fully restored to its senses until it sends John J. Ingalls back to the United States senate, where he belongs.

Father Eskridge of Emporia is hot. He has his gun loaded with sand-burrs and is looking for Senator Baker every hour in the day.

If the practice of making the State house a play-house for Topeka's festivals can not be stopped the capital of the state should be moved.

It is reported that three young men in Harper have already given up drinking liquor on account of the young ladies' protective society there.

It is now said that Father Eskridge is so hot over the appointment of a postmaster at Emporia that he is almost sorry he elected McKinley president.

What does Jerry Simpson know? He publicly accuses Senator Peffer of being "a notorious boodler." What does Jerry Simpson know? Surely something.

Will Morgan of Hutchinson, in noting the victory of the Salvation army of Topeka over the police, says that the army is now allowed to run as open as the joints.

If Kansas is in the midst of a boom at the end of six months the rest of the state will have to acknowledge that Newton led the procession in getting started.

Those burglars who battered a safe all to pieces in Milan, Sumner county, and afterward found that the safe door was not locked, have retired to the Indian country where there is lots of room to kick themselves.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Tom Doyle will notify the Santa Fe that he has appraised that jolt at $25,000.

Miss Joseph, the popular clerk in the El Reno postoffice, has been retained.

Judge McAtee deserves much credit for his fine opinion in the equalization case.

Chief Justice Dale's term expires this month and his successor will soon be appointed.

J. Y. Callahan and his wife have returned from Texas to Kingfisher. J. Y. is a great traveler.

Bill Bolton carries $6,000 in life insurance and will not marry any girl who knows he carries that much.

It is claimed that the holding back of the equalization opinion by the supreme court had politics in it.

A Caldwell man recently went to Medford to collect a bill and the debtor licked him. This isn't treating Kansas right.

Enid has another sensation ready. It is said that a man just west of that town has found he can raise cocoanuts.

A triplot mine has been opened about ten miles from David. Triplot is something like silica and sells for $3.50 a ton.

Ringling Brothers' circus, the first big one to strike Oklahoma, will have three dates there. One of them will be at El Reno.

J. W. Johnson, living near Medford, has had two losses of wheat by fire this year. His latest fire licked up 500 bushels of wheat.

Colonel Blackwell is again in Oklahoma. The wounds which the chains wore in his flesh before the angels struck them off have healed.

Biedler, of Oklahoma City, who put his son in the postoffice, has been followed by Watson of El Reno, who also puts his son in the office.

Mr. Eggleston, the Free Home lobbyist, might better retire from the territory. The newspapers do not like his scheme and do not hesitate to say so.

The Kingfisher Reformer says that the prosperity due to the rise in wheat will be short-lived and advises farmers to have a care how they spend their money.

The Frisco will build west of Sapulpa. There is no question about this. Preparations are being made rapidly. President Robinson's interview is an enigma.

According to the Patriot, the Grant County bank between July 12 and September 1 paid out in wheat money $97,000. Not one-third of the wheat has been marketed yet.

There is said to be a latent movement in progress to build the Midland south from Wichita and join it to the Hutchinson Southern just southeast of Medford or at Medford.

The David Progress is almost poetical when it says: "Ere many moons have passed around this whizzing ball, the proud and haughty Cherokee must succumb to the onward march of civilization."

Jake Admire reprimanded the merchants of Kingfisher for paying one dollar a bushel for one load of wheat. If they paid $2 what business was it of Jake Admire's? Sometimes Jake kicks entirely too much.

Oklahoma City Times-Journal: Mr. C. A. Crowder broke ground yesterday for the erection of a foundry. It will be located east of his machine shop and will be operated in connection with it. Mr. Crowder has a fine line of trade covering Oklahoma and the Chickasaw nation, and a foundry became a necessity for use in connection with his machine shop.

Southern Kansas Business Men.

George W. Hough of Milan is advertising a car load of new implements.

H. C. Unsell, a merchant of Caldwell, is in Chicago purchasing new goods.

Henry Coverdale, clothier at Wellington, says: "Slender purses do not fear our store."

The weekly papers having a large circulation on the farms are full of implement advertisements.

Ladies' mackintoshes in wool cashmere are in Inverness style, with double cape and velvet collar.

How much better it is to say, instead of "things in season" when that season is and what you have.

Salisbury & Co., shoes, at Arkansas City, say: "We say to you: buy now. Shoes will never be sold as cheap."

Very stylish, indeed, is the fly-front jacket of kersey, with scalloped collar, fancy stitching and rhadame lining.

An expert advertisement writer says that nothing is too small or too great if it succeeds in arresting the public eye.

M. Hahn & Co., clothiers at Winfield, use the expressive phrase for advertising school suits: "Boys will be boys."

Among the antique styles that foreign fashion centers seem likely to revive are the bead and chenille fringes for wraps.

H. A. Ross, dry goods, at Caldwell, has just returned from an eastern trip. He came back by the way of the great lakes.

E. C. Williams, of the Boston store at El Dorado, has taken a position with the Dogget Dry Goods company of Kansas City.

There are many new fancy shades in boucle reefers for children, the various models costing from three to eight dollars.

McAnnaley & Noble of El Dorado, who are in the furniture business, say their trade for August was better than it has been for many years.

S. C. Fossett of Caldwell gets right to the point in these words: "How is your harness? About worn out? If it is, come and let us fit you out with a new set."

In polins and silks, clan tartans and broad black and white plaids figure prominently. Some of the poplins are moire, and these are in demand for blouse waists.

W. W. Pattison & Sons, grocers of El Dorado, have had an advertisement called, "O Domestic Tiff," running for over a month now. This is criminal. People have ceased to read it. They should change it.

J. B. Lynn & Co., of Winfield, are handling in Priestley's black goods the following weaves: "Cork-screw, soiel, crepe cloth, melrose, Mohair fancies, wool satine, endora wool, Mohair figures and cravenette."

The manager of a great concern, Pears' soap, is honest enough to say that he doesn't know what makes advertising pay. There is no rule now visible. But there are certain evidences of success which can be studied with profit.

The store of the Alton Brothers Mercantile company, at Milan, was broken into the other night. The burglars knocked the safe all to pieces and discovered later that it was not locked. They took also 25 pennies out of the till, which contained 25 pennies.

Julius Behrend, clothier, at Arkansas City, is out in a new advertisement which is catchy. He says: "Gold. Wealth. Riches. Not at Klondike. Don't go shabby. Don't freeze. We are the outfitters for men and boys at prices which defy competition."

David Bedell, the jeweler at El Dorado, has this advertisement: "The Trusts Still Live. States may try to down trusts, fifty-cent legislation will try to make fifty million dollar trusts quit business and divide; men will get up and howl 'down with 'em' (unless I am in it) and the trusts still go on and gobble. There's the sugar, yes, rubber, grocery, and a whole lot of other trusts, and now they've taken whisky. Comments on this is unnecessary. I don't have anything to do with trusts, don't do a trust business, that's the reason I can beat them all on prices. I pay cash and sell for cash, sell the goods on quick sales and small profits."

The talk about superiority of large advertisers is largely bosh. The intelligent Kansas advertiser has just as worthy advertisements as the largest stores of the city. Of course, they do not use as much space, but their attractiveness is as good, space alone excepted. Here is the way Marshall Field of Chicago starts an advertisement: "Approaching school days make apparent many necessities in the boy's ward-robe." This statement is identical with a half dozen now running in southern Kansas.

A. Barnum & Co., of Newton must be prosperous. They are enlarging their advertisement space. That is always a true index.

Several Wichita men expect to attend the Atchison Corn carnival and its red-ear attachment. An expert Wichita kisser says that he has studied literature all through for kisses and Mark Antony was the best kisser who ever lived. Kisses, dissected, reveal the fact, he says, that a good kiss must begin with a velvet pressure, then a magnetic adhesion and finally a hydraulic forge, so that the teeth almost lock together. He is going to Atchison to show 'em.

Dave Leahy claims that in Washington he once saw a document which related that George Washington did not cut down the cherry tree, but that a comrade did and that George admitted him, saying to his father: "I cannot tell a lie; I did it with my little hatchet." In other words, that George Washington did lie.

One of the Wichita kissers who is going to Atchison's carnival claims to be able to duplicate the touch of a velvet twilight zephyr on the dew-spangled petals of a young violet.

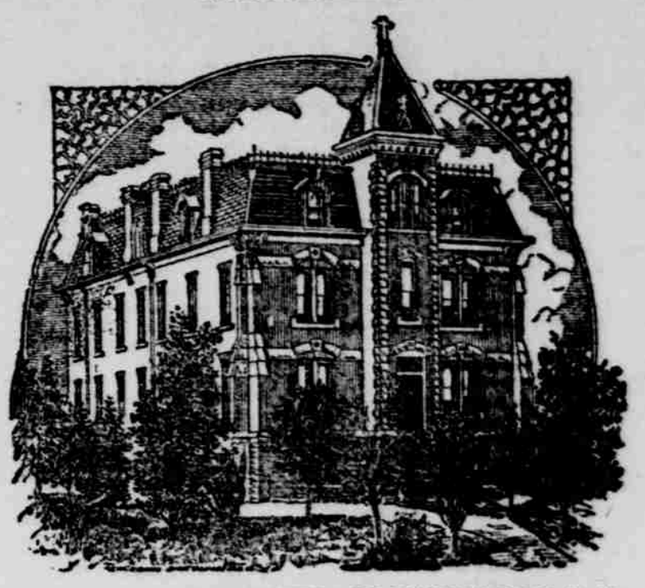
Topeka's festival ball (admission $1) will be held in the State house. There is just as much sense in this as there would be in hiring the State house to a traveling circus.

Who could have dreamed three years ago that the time would come, as it has in Harper County, when Populists would refuse Jerry Simpson an opportunity to speak?

McNamara & Co

More New Dress Goods
arrived today and they are beauties, too. Watch for tomorrow's ad. It will interest you.
123 and 127 N. Main St.

All Hallows Academy,
Wichita, Kansas.



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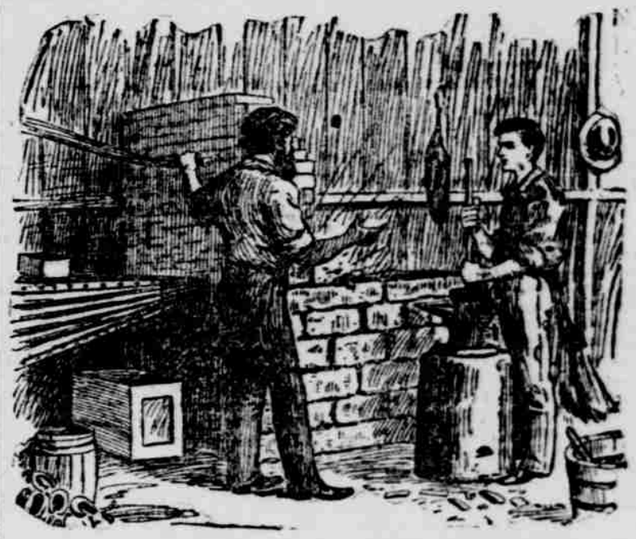

"I have used Ripans Tabules an they have done me lots of good, at least my wife says they have," asserts William Donaldson, a blacksmith. "After a hard day's work I would eat too much, I guess," continued he, "and suffer like everything. My wife's brother told me that Ripans Tabules had helped him and he thought they would help me. I believe they have cured me, but I still take them regular, for I would not have them pains again for anything. My partner said, after I was so much better, that I was ready to get well anyhow, and that I would have got well without them. I believe there are lots of people that are ready to get well just like I was. They will get well when they take the same medicine I did, and not before. I have worked hard all my life, first on a farm and then in a blacksmith shop, and have been troubled with dyspepsia ever since I was 18 years old. Now I feel like I was sweet sixteen. I think Ripans Tabules are a great medicine."

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