Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

COBURN NOT A CANDIDATE.

One of the prominent talked-of candidates for governor at the hands of the Republican party has been eliminated. Secretary Coburn, of the state board of agriculture, in an address before the state editorial convention, in session, on Tuesday, at Kansas City, Kansas, emphatically declared that he was not and would not be a candidate. In closing his address, he said:

"And now a word personal: Many of you, with others, have been friendly enough to suggest my name in connection with the governorship. Of the compliment and confidence it implies no one could be more heartily appreciative. The governor's office in the hands of a man of right convictions, possessing the courage of these convictions, has vast potency for good. But it is a political office; my tastes, habits and inclinations lead me away from rather than toward politics and political turmoil. I am in every fiber a Republican; the sort of Republican, too, who believes in the enforcement, rigidly and impartially, of every law found in the statute books. In my present position I represent in an entirely non-partisan, non-political way especially the great common or work-people to whom I belong—the producers—and am satisfied. Hence I take occasion in this presence to declare to you once and for all, my very partial friends, my kind neighbors, my honored and honorable fellow-citizens, that I am not a candidate for governor. I do not intend to be a candidate; I do not wish to be governor."

This makes one candidate, and one good, strong candidate, less, but whether it will simplify the situation remains to be determined later. Coburn is an admirable man, in close touch not only with the farmers of the state, but with its business men. He is a factor in the material matters of Kansas. He has been doing more to redeem the good name of the state, and to advance its real interests than any state official, than the entire Pop administration lumped. His home and farm are in Franklin county, but he is very strong with the peoples of Wyandotte, Johnson, Douglass and Leavenworth counties, four very populous and influential counties. The counties mentioned equal in population the big counties of the southwest which cluster about and include Sedgwick, the home of W. E. Stanley.

There can be no doubt of Mr. Coburn's sincerity in the matter. He will not be a candidate.

SOUND SENATORIAL ADVICE.

As is known to a number of the representative Republicans of the city of Leavenworth and of Wichita, Senator Baker and the Eagle have been in close political accord, or in their convictions, respectively, of what policy the Republican party of Kansas should pursue touching the prohibition and other questions. This accord was recognized as far back as the "Rebellion," when Governor Humphrey refused to listen to a memorial proposed to be presented by a very large state delegate convention of Republicans. At the dictation of a few Topeka irreconcilables Humphrey insulted not only the convention, which was convened for the purpose of denouncing the metropolitan police law, and for protesting against the eternal lugging into the platform of the "prohibitory" plank, but by his action lost his party thousands of votes. Our senator has written a letter to a friend in Topeka which shows that he is not only as sound a Republican as ever, as liberal and as broad, but that he holds to his old-time convictions touching the fanatical and politico-inquisitorial measure known as the metropolitan police law. In this letter, which seems to have been in answer to a question as to the best policy for the Republican party to pursue, he says:

"If I were permitted to write any part or portion of the state platform this year, I would insert the plank of the St. Louis platform upon the money question.

"Second, I would demand the election of railroad commissioners by a vote of the people.

"Third, I would demand the repeal of the Metropolitan police law.

"Fourth, I would insist upon an honest, economical administration of state affairs.

"Fifth, I would nominate capable, independent men, who would discharge the duties of their respective offices fearlessly and impartially."

PLENTY OF TROUBLE.

Another Englishman has been found who will play the South African role for the Upper Nile. His name is not Rhodes, but Cavendish. He is to put up the money and there will be little limit to his commission. England not only never intends to relinquish her hold on Egypt, as the Eagle has always contended, but proposes to dominate the Upper Nile country and eventually a belt clear across the continent to her South African possessions. Of course it is a case of steal, in the name of Christianity and civilization, but none the less a steal. France lost her opportunity for an equal divy when she declined to longer stand by the arrangement which robbed the Khedive of Egypt of his crown. And so France is very warm under the collar and is growing warmer every day over what she claims to be perfidy upon the part of England. The frog-eater is on the eve of making trouble for the British lion. In the mean time there are other perplexities for the Salisbury government, and the troubles are ones in which a much more powerful and more to be dreaded enemy than France, is mixed up. At the bottom of the trouble between England and France will be found an explanation of why England lately sent such a strong fleet to the Chinese seas.

It is announced that if the Russian flag is hoisted at Port Arthur the union jack will be raised at Chusan, and that not only is the British fleet in Chinese waters to be strongly reinforced, but that the new warships of Japan are to be counted, one and all, for the maintenance of what England styles her treaty rights in China. Meanwhile it is certain that Russia has a considerable body of troops in Manchuria, and that heavy reinforcements are on the way.

But such moves and countermoves do not necessarily mean that war is imminent in the east. The Russian emperor went too far, perhaps, when he said in public the other day that all danger of armed strife has passed, but it is certain that the terrible possibilities of modern warfare may well give pause alike to czar and emperor, to queen and prime minister. If a great struggle is destined to be fought out in Chinese waters it is far more likely to be precipitated by some unexpected act of hostility that to be deliberately decided upon in any cabinet council.

DOLE GOES HOME.

President Dole is going home, back to Hawaii. Whether he goes back in despair of annexation or with assurances that it is all right, no word from him has been uttered. It is thought that the chances are not encouraging. It is evident that there is a keen anxiety in certain quarters where there is "money to burn" to prevent the annexation of Hawaii to the United States if persistent agitation can accomplish this result. As the sugar magnates are the only persons whose interests are liable to be injuriously affected by the inclusion of the islands in the territory of the United States, it is safe to presume that the fusillade of anti-annexation pamphlets which is now being poured into the newspapers of the country is being paid for out of the Sugar Trust treasury.

Nevertheless, Hawaii should become a part of the United States as speedily as may be. The strategic position of the islands renders their possession a necessity to the United States if our commercial interests on the Pacific are to be guarded and protected. The anti-annexationists say that our occupancy of Pearl Harbor is all that is necessary. But how long would the United States be permitted to occupy Pearl Harbor if Germany or England should take advantage of the dilatoriness of the United States and annex Hawaii on their own account? The interests of the United States demand that Hawaii should be annexed; the people of Hawaii are more than willing and the senate will make the crowning mistake of its life if it fails to ratify the treaty.

LIBERTY, LAND AND LEISURE.

The other morning the Eagle contained, in its Associated Press dispatches, a story about a secret organization in the territory of New Mexico. If all New Mexico, including its majority of Greasers, should organize for the purpose of resisting the United States, the movement would not seem so formidable. As it is, it claims a membership, according to the dispatch, of ten thousand, with headquarters at Raton. Their motto is "Liberty, Land and Leisure." The man who claims to be familiar with this organization and its purposes is Wylie B. Childers, a United States attorney for New Mexico. He claims to be in possession of all the facts in the case, says that each member must be equipped with a rifle, ready for any emergency, and each member must be willing to execute the death sentence of the president of the United States if the organization wills it. For the sake of prosperity and the future welfare of this southwestern territory, it is to be hoped that Mr. Childers is talking through his hat, or has been dreaming dreams and seeing visions. If it should develop, however, that his information is correct, summary measures ought to be adopted for treating with the kind of organization he describes. Perpetual banishment from this country of every member of such an organization would be about the only safe way of dealing with it.

It is to be hoped that La Borie, Zola's attorney, will get a big fee. He deserves it.

Take it all around, Zola is having a harder time of it than Dreyfus, whom he undertook to defend.

That jury in Zola's case will be in luck if it escapes without being mobbed, no matter how it decides.

Quo Vadis shows that the world is improving. Mr. Seeley gave only one banquet. Nero gave several.

M. Delegorgue, the judge in the Zola trial, is also acting under orders, and he has his lesson pretty well by heart.

The trouble with Zola is that everything he has to offer in evidence seems to be slightly irreverent, irreligious, irrelevant and immaterial.

The queen's speech before parliament has just been delivered. It was written for her and spoken for her. This is as it should be. Even Eli Little will concede that.

Mr. Coburn has withdrawn from the race for governor of Kansas. This reduces the interest in the contest, as it leaves only twenty-three men in the field.

While the crowd is laying violent hands on him and talking of arrest, Zola should be buoyed up by the thought that his novels are daily increasing in their sales.

A man in the French crowd yelled "Vive Zola! Down with France!" and was arrested. It was probably a slip of the tongue. He meant "down with the army."

The scenes around Zola's trial brings to mind the most figure in the whole hysterical history of France—Marie Antoinette, who went to death quietly and decorously.

Zola would be acquitted if the people were neutral. But public sentiment is against him, and he will be convicted. Public sentiment is some pumpkins, and not in France alone.

Casimir-Perier, when placed upon the witness stand, refused to take the oath, saying: "It is my duty not to tell the truth." There is a whole lot of honesty in that statement. It beats taking the oath and then lying.

The Keeper of Loon Light.

(From the New York Evening Post. In Four Parts.)

PART I.

The mackerel fleet, whose white sails had broken the blue of sky and sea through the long days of summer, had hauled to the north, and the keeper of Loon Island light was preparing to go into winter quarters. The lighthouse-tender, that made her rounds once in two or three months, had just left the supply of oil and provisions, and was, hull down, on her way to the next light, far beyond. She had also left the mail, and Capt. Sam Jocelyn, the keeper, and his sister were sitting in the little room of the lighthouse, opening the delayed weekly papers, over a month old, and letters from friends and relatives who remembered them in their isolation.

Capt. Sam was puzzling over a square letter, written in a large angular hand, while his sister, Nancy, snipped the wrappers from the papers, smoothed them out carefully, and filed them in a paper rack.

"Nancy," said the Captain, without looking up, "how would you like a'boarder?"

"A boarder, here?" replied his sister in a tone of amazement.

"Why, yes," said the Captain. "Here's a letter from a young woman—at least, I guess her to be young—who says she's heard of the light and wants to come and board here a while for the sake of the local color."

"For the local color," repeated his sister.

"That's what she says," returned the Captain, holding up the letter, from which came a delicate and just perceptible perfume; "for the sake of the local color. And she says," he added, "she will pay the regular rates of board."

"Why, there's no difference between the color here and ashore," said Nancy; "it's the same sky blue everywhere; the rocks are red and gray just as they are on the main-land; and there's the self-same sunsets. What she wants to come out here for, to see the color on this desert rock, I can't imagine."

"Perhaps she thinks it's different out here at sea. I suppose she's a painter," suggested the Captain, who apparently favored the proposition, but did not dare to advocate it too earnestly for fear of opposition.

"In that case," said his sister, who was of a controversial turn, "it wouldn't be right to let her come, thinkin' she was goin' to see different colors from what she'd find all along shore."

"No, it wouldn't," confessed the Captain, feeling that he was getting, metaphorically, into very deep water.

"Where does she live?" asked Nancy.

"The letter's dated Nagasak," responded the Captain, examining it critically; "perhaps she's a summer visitor there. I think you're wrong about our local color, Nancy," he continued, after a pause, folding up the letter. "Where will you see such a master sight as that?" pointing to the stream of red sunlight that poured in at the door and flooded the little room. "They don't have such sunsets on the mainland. Look at that pile of clouds how they're deepenin'; how the red is changin' every minute, and the sun drawin' water up from the purple hills. Why, the very rocks here, black and kelp-lined as they are, catch the color, and as I watch the sunsets and look down from the light the rocks reflect the tints. And then the water. Inshore it's green and gray where the sea churns up the mud and sands; but here, not twenty foot from the rock, there's a blue that might have been stolen from the sky itself, Nancy, and sometimes, when I'm lookin' off, I can't tell one from the other."

"You'd see something beautiful in anythin'," replied Nancy. "All I want is not to get a stranger out to a rock that everybody else thinks is desolation itself, under false expectations."

"She'd be company for you," urged the Captain.

"She might and then she mightn't," retorted his sister; then after a few moments' silence she continued, reflectively, "If the light was only painted; but things look so washed out here, Sam. You may see colors, but to me it's plain black and dirty white."

"Why, Nancy, I forgot to tell you," said her brother, "but the Captain of the tender told me that they were goin' to send men to paint the light house and bo'ts. The light's goin' to be white, with a black windin' streak from top to bottom; the rail and top, red. You remember how fine it looked when they painted it before."

"That alters the case," said Nancy, deeply interested in this important bit of news.

"What shall we ask her for board?" she continued in a mollified tone.

"Five dollars a week?" suggested the Captain. "She says she's willin' to pay the regular rate; but there isn't any regular rate, so we've got to establish a precedent," he added, insensibly plagiarizing from the report of the Secretary of the Interior, which was the authority in the light.

"Ain't five dollars too much?" asked Nancy. "It doesn't seem right to me to charge people for looking at sunsets and ocean colors that the Lord has given us free."

"Well, there's the lighthouse color," said the Captain, doggedly.

"That belongs to the government," replied the conscientious woman.

"Well," said Captain Sam in desperation, "suppose we write her that she can come for four dollars a week, but that she mustn't depend much on the local color, as it's about the same as any light has along shore."

"You might just mention that you guess the light'll be painted by the time she gets here. Perhaps she's never seen a freshly painted light," said Nancy.

So it was finally settled that they should take the boarder, and in the course of time a letter to that effect was despatched by Nancy.

Public Ovens.

In nearly every street in Japanese cities is a public oven where for a small fee housewives may have their dinners and suppers cooked for them.

The Schoolboys and the Rabbits.

In almost every school of the Mikado's Empire it is the custom, one day in the autumn, to take the pupils out rabbit-hunting.

Pick-ups in Passing.

The world has 250,000 postmasters.

Finger-nails grow at the rate of rather more than 1½ inches a year.

The average amount of sickness in human life is nine days out of each year.

It is claimed that Lake Erie produces more fish to the square mile than any body of water in the world.

One hundred and forty-eight soldiers are in possession of the Victoria Cross.

Birthdays were kept even as far back as the time of Pharaoh.

China possesses the largest and richest coal mines in the world.

As a rule, a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

A pelican's pouch is large enough to contain seven or eight quarts of water.

It is computed that a hundred weight of lead is fired for every man killed in battle.

It is a Chinese custom to inaugurate a business venture with a display of fireworks.

A leading physician states that the general increase of cancer is due to excess in meat eating.

High Lights.

A man who drinks tea is always popular with the women.

Women feel vexed with another woman who is slavishly in love with her husband.

Always put off till tomorrow what you have made up your mind not to do till next summer.

This world is not a fleeting show; it is a continuous performance, with a perishable audience.—Chicago Record.

Up Stairs of Gold.

Gold has been used in house decoration, but here is something which in splendor exceeds anything ever seen in an American house—a gold plated railing. The railing of the spiral stairway and the balcony in George J. Gould's new house at Lakewood will be plated with the most precious of all metals, says the New York Herald.

Much has been written about the splendors of this palace which the young millionaire is building down there among the pines. The foremost architects and artists have contributed to it, but this stair rail and balcony will surpass anything of the kind ever attempted in this country. There are legends of palaces where the soft light was reflected from lamps of sold gold and shades of alabaster. This dwelling down at Lakewood will equal in splendor the palaces described by the romancers who wrote the "Arabian Nights." Aladdin might have pictured such a hallway as that which forms the entrance of the house at Lakewood. No slave of the lamp could have called into being so splendid an apartment as the hallway of this modern palace.

There are many beautiful stair rails of wrought and polished iron in the houses of New York's millionaires. Some of these rails have gold plated ornaments. The stair rail in the Gould house will surpass all those, for it is gold plated from the first step of the stairs to the last wreath of the balcony front.

In design the staircase itself is a model of graceful architecture. There may be seen in some of the old New York houses stairs which are similar to it. It used to be said that stair building was a lost art. The stairway in Mr. Gould's house is a constant refutation of this theory. The race of stair builders has certainly not become extinct if there are men who can still design and build such marvels of art. Even if the rail of this stairway were not gold plated the light and airy structure which leads to the second floor of the house at Lakewood would attract the eye of the artist.

Workmen have been busy upon the stair rail for several months, and it will be a month longer before the rail will be ready for the plating process. In design this remarkable ornament of the millionaire's hallway closely follows the style of Louis XIV. Bruce Price, the architect, has not followed the style slavishly. There are some variations which may be noticed by the close student of architecture.

Both the rail of the stairs and the balcony along the second floor are the same in design. The balcony itself rests upon four classic pillars, and the space between these supports is filled with the graceful railing. There are four sections in the balcony, all of the same design. The panels curve gracefully outward, and they look not unlike the fronts of opera boxes, except that the curve is not so marked. Garlands and torches are the principal ornaments used.

There is no newel post at the bottom of the stairs. The railing ends in a ram's horn, after the manner of the railings of the Louis XIV. period. The general design is wonderfully chaste and simple. The gold plating will enhance its classic beauty.

Several skilled artisans are now devoting their time to fashioning the patterns from block tin. The railing till be cast and plated at the foundry of the John Williams Company, in West Twenty-seventh street. The various parts of the design have been made of block tin. The soft metal is placed upon a wooden form and bent to the required curve. After this model is completed a mould will be made from it, and the railings will be cast in brass. Then there will be the tedious process of cleaning and preparing the brass for plating.

This splendid ornament will cost thousands of dollars. A Queen Anne cottage of many rooms could be built for the price of it. When it is placed in position the hallway of the house at Lakewood will remind one of the descriptions of the splendors of ancient palaces.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Coburn's withdrawal is supposed to strengthen John Seaton's boom, giving him the support of Wyandotte county.

Coburn has withdrawn from the race for governor. Sooner or later all the candidates will see that Stanley has a cinch.

Mr. Coburn says: "I do not wish to be governor." He also says that if governor he would want all the laws on the statute books enforced.

From the beautiful weather that has prevailed since February 2, it is plain that the ground-hog is suffering from the need of a pair of spectacles.

The Patrons of Husbandry, a Kansas farmer's organization, held during the grasshopper year that the past was a result of the wholesale killing of small birds.

Mr. Pigg, a hotel man at Topeka, has just been horse-whipped by a colored woman. But Mr. Pigg can think of the special session of biscuit-eaters coming and console himself.

Charles L. Brown of Arkansas City has notified Leedy that he is against a special session of the legislature. Brown is the first member of the legislature to express a desire to keep away from Topeka.

Governor Leedy will get the legislature together and that legislature will pass the railroad bill he dictates. There is no set of men so inimical to bosses in other parties and so servile to bosses in their own party as the Populists.

In a newspaper fight at Topeka it has come out that Major Hood of Emporia holds a mortgage on the Topeka State Journal. By the Republicans the Journal is accused of being a Populist paper with Republican proclivities; by the Populists with being a Republican paper with Populist proclivities.

Moral.—The next day the man went to the publisher of his paper and said: "Here, sir, is the pay for your paper, and when next year's subscription is due you can depend on me to pay it promptly. In a dream I stood in the position of an editor last night, and I know how it feels to have one's honestly earned money scattered all over the country in small amounts."

Ingalls' popularity in Kansas becomes less and less every year, but the memory of his wonderful voice and pen seems to grow in teh east. This is from the Washington Post, from the most prominent part of its editorial page: "We reproduce here a short poem by Hon. J. J. Ingalls. It was written some years ago for Truth and published in that very interesting periodical, but in response to quite a widespread demand, as well as for our own gratification and that of the general public, we transfer it to these columns:

"OPPORTUNITY.

"'Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace—soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before
I turn away. It is the hour of fate.
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every fee
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.
I answer not, and return no more!'"

"It is philosophy in rhyme—truth, inspiration, and incentive in metrical arrangement—and framed in that inimitable literary grace which beautifies his every thought. Mr. Ingalls has few equals in force, felicity, and versatility, either as a writer or a speaker. His utterances always command respectful attention. His serious efforts invariably appeal to the intellectual admiration of his fellowmen."

The author of "Sweet Marie" has married the girl to whom the music was dedicated. Fate has a curious way of evening up old scores.—New York Press.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

That looks like a put-up job on Major Woolsey at Ponca City.

One of the suspects arrested for Indian burning is named Lawless.

Trains of wagons full of cotton still wind into Perry every day.

A Norman girl in an essay said: "The chirping of the geese saved Rome."

The Purcell Register has $3,0000 which delinquent subscribers are holding in trust for it.

Stroud will probably not be over two months old until the newspaper business will be over-done there.

Over in the Osage country a Big Purse is being raised for Mr. Big Heart to send him to Washington.

The Ponca City Courier calls Guthrie the territorial capital and Oklahoma City the commercial metropolis.

There is some talk of the Rock Island building a branch west from Kingfisher to Watonga and then south to Arapahoe.

It is not generally known that Sam Murphy posed as the model for the man who appears on the great seal of Oklahoma.

A. H. Boles has been named as register of the Perry land office. Mr. Boles is the gentleman who put Dick Plunkett's pug bill to sleep in one round.

Bill Walker has already picked out the blanket he will wear as agent of the Osages. It is green, with a red stripe running through it the wrong way.

After reading Quo Vadis, Editor Walker of the Purcell Register has had an idea that he would have blushed less at Nero's banquet than at Seeley's dinner.

The Jefferson Rustler's story about its tom-cat which went to the opening of the Klondike saloon and never came back, has got into the London, England, papers.

The Oklahoma experiment station has determined that it takes 50 pounds of water evaporated through the ground and a plant to produce one pound of produce.

Everp paper which publishes the lie about Clyde Mattox being drunk in Newton, Kansas, should publish a correction. It pays to be fair, even to a convict.

If Oklahoma would deluxe Tom Reed with 1,000 letters a day for free homes, Oklahoma would fetch him. He is the stumbling block now and the man to work upon.

The Oklahoma Experiment Station examined twenty-three samples of ore from the Wichita mountains and didn't find silver or gold in any of them. This isn't fair. They got hold of the wrong ore.

Mrs. Huddleston of Perkins is said to have fallen heir to $4,000,000. It is to be hoped that she has, but people will insist on seeing at least $100,000 before they will believe it. The falling heir story has been terribly over-worked.

An Oklahoma farmer has a kicking mare. He tied a rope around her neck passed the rope between the forelegs and undr th belly-band and tied the other end to her hind-lg. Then she kicked and brought her nose to the ground like a flash. It cured her of kicking. But it was a mean trick.

This morning in the United States court Judge Springer had before his honor William Tiger, a Creek Indian, who was condemned to be shot by a Creek tribunal for the killing of another Creek Indian some time ago, says the Muskogee Times. The case was brought into this court on a writ of habeas corpus. Tiger was to have been shot today, and only the application for the writ saved his life. The hearing of the case was continued over until tomorrow at the request of Judge Stewart, attorney for the Creek Nation, and Tiger was turned over to be placed in jail for safe keeping. When the case was ordered placed on the docket the clerk of the court inquired to know on what docket it should be placed. His honor hesitated a moment before giving his answer, whereupon the lawyers at the bar began to suggest. One said place it on the law docket, another said place it on the criminal docket, and still another said place it on the probate docket. The court finally decided to place the case on the criminal docket, as this seemed to grow out of a criminal charge in the Creek Nation.

Southern Kansas Business Men.

D. W. Wilcox of Newton, a grocer, says: "Eat hearty, but also eat well."

McManus of Newton is using all his energy on carpets just at present.

Eddy, a druggist at Arkansas City, stands alone in his town in the advertising of valentines.

It is pleasant to note that the border craze is dying out among advertisers. It was frightfully overdone.

The Newton Kansan says the removal of the overhead signs has greatly improved Main street of that city.

H. M. Wait of Newton has bought the Manchester property at Newton, now occupied by E. B. Hildinger, for $1,800.

A Newton merchant announces proudly that his business has increased to such an extent that he has put in a telephone.

Mr. M. E. Hanlan, a grocer at Winfield, says: "Oh! Just try a can of Scudder's Canada Maple Syrup." Why did Mr. Hanlan use the "Oh?"

A mighty good line is this, said of special low prices on a popular line of goods: "If everybody had a telephone, those goods would not last ten minutes."

A. Barnum & Co., of Newton, say: "This store never quotes fictitious prices or promises impossible savings. We advertise facts and facts only."

Of his spring goods John Wannamaker says: "The opening of new goods goes on at a pace that keeps the store in a happy turmoil of change, and hence newness."

J. P. Ramseyer of Newton, dry goods, says he regards a customer who will pay in from 30 to 60 days as good as cash customer. But he is not. The cash customer is best.

White, Hall & Co., of Arkansas City, reflect the spirit of the times in this line: "See our bicycles and buggies." If the times were not just as they are they would have said: "See our buggies and bicycles."

Every year about four hundred people out of every 4,000 take it into their heads to have gardens. They look through the papers to see seed advertisements. There is not today in a southern Kansas paper a single advertisement for seeds.

J. P. Ramseyer, dry goods, Newton, will inaugurate a strictly cash business February 15. He says he does so with regret, but people who have allowed their bills to drag along unpaid for three and four months at a time have forced him to it.

The First State bank at Newton advertises new reductions as follows: "We are issuing drafts from 25 cents to $25 for five cents, and $25 to $100 for ten cents. Persons who have deposits with us of a fair size are not charged for drafts. Come in and talk to us about exchange."

J. A. Silver, of Winfield, has a claim for cheese that is probably new. He says: "Nothing better than good cheese for brain workers when properly eaten and in the right quantity. We are something of an authority on cheese, and we want to call your attention to what we have in this line."

J. B. Dickey of Newton will, beginning February 12, close out at auction his entire jewelry stock. He says: "Our reason for the sale is this: We overstocked on goods for the holidays and wishing to enlarge our wall paper and paint department, we must convert these goods into cash and use the available floor space."

When a merchant is going to make a change, he should first pack his community and then stay by the choice, studying that community as a botanist studies a new flower. No two communities will succumb to similar treatment. Each must have different treatment. Else has very little to do with it. It is a standing joke among newspaper men that some Chicago newspaper man will come into a small western city and, after making a big splurge, will ignominiously fail. He didn't know his community and he failed because it was dissimilar to Chicago. In the same way success in one town is no index to a merchant that he would be a success in another place.

GEORGE INNES & CO.

Formerly McManus & Co

Embroidery Selling

Continues brisk here. Values, quantities and lower prices, power the drawing card. Our specials at 5c, 8 1-3c, 10c. 12 1-2c, 15c and 25c have never been equaled in the market. Beautiful creations in Cambric, Nainsook and Swiss Sets.

Sheetings

Pillow Cases and Muslins at a very great discount this week. See our 25c 9-4 Bleeched Sheeting at 19c.

Veilings

The new Veilings are here and are beauties. By the yard and made up at popular prices.

Mackintoshes

New, up-to-date garments. The rainy season is here—supply your wants at

123, 125, 127 North Main Street.

Every pretty woman wants a good complexion. This may be assured by the occasional use of Ripans Tabules. They promote perfect digestion, which means good health, and good health means a good complexion.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (36 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.

"CLEANLINESS IS NAE PRIDE, DIRT'S NAE HONESTY." COMMON SENSE DICTATES THE USE OF

SAPOLIO

Order...

Your Seal...

From the Eagle...

THE Oklahoma law says all School District and Township warrants shall be drawn upon and registered by the County Treasurer. Every warrant drawn must have a stamp of a Seal indicating Municipality, County and Territory issuing the same. Your warrant will not be received if it does not contain the stamp of the Seal.

Get the Best

the Quickest

and the Cheapest

Italy's "Foundling" Shambles.

Avellino, like most Italian centres has its "Brefotrofio," or foundling hospital, and also, like most of these its "brefotrofio" is a model of mismanagement, presenting under the limelight of official inspection a state of things for which the only epithet is "inhuman." Its death-rate actually attains the mortality of 50 per cent. All the infants intrusted to its care are condemned to death—such is the language of Signor Abetti's medical authority.—Home Correspondent of the London Lancet.

Son Finds the Purse His Father Lost

Mr. E. W. Altaugh, the fish and oyster dealer of Light street, near Camden street, has on exhibition three one-dollar silver certificates which have been under salt water at the bottom of Carter's Creek for the past three years. The money was dropped overboard by T. J. Willing, an oysterman. The money was in a purse and was fished up by William Willing, a son, while dredging for oysters. The money is much discolored.—Baltimore Sun.

"Hold Faster"

"Hold Fast!" shouts the conductor as the cable car is getting its blood up for the Fifty-third street curve. In the act of rounding the curve he again shouts "Hold Fast!" This second cry could be improved upon. It should be "Hold Faster!"—New York Evening Sun.

The "Holy Laughers."

A traveling Georgia evangelist is engaged in the conversion of sinners to a new faith, the outward manifestation of which is laughter. His devotees are called the Holy Laughers.—New York Tribune.

Hornet's Sting Cures Snake Bite.

M. Phisalix, the French authority on the venom of insects and reptiles, has established beyond a doubt that the poison of the hornet in sufficient quantity renders one immune to that of the viper.—Revue Scientifique, Paris.