ily Eagle
. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

DEWEY'S BREAKFAST.

...onchalance that smacks of ...ce, as an incident for coolness ...d, Dewey's first breakfast in ...y will provoke a smile from ... of history a thousand years ...ween rounds, in the ring, ...rt to their corners for a ...d a drink, battalions ...to wait for reinforce... ...adrons retire for re... ...ained for the close of ...ntury to witness the ...dmiral rounding up ...t of one of the hot... ...ainst the greatest ...'ast before finish... ...out self-reliance, ...pugnation or jousts royal, in all the annals of warfare by land or sea, for self-control and a confidence that seems conceit equals or parallels the incident of Dewey's first breakfast in Manila bay.

BAILEY'S CANDIDACY.

There is a rumor in the air that W. J. Bailey of Nemaha, who was defeated for nomination for congress in the First district, will be a candidate before the state Republican convention for the nomination of congressman-at-large. The Atchison Globe declares Bailey to be in every way well equipped for the position; that, in short, Kansas boasts few brighter or more able men. The Bailey forces in the First district convention turned over to Curtis, securing the latter's nomination, and it is now asserted that Shawnee county is favorable to the nomination of Bailey as a return courtesy. The same proposition seems to have been sprung by Leland at the Second district convention at Ottawa. All this, if true, will cut a considerable figure in the gubernatorial contest at Hutchinson next month, as may readily be seen.

ON TO OSAWATOMIE.

On next Wednesday the Republican Editorial association of the Second congressional district of Kansas will meet at Osawatomie to celebrate the birthdaty of the Republican party at the birthplace of the Free State party. Colonel O. E. Learnard of Lawrence, who was chairman of the Free State convention of 1859, which was addressed by Horace Greeley, will preside at the meeting next Wednesdaty, and D. W. Wilder will be one of the secretaries. The list of vice presidents includes many of the early settlers of Kansas. The old platform of 1859 adopted at the home of old John Brown, is a ringing array of Republican principles which were subsequently adopted by the national party and upon which the party put Kansas on her feet, fought out the war, freed the slaves and saved the Union. Greeley's speech was set up in the Lawrence Republican office, and the proof sheets of which, as corrected by Greeley himself, remained posted up in that office to puzzle and astonish printers until Quantrel burned the place in 1863. Among the many prophetic and glowing sentences of Greeley's speech were these memorable words:

"Freemen of Kansas! I would inspire you with no unwarranted, no overweening confidence of success in the great struggle directly before us. I have passed the age of illusions and no longer presume a party or cause destined to triumph merely because I know it should. On the contrary, when I consider how vast are the interests and influences combined to defeat us—the three thousand millions of property in human flesh and blood—the subserviency of commerce to this great source of custom and profit—the prevalence of ignorance and of selfishness affecting the many millions prodigally lavished by the wielders of federal authority—the lust of office and prevalence of corruption—I often regard the struggle of 1860 with less hope than of apprehension. Yet, when I think of the steady diffusion of intelligence—the manifest antagonism between the slavery extensionists and the interests of free labor—when I consider how vital and imminent is the necessity for the passage of the free land bill—when I feel how the very air of the nineteenth century vibrates to the pulsation of the great heart of humanity, beating higher and higher with aspirations for universal freedom, until even barbarous Russia is intent on striking off the shackles of her fettered millions—I cannot repress the hope that we are on the eve of a grand, beneficent victory. But, whether destined to be waved in triumph over our next great battlefield, or trodden into its mire through our defeat, I entreat you to keep the Republican flag flying in Kansas, so long as one man can anywhere be rallied to defend it. Defile not the glorious dust of the martyred dead whose freshly grassed graves lie thickly around us, by trailing that flag in dishonor or folding it in cowardly despair on this soil so lately reddened by their patriotic blood. If it be destined, in the mysterious providence of God, to go down, let the sunlight which falls lovingly upon their graves catch the last defiant wave of its folds in the free breeze which sweeps over these prairies; let it be burned, not surrendered, when no one remains to uphold it; and let its ashes rest forever with theirs by the banks of the Marais des Cygnes!"

SOME PHILIPPINE FACTS.

Wherever the American flag goes up in this war, whether in the Philippines, Cuba, Porto Rico or the Canaries, there it should remain permanently or until the United States is indemnified, and without any reference to the interests of Germany, France or other intermeddling European power. Now that Dewey is in possession of the Philippines, everything pertaining to them becomes of interest. The most timely of all recent consular reports is one published this week on the Philippines, compiled by Consul O. . Williams. The population of the islands is estimated at from 8,000,000 to 10,000,000. The island of Luzon, on which is the city of Manila, is larger than New York and Massachusetts combined, and has a population of 5,000,000, while Mindanao is nearly as large. The states of Maine, Connecticut, Vermont, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, New Jersey, Maryland and Delaware combined have a smaller area than the Philippine group. The exports from the Philippines to the United States averaged at the outbreak of the war about $1,000,000 a month. On the day Consul Williams wrote his report, he invoiced for export goods amounting to $138,066. Spain only furnishes about 13 per cent of the imports. There is a railroad 123 miles in length between Manila and Dagupin, substantially built under English supervision. English engines are used, and a speed of forty-five miles an hour is made by passenger trains. The government guaranteed 8 per cent per year on the stock for a period of ninety-nine years. At the end of this period the road is to become state property. The road has netted the stockholders more than 10 per cent. There is a monthly steamship service between Liverpool and Manila, and four lines of steamers to Hong Kong. As most of these steamers fly the Spanish flag, Admiral Dewey's men will soon have a little prize money coming to them.

KANSAS REPUBLICAN LEAGUE.

The railroads have ordered one-fare round-trip tickets for the annual convention of the Kansas Republican League which meets in Topeka on May 26, for the purpose of electing delegates to the National League convention, which meets in Omaha July 13. Every league and Republican club in the state is entitled to three delegates, but every delegate must hold a certificate of membership, which can be procured by sending twenty-five cents to the secretary, James E. Larimer, at Topeka.

WILLIAM'S AMBITION

William F. Wolfe, of Oklahoma City, in a communication commending the excellency of the Eagle as a newspaper and the bravery of Dewey as a fighter, suggests that Saxon tenacity, pluck and grit inspire the entire 80,000,000 people of America's great republic. The writer, referring to the Eagle's criticisms of the German emperor, makes the following observations:

"A point or two as regards Emperor William: When he came into power and had his uncalled-for difference with Bismarck, and then made a short call on his grandmother, Victoria, at Windsor Castle, he was received in the British Channel by the fine naval display of a part of England's boasted navy, and the young man developed an idea (not by any means a new idea in general, but a new idea to him); i. e., By what means has England attained to such power among the nations of the world, etc.? Answer: "By her immense colonial possessions." Nay, more. She (England) from the settlement of her colony of Virginia established an outlet for her turbulent, anarchistic and dangerous classes, and now, in the years of grace 1890-1898, she (England) is mistress of the seas and her penal colonies have grown to be real empires, and the backbone of her wonderful power in the affairs of the world. Emperor William said to himself and a few intimates, "We must have a navy. We must have colonies; we must have an outlet for our restless, turbulent spirits. We can do what England has done; nay, we can do more. Her example is worth untold millions to us." The late epsiode in China shows his policy."

And to think that Dewey had nothing personal against Montejo.

The government is eminently right in conducting the war with more secrecy.

After throwing a barn full of cannon balls, the Spanish gunners were able to hit something.

The life insurance companies knew all along that the Spanish gunners couldn't hit anything.

In time of peace the thing to do is to teach what soldiers you have how to shoot straight.

There is going to be a long, ragged howl in this country against any departure into the colony business.

It will be a gasping time when Blanco takes up his sword and softly lays it in the hands of Fitzhugh Lee.

It would be interesting to know if the Spanish marines in the next engagement will cry: "Remember Manila."

It is largely a matter of guessing where the fleets are going and guessing what they will do after they get there.

As Gomez has done nothing since we began to help him, the wonder is what would he have done had we never started in to help him.

The way to give Emperor William a double-reverse pain is to take Spain and then trade Spain and the Philippines to England for Canada.

The reconcentrados for whom there seems to be a great deal of anxiety, are probably being benefited on the principle that misery loves company.

In a yellow newspaper office in New York City this week a foreman used such small type in a dispatch that he got two words on one page and was promptly fired.

For a week we worried over "Any news from Dewey?" Now for another week we have sweat over: "Any news from Sampson?" Schley should pull out so that we can do a little artistic anxiety work over him next week.

A new Messiah has appeared at Chicago who wants the authorities to bury him for forty days at the end of which time he will rise re-incarnated. He says he makes only one stipulation—"that an air tube run down into his coffin." Why not also a dumb waiter?

## Beating the "Old One."

"Take this corn to the mill and grind it," said a peasant to his son.

"All right, father," said the lad; and he shouldered the sack of corn.

"But beware," cautioned the father, "not to grind the corn if the Old One is there."

"Have no fear, father, I'll take care," cried the lad, as he gayly went off with his load.

In a little time he arrived at the mill, and there, to his anger, he found the Old One grinding his corn.

"Never mind," said the boy to himself, "I'll go on to the next mill and grind my corn."

He came to the second mill—and the sack of corn seemed to be growing very heavy—and there again he found the Old One grinding his corn.

"Bother!" growled out the boy. "I suppose I must yet go to the next mill, and there I'll surely grind my corn."

Panting and puffing he arrived at the third mill. And lo! and behold, there again to his extreme indignation was the Old One grinding his corn.

"Not a step further will I go,' muttered the boy, rubbing the sweat off his dusty face with his shirt sleeve. "I'll wait, if need be, to the crack of doom, and when he has ground his corn I'll grind mine."

"Halloa! youngster," cried the Old One, who now pretended to see the lad for the first time. "What do you want here, pray?"

"I want to grind my corn."

"Oh, I was here first,' said the Old One, "and I can't let you come until I have finished, and I shall be ages yet."

"You can't grind three mills at one time,' angrily said the boy.

"I'll tell you what I'll do,' said the man, taking no notice of the boy's taunt. "I'll agree that each tell one another a tale, and whoever tells the most improbable impossible tale shall have the mill to grind his corn."

"Well, that seems fair enough," said the boy. "Tell your tale first, and then I'll tell mine."

"Good," said the Old One, and he told a long tale, and it wasn't very funny, and it wasn't very wise, so I won't tell it to you here.

"Can't you do better than that?" sneered the boy.

"'Let's see what you can do, my young cock-a-crow," snarled the Old One, angry to see that his tale had made so little impression.

"Well, in my younger days I was quite an old man,' commenced the boy. "Every morning I used to count the bees. That was quite easy, you know, but I never could count the beehives, for there were so many."

"That's curious,' grunted the Old One.

"One morning the Queen Bee was missing. Without a moment's loss of time I saddled my cock and set off in search of the bee. Very soon I came upon her track. She had flown across the sea. But I wasn't to be daunted," said the boy, "and stopped by the sea. So I rode across it on a bridge. As soon as I arrived at the other side I saw the Queen Bee harnessed to a plow and plowing a bean field. 'That's my bee,' I called out to the man who was guiding the plow.

"'Take it and welcome,' said he. And he gave me back my bee and a bag full of beans in payment for its labor. Then I hung the bag of beans on the bee's back and took the saddle off the cock and buckled it on the bee. The poor bird was so fagged and tired he couldn't go a step further, so I took hold of his hand and led him along. All went well until we were just at the end of the bridge, then the string of the bag broke and all the beans rolled with a rush and a roar into the sea. I was tired out by this time," said the boy, 'and I could not be bothered any more, so I just tied the cock to the bee and lay down on the seashore and went to sleep."

"Tied the cock to the bee," repeated the Old One, in incredulous tones.

"When I awoke in the morning," continued the boy, disdainfully, unheeding the interruption, "I saw that the bears had eaten my bee and all the honey had run out of its body."

"Why didn't the bears lick up the honey?" gibed the Old One.

"Lick up the honey! Oh, you silly," said the boy, shaking his head. "There were rivers of honey. They had been drowned in the honey. But I couldn't wait; I picked up a hatchet and ran with it into the forest. There I saw two stags leaping about on one leg. I rushed at them, killed them with one blow of my hatchet, skinned them, and made two leather bottles of their skins. These I filled with honey, slung them across the cock's back, and flew away home. When I got home my father was just born, and my mother said I must go to heaven and get some holy water, so that he could be properly baptized. But the trouble was, how was I to get there? During the night my beans had taken root and grown, and they were so tremendously high that they reached the skies. I climbed up, and up, and up, and at last I reached heaven. When I got there they asked me what I had come for. I told them for some holy water for my father. At once they gave it to me.

"Then I turned back to come to earth, but I found that a violent storm had arisen and hurled down my beanstalks, and for a moment I must allow I was at my wit's ends to know how I could get down. But I soon solved that difficulty," and the lad drew himself up with pretended pride. "While I was climbing the beanstalks my hair had grown so long that it reached half way down to the earth. I tugged it all off, plaited it in six fold strands, and at once began to slide down. It grew dark before I was a quarter way down, so I made a loop in the hair, swung myself into it, and went to sleep. It was a very cozy bed, I assure you. I must have slept for about a couple of hours when I awoke, but benumbed with cold. Luckily I had a needle stuck in my coat. I split it, lit a fire with the chips, warmed myself, and again laid down and fell asleep. A spark from the fire fell on my hair rope and burned it apart, so that it divided into two, and I fell down to the earth and sank into it up to the chest. I could not move, and so I was obliged to go home and fetch a spade and dig myself out. As I was crossing our field," continued the boy, with a very serious air, "I found that the reapers were cutting the corn, but the heat was so intense that they declared they could not work any longer. So I just ran as fast as I could to the stables and fetched our mare. She is two days long and as broad as midnight, with beech trees growing on her back, and under her shadow the reapers were able to continue to cut the corn. The reapers now began to complain that they were thirsty; they wanted some fresh cool water to drink. They had been to the weir to get some, but it was all frozen over. So I took off my head, broke a hole in the ice with it, and carried them water in my hands. 'Where have you left your head?' cried all the reapers in dismay. I put my hands up and found it wasn't there. Immediately I ran back to the river, and there was my head lying just where I had left it."

The Old One began to wriggle and twist and scream with laughter.

"Stop, stop," he screeched, "or I shall burst. Oh, my!" he groaned, "I don't want to laugh any more."

"But you must hear the end," said the boy. "A cunning old fox had stealthily crept to my head and was just beginning to gnaw my brains. Softly, softly, I got behind him and gave him a tremendous kick, so that he flew high into the air. Up, up, he rose. I watched him vanish into the dim distance, and no one has ever seen him since. Then I put on my head and came straight to this mill to grind my corn. The miller told me I might use his mill to grind my corn, 'but,' said he, 'take heed, and do not grind your corn at night-time. For the mill is haunted! And if any man is so foolhardy as to come here after the sun has set his body, all battered and bruised, will be found in the morning.'"

The boy said these words very slowly and seriously, looking the Old One straight in the face. The Old One stopped laughing, and began to shuffle and turn, and look very uncomfortable.

"'Oh, I don't mind that, miller,' I said. 'Don't you fear for me. You just go to bed, and leave me alone; I can take very good care of myself.' So the miller went to bed, and I went inside the mill. It was already dark, and I had hardly been inside the place two minutes when the door suddenly opened and in come a table beautifully laid and spread over with all sorts of good things, boiled meats and baked meats, jellies and creams, wines and cakes, tarts and sweetmeats of every kind. But the most remarkable thing was that everything came by itself, for there was no one there to carry it. Next a lot of chairs appeared, all pushing themselves. But no people came. Then all of a sudden I saw a quantity of hands; they took up the knives and forks, and laid food on the plates and the food disappeared, but where I could not see. Well, I was hungry, too, so I also sat down to the table, and ate with those who were eating, and enjoyed myself. When I had eaten as much as I could," said the boy, "and I suppose all the others had eaten as much as they could too, for all the dishes were quite empty, suddenly the lights were snuffed out and I was in pitch darkness."

"Hay! ha!" laughed the Old One, grimly, "now comes my turn."

"Not quite so fast, my friend," said the boy. "Then, without the least warning, I received a box on my ears."

"Oh, and a very good thing, too,' said the Old One, rubbing his hands together with sullen satisfaction.

"I struck back a good, hard blow, I can assure you, in return. Calling out 'whoever strikes me will get his strikes repaid with interest.' Before I had finished speaking I got a second box on the ear, and didn't I strike out with all my might and main? Thus we continued to fight the whole night long, and when morning came I saw you lying there all black and bruised. I—"

"No more! no more!" yelled the Old One. And he stuffed his fingers in his ears and got up as fast as he could and shuffled off, and never was seen again.

The boy at once set to work to grind his corn, and then took the flour home to his father.

"Where have you been so long a time?" said his father.

"Wait until tomorrow, and then I will tell you, father,' answered the boy.

Early the next morning the miller came, and told how his mill was now released from the spell of the Old One. Then the boy told the miller and his father all that had happened. And in his joy the miller gave the lad a large sum of money, so that he and his father were able to build a mill for themselves.—(Annie C. Hyatt-Woolf, in Madame.

## First Newspapers in War.

In the present exciting epoch of great national importance when news and newspapers take on an extraordinary interest, some information of their first publication can not fail to be of especial consequence.

For this important information we are indebted to George Chalmers of London, who, after thorough investigation, found that mankind is indebted to England and to the wisdom of Queen Elizabeth and the prudence and sagacity of Burleigh for the first newspaper. And also that the epoch of the Spanish armada is the epoch of the genuine newspaper. In the British Museum are several newspapers which were printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English channel during the year 1588.

It was here that the great utility and importance of the newspaper was first recognized, as it was a wise policy to prevent during the time of general excitement and anxiety the danger of false reports by publishing real and authentic information.

The English Mercurie was the first news paper published, which by authority was imprinted at London by Christopher Barker, her highness' printer, 1588.

Burleigh's newspapers were all extraordinary gazettes, which were published from time to time as that profound statesman wished either to inform or terrify the people. The Mercuries were probably first printed in April, 1588, when the Spanish armada approached the shores of England. After the Spanish ships had been dispersed by a wonderful exertion of prudence and spirit these extraordinary gazettes very seldom appeared.

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The Mercurie, No. 54, dated Monday, November 24, 1588, informed the public that the solemn thanksgiving for the successes which had been obtained against the Spanish admada was this day strictly observed. This number also contains an article of news from Madrid, which speaks of putting the queen to death and of the instruments of torture that were on board the Spanish fleet.

We may suppose that such paragraphs were designed by the policy of Burleigh, who understood all the artifices of printing such reports to excite the terrors of the English people, to point their hatred and resentment against Spain and to inflame their love for Elizabeth. Of the three numbers of the English Mercurie preserved two are printed in modern type and one in old English.

In the reign of James I., packets of news were occasionally published in the shape of small pamphlets entitled: "News From Italy, Hungary," etc. In the year 1622, when the thirty-years' war was on and the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus excited curiosity, the occasional pamphlets were converted into a regular weekly, entitled, "Certain News of the Present Week."

It was during the civil war that newspapers first acquired that political importance which they have ever since retained. Whole flights of "Diurnals" and "Mercuries" in small quorto then began to be disseminated by the different parties into which the state was divided.

Nearly a score are said to have been started in 1643, when the war was at its height. Peter Heylin, in his "Cosmography" mentions that the affairs of each town or the war was better presented in the weekly news books Some papers were entitled "News From Hull," "Truths From York," "Warranted Tidings From Ireland," and "Special Passages" from other places.

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As the contest proceeded the impatience of the public for early intelligence shortened the intervals of publication, and papers began to be distributed twice or thrice a week. Among these were the French Intelligencer, the Dutch Spy, the Scot's Dove, the Parliament Kite, the Secret Owl and other odd titles. One paper would have printed on one side "The Weekly Discoverer Stripped Naked." There were also papers of a humorous kind, such as "News From Hell," "The Laughing Mercury," etc.

The first newspaper ever printed in Scotland was issued under the auspices of a party of Cromwell's troops, at Leith, who caused their attendant printer to furnish impressions of a London diurnal for their information and amusement.

The Mercurious Caledonius had some very amusing traits of the extravagant joy occasioned by the restoration, along with much that must be set down as only the product of a very poor wit trying to say clever and amusing things. After this the Scotch had only reprints of the Edinburgh Gazette was established.

The first newspaper published in this country appeared about the beginning of 1700, entitled, the Boston News Letter. In 1720-21 a second paper was started in Boston—the New England Courant—by James, brother of Benjamin Franklin; and the latter in 1729 became editor and publisher of the Pennsylvania Gazette, in Philadelphia—the best paper then published.

## Outlines of Oklahoma.

Geronimo is in mourning. One of his wives died last week and he has only two left.

The Oklahoma Rough Riders complain that the horses selected for them in Texas are under-sized.

So far in Kansas only one active newspaper man has volunteered for war. In Oklahoma none has.

If the Rough Riders are to lead the van in Cuba they might better get astride and move off at once.

The insurgents in the Phillippines are probably already kicking on the carpetbaggers from Washington.

Temple Houston offered to raise a troop of Rough Riders for the government, but Uncle Sam had made other arrangements.

The ladies of the Christian church at Enid are working on a silk flag which they will present to the local military company.

The Oklahoman of Oklahoma City says it was the first paper in the United States to insist on the propriety of taking the Phillippine Islands.

Mr. Eyler of Stillwater is advertising extensively just now and catching a whole lot of attention by the resemblance of that name to Weyler.

While congress repealed the old divorce law separations are still numerous in Oklahoma, among aliens who have remained the full legal length of time in the territory.

Miss Sewall of Guthrie writes a piece of poetry on "Bella; Horrida Bella." She probably has heard that we are fighting the Latins and she wanted the enemy to read her rhymes.

All the colonels, majors and captains in Oklahoma at present, within a year will have to drop the titles. Real officers will be home spreading around receiving all the military glory the public has toofer.

The police judge at Stillwater has ordered out all gambling devices and the Stillwater State remarks that no longer will the festive farmer drop his cotton crop into a slot and pull out a big gob of nothing.

Both the Guthrie Leader and the Guthrie Capital have sold their city circulations to individuals who will take full charge of them. The editor's personal friends can no longer receive the papers dead-head, but must whack up just like the common voter.

Oklahoma City Oklahoman: Lieutenant Capron, who recruited Oklahoma Rough Riders, has been closely associated with the Apaches during the last three or four years. After they were brought from Florida he slept in their camps, with no other white man near him except his sergeant, and was never molested. He has been adopted as a member of the tribe and is engaged in making a study of their traditions. He is preparing a number of articles for the bureau of ethnology of the Smithsonian Institute and the American Folklore society. The Apaches, while warlike and cruel, are honest. Lieutenant Capron said that numerous chances were offered daily for them to take articles of value from his tent, and during his entire stay with them he had never missed a thing. The government is preparing to make a quick pursuit of the Apaches should they ever attempt to return to their old haunts in the fastness of Arizona and New Mexico. Lieutenant Capron has a map of the route they would probably take. It was outlined by an Apache Indian and covering a distance of about 500 miles. The troops at Fort Sill are prepared to be in the saddle with fifteen days rations, as soon as it shall become known that the Indians have gone.

## Along the Kansas Nile.

One regiment of the Kansas volunteers, it is thought, will get to go to the Phillippines.

The Kansas papers now announce that editors eat flour and that wheat is plenty high enough.

No Kansas man ever crept into the velvetty solitude of a $10 a day job with the ease with which Bill Rice of Fort Scott did.

The editor of the Salina Republican says it is hard to look up at the state capitol at Topeka without abusing the architect.

Dr. Cleveland of Saline actually preached a sermon last Sunday entitled, "The Dewey Days of May.' Are we slowly going insane?

The rain-makers in Kansas became disheartened and discouraged last year, and this year kind, but obstinate, Nature is letting it rain.

At Fort Scott recently large swarms of chinch bugs appeared and hunted around for something to devour. Not finding it they lay down and died.

"Westward the star of Empire takes its way" said a man yesterday. "But she made a big jump when she sprang from San Francisco to Manila."

Mr. Miller of Council Grove has been nominated for congress by the Republicans of the Fourth district. Over in Italy the people are mobbing millers.

The cotton from the shade trees in Kansas is now engaged in its great annual task of closing up the screens so that a breath of air may not penetrate them.

It will be well worth the price of admission to stand aside at the first battle in Cuba and see the Spanish bullets strike against Ed. Little's importance and flatten out.

The Snodgrass trial is on at Newton. Snodgrass killed a man named Upton for intimacy with Mrs. Snodgrass. A good many of the witnesses think Snodgrass is insane.

Ex-Senator Peffer will edit the Star and Kansan at Independence. Peffer is getting back to that part of Kansas from which he started in early days, on a marvelous career.

Ex-Senator Peffer is a sensible old soul. He says in a recent editorial that the government has not been observing enough secrecy in conducting the war, in which he is right.

There is more etiquette on the bench in Kansas than anywhere else. None of the judges in Kansas smoke while on the bench and very few of them permit smoking in the court room during sessions.

Pratt Republican: John Waldock of Logan township, is thinking of raising a regiment in this part of the state to go to the Phillippine Islands. Mr. Waldock served in the English army for five years, was in the Crimean war and knows something about how to handle troops. We don't know whether or not any Kansas troops will be needed at the Phillippines, but if they should be, Mr. Waldock would be a good man to take command.

Troy Chief: What an old humbug Jerry Simpson must be, and what dupes those who follow him are. Before he went to congress he went barefoot, wore any old breeches he could find, with one suspender, and half the buttons gone, drank rotgut, and smoked long green. He could eat and digest anything, and now, since he has been wearing socks and a coat, and living high at Washington, his digestive apparatus has so run down that he felt obliged to apply for, and does now draw a pension of $12 per month. That means total disability, under the law of 1890. It is probably that his disability is total, for he has not been heard to say anything in congress for a month or two.

Arkansas City Traveler: The Santa Fe shop boys are preparing to have a big time next Saturday afternoon. They have raised some $25 for the purpose of purchasing a large flag and Saturday afternoon the exercises will occur for raising it. The flag will be placed on the sand house which is 22 feet high, and the 35-foot pole will make the flag seen from a long distance. The boys have spared no pains to make this flag raising a success. They have invited the G. A. R. to attend in a body and good speeches will be made by well known men. They will have a band, if not one from the city, will get an out-of-town organization. Be sure and attend the exercises. They will begin at 2:30 o'clock p. m.

Geo. Innes & Co.
FORMERLY McNAMARA & CO.

Sailor Hat Special

Saturday morning we will place on sale 25 dozen Sailor Hats, at less than half regular price.

There will be $1.00 Sailors at 48c.
There will be $1.50 Sailors at 73c.
There will be $2.00 Sailors at 98c.

Dress Goods

We have about 15 French Pattern Suits, carried over from last year—very desirable styles—most houses would offer them for new goods. Our way is to put the knife into them, cut deep, and clean them out in one day. Note the change in prices:

Three Patterns that were $5.00 now $2.95
Five Patterns that were $7.00 and $10.00 now $3.95
Three Patterns that were $12.50 and $15.00 now $5.95
Two Patterns that were $18.50 now $8.50
Two Patterns that were $35.00 now $8.50

These are the greatest bargains ever offered. On display in our center windows.

Saturday

We will have a Hosiery Bargain. And another one of those phenomenal Handkerchief Offerings.

A prominent New York real estate agent says that he had his attention directed to Ripans Tabules about a year ago by a friend who gave him a box. He had suffered from dyspepsia more or less, the effect upon him causing sleeplessness. He tried the Tabules and, perhaps, more to his surprise than otherwise, found they did him a great deal of good. Since then he says he has at no time allowed himself to be without a supply, and in speaking about it he was recently overheard to say: "I think within the past year I have made a great many customers for Ripans Tabules. They really are a first-rate thing."

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 (120 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.

Ticonderoga, May 10.

May 10 is the anniversary of theday on which Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain boys took Ticonderoga, "in the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." One hundred and twenty-three years have passed since that spring morning of 1775, but the lapse of time and the excitement of recent war news is not sufficient to make us forget what these hardy Vermonters did at Lake Champlain. The capture of Ticonderoga had been secretly planned in Connecticut, but when the GreenMountain boys reached the lake there were not nearly enough rowboats to take them across. But Ethan Allen would hear of no delay, and, fearful lest the garrison should be put on its guard, he crossed the lake at daybreak of May 10, with only eightythree men. As it turned out, this was sufficient. The commander of Ticonderoga, hastily roused from his sleep, inquired "bywhose authority" came this summons to surrender, and then and there received the tremendous reply which has since become historic; and to this decision he acquiesced. With Admiral Dewey and Ethan Allen the Vermonters may well be proud of the manhood bred in the Green Mountains.

For the Eagle.

The Cause of Mankind.

(By One of the Mace.)

A Nation has youth, next full manhood,
And then come the years of decline,
When victory's garland no longer
On the brow of her bravest shall twine.
If such be the fate of the Spanish,
No brave man a race will deride,
That sav'd Christian civilization
And roll'd back the Saracen tide.

When the Koran was thrust upon Europe
At the point of a keen Moorish lance,
Spain rais'd the red cross o'er the crescent
And paralyzed Islam's advance.
The barbarous acts of a Weyler,
Such services slightly may dim,
But need we indict a whole Nation
For the deeds of a fiend like him.

The Spaniard to save the last fragment
Of an Empire that once was his pride,
Resorted to means as inhuman
As the English in India employed.
We do not applaud English methods
That are fiendish, and just as unblest
As those put in force by the people
That open'd the gates of the West.

Extending the area of freedom
And helping the weak and oppress'd,
Hereafter will be the true mission
Of the throneless land of the West.
Spain shall be evicted from Cuba,
She is wrong, and our country is right;
The star-spangled banner, "Old Glory,"
Waves now in humanity's fight.

Our foes say we're sordidly selfish,
Ill-manner'd, corrupt, unrefined;
We reply that we raise men and money
To aid in the cause of mankind.
Humanity's our ruling passion,
And stronger 'twill grow, year by year,
Till monarchy's forces are driven,
One and all from our own hemisphere.
Glen Mary Farm, May 10, 1898.

Belief in Lucky Hours.

Common as is the superstition that Friday is the most unlucky of days, and 13 of numbers, the belief in unlucky hours is equally widespread on the European Continent and in the East. Gambetta was so firmly convinced that certain hours of the day are lucky and others unlucky that he would never commence any important undertaking or start on an important journey without consulting a famous reader of cards as to the auspicious hour, and President Faure, who was prudent enough to select a lucky hour for starting on his recent journey to Russia, is said to share Gambetta's superstition. President Carnot was less credulous, and selected an unlucky hour for starting on the journey to Lyons, where he was assassinated by Caserio. The superstition is so common in Paris thatcards tastefully embellished and containing a list of "hours to be avoided" are extensively sold.

Bells in Jerusalem.

Turks and Jews, as well as Christians, according to the Kolnische Volkszeitung, have been much excited by the sound of three bells of the new Protestant church in Jerusalem. For several centuries the use of bells by the Christians in Palestine or elsewhere within the Ottoman Empire, had been prohibited bythe Great Turk, who has conceded it now, however, to his friend and ally, the Evangelical German Kaiser. In the Theatre de la Turquie, published in 168, it is said, "The Turks hate bells, as a symbol of Christianity, and do not permit even the Christians to use him. Only [illegible] use them. ONly in a few remote mountain convents, or in lonely islands, where there are no resident Mohammedans, is the use of a bell tolerated."

Jeweler's Don'ts.

(From Jewelers' Circular.)

Think that everything that glistens is gold.

Move a clock until you have moved the pendulum ball.

Turn a watch when you wind it; just turn the key or stem.

Clean your silverware with cheap, gritty or acid preparations.

Let your watch run five or ten years without cleaning and oiling.

Buy cheap spectacles, because they will soon ruin your eyes.

Buy cheap plated ware, because it soon wears out, and you have to buy again.

Buy things that you do not need because they are cheap, and somebody wants to sell them.

Make a gargling fluid of two parts of muriatic acid in a hundred and twenty parts of water, and let this be used frequently until it has rendered the unwelcome bone soft and flexible, and as easy to swallow. To protect the teeth from the bad effects of the acid, let a lump of butter be rolled by the tongue upon the teeth before the gargle is used.

Attorneys......

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