Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Estimated at From Forty to Fifty Thousand.

While at no time has there been the least doubt as to the result on the state Republican ticket, as the close of the campaign approaches and reports become more accurate, it is being announced, at state central committee headquarters, that Stanley and the entire Republican state ticket will be elected by from thirty to forty thousand majority. The more enthusiastic put it at from forty to fifty thousand majority. The most conservative estimates put the sweep at eighteen to twenty-five thousand, with the election of the entire congressional delegation, including the congressman-at-large and a Republican legislature. The chairman of the Fusion Democratic state committee, Mr. J. Mack Love ,gave up the contest long ago and has not been at headquarters in a fortnight. It is said that he frankly told the Pop managers that there was no show on earth for their ticket and that it was a waste of money to keep up the campaign. As there is not a single Democrat on the state ticket, J. Mack Love does not feel so badly as he otherwise might.

A Plain Talk to Colored Men.

It is said that there are a number of colored men in the state who will vote the Demo-Pop Fusion ticket. We do not mean the ordinary colored renegade strikers, who will do anything for a bribe, but honest colored men. This is hard for a Republican to understand. One of these colored assassins of character who had been hired to make a speech for Leedy to the colored people at Topeka, night before last, said, among other things, that Jeff Davis did more to free the race than Abraham Lincoln, that Robert E. Lee was a greater general than Grant, and that Grover Cleveland and the Democratic party are better friends of the colored man than had been Grant, Garfield, Arthur or Harrison. Fifty or sixty colored men got up hissing and left the hall. But there were those who stayed and applauded.

As a rule the colored man who is found opposing the Republican party is a weak, ignorant fool, being led by some unprincipled colored scoundrel, who is under pay or promise, or he is that scoundrel, in propria persona. The colored man who can sit down and look into the face of his mother or the eyes of his children, and then recall what sacrifices of blood and treasure the Republican party made for him and his, and who in spite of this reflection is found working against that party which gave him his freedom, gave him his manhood, gave him his vote, gave him his equality before the law; ;the only party that ever elected a colored man to congress, the party which has elected colored men to state offices and appointed thousands of them to places of honor, the only party which ever chose a colored man to preside over a national convention, and but for which party that mother and those children, together with himself, would still be slaves, such a colored man is not only an enemy to his children and his childrens' children, perfidious to his obligations, unfaithful to the memory of Lincoln, but a traitor to his race. For that class of colored men John Brown was a fanatic, Lincoln a bigot and the Republican party void principle when it made the cause of the negro slave its own, and gave the lives of its members that the negro might be free.

The Funny Side of It.

The campaign which closes in Kansas with tomorrow has been fuller of genuine humor than a serio-comedy. The disposition of the average Pop to confront his perplexity by boldly running away, to discharge his duty to his candidates by remaining at home on election day, and the like, have proved delicious reflections despite their tragedical trend. Probably one of the funniest things is the last circular issuing from the Pop state central committee, and which is editorially emphasized by their organ, the Kansas City, Missouri, Times, is their warning sent out to the innocent Pop aggregation of the state to be on the "look out" for a "count out" of the Leedy ticket by the Republicans. Thus posing, this Pop state committee announces that it has unquestionable proof that an attempt will be made upon the part of the Republican party to count out the Leedy administration and thus defeat all the Fusion candidates for congress. This warning, in face of the fact that the state with all its legal machinery, including the right and power to canvass and declare the result of the election, is in the hands of the Pops themselves, and entirely under their own control, is akin to asininity, without sense or excuse unless, indeed, it should be a blind to that which that party really intend to try on themselves. If there is any attempt at counting out in Kansas it will be by the party having control of its affairs, by the Pops. But we want to say that the Republican party is not going to be counted out. Such a fraud could only be perpetrated upon fools under the election laws of this state, and the Pop committee virtually admits the minniness of their party in admitting such a thing to be possible.

Those Pop State School Books.

The Populist theory, at bottom, is, the government should own everything, the individual nothing. That is the socialistic trend of that party. They would like to commence with the governmental ownership of railroads and the like, then stock yards, mills and manufactories, and finally and logically every public supply and utility, submerging all personality and sinking the individual to the level of the machine. They have got Kansas into writing, compiling and publishing Populistic text books for the public schools of the state, and a pretty mess they have made of it. Probably Kansas has the most inferior series of school books of any state in the Union, both as to matter and in mechanical execution. The plea was cheapness, and we have got it. Their state superintendent is probably stuffed fuller of dreams than any public educator living. His name is Stryker, and he says that these books of which he and his ilk are the authors "are far ahead of the old ones," and that "they are meeting with universal approbation." He bases his assertion, presumably, upon his own judgment and the testimony of Pop boards and their teachers. On the contrary, several prominent teachers of the state are on record with the unequivocal declaration that the whole scheme and series is a blunder and mistake, in which even "cheapness" has only been encompassed in the make-up of the books, not in the cost to the parents. The books fall to pieces, are printed on thin paper, and are very dear in the end. A single school year finds them a wreck and in no shape to turn over to the next younger in the family, necessitating a repurchase. Such Kansas educators as Knipe of Manhattan, Tarrington of Paola, Sawtell of Wamego and Kenyon of Leavenworth condemn them as to matter, price and mechanical execution. Superintendent Dyer of this city pronounces the arithmetic inferior, speller inferior, elementary grammar almost worthless; history but fair, civil government not equal to Townsend in any respect, physiology and physics both very inferior works. The superintendent of South Haven says that any law that takes from school children the best book that can be made is a crime. T. C. Conklin, superintendent of schools in Sumner county, writes that he considers them worse than a failure in uniformity. Prof. Rose, principal of the Kansas City High school, declares that the law and the books are steps backwards. We might go on quoting numbers of the superintendents and teachers in the same strain, yet Stryker, the visionary, and his Pop coadjutors pronounce them excellent and "cheap."

To say nothing of their inferior quality as to matter and material, they are not cheap. In fact, time and wear considered, two years have demonstrated by the actual sales to enforced purchasers that they are dear, that these text books for any given community or school are costing more than as purchased in former years. This is not only the experience of parents, but the testimony of dealers. We have before us the figures covering the sales of the only two stationery firms in this city that keep school books in stock. We have not room for the detailed figures for each kind of book, but Mr. Goldsmith's total sales from August, '96, to June, '97, were $1,505.57. For the same period ending June, '98, the total was $3,211.59. The sales of Tanner & Co. for the first named period were $650.00, for the latter period $4,100. The books exchanged are not taken into account.

No national, state or municipal government ever yet succeeded in doing the same work for the same price as the firm, individual or corporation. Either the work has proved inferior or the price higher, or both as a rule. The Pop state school book scheme proves no exception. To say nothing of the inferiority of the text, the mechanical work is of such a comparatively worthless character as to make the cost to the people in the end greater, as the figures quoted above show to have been the experience in this city.

The consensus of opinion of experienced educators is unquestionably that the money reduction on the first purchase of these cheap Pop books is at the expense of everything else to be desired in text books and in the end costlier in the actual outlay in dollars and cents, to say nothing of the cost of the change to individual scholarship and the cost entailed by the displacement of the books and the substitution of the new series. As for the educational facilities and standard of the state, this series of Pop text books would have proved dear even if they had been furnished gratis.

"To Help Uncle Johnny Out."

That immense sums of money were taken from the funds collected by the Leedy police commissions in the first class cities is no longer denied. McCambridge, the chairman of the Kansas City, Kansas, board of mets., settled that fact under oath. All kinds of dens and resorts were mulct and the money, to the tune of $1,000 to $1,200 a month, which should have gone into the city treasury if collected at all, was sent to Topeka, as Quarles, put it, "to help Uncle Johnny out." It was boodle diverted to Pop political purposes. Leedy nor his managers have denied the facts. They dare not. They are sworn to, not only, but can be substantiated otherwise. An eastern man writing to the Lawrence Journal incidentally asks, "Why did Kansas elect such a man as Leedy?" Kansas has been trying to figure out an answer to that question for almost two years now, and even Mr. Leedy himself has not got over wondering about it.

Do you remember what a hard fight Wichita made? Do you remember the struggle the town made to keep up when the hard times came? Do you remember the bonuses given, the meetings held, the pulls made, the prayers sent up that the city might continue to grow and become a great city? That fight won. It is over today, and the town is at last going ahead. It will become a great city, in spite of everything, but its race to the goal can be quickened by perfect unity among its people. Today Wichita is offered the highest position in the state of Kansas. Turn in and help make Stanley's majority in this county overwhelming.

In the county, if you will not take Republican evidence, take the evidence of J. E. Howard. In the state, if you will not take Republican evidence, take the evidence of Dr. Wetmore, McCambridge of Kansas City, or Furnish of Wichita. In the district, if you will not take Republican evidence ,take the evidence of Brown of Pratt and those Populists who have proved that Jerry Simpson lobbied for the railroads at Topeka.

Will you vote according to the demands of political justice? The Republicans predicted prosperity. Better times are here and increasing. Jerry Simpson predicted a panic. The panic is not here. Do events have any effect on you whatever ,or must you forever go ahead, partisan-blind, voting as a mere machine, at the orders of party bosses?

You locate in a community because you believe you will thrive in that community, because you believe the community will help you. The community consequently helps you because you strive to help the community. Be for a Wichita man against the world. Stand by the Wichita man.

One year ago Jerry Simpson predicted a panic. Having predicted, he longed for it to come. He wanted to see your business collapse. He wanted to see you out of a job. He wanted to see you despairing. It meant votes for him. Turn him down.

Remember this when you go into the ballot booth: A man who was forced into being a "friend of Wichita" for four months by his state convention will not be a friend to Wichita when he is no longer in a position where a state convention can menace him.

Remember that Leedy is a politician, a tricky one. If he could stand your protests for seventeen months, he will laugh at your cry for help on a second term when there is no state convention to threaten him.

Next Tuesday will witness a loosening of party ties all around. McKinley was the first man to start it. When it came to selecting generals, Joe Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee were among the first men chosen.

Your vote is a little thing. You cast it quickly. But you can make it as good as gold next Tuesday. You can make it a positive help to your town and yourself next Tuesday by voting for Stanley.

You have politics only one month in every year. You have business the year around. Anything that helps Wichita will help you. A Wichita man governor at Topeka is a help to Wichita.

McKinley promised the country prosperity. The man who didn't believe him voted against him. He has proved he was right. You have been the benefactor. Show your gratitude.

No state convention will be governor of Kansas if Leedy is re-elected. Leedy will be governor ,and, mind you, Leedy's friends will either run this town or Leedy will run it himself.

The word has gone out over the state: "Watch Wichita. There is a city which stands by its men." Mark your ballot for Stanley. Be for Wichita.

There is one thing the voter should do by all means. He should vote in the early morning.

In the Elevator.

Camperton stopped at the hotel desk long enough to read the letter which was handed to him with his key; then he started for his rooms to dress for the club dinner.

But the club dinner was no longer in his mind. The contents of that letter engrossed his thoughts to the exclusion of everything else.

It was from his late traveling companion, Birch, whom he had left in Paris a month ago, and who now wrote from London to tell him that the Kingsleys had quit the continent and were intending to sail for America at once.

"So the coast is clear, old man, and you can come back," declared the writer, persuasively. "You were an idiot ever to run away as you did. Join me here in a fortnight and we'll still be in time for that Mediterranean trip."

Camperton's jaws were set and his brows were contracted as he stepped into the elevator.

He knew that the Kingsleys, in returning to America at this time, were curtailing their original program by at least six months. And it was easy to guess the reason.

They were coming home to prepare for their daughter's marriage to her titled suitor. The Count himself, no doubt, would follow in a short time to claim his bride.

"And I must get away before they arrive," decided the young man. "I'll go back to Europe by the next steamer."

Through the mist of his abstraction he observed that the elevator had an occupant besides himself—a woman who had seated herself in a shadowy corner of the car—but her presence did not change the current of his thoughts.

The elevator came to a sudden stop—so sudden, indeed, that Camperton, not being prepared to check his upward course all at once, involuntarily rose to his tiptoes, waving his arms like a huge bird about to take flight, and then pirouetted gracefully toward the other passenger in the corner.

"There is no danger, madame," he began in his most reassuring tones. "We're fast between two floors and must wait awhile——"

He stopped short as he noted, with surprise and alarm, the attitude of the lady. She was still sitting in her corner and was holding a handkerchief over her face, while little convulsive quivers and shrugs of the shoulders indicated that she was weeping.

In his contrition and his desire to soothe her harrowed feelings he was about to sit down beside her, when a sound that was strangely like a giggle came from behind the handkerchief.

Camperton started up, flushing hotly.

"Do forgive me!" and the laughing voice suddenly became coaxing. "I know it is rude of me to laugh, but O, Mr. Camperton, you can't imagine how funny you looked just now, when you went hopping and waltzing about and kneeling at my feet—for all the world like a performing bear!"

Camperton did not hear. He was staring at her in blank amazement. He made several attempts to speak before the words would come.

"Miss Kingsley," he managed to articulate at last. His heart almost stopped at the moment of recognition but it was now beating furiously. "I suppose this is your astral body. It cannot be your real self."

"O, but it is!" said the girl with animation. "We came over in the Campania, which arrived this morning, and we are stopping at this hotel until our house is put in order."

"We?"

"Of course; papa and I. You don't suppose I would come alone?"

"I—I didn't know. I was not exactly expecting you to come at all. Your plans, as I understand them, would have kept you abroad the rest of the year."

Miss Kingsley dropped her eyes.

"It is always easy to change one's plans, you know," she said, betraying a slight confusion.

"You did not honor me with an explanation of why you left Europe."

"But the note!" he exclaimed.

"The note, Mr. Camperton?"

"And my letter? Do you mean that you did not read my letter through—the one I sent to you at Hotel Continental, two days before my departure?"

"I received no letter from you."

"But, Miss Kingsley, you—you answered it. You told me not to mention the subject again, and you are annoyed because I have insisted on reminding you of that letter. But I only want to explain why I wrote it. All Paris was connecting your name with that of the Count, and there were persistent rumors that you were to become his wife. It was common talk that your father had set his heart on the match, and nobody seemed to question your willingness to become a Countess.

"The rumors and the gossip had a most depressing effect upon me. I think you know, Miss Kingsley, what my own hopes were. I had loved you for a year, although I had made no confession. I could not believe that you cared for the Count, or that you would sacrifice yourself for a title, even to please your father. But the anxiety and suspense became so intolerable that I resolved to end the uncertainty and learn my own fate. Owing to your father's espionage I was unable to find an opportunity to speak with you alone.

"So I wrote that letter, confessing my love, begging the right to put an end to the rumors concerning you and the Count, telling you how anxiously I should wait for an answer, and assuring you that if my offer were rejected I would leave Paris and Europe and never annoy you again."

"I never received the letter," she said softly, without looking up.

"Never received it! Then, how do you explain this answer?" he demanded.

"I wrote that note—yes; but not in answer to any communication from you. It was not intended for you. I do not know how it came in your possession. You will see that the upper part of the sheet has been carefully cut off. On the detached part was the name of the person to whom it was addressed."

She raised her eyes and he saw that there were tears in them, but before he could speak she asked: "Did you send your letter to me by post or my messenger?"

"Why, I sent it by Tomasso, the little Italian, whom I often employed in that way."

"And he brought you the answer?"

"Certainly."

"Ah! I think I understand it now," she said, her expression showing the light of a sudden conviction. "Tomasso, as we afterward learned, was in the pay of this Count, who employed him to spy on the movements of people whom he desired to keep under surveillance. It was he, I am now sure, who intercepted your letter and sent back to you this note—his object was to get you out of the way. The note was originally addressed to him—in reply to his third proposal of marriage—and he cut off his own name and sent it to you."

Camperton listened like one in a trance. Then he cried out sharply:

"Do you mean to say that you are not engaged to the Count?"

"Engaged! Why, I hate him! He is a wicked, designing man. Papa himself is convinced of that now. It was on his account—to get rid of his persistent attentions—that I prevailed upon papa to take me home before we had finished our travels. O, Jack—Mr. Camperton! how could you believe such a thing of me?"

Ten minutes later, when they were released from their imprisonment in the elevator, they parted with the understanding that they were to meet in the Kingsleys' parlor within an hour. And there was a vacant seat at the club dinner that night.—Woman's Home Companion.

Leedy today imagines that he is stronger than Lewelling was in 1894. He forgets that Lewelling had a party-solidifying legislature war which Leedy has not. Leedy has but one thing to win Populists to him—party fidelity, and party fidelity of a very negative sort.

Odd News of the Earth.

The Berlin newspapers have lately been telling with what glee of a triumph of science over crime. In one of the great offices of the German capital a number of petty thefts had been committed, the pockets of coats hanging in ante-rooms being visited and cigars and small change extracted. The police were for a time non-plussed, and invoked the aid of science. A professor being consulted, he advised the insertion of a delicate aniline powder in the mouth end of some cigars to be placed at the mercy of the thief. The next morning there was a summoning of the clerks, and a general inspection of their mouths. One unhappy youth was discovered with aliniie tongue and lips.

A curious custom of the British railway officials in India has recently been adopted by the Bavarian steamboat lines on the lakes near Munich. Now the conductor does not ask the parents: "How old is your child?" but he simply takes out his measure, stands the children up and takes their height. That stops all lying and fraud. Any child under 2 feet high goes free, and those between 2 feet and 3 feet 6 inches pay half-fare. In India and Ceylon this was the only possible way to get an equitable settlement of the question, for with the young natives it was almost an impossibility to judge of their age by their appearance.

At the city coroner's court, in London, a few days ago, an inquest was held on the body of an unknown man, whose body was "tattooed in every possible part." The more prominent marks were: A man and woman on left forearm; C. F. on each left wrist; bracelet of flowers on each arm; W. H. on the right wrist; a woman holding her skirt up on the left arm; several rings; a woman with a basket of flowers on her head on the right arm; St. George and the Dragon on the right arm; a serpent on the back; a soldier on the left leg, and a sailor with the Union Jack on the right leg; ships in full sail on the breast and left arm; a crucifix at the neck; rings, anchors and crosses on the fingers; half-moons, crossed flags, trees, serpents, human faces and dots all over the body. Though this description was published in the London newspapers, no one has as yet identified the body. The man died of heart disease.

Bright red spectacles, accompanied by internal doses of calomel, form a new German specific against seasickness. It is deduced from Epstein's investigations on the influence of color on the blood vessels in the brain. Seasickness is due to lack of blood in the brain, while red sends blood to the brain with a rush. By looking at one point for some time through the red glasses the patient is cured radically.

The Delphi police, says the Advocate of India, have arrested a Mohammedan for a trick on a widow. He spoke to the woman in confidence, telling her that he was in possession of some hairs from the Prophet's beard and head, together with a sandal from the same source. Moreover, he had offered it to the Nawab of Bahawulpore for 40,000 rupees, but the Nawab would only give him half that sum. He was, however, willing to part with it for 2,000 rupees to her. The woman was credulous enough to believe the story and gave the man 2,000 rupees.

In connection with the visit of the Emperor and Empress Dowager to Tientsin, says the China Gazette, a truly characteristic Chinese incident is to be recorded. The two new Chinese cruisers, which have recently arrived off Taku from Stettin, have been dismantled of their electric light installations, which have been taken ashore to be fitted up for the illumination of the temporary palace of the imperial visitors. It is truly Chinese economy, and the chances are 10 to 1 that some of the shore mandarins will find ways and means to annex both dynamos and installations.

Edward Sennington, the late chief steward of the ill-fated Mohegan, and one of the drowned, was himself a hero of the sea. He participated in the gallant rescue of 735 passengers and crew of the steamship Danmark on April 6, 1889, 200 miles north of the Azores. The rescuing ship was the Missouri, Captain Murrell. Great excitement was caused all over the world by this gallant feat; throughout America especially subscriptions were raised and a number of testimonials presented. The rescuing officers were received at Washington by the president and publicly thanked, while letters of congratulation and appreciation were sent from all civilized countries. London presented Sennington with a gold watch and two months' pay. In addition Sennington received a large silver medal from the Danish government, a medal of virgin gold from the people of Baltimore, and a handsome ornate gold medal and clasp from the people of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Oscar Stanley of Anderson, Ind., gave birth to a baby boy nine days ago. When it was placed in care of the nurse she found a rather peculiar pimple on the inside of its thigh. She thought nothing of it at first, but it began to get very sore and also became very large. The other day when she was bathing the child her hand came in contact with a sharp object which proved to be a needle. The little one had come into this thorny world with the needle buried in his flesh.

At half-past 11 o'clock on Sunday night a Chinaman residing in Chulia street, who had retired to rest, but had on hearing a noise afterward left his bed, discovered a boa constrictor about 17 feet long on the floor of the room. He at once raised an alarm. The owner of the reptile, a Jew who lives next door, rushed in and seized his property.—Penang Gazette.

King street, Westminster, says the London Mail, is in process of demolition. Here dwelt many notable personages, including Oliver Cromwell, the Earl of Dorset, Sir Thomas Kuyvett (principally famous for the capture of Guy Fawkes), Thomas Carew, poet and courtier; the second Lord North, and many others equally familiar to students of English history.

A Spanish galleon with a cargo of 17,000,000 dollars and many bars of gold was wrecked on the beach at Gunwalloe, in the Lizard district of Cornwall, more than 20 years ago. Dollars are frequently washed up on the sands. Helston, an English iron founder, has just organized a company to exploit those buried riches.

Considerable anxiety in Europe is felt regarding Lord Delamere, who is absent on a prolonged African hunting expedition. For upward of ten months no direct communications have been received from him, and his whereabouts at present are utterly unknown.

The Russian minister of education has forbidden the wearing of stars by the female students under his jurisdiction. He would be only logical were he to forbid men and women alike to wear boots and shoes because certain people have in times past constricted and deformed their feet. —D. Caine, M. D., in The London Lancet.

"Spanish Island," off the east coast of Cork, is offered for sale. It contains 13 acres, and is described as "an estate in itself."

Donkeys vs. Dogs in Berlin.

The German Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has introduced the first donkey-cart into the city in the hope of gradually ousting dogs as beasts of burden.

Happy is the advertiser who has the public reading confidence between every line he writes.

Native Life in Manila.

The native house of the common type is a small structure built entirely of bamboo and thatched with palm leaves ingeniously folded over bits of stick and tied to the rafters by rattan. The eaves are broad, and the window openings, which are innocent of glass or of the shell casements in use in the better class of houses, are provided with palm-leaf shutters hung at the top and propped open, shading the interior from the sun and shedding the rain. At night all are closed up tightly. There are usually two rooms in the house and the furniture consists chiefly of sleeping-mats, pillows, and a few wicker stools perhaps. The simplest and most primitive utensils are in use in the kitchen. The stove is an earthen affair like a brazier, with projecting knuckles to hold the cooking vessels. Frequently this simple dwelling—which is, indeed, as a rule, as clean and tidy as constant scrubbing can make it—is extended, according to the taste or ingenuity of the owner, into quite an elaborate arrangement of platforms, little store-rooms, and shelters. The whole structure is built around tall posts, which, as is the case with all the houses here, even with the elaborate and expensive bungalows, are firmly fixed in the ground and extend to the wall-plate supporting the rafters.

The living and sleeping rooms are, as I have before remarked, raised five or six feet above the ground, a custom which prevails in all the architecture here. Sometimes the space under the house is enclosed by mats, but is oftener left open and is used as a store-house for the large earthen water-jars and the great flat wash-tubs hollowed out of a large block of wood. One thing always strikes even the casual observer, and that is the cleanliness of the people. They are always bathing and washing, and it is the rarest thing to see soiled garments. Even the beggars are clean. It is in consequence of these commendable habits that so few annoying pests of insect life are met with. Although I have, during my two months' stay in the country, slept in all sorts of places, from the meanest hut of the peasant to the Governor-General's palace, I have never had my rest disturbed by anything more annoying than mosquitoes, which are mild and unenterprising enough as compared with the breed which infests most places in America and many resorts in Europe. The writers on the Philippines have almost unanimously declared the country to be the home of all sorts of insects and reptiles which make life burdensome. But one soon finds that the innocent little lizards which run over the walls are engaged in catching flies and mosquitoes, that the great beetles are harmless as grasshoppers, and that there is here, indeed, a remarkable immunity from the peytt annoyances which one expects to find in a sojourn in the tropics.

But to return to our excursion. There assembled at dinner, not only our party, but quite a number of natives, men and women residents of the village, whose perfect decorum and gentle, simple manners quite captivated us. They spoke Spanish with ease and fluency, and the ladies at least had the grace of the Castillians. An orchestra of ten native musicians, who played with skill and taste all sorts of classical music, and encouraged us to join in the dance which naturally followed, was a surprise, not to say a delight. When the party broke up and the guests from the village and the orchestra strolled away across the lawn in the clear, soft moonlight, singing as they went a fascinating native air, the effect was simply enchanting, and we hung over the balcony and watched the white figures disappear among the palms, and listened to the vanishing strains of the song until it became so faint that it was drowned by the chirping of the crickets and the shrill call of the tree frogs.—Manila Correspondence London Times.

Southern Kansas Business Men.

Confidence is a very difficult thing to build up in advertising, as well as in anything else. And it is easily destroyed. Truth is a quality which must be held inviolable.

There is a very great attraction in a crowd. Attract a crowd and the crowd attracts a crowd. On the same principle the store that is crowded will do more business proportionately than the store which is half empty. Moral: Cultivate the crowd for the crowd's sake, if for nothing more.

A bright advertiser for a New York store thinks that the secret of good advertising is knowledge of human nature, which "creates style and produces the thoughts which the style clothes." Maybe it does; but in the judgment of many successful advertisers thoughts and style spoil more advertisements than they help, and the cases are few in which they can be substituted with advantage for frank, matter-of-fact talk. Advertising needs thought more than "thoughts."

A good advertisement: Stout or slender—tall or short—dark or fair—young or old—a black dress is always becoming. When in doubt, always buy black. By selecting your gown here now, you get first choice of a hundred or more rare patterns, some of which can not be duplicated. Tomorrow we enter upon the third day of our September sale of black dress goods. The exhibit is the greatest we have ever made—for beauty, style, variety and price—and besides all that, the rumor gains ground that our stock of autumn silks, colored dress goods and early fall wearings have no equal in Des Moines.

Watch the little things in the store. Cassier's Magazine says: It has become almost an axiom with the majority that larger fortunes are to be raised from some simple invention than from difficult outlay of money to manufacture. This is to a certain extent true. A certain American patent for fastening kid gloves has yielded a fortune of several hundred thousand dollars for its fortunate owner, and the inventor of a collar clasp enjoys $50,000 royalty a year as the reward for his endeavor. A new kind of sleeve button has made $50,000 in five years for its patentee, and the simple twisting of safety pins in such a way that there is no possible danger of the point sticking in the child promises to enrich its owner beyond any of his early dreams of wealth. A man one day turned a piece of wire so as to hold a cork more securely in a bottle, and forthwith somebody saw a brilliant idea, and patented the modern wire stopple-holder, which is now used annually on several million bottles. The accidental bending of a hairpin by a woman to prevent it from sliding out of her hair also easily produced a fortune for her husband, who immediately saw the possibilities of a crinkled hairpin.

The advertising value of treating customers courteously is shown in the following story from the New York Sun: "The old florist whose death deprived upper Broadway of one of the familiar figures did not always sell flowers out of a basket. It was not a great many years ago that he had a shop of his own, and he made several attempts after he first failed to keep a more ambitious place of business than his box and his basket afforded. But he always came to grief and regularly returned to his place on the corner. The cause of all his failures was a lack of the amiability necessary to retain the good-will of the parents who came to buy from him. It became established at an early stage of his mercantile career that his temper was bad, but experience seemed a possible teacher that might ultimately compel him to be polite to his customers. That day never came. He was well known by sight to so many people and was such an extensive figure of Broadway life that he might have prospered famously had it not been for the infirmities of temper that made contact with him so difficult. The unceremonious way of doing business on the sidewalk left no time for anything but mere barter, and that fact prevented his temper from asserting itself disastrously."

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Jerre Johnson of Kildare calls fusion political "debauchery caused by an over-indulgence in office."

Vic. Walkup of Kildare met McKinley in Chicago recently, and he said McKinley treated him like a brother.

Straw barns are being constructed out in western Oklahoma. They sometimes show which way the wind blows.

The Keaton managers are getting so rattled they have become extravagant. They claim Pottawatomie county by 800.

In Kay county all roads laid out or opened upon half section lines since 1897 must not be more than 66 feet nor less than 32 feet.

Here is a campaign tid-bit from Oklahoma: "The curly-haired apollo of the sheriff's office will get a can tied to him if Ziegler is elected."

Dick Morgan is out over the territory working hard for Flynn. Some day Dick will get a reward for all his hard work for the Republican party.

According to the Perry Enterprise, a young couple were married one evening last week just as the curtains of night were pinned back by the stars.

Fire will make a good cement. The other night when Oklahoma City had a fire the Guthrie department was prepared to go down to Oklahoma City to help out.

The Guthrie Leader says that Byers' flop will not lost Keaton a single vote. But it will. A man who is made chairman of a convention must have lots of friends.

Oklahoma may find better politicians, better manipulators, but she will never have a harder worker, a better friend, a more untiring agent in Washington than Dennis Flynn.

Alonzo A. Byers would have made a better race than Keaton is making. So would have W. O. Cromwell of Enid. An older man doesn't have a fair chance against a rustler like Dennis Flynn.

In one part of Oklahoma the county fight has become so hysterical that an editor says it costs only $5 to get a case dismissed. But the editor will not kill any one just to test the statement.

The men who voted for Flynn in 1896 believing that he could secure free homes, believe yet that had he been elected he would have secured them. Every gain Flynn has made this year has been a clear gain. He has had no losses from two years ago.

Oklahoma, so long as she is a territory, is a business annex to the nation. Her representative to congress having no vote, should be chosen with a view to his business ability to care for the territorial interests of the Oklahoma in Washington. You can run all politics off the slate and that fact remains.

Campaign material from the Tecumseh Republican: Dickerson had jailed 415 men up to the 1st day of October, or 21 months since he was sworn into the office. This exceeds the number jailed by Trousdal, Gill, McAlister and Graham—all the former sheriffs—combined, and is the reason Dickerson should be re-elected.

In the future history of Oklahoma free homes will be written down as a daring idea, an idea only possible of consummation by the man who originated it. If Dennis Flynn is elected and gets free homes the history of Oklahoma two hundred years hence will contain the name of no other man who secured for the territory in one bill $15,000,000.

Stillwater Gazette: The case of Harding, Miller & Marshall vs. Powell, came up for trial in the probate court yesterday afternoon. During the argument of the case, John Clark used some abusive language toward Frank Harding, when Harding picked up an ink stand and hurled it at Clark. The missile grazed John's elbow and struck Judge Basel in the forehead, raising a knot the size of a walnut, in short order. The ink-stand was mashed into a thousand pieces. Harding will settle with the court for the ink-stand today.

Along the Kansas Nile.

Leedy is reeling in a line that his own intuition must tell him has not only no fish on, but with the hook and bobber both gone.

There is every indication that next Wednesday will be the birthday of the new Democratic party in Kansas. It will be born on the graves of the Dave Overmyer coterie of Topeka crumb-grabbers who have so long neglected party organization that they might wait greedily beneath the Populist banquet board.

The great feature of this campaign is the resumption of old line politics by the Populists. In former gubernatorial campaigns the Populist leaders have built their campaign by dwelling on the beauties of political independence. This year their whole campaign has been consumed in repairing their campaign by appeals to partisan fidelity.

Perhaps the lesson in the coming election is this: That the inherent trend toward improvement in mankind is the greatest force in politics. The generality of mankind has noble inclinations to improve; that inclination has one serious enemy, a political ring; all Leedy's mistakes can be traced back to his ring, and it will be that ring which will be the target next Tuesday.

Kansas is not an Indian word for sunshine, but it might be. The normal disposition of Kansas people is sunshine. Kansas' inclination is bohemian. Kansas blood is enthusiastic, Kansas thought acrobatic. Her anger is terrific and soon gone; her happiness critical and not legal tender till tested. But once let her rise to a spell of bliss, and she will astonish the world, just as she did in 1861-1867.

Populism in a man, as considered by the old line Populists of 1892, meant that the man was patriotic in spirit above other partisans, that personally he was a purer, better man; that he was so impregnated with reform that his honesty was adamantine; his integrity almost preternatural. Populism, at its birth in Kansas, was of a sublime faith. And no set of leaders, religious or political, ever violated a trusting faith as the Populist leaders of Kansas violated that faith.

The word going out over the land that Kansas has elected a Republican governor will do Kansas a wonderful amount of good. Populism is considered all over the nation as synonymous with calamity. To almost all minds east of the Mississippi river Populism denotes the domination of a destructive enmity to the existing order of things. Its defeat in Kansas chronicles to the world that Kansas has turned to a constructive mood, that she is for building herself up, not tearing some one else down.

The election will next Tuesday be intensely interesting. Lewelling was elected the first time by an intense political fanaticism. He was defeated later through a lapse in the intensity of that high-strung reform spirit. It came again in 1896 and elected Leedy, practically unsolicited by Leedy. Leedy foreswore this feature of Populism, and has for his present election attempted to control that intense reform impulse by the common tricks of common gang politics. The result is certain. He might as well have tried to lead a ghost by a log-chain.

Atchison Globe: Wm. R. Smith, Republican candidate for associate justice, will receive a big vote in Atchison county, where he lived many years, and where he has many friends. Mr. Smith's father was one of the pioneers of Atchison, a former mayor of the city, and the Smith family was very prominent here. Wm. R. Smith was one of the first who "went away to school" from Atchison, and for many years after his graduation and return, he practiced law successfully here, and made a good reputation. He is very popular personally, and was well known among the Republicans as a party worker.