Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

Adieu, Gentlemen, Adieu.

That was an impressive, not to say affecting, episode transpiring in the government palace at Havana Sunday noon. It was an historical incident of an international epoch more pregnant with meaning for the future than any occurring in the nineteenth century. Four centuries of rule was relinquished, a crown-power abdicating for a people's government. General Castellanos, representing Spain, as the cannons commenced to boom and the flag of his country was being replaced on castle, palace and barracks by the Stars and Stripes, with upraised arms, and tears in his eyes, turned to the American officers and exclaimed: "Gentlemen, I have been in more battles than I have hairs on my head, and my self possession has never failed me until today. Adieu, gentlemen, adieu."

Ratification and Expansion.

Henri Watterson has always been a big man, in his own estimation, at least, and no small factor in the esteem of many Kentucky people. But his presumption in naming the presidential and vice presidential candidates for both national parties is too near the whole thing for comfort. However, he does not stop at naming all the candidates, but insists that there being no possible issue out of which to construct a tenable platform for the Democratic party that it run without any declaration of principles save "The Stars and Stripes, God Bless Them," with Dewey and Fitzhugh Lee the standard bearers. While it is true, probably, that Dewey would not consent to run on any other platform, we doubt if he would consent to naming it "Democratic." That party as a whole is inclined to hold that Dewey ought to have hauled down the Stars and Stripes and sailed away from Manila. Bryan, the great prophet of modern Democracy, so advocates, and Cleveland, it will be remembered, held that the Stars and Stripes were not intended to flaunt their colors in Pacific waters. In short, if there is an anti-expansion party in this country it is the Democratic party of Sixteen-to-One Bryan and Goldbug Grover. Still, these leaders seem a little lonesome, for there is nothing more certain than that the United States senate will ratify the Spanish treaty as soon as the president sends it in, which will be immediately the congress has convened after the holidays. It is, in fact, asserted that but seven senators can be found who will cast their votes against the ratification of the treaty without amendment. Dewey and Fitzhugh Lee would make a strong ticket, a stronger Democratic ticket without a platform than with a platform, but not as strong a ticket as Bill McKinley and Joe Wheeler on a protective and expansion platform.

A Lawyer on the New Railroad Law.

Judge Joseph Richards, attorney for the Missouri Pacific, seems will pleased with the new Pop railway law, as do other railway attorneys who have expressed themselves. What they dreaded was the Harris bill, vetoed by Leedy, under which bill any citizen might lodge a complaint with a board of commissioners with arbitrary powers, with a board that could make and unmake rates. Under the new bill the court can only decide upon sworn testimony and is bound by the same rules of law and evidence as bind other courts. Richards says that "the courts have always been our refuge when unjustly assailed by prejudice of passion, just as they are the refuge of every citizen, and I do not know but the railroads ought to be much obliged to the Populist party for recognizing the principle for which we have so long contended."

In other words, the Populist party has destroyed the commissioner system with its broad discretionary powers and erected in its stead a court which is pent up rigidly with constitutional and statutory limitations. The court has no function whatever that might not have been bestowed upon any of the already existing courts, and yet the board of commissioners, in its administrative capacity, had many functions which have not been passed to the new court.

Two Big Trusts Fighting.

The fight between the American Sugar Refining company and the Arbuckle Coffee company, which has been buying up some sugar refineries, is on again in earnest. Several cuts in sugar have been made, the Arbuckles claiming that they can make sugar cheaper than the trust. The Doschers do not seem to have come into the conflict to any extent as yet. But there is one consolation for the general public. When trusts fall out and throw goods on the market at figures less than the cost of manufacture, some one is the gainer, and it is not the trusts. In addition, no one need feel alarmed over the dissipation of a few millions belonging to either the Havemeyers or the Arbuckles. Both have enough to lose and need not cut down on the grocer's bill to any marked extent.

The German sugar beet crop is not up to the average of last year. It is reported by the United States consul at Magdeburg that the shortage this year will be at least 350,000 tons. As this fact will not make the price of sugar any higher, the United States being able to supply its own wants this year, the German Agrarians will be doubly hostile towards this country. Unless Germany has some good luck before long the chronic exasperation of the Agrarians against the United States will become dangerous to the continued nominal friendship of the two countries.

The American Wants a Franchise.

The average American dotes on a franchise, the more exclusive the better, and the more enterprising he is the more he dotes. There is a perfect rush for franchises and concessions down in Cuba and Porto Rico, and this will be one of the most serious problems growing out of the acquisition of those islands. Of little present value, perhaps, they are certain in the near future to be extremely profitable. As, in one way and another, they will tax as well as help to benefit and develop the resources of those countries, to allow them to be so disposed of that the islands will be the plundering ground of capitalists would be a cruel injustice. Even the condition in which many of our own cities are now with respect to franchises should not be paralleled in the colonies if it is within the power of the United States government to prevent it. Undoubtedly many of these concessions will have to be affirmed, but there is a class of franchises that the government might well retain until the people of the islands, through their municipalities, have opportunity to acquire them for the general good.

Yellow Journal Sensationalism.

A New York yellow paper got up an imaginary story to the effect that Judge Day and Whitelaw Reid were to receive $100,000 each for their services as members of the peace commission and then proceeded to condemn the authorities at Washington for what it termed "this outrageous steal." Nobody at Washington paid any attention to the matter and the yellow sheet has now come out with a big whoop about its success in "heading off the outrage." It is easy to accomplish wonderful things in this way. Judge Day declares himself that all such talk is preposterous, that he expects about $15,000 will be the sum and that the commissioners will have to pay out of this all the expenses incurred by their wives and all other expenses incurred by the members of the commission that were not strictly authorized as officially necessary.

Beware of the Catch of the Grip.

The Russian influenza which has spread all over the east and north, has finally got Kansas in its grip. It is no trifling malady. The New York board of health is probably correct in pronouncing it a contagious disease, as it also seems epidemic, and doctors do not like the distemper because they can do little with it. There are hundreds of thousands of cases in the country and it cannot be shaken off like an ordinary cold. The thing to do is to go to bed when you get it and to stay there until you get well, even if the doctor is not sent for, which is really the wise thing to do. Keep your feet warm, body comfortable and avoid damp, chilly air, which is worse than a cold dry atmosphere. Nobody is exempt, but the aged seem to suffer most, with whom fatality is not an uncommon occurrence. During the last great epidemic of the disease in this country, in 1891, when there were thousands of cases in every large city, it is estimated by the health commissioner of Chicago that the total number of deaths for the year in that city was increased by one-fifth.

Esterhazy a Bright Man.

A story of circumstantial evidence is current on the other side concerning Prince Louis Esterhazy of the Austrian embassy at London. He had taken passage in the first-class compartment of an English railway for a trip up the country. Just as the train was about to pull out a stylishly dressed woman entered the same compartment. After the train was under headway Madame dropped her smelling bottle, then her handkerchief, and showed by other artifices that she wished to strike up a conversation. These advances did not stir Esterhazy; he kept to his corner and lit a cigar. When the train slowed at the next station, the woman tore her hat from her head, rumpled her hair, put her head out of the window and shrieked for assistance. Railroad men and passengers hurried to the car and opened the compartment. She claimed to have been terribly insulted by the prince, who still remained smoking in his corner. The station master demanded what he had to say for himself. "Only this," answered Esterhazy, pointing to a good length of ashes on the end of his cigar. It was circumstantial evidence, of course, but was more convincing than words. The woman was taken and shown up to the police officers; Esterhazy continued his journey.

He Was a Great Mexican.

Next to President Diaz, Ambassador Romero, for years a resident of Washington as the official representative of the Mexican government, deserves full credit for the existing good understanding between that country and this. On our own side there has been the warmest appreciation of the remarkable growth of that country in its rapid advance along civilized lines, and it has been largely due to the efforts of Ambassador Romero that we have understood the situation there. He has written often and well in the leading reviews of this country to place Mexico beforeus in its true light, and he has been a sympathetic and intelligent interpreter for his country of the feeling existing here towards the people of one of our two greatest neighbors. A man of the greatest tact, he has for a generation now served the best interests of two countries so far as those interests were along parallel lines, and he deserves the praise of both of them. Mexico can ill afford to lose the services of Ambassador Romero.

Our New Manila Hemp Monopoly.

Nature has made the Philippines a monopoly, and such a monopoly will prove even too much for the Pop party. Manila hemp can be raised in no other portion of the globe, nor has any substitute been found for it in commerce. It is one of the chief resources of the islands and during the last ten years the United States has consumed nearly one-half of the total product. The fiber taken from the outer leaf of the hemp, which, by the way, is first cousin to the banana tree, is of great value from the fact that it is not easily rotted by salt water. From the inner fiber is made a soft and light texture suitable for cloth. The industry is still in its infancy. Without any special development hemp yields as high as 2,000 pounds of fiber to the acre. The demand for hemp, as well as its cultivation, is still restricted. It is said that the Orient alone should absorb more than the entire present product. The possibilities of hemp in the hands of American enterprise are enormous.

The Situation at Iloilo.

Iloilo, the Philippine port which the insurgents have captured, is a place of almost as great importance as Manila, although in this war it has not as yet gained as great a distinction. It has a population of 472,000, and is next in importance to Manila as a seaport. It is situated on a river navigable for vessels drawing fifteen feet or less. It is thus necessary that gunboats be used in protecting a landing of troops. The instructions of General Miller, the commander of the expedition, are, of course, unknown. Whether he will be obliged to use force to secure a landing of troops and in taking possession in the name of the United States can not be foretold. Within several days accurate information as to the events now happening will be available, as Iloilo is but a day and a half from Manila, the American base. The Spanish evacuation at this time has complicated matters, but that is all.

Weyler Looking Out for Weyler.

General Weyler continues to attract curiosity in Madrid. A recent lengthy interview he had with the queen created much gossip. The Carlists fear that he will not be with them, after all that has been said regarding his offer of his sword to the Pretender.

General Weyler has made an immense fortune in the East Indies and in Cuba, if the stories persistently told regarding him contain any element of truth. If he is like other men, he is anxious to keep it. He knows very well that the safety of property is conserved by a firm, stable government. He has too much to lose to make it probable that he would enter into the hair-brained enterprises of the Pretender.

There is no doubt that Santa Claus has no resentment in his composition, for there is not a case reported where a small boy peeping around the foot of the bed, as he filled the stockings heard Santa Claus yell out "Rubber!"

Roberts of Utah claims that the reason he has three wives is because he is unusually holy. The old man is liable to take his conscience out, scrub it off with a tooth-brush, and throw his arms around a fourth.

Henri Watterson has seen the expansion cyclone sooner than any other Democrat. With McKinley and Wheeler the ticket, there is nothing for a Democrat to do but to scoot for the cave.

Mrs. Botkin's nerve still remains superb. A woman who had the nerve to send a dose of poison broadcast through the mail ought to have nerve to stand the conviction of doing it.

Gratitude was not among the corpuscles of Spanish blood when Columbus was calaboosed on his return trip, and it is not there when the Cubans today hoot the American army.

If the Cubans do not like the looks of the Stars and Stripes they can go around the corner and look at something else. But that is all they can do.

This country has no particular desire to keep Cuba, but the insurgents do not want to accent that fact themselves too much.

Dewey will not be the Democrats' candidate for president. Miles will be. Miles is bellyaching. Dewey isn't.

It is plain to be seen that Henri Watterson does not belong to the "Pent up Utica" crowd.

Man proposes, and God disposes, but the majority of women accept.

In Misfortune,

In Bettina's cottage, where she sat and spun while her childish old grandparents nodded in their chairs beside the fireplace, all was as clean as it could have been in a palace, but she had hard work to fill those two mouths and her own also. There was no one else to do it.

The lady at the great house bought her flax and paid well for it. But, after all, Bettina had but two hands, and two little brown hands can not do all the world's work. I used to say to myself that the time should come when Bettina should not work at all. Bettina and I had been betrothed two years. We were betrothed still, and no nearer marriage, though I had striven with all my strength.

"Wait patiently," Bettina said to me sometimes. "What does it matter? We love each other; we trust each other; let us be content."

But I could not be content. Others were as poor as we married and left their native land together to seek better fortunes elsewhere. Bettina would gladly have shared my fate, whatever it might have been, but the old grandparents bound her to her cottage and her birthplace.

As for me, I felt that if I would ever win Bettina I must leave Savoy and go to America, where so many of our country people had already gone, and whence they wrote letters that made our hearts beat with hope for the future. I told Bettina so, and though she wept, she said:

"Go. Go, Bernard, and I will pray for you. It is all a girl can do."

I had no fear that Bettina would forget me. I knew that the rich young farmer who so often rode many miles to see her longed for her love, and woed her with all the art he had, but Bettina loved me, and love is adamantine.

We crossed the sea in safety. I stood at last in a strange land and among strange people, but I found them not unkind. I found work at once. I spent little. Week by week the little heap in my moleskin pouch grew greater. I was gloriously happy. I wrote joyful letters to Bettina. She answered me as hopefully.

A years passed by—twelve long months. One more year and she would come to me. I should press my lips to hers—all would be forgotten but our meeting, and while I lived the old people should share our happiness.

With such thoughts as these in my mind I entered the great factory where I worked one day. I said to myself, as I threw off my jacket:

"At noontime I will write to Bettina."

I remember thinking this. I remember crossing the long room. I remember a sudden flash and crash, and the oaths of men, and a girl's mad scream. After that nothing more, until a sense of pain awakened me and I found myself lying in the dark, with my own hand, cold and clammy, lying in a great, warm, soft hand that held it tenderly.

"Where am I?" I said, and my voice scupded low and hoarse in my own ears. "Who is this?"

"It is the doctor," said a voice. "Be calm, my friend."

"Is it night?" I asked.

"It is night," said the voice.

"Why do you not light a lamp?"

He made no answer.

"What has happened?"

"It was an explosion," he said, after a pause. "You were hurt. There were many killed outright."

"Doctor," I said, "is it night?"

"It is night," he said, solemnly.

"But only for me," I said. "I know it. I am smitten blind."

"Try to be calm, my friend," he whispered. "It is hard—but try to bear it."

All was gone—all my hope of life, and even all that I had won in the last year. Some wretch had stolen the little moleskin pouch from my bosom. I was a beggar, and blind. I prayed to die, but I lived, and at last I grew strong again.

One day, as I sat by the hospital window, I formed a resolution. I said to myself: I can at least be brave enough to spare Bettina something. I know taht if she knew the truth she would grieve bitterly and remain true to me. I know that if I were sent home, as the doctor says I might be, she would be constant forever—she would even marry me and try to feed me as she does her helpless ones. That shall never be. I will send her word that I am dead, and then, when she has grieved awhile, youth will triumph; she will marry the young farmer who loves her so truly, and is good as well as rich.

The good doctor shall write me a letter, and so as he passed I called to him and told him all.

"It will be best for her," I said. "It will set her free. She will grieve bitterly, I know, but the other lover will one day blot out my memory. Tell her I died with her name on my lips—I do. As I die, heart and soul, here before you, I have but one thought. It is Bettina."

"She loves me even as I love her," I said.

"I will write," he said. "Stay—come to my little office with me. We shall be quiet, and let me think. A woman can tell the story better than I, especially as it is touching and not quite true. I have a nurse here now who can break the news tenderly, I believe, if any one can."

He took my hand in his and led me to the room he called his office. Then he left me a moment, and when he returned I heard the rustle of a woman's garments following him.

"This is the nurse who will write the letter," he said.

"I thank her," said I. "Be gentle, madam; my Bettina has a gentle heart."

"What shall I write?" she asked, almost in a whisper.

"Write that I am dead," I said. "Write that I bade you tell her when her grief passed to wed another and be happy."

The pen moved over the paper. Soon she said:

"I have written. Shall I read it to you?"

"Yes, if you will, madam."

"Die, unhappy girl! Your Bernard has perished. What is life to you any longer? He is dead. Had he lived, blind or maimed, or helpless in any way, there would be hope for you. You could fly to him; you could comfort him; you could toil for him; you could be his sunlight. Alas! no such joy awaits you. He is gone. Lie down and die. This is all that you can do. He is dead."

"Why do you write thus?" I cried. Who are you? How did you come by that voice? Speak!"

Then I felt two little hands steal about my neck and a wet cheek touch mine, and a whisper came:

"Bernard, it is I. Did you not guess? Did you not know your own Bettina? The good doctor," she said, "the first day of your illness found a letter you had begun to me, and sent it, with word of your misfortune, and a letter to one who could bring me to you if I desired to come. Ah, God bless him! He knew a woman's heart better than you did.

"When that letter came my dear old grandparents were lying dead. I only staid to look upon their graves before I came to you."

"I shall never see the sweet face that I remember so well. But I know its beauty and its goodness and the love-light in the eyes too well to forget them. And I know that I am dearer to her for my misfortune, and I am happy."—Ex.

Libel Action by Mascagni.

"Not guilty" was the verdict in the cases of Miss Kate Lyon and Mrs. Mills, Christian Scientists, charged before the London Central criminal court with the manslaughter of Harold Frederic.

Harold Frederic.

Signor Mascagni is the plaintiff in a libel suit now in progress before the Trieste (Austria) court against Signor Giacomelli, who had accused the composer of ignoring a hotel bill run up at Trieste in 1896.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The loss from the fire at Alva last week is estimated at $5,000.

They are putting up lots of natural ice in western Oklahoma this winter.

Miss Rice, the prize orator of the territory, received $50 in gold as her prize.

Reverend W. Rowe of Chandler has the smallpox. This is the only case in town.

It is said that at present C. G. Jones of Oklahoma City is easily in the lead for speaker.

Bill Tilghman has gone out of politics and outlaw-hunting, and is buying corn to hold.

Bids will be opened January 5 for the construction of fifty miles of road west of Chickasha by the Rock Island.

Kingfisher is still strictly in it. Miss Mamie Rice, who won the intercollegiate oratorical prize, is from Kingfisher.

The Hutchinson Southern expects to build eastward and will touch the Santa Fe at Ponca, Red Rock, or White Eagle.

It is too bad that Katherine Kintz has skipped out. There was certain a clerkship in the legislature for her if she had waited.

What is the matter with the young men of Oklahoma? In recent years all the first prizes in oratory have been taken by young women.

The factional fight in the Osage country is probably still in progress, but the news from Pawhuska is as old and scarce as the news from Pekin.

Swift & Co., the packers, have invaded Oklahoma, taking out letters of incorporation. Charles W. Sherwood of Oklahoma City is their agent.

Flora Drake has sued Richard Drake for divorce at Guthrie. Drake is in the penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio. They were married in Cushing in 1893.

The editor of the El Reno Democrat confesses that he took a trip to Kansas City last week for the express purpose of using up the rest of his 1,898 mileage.

Temple Houston is down on the program for the banquet with the toast: "Expansion." He is a Texan, and is in favor of expansion, as all Texans should be.

A colored boy named Grover Teherry climbed under the mouth of a cotton gin at Shawnee the other night and went to sleep. He was there when the cotton was piled on top of him and he was smothered to death.

Marshal Randolph of Chandler last week was struck over the head by a club in the hands of a young man named Price, whom Randolph had arrested about a year ago. Randolph is not seriously hurt. Price has been arrested.

Shawnee News: Bob Galbreath, who has lived in Shawnee for some years and been identified with Shawnee's interests, and been a central figure in the county and territorial democracy, left last evening with his family for Oklahoma City, where they will locate. Bob is a first-class fellow and a good citizen, and has a fine family. The people of Shawnee and the county regret to see Bob and his estimable family make this move, but, if Bob can better himself financially, we will have to give him up.

Governor Barnes granted a New Year's pardon to Marion Massey, a claim holder of Washita county, convicted at El Reno of stealing several spools of barbed wire from cattlemen in the Wichita Indian reservation, and sentenced to the penitentiary for three years, having served nearly a year. Under a recent decision of the supreme court the territorial courts really had no jurisdiction in the case and he should have been tried under the United States law under which the extreme penalty would have been six months in jail, but his poverty prevented him from getting the matter up in the courts, so, on hte plea of his wife and petition of a large unmber of citizens, he was pardoned.

Along the Kansas Nile,

Buffalo Jones is lecturing in western Kansas on the Northern Part of America.

Sam Peters of Newton calls the present year "the last of the century." Which it isn't.

This is the last week of the legislature, and the chances are it will legislate amuck.

The Newton schools have had the vacation prolonged to January 9, on account of the smallpox.

The jailor at the Topeka bastile refused to let the teachers visiting Topeka gaze upon John Collins.

The Republican party can not afford to be a party to smelling out technicalities in the new railroad law.

It is said in the state house at Topeka that anybody can get a job if he has a pull—even the elevator man.

Mount Muncie, Leavenworth's cemetery, established in 1867, received its seven thousandth inmate last week.

All the passes of the legislators expired December 1, and the Populists will pay their way home, a truly lamentable circumstance.

Last Saturday night the saloons of Great Bend all closed up, the city council refusing to receive farther money from them, in the shape of fines.

The entire bar of the state is said to be in favor of the renewal of the court of appeals, which must be given new life at the next legislature to save it from running out in 1900.

Sam Johnson and John Dicks of Newton have gone into a mutual pledge not to smoke for a year. The first man caught smoking must buy the other the best suit of clothes in town.

Some one will appoint the new court of visitation and the solicitor general. The railroads can not attack the constitutionality of the law until the new court has done something.

Charles Moreau Harger of Abilene in his New Year's article says: "We are shadows pursuing shadows." This is a poetical fancy, not Arctic fact. Shadows do not consume beefsteak.

There seems to be ground for belief that the new Populist law was drawn up by T. N. Sedgwick and Baillie Waggoner, railroad attorneys. If this is so, what do the Populist leaders mean?

Major George M. Welles, formerly a merchant of Great Bend, died at Elgin, Ill., last week. His elder daughter was formerly postmistress at Great Bend. His younger daughter is now an actress of high standing in the east.

Robert Banks was recently sent to the penitentiary from Hutchinson for ten years. He was a bad negro. Since his conviction, a letter has been received from his wife, Flora Banks, a white woman of Fort Scott, asking hysterically about his fate.

South Haven New Era: J. J. Ferris returned last week from Sabine Pass, and landed home almost laid up with the rheumatism and a cold, but is rapidly getting at himself. Mr. Ferris says the Spanish war knocked the southern outlet business gally west, but things are resuming their equilibrium again and preparations are being made for a big traffic next year. The railroads have spent several hundred thousand dollars in improvements and everything is taking on a brighter aspect.

Caldwell News: J. C. Manes, of Medford, called last Tuesday. He informed us he went to the train Monday morning and waited for the agent till the train came, and finding he couldn't get a ticket before the train started, he jumped on board of the steps of a car. The vestibuled door was closed and fearing he would be compelled to ride on the steps in the cold, he jumped off at the end of the platform. Having some business up here he wanted to transact, he set out afoot and reached Caldwell stiff and tired at 4 p. m. This is a pretty good walk for a man nearly 80 years old.

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