

Daily Eagle

M. H. HEDDOCK, Editor.

All Reliable and Qualified Home Men.

There are no criticisms of the individual characters of the Republican candidates for the offices this fall in Sedgewick county. They are not only qualified for the places for which their fellow partisans named them, but are all good citizens of years' standing. Good citizens make faithful officers. They are a clean lot of men from the nominee for judge, that old tried and faithful Union soldier veteran, J. M. Balderston, who has been one of us from the days of small beginnings, down to the general candidate for coroner, Simmons has proved his worthiness and Boone has never been found to fall in twenty-five years of activity as a Republican. No better man could have been chosen for county commissioner from the First district than M. H. Edwards. If the Republican ticket, or any portion of it, is beaten, it will not be because of any lack of capacity or reliability of the individual nominees, or because they are not in full sympathy with the national administration. As officers and servants of the people they will all prove just as faithful and consistent as they are as citizens. They are clean men and are making a clean canvass, and as such and by such a course they ought to prove winning men. Of one thing we feel assured, and that is if elected, which we believe they all will be, no one will ever have cause to regret having cast his vote for the ticket. Besides in their election Sedgewick county will find itself in line with the spirit of the times, in harmony with the national and state administrations, pulling for the policies which are making for our "manifest destiny" as the greatest people in the world.

Bryan's Own State Very Doubtful.

Bryan having spent a week in Kentucky to help out the Goebel crowd, with whom John G. Carlisle and his class of Democrats will have nothing to do, and having gone up to Ohio to help out Millionaire McLean, who with his unbounded wealth bought the Ohio nomination, is hurrying back to Nebraska. Well he may. It is not denied that "Billy Boy" got a dip into the McLean barrel, and a guaranty from Goebel that Kentucky should be sold for Bryan in 1900. In supporting Goebel, Bryan is found walking arm in arm with Dick Croker, who with Goebel fought the Chicago platform of 1896 with all the vindictiveness of which they are capable. But Bryan having agreed to let silver be made the tail-end of the next platform, these corruptionists are now with him. No two more corrupt men ever figured in American politics than Croker and Goebel. As for Bryan's homeward run, it stands him well in hand. The west is for expansion, and Bryan's chances grow slimmer every day in Nebraska, whose people in being of the more progressive west are for holding on to all the islands acquired, not only for reasons which are strictly political but because of the new markets which they will afford western products. The Trust question, whether a political one or not, is cutting little ice in these piping times of all around prosperity. This being an off year, there are only four state elections, Nebraska being one of them, and the Republicans elected a majority of the Nebraska legislature last fall after having given Bryan 15,967 majority the year before. If the orator of the Platte has made money enough out of his speeches the past summer to winter on, he would do well to confine his efforts entirely to his own state, whose people can't understand why we shouldn't hold on to the Philippines, to Guam, to Hawaii and to Porto Rico, if not also to Cuba.

Kansas and the Telegraph Companies.

Every effort put forth for real reform should be commended, but a political party formed only for reform is sure to fail. Practical reforms are always desirable; impractical ones carry with them a reactionary course. The Pop party in howling reform lost sight of everything except their particular view, and in attempting to crystallize their notions into law have nine times out of ten made a mess of it. They simply refused to look at more than one side, or even to admit that there can be more than one side. Nine-tenths of the fusion legislation inspired by Pop sentiment and demand has proved abortive. Their ideas would not work, even were everybody Pops. The telegraph companies have won the first suit which has been decided under the law passed by the special session of the legislature last December, to regulate their business and reduce the rates. The suit was brought by complainants to obtain the forfeiture of \$100 from the Postal Telegraph company for refusing to accept a message at the 15-cent rate provided by the law. After hearing the evidence and examining the statements of the company purporting to show that the average cost of transmitting a telegraph message in the state was 37 1/2 cents and the average toll 20 cents, Judge Stuart declared the law unconstitutional as depriving the company of its property without due process of law.

There are other suits pending in various courts based on this law. Among them is one in the federal district court in which the constitutionality of the court of visitation is questioned. The court of visitation was given the supervision of the telegraph companies by the telegraph regulation law. The last word has not, therefore, been said about this matter, says the Leavenworth Times, but the chances are that the legislature in its anxiety for "reform" went off half-cooked and that the court is correct.

Wichita Seen in Contrast.

The El Dorado Daily Republican, whose editor made one in the march of twenty thousand outside people on the streets of Wichita last Friday night, puts up the following contrasting picture: "Four years ago a great army of men marched the streets of Wichita, and as they marched they talked: War! Work! Bread! This army was not very hungry, and didn't want work, but the bosses told the great army to howl for work in a hoarse voice, and it howled. And it damned the corporations, threatened the government and seemed to want H-b-u-d. The country was on the road to red ruin, and the people were going right along with it. Yesterday twenty thousand people marched the same streets of Wichita. They came in special trains and in carriages—the young and the old—in silks and broadcloth. They drank red rum by the car load, they had money, and stocks, and riches, and wealth to throw at birds; and this army blew in \$50,000 in gold standard money in a few hours, yesterday. It was a carnival of well clothed, well fed and well housed men and women, who went to blow themselves, and they bloaved themselves for everything in sight, not forgetting the leg shows. And at midnight it dispersed. What are we coming to, anyhow?"

Aguinaldo's Avaricious Genius.

Aguinaldo is said to be the brightest living Tagal, and that to buy off this trusted leader, who has offered to sell out for \$500,000, would be the wisest and cheapest. McKinley

wouldn't buy such a peace at any price. Better spend ten times such an amount than to imitate such corrupting Spanish example. Aguinado and his Filipino lawyers claim that the correspondence between their government and the American camp amounts to a virtual recognition of Filipino sovereignty. Aguinado and his lawyers may be technically right, but the United States will not allow a little thing like that to interfere with its policy in the far east. The Filipinos are rebels in the estimation of the American people, as they are in the eyes of the whole world, without even the sympathy of the numerous other tribes in the Philippines, and rebels they will be held to be until they surrender. The American people acquired the islands legitimately and honorably, and having decided that the Tagal is an insurgent, as such they will get no formal recognition until they lay down their arms and quit shooting our soldiers, when they will be accorded a safe and benign government.

Would Shoot Hell Out of Them.

The Galveston News editorially asserted the other day that should McKinley be replaced by a Democrat, and a congress with an overwhelmingly Democratic majority be elected, there would be no withdrawal of troops from the archipelago or abandonment of the Philippines. Still, Bryan goes on forever like a windmill in a stiff breeze, round and round with the unending declaration that the people of the United States are against annexation and expansion. Now comes ex-Governor Hogg, of Texas, who punctured Van Wyck's boom for the presidential nomination, and who has no patience with Bryan's anti-imperialistic cry, declaring that "it is the duty of the United States to shoot hell out of the Filipinos and bring the war to an end. When the \$20,000,000 which the last congress voted for that purpose was paid to Spain for the Philippines, the United States got all the title there was to these islands, and we have expanded in defiance of the Texas Democratic platform. The Philippines now belong to the United States. It is for the next congress to say what we shall do with them."

Promise of Peace a Myth.

Unfortunately, it would seem, in spite of The Hague conference, held for universal peace through arbitration, another war is already on in South Africa and another aspiring people, primitive in their ways, yet proud of their independence, are to be crushed. It will be remembered that The Hague conference created a permanent tribunal of arbitration, under the auspices of the sixteen powers. The representatives of fifteen countries signed a convention on the rules of war. Fifteen agreed to extend the Geneva rules to land warfare. Seventeen signed the declaration prohibiting the use of explosives from balloons. Sixteen signed the prohibition of projectiles containing asphyxiating gases. Fifteen barred the use of the dum-dum bullets, and all signed the final act.

And yet after all these expressions of peace, England and the Transvaal have entered upon the only war among civilized peoples in the nineteenth century in which no friendly offer was made by any nation in behalf of peace anywhere.

The Boers Not Whipped Yet.

Some of Kruger's officers declare that they will hold a fancy dress ball at Cape Town early in 1900. They profess to be certain of the result of their campaign and seem to have absolute confidence in old General Joubert, who has a plan of operations of which great things are expected. The reports of Boer reverses all come from British sources and must be taken with a grain of allowance. The British are no better than the Americans and when it comes to doctoring war news are even more unscrupulous. The news from British sources will be unreliable unless the Boers are overwhelmingly defeated from the very beginning of the operations. Cape Colony is alive with rumors of fighting all along the line of the Boer advance. If half of the tales are true the war has already developed into an international horror. Fortunately very few of the reports from the front are worth anything. The South African is like other people. News grows as he passes it on.

Was at Wichita in 1899.

The Topeka Capital is responsible for the guess that "in 1899 the oldest inhabitant of Coolidge will say to the boys gathered about the stove in the corner grocery: "Nope; I didn't git to go to the big World's Fair in Chicago in '99, but I took in the Wichita Street Fair in '99, the year the Twentieth Kansas came back from the Philippines, 'nd I 'low there warn't nothin' no hotter them days than the show the old town put up that year."

There is a howl in London over the sensational newspapers there which print exciting war news. Rumors are part of war and always have been. In former times newspapers were simply not enterprising enough to print them.

Association and intimacy between the United States and Great Britain, if it ever comes, means, not monarchy for the United States, but democracy for England. Democracy is a more catching disease than monarchy.

Dewey's home in Washington has been selected. It has been handed sledgeing to get the American people to subscribe. The American people have an idea that an official salary is about the size of their gift to public men.

Great Britain has instituted a strict press censorship in the Transvaal. In other words, England doesn't make war for the particular desecration of the newspaper correspondents.

General Sir Redvers Buller ordered General White not to advance. White advanced and licked the Boers. General Sir Buller has the sympathy of General Miles in this hour of trial.

William Waldorf Astor has given \$5,000 to the Red Cross fund in the Boer-British war. How the new-made Britisher bats his hook with gold to catch English popularity.

Everything the British do in the Transvaal will be on the anniversary of something in English history. The whole calendar in England is anniversary.

When we beat Britons in this country we send them home smiling. Not very long ago the Yale boys went to London and were beaten and also ruyed.

John R. Gentry won the free-for-all in California and broke the coast record by making it in 2:04. In this part of the country 2:04 is a jog.

A Kansas newspaper man has already been captured by the Boers. The Kansas man can always be found in the heart of the trouble.

The official report of Funston's conduct is going to tally with the newspaper accounts of his bravery. And that doesn't often happen.

It is not possible to break down Sir Thomas Lipton's gameness. He says: "My boat was beaten because she was not fast enough."

Pegotty's house at Yarmouth has just been sold at auction for \$2,500. What an Impress Dickens made upon the world.

The concert of powers in Europe is exceedingly weary. It is always threatening and never does anything.

Joplin has a boom and the smallpox at the same time. They do not mix readily.

Her Father's Guardian.

She was a little mite of a woman, and past 50. Beside her sat an old bent man, whose years had passed the four-score mark. When I sat down beside the little old lady she turned a wrinkled, smiling face to me that was like sunshine itself. "This is pa," she announced cordially. "Pa does love to get out to hear the political speeches. Pa, he's blind, and I take him pretty near everywhere I go. Be you real comfortable?"

Then she turned to me. "Poor pa, he does enjoy getting out so much, so I got tickets and we come. He's looked forward to the meetings since we heard of it, and I said, 'You just content yourself, pa; we'll go.'"

"The speech was to be given in an immense inclosure at downtown, and the California July sun poured down relentlessly. Ten thousand people waited with more or less impatience, but the little old lady was serene.

"It's pretty hot for pa," she said, "but I don't mind it."

"I don't mind it neither," quavered the old man, "but my, I'd give a good deal if I could see the crowd."

The daughter looked at me with eyes all tenderness. She did not speak, nor did she need to, for in those faded blue eyes behind the spectacles shone the essence of love and pity and divine compassion.

A boy came by with big juicy peaches for sale. The little woman looked at the peaches, glanced at "pa," and resolutely turned her eyes away. The shabby little fellow in the last row told the story of care for the home trip, and peaches were beyond her.

"After I had purchased some and offered them to her she said, 'So, my, I'm dreadful thirsty, Mandy.'"

Mandy, brightened: "Be you, pa? Well, that's nice! Here's a peach for you right this minute. Ain't that lucky! I'll peel it."

The old man munched contentedly on the fruit, and the little old woman began again. "I'm married," she said, "but my husband couldn't get to come. He's on a mining job, and of course he couldn't get off. But pa and me, we can tell him all we can remember, and that'll be better than nothing. Pa's going to listen like a schoolboy."

"I'm going to tell him how the stage is fixed, and how the speaker looks and all the rest. If we wasn't quite so far back I could see him better. My eyes ain't what they used to be, an' mobby I'll have to ask you some."

Just then, amid great applause, the speaker appeared. I handed the little woman my opera glasses, "So, my," she said, "aint you kind? O, I can see him just as plain! Pa, I can see him real plain."

Pa smiled like a happy child. "Well, Mandy, I've just got to remember just how he looks, so you can tell him."

The little woman kept silence during the long speech, her every nerve stretched to the utmost to see and hear and make forever hers that old man's every word.

When it was over and the band crashed noisily she helped the stiffened old man to his feet. "Lean hard on me, pa," she said, "we're going home now." And pa was turned by his slightest eyes upon me, and said: "This is the day of a lifetime to Mandy and me. We won't never forget it."

"Are you not tired?" I asked. But the little woman struck in. "Yes, pa's pretty well done out, I guess, sitting here over three hours in the hot sun, but he'll get rested when I get him on to the lounge at home. He's missed it, he missed it for the world, would he, pa? Now, just lean on me, lean real hard. If we can get a car we'll soon be home. You've been awful good to pa this afternoon and I'm a great deal obliged to you."

I lost them in the crowd, as the little gray-haired woman guided the faltering steps of "pa," and never dreamed that she was an angel—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Shrapnel Vs. Bullets.

The London Daily Telegraph prints an interview with a British artillery officer in son Africa, in which he missed it for the world, would he, pa? Now, just lean on me, lean real hard. If we can get a car we'll soon be home. You've been awful good to pa this afternoon and I'm a great deal obliged to you."

"The Boers have talked so much about their rifle practice that the war office has sensibly decided that in this campaign the rifle will be out of it. The advance will be under a paralyzing shell fire from a line several miles long, and at an average distance of a mile and a half, which is perfectly safe for artillery but impossible for rifle fire. The Boer's sole idea of getting in lying quietly and calmly behind a kopje and taking slow and deliberate aim. He has never known what it is to have to lie quietly while comrades are being smashed around him by a deadly hail of bullets falling from the sky. His idea of artillery is something that comes straight at him, like a rifle bullet, and can be dodged by getting behind a big stone. It will come as a revelation to him to find bullets falling from above into valleys and kraatses hundreds of yards behind him, and to see the picking off men lying like art bears in their holes. The result will be a panic. The well disciplined troops of Europe cannot resist it. Meanwhile the cavalry will be called up, taking advantage of every bit of cover, and followed by the infantry. Under a shell fire, such as I have described, cavalry can advance to within 50 yards of the point of attack, which is the quietest time for them, at a signal, a terrible final volley of shrapnel is poured in, the order to charge is given, and before they know it the Boers will be among the sabers and lances, with the bayonets of the enemy just behind. To talk of men lying calmly and coolly shooting under these conditions is nonsense. Half their horses will have been killed by the fire, and what is the good bullet, and the Boer on the field without his horse? The Boer artillery will be the first object of attack, and before it has been in action an hour half the guns will be either disabled or deserted. For I am told they have a poor idea of artillery. The whole theory of this plan of attack is to render the rifle and long-range marksmanship useless. With the number of troops at the disposal of the British, the Boers will be surrounded and forced into the open, where they will be cut to pieces. Personally I am convinced that thousands of Boers will not get a bullet home—they won't have the chance."

The weakness of this forecast is, of course, that it presupposes a set battle ground favorable for the maneuvering of an artillery line a mile and a half long. Battles have not been fought in this sort of ground. The appalling effect of the fire of a heavy battery is, however, well depicted in this sketch—Trento, Oct. 2, 1866.

Valuable Acquisition. Mr. Sprague—I fear you will make a mistake. Hattie, in engaging that girl. According to her own story, she has lived in no fewer than ten families in town within a year.

Mrs. Sprague—That's just it. Think of the inside information she will be able to impart about those ten families!—Tit-Bits.

Very Likely. Smith—See Jones over there, laughing like a hyena? Somebody must have told him a funny story.

Brown—More likely Jones told it himself.—Tit-Bits.

More Bananero. Wizer—Talk is cheap. Wizer—Yes, especially in these days, when a baner has to have you for 5 cents.—San Francisco Post.

Helping His Progression. Mr. Golpher (angrily)—You never do anything right, you—you—Little Willie Golpher (calmly)—Fooler!—Brooklyn Life.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

John Golobbe will be carefully excluded from the Midway at Guthrie this week. Gold is greatly interested in the Neck in South Africa. They think it is Bill Lalinga.

Two boys at Stillwater created a disturbance in the Methodist church, and the fun cost them \$5.

The people of Osage county want it made into a separate county so they can manage their own affairs.

The Kaws visited the Osages last week and took home with them fifty ponies and a large amount of calico.

The soldiers' reunion at Pawnee last week was addressed by Dennis Flynn and Theodosius Botkin of Kansas.

Bill McGinty, a Rough Rider, living at Stillwater, was thrown from his horse last week and had his arm broken.

John Whalen, a prominent citizen of the Osage nation, died last week. He was originally from Posey county, Indiana.

Dr. Hallman, superintendent of the Indian school system of the United States, is in Pawnee at the bedside of a very sick son.

Jim Kelly has arrived in Guthrie after his long absence in Greer county. He has a distinct southern accent and can eat chili.

The Osage Journal is proud of the fact that the Osage nation is part of Oklahoma, and says it expects to remain part of Oklahoma.

Will Peters has taken charge of the Osage Journal, and there is not a brighter weekly newspaper of its size between the two oceans.

At a sale of unclaimed express at Guthrie the other day a man paid \$2 for a dirty shirt and another paid 25 cents for \$50 worth of patent medicine.

Just at the last moment, when everything is fussy and wearisome, all the women who were beaten for queen of the Guthrie carnival, will be glad of this word.

The Indian woman is improving. The St. Louis Republic the other day printed photographs of Cherokee girls who were very pretty. The era of the looking-glass-busting face among the squaws is passing.

Item from the Pawnee Democrat which needs explanation: "The noble red men are industriously hauling wood to town. But no one should make the mistake of thinking that many of them cut it themselves."

Callahan says that Bryan will be nominated and elected, and the End Wave says Callahan believes that he should lend his voice in advocacy of disbanding the Populist party and making it part and parcel of the Democratic party.

Bill Knipe is credited with this aptrophe to Oklahoma: "Oye like the land of big crooked rivers, big crooked streamers, big lakes, big drunks, big pumpkins, big men with pumpkin heads, silver streams that gambol in the sunlight, and plous politicians that gambol in the night."

O. M. Lancaster and J. H. Hale of Pawnee recently sat down to dinner with Dennis Flynn at a Perry hotel. Flynn was served with an extra dish of fine mushrooms, compliments of the cook. His two companions roared and told the waiter to tell the cook, a woman, that they were Governor Barnes and Secretary Jenkins. The waiter brought this word from the cook: "I'm Mr. Flynn. Barnes and Jenkins will have to eat common food."

Stillwater Gazette: The local cotton market swelled yesterday beyond all precedent prices for the past year, several loads being sold at prices as high as \$2.75 for seed cotton. The raise in price may be largely due to rivalry of buyers from neighboring towns. Last Saturday our gin here sent buyers to Perkins to get seed cotton and "elevate" the price on the buyers down there. Yesterday W. A. Knipe of Perkins came up a few loads to make a profit on the deal or not. He sent to his gin at Perkins, whether he succeeded in sending several loads down the road at \$2.25 and interest at the bank was considerably, but as said loads are just a little high, considering the condition of the general cotton market, it is not likely that the price will be paid for the quantity of it. The ginners of both Perkins and Stillwater are wide-awake fellows and are going to pay up to the top notch for cotton as long as the season lasts.

Along the Kansas Nile. Wichita claims that the crowd in Wichita on Friday was the largest crowd ever assembled in Kansas.

Funston's latest move should be a lesson to the copperheads. He is going back, but not on his country.

It develops that the man in Kansas who wanted to see the Shamrock win was also a supporter of Aguinado.

George W. Hienrichtham of Manhattan, one of the most prominent men of Kansas, died at Manhattan Sunday.

Johnny Gilmore notes that some of the Scotch have been figuring around in South Africa too, as Dundee and Glasgow show. The drought in Kansas is now on. It is infinitely better now than it would have been a few months ago, and there is no kick coming.

The railroads of Topeka have given \$500 towards entertaining the Twentieth Missouri Pacific is the last to come down with \$500.

Charles Curtis, Senator Baker, Cy Lealand and J. H. Burton were all at the gindepot in Kansas City Sunday, but they did not hold a conference.

The state hopes that the deafness of young Lieutenant Ince will not prevent him from going to Luxon. He wants to go, and he would make a fighter.

It is strictly true that if the metropolitan police law had not been abolished, Governor Stanley wouldn't have had all this time to travel. You can't have everything your own way.

The Archibon Globe says: "It takes a woman longer to clean out a cupboard than to do any other work because of the love stories she finds in the newspapers she puts on the shelves."

Funston is to go back to the Philippines. That removes him from the political situation in Kansas, unless he should be elected to something during his absence, which is not likely.

There is no question but that Funston's presence on the Republican ticket in some way in Kansas next fall would lend strength to the ticket whether he be present in the state or not.

On the sword presented to Funston are the words: "Presented to Brigadier General Funston by the People of Kansas." The words "Through the Topeka Capital" are left off. They should not have been left off. The Capital deserves them.

There is some sort of trouble between Governor Stanley and the politicians at Topeka. The politicians say Stanley didn't handle himself right in San Francisco, that he didn't shake hands with a single private soldier, and stuck too close to the officers.

In Greenwood county the Republicans forget to file the nomination papers of their county candidates in time. They are now manufacturing the county clerk through the supreme court to put the name of the Republican candidates on the official ballot.

Chief Hester is working to combine all the fifteen churches of Hiawatha into one church. He says: "We have fourteen or fifteen ministers who perform their duties religiously enough; but one good, strong man, one good, strong man, who gives the spiritual advice and comfort our people need and can carry."

Funston, in a lecture to the students of the Stanford university last week, blamed the cause of the trouble there, he is reported to have said: "If congress would drive out the friars and confiscate every inch of church property the bottom would

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A lady of Bucks Co., Penn., declares that Ripans Tablets are the best medicine for young and old that one could possibly use. After an attack of the gripe several years ago (she says) I was troubled more than ever before with bad feelings when first waking in the morning, being numb and stiff and my brain dull and aching. A Ripans Tablet taken at night did not seem to stop the morning trouble. Some time ago I thought I would take a Tablet in the morning when first waking, so one morning when I felt too miserable to rise, I had a Ripans Tablet handed to me. I took it and after a few minutes was surprised to find that I felt able to rise and was soon about doing my daily work. Now I always keep the Tablets on a stand at my bedside and use them whenever I wake feeling dull and out of sorts, and they have never failed to act like a charm. This lady's daughter finds that Ripans Tablets act well on her children, also. One little one, two years old, who is cutting teeth, suffers from fevers and stomach troubles. One-third of a Tablet three times a day settles her stomach, sweetens her breath and stops the fever.

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