Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

The Kaiser Cries for Blood.

And so Pekin is taken, taken, not fallen, taken after no end of "fuss and feathers," with an insignificant sacrifice of life, but a big expenditure of wind. The combined powers of the civilized world having threatened and blowed for a month or more finally marched on to Pekin and took it. And what have they got? A great big city full of heathen Chinese, but empty of authority. The legations have been rescued and the missionaries and their native consorts are next to care for, and then, unless the destruction and partition of the empire is to follow, the subsequent proceedings will interest America but little. If, however, Germany demands more than a money indemnity in the way of revenge, and if Russia, which seems more than likely, has been playing the powers for selfish purposes, it would be hard to guess what might happen. All that the United States wants is pay for the expense we have gone to in rescuing our legation and missionaries, and an open door for the trading ports of the empire. But Kaiser Wilhelm wants blood, and the Czar wants territory. So what may now and immediately result from this allied march through the Celestial empire the God of Heaven only knows.

But It Makes Them Squirm.

The Democratic national central committee has passed the word along down the line to let the Dingley law alone, as increased exports and higher prices for everything are too marked to successfully combat that part of the Republican policy. The truth is the entire Democratic campaign is to be run on pretences and false issues. The Democratic party at heart is not in favor of giving up the Philippines, nor does it want 16 to 1. The average Democrat would as soon think of giving up Alaska, which we also purchased, as the Philippines. As their leaders and papers have been for months quoting Senator Hoar's speech against the holding of that vast, numerous and rich archipelago, we commend to them that venerable senator's latest utterance, in which he says: "The anti-imperialism of Bryan and that of his party is but a mask—it is a mask to cover the things they have had most at heart from the beginning—it is a mask to cover their purpose to establish the free coinage of silver, a mask to cover their purpose to overthrow the banking system, a mask to cover an attack on the supreme court with a purpose to reorganize it if they can get an opportunity."

The fact that the exportations of 1900 exceeded by $317,749,250 those of any preceding year, and that this increase while apparent in every class is especially marked in manufactures alone, the increase in which amounts to $9,606,808 over 1899, suggests that new markets are being found for American products. A detailed study of our export trade for 1900 shows that this growth is found in every part of the world, and especially in those countries to which all the great manufacturing and producing nations are now looking for an increased market.

What a Prominent Democrat Says.

Croker, by all odds, is the worst man in American politics today, a boss who in ignoring scandals rules only by corruption, and who will endeavor by blackmailing methods to carry New York for Bryan. The fact that the holy mugwump contingent stands shoulder to shoulder with this gambler and horse-racer, this bleeder of prostitutes and filcher of resorts, cuts no ice. All the New York newspapers are discussing the recent attack of Bird S. Coler, the city comptroller, upon Boss Croker. Mr. Coler published a paper in the Independent, which he called an academic discussion of "commercialism in politics," but he pointed out Croker so plainly as the man he was aiming at that nobody could misunderstand what he meant. Subsequently in interviews Mr. Coler told what he meant. He showed how the affairs of New York City were administered by Tammany on lines that approach very closely to blackmail.

The only thing surprising about Mr. Coler's attack is that it should have been made by a Democrat. He finds full justification for what he has said in the reports of the Lexow and Mazet committees of the New York legislature, which exposed Tammany corruption under Croker and his creatures in office. Tammany gets the campaign funds with which it wins Democratic victories in New York by levying blackmail upon the criminals and vicious people of the metropolis, and all the while that organization was the backbone of the national Democracy it depended upon such means to carry elections.

The Census of the Cities.

There is much discontent in several of the windy wonders of the west over their respective census returns. Towns like Kansas City and Chicago evidently expected that the enumerators would verify by oath the annual estimates and claims of the newspapers. But not so. Chicago is more than 300,000 short of the number of inhabitants she has been claiming as shown by the annual school census, and Mayor Harrison has put on his war paint and demands a recount. If Chicago is to have a recount, why not every city that is dissatisfied? Kansas City is also kicking like a bay steer, when everybody knows that when it comes to any claim put forward by the representatives of that municipality it is perfectly safe to divide it by two. All this talk of a new count is nonsense. It should not be granted. Stuffing and falsifying would be the inevitable result. Besides, it is expensive work and the plea of one city granted additional applications by the dozen would follow.

One Hundred Thousand Dollars Per Day.

The income of John D. Rockefeller is said to exceed by far that of any man that ever lived. The stories of his wealth are past belief, certainly beyond the knowledge of the tax collector. His income for a year is millions in excess of all the fabulous accumulation of Croesus. It is said to be twenty-six millions a month, or one hundred thousand dollars for every working day. Reckoning John D. Rockefeller's income at $30,000,000 a year, the New York Herald shows that his annual receipts are nearly equal to those of all Europe's sovereigns combined, which are as follows: Czar of Russia, $12,000,000; Emperor of Germany (as King of Prussia only) $3,000,000; Emperor of Austria-Hungary, $2,850,000; King of Italy, $2,428,000; King of Spain, 2,000,000; Queen of England, $1,925,000; King of Portugal, $534,440; King of Greece, $250,000; King of Norway and Sweden, $575,525; King of Saxony, $735,000; King of Wurtemburg, $449,000; King of Roumania, $237,000; King of Bavaria, $1,412,000; King of Belgium, $660,000; King of Denmark, $227,775; King of Servia, $240,000.

The Kansas Corn Crop Conditions.

The great grain centers are becoming anxious over the Kansas corn crop. These market centers can settle down to the fact that Kansas is going to be millions upon millions of bushels short on her corn crop. Not to exceed a dozen eastern counties will harvest from three-fourths to a full crop. But the famous corn counties of the northern tiers, as well as the big corn section of the lower Arkansas and Walnut river and tributaries will only harvest from one-fourth to one-half a crop. But two or three townships in this, Sedgwick, county will have anywhere near a full crop. And this is true of Sumner, Cowley, Butler and other counties in the southwest. Kansas having her own great herds of cattle and hogs to feed, and next year's fields to seed, will have little or no corn to sell. It would seem, therefore, and the indications are, that both corn and wheat will be sliding upwards in the scale of prices before Christmas.

Pure Petticoat Politics Prevail.

Mollie Lease and Annie Diggs are both posted for speeches at Topeka on the 23d, when the effort is to be made, in conjunction with the Bryanistic notification program to smooth down and snuff out the Middle-of-the-Road Populists, whose convention day it is. In the interest of further fusion Mrs. Diggs, it is suggested, will appear upon the platform in a bloomer costume, and J. Mack Love and Dave Overmeyer in the new man shirt waist, so much talked of. As for Mollie, Jerry et al., they propose to stick to their skirts and breeches respectively. If fusion and fusion disciples were less owl-eyed they would equal a vaudeville and circus combined for real fun.

Another Parasite Discovered.

Reports from Nigeria, where the scientific expedition recently sent out by the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicines is operating, show that the parasite which causes elephantiasis has been discovered in mosquitoes. The leaders of the expedition believe that the experiments which are now being carried on to stamp out malaria by preventing mosquito inoculation can be applied to elephantiasis, which is so prevalent among natives of tropical countries.

Old Time Democrats on Principle.

Those Democrats who love their party know that one more defeat for Bryan means permanent relief from the menace of his issues and of his own deadly personality. Bryan beaten in 1900 means Bryan beaten forever. Old line Democrats hope for Hill in 1904. They hope for a return to sanity and cherished principles. These men will not vote for Bryan this year.

The only reason under heaven why Bryan isn't charging over the country declaring a withdrawal from the Philippines a piece of rank cowardice and a disgrace to the flag is because this administration held onto the Philippines.

John W. Gates, who has been in Europe a month, has already won $1,000,000 on horse races. The reason everything this man touches turns to gold is because there is no more precious metal or it to turn to.

A few men in this country have adopted the shirt waist, but man will have to practice for years before he can hold eighteen pins between his lips and talk eighty words a minute, as the shirt waist girl can.

The reason the situation is clearing up in China is that the other nations see that England is getting ready to grab the heart of the watermelon and let the other nations have the part with the seeds in it.

One of the things which is worrying the "Liberty" copperheads is the fear that the big seaports of this country will be on the Gulf and on the Pacific, and that Boston will dwindle away.

European royalty is pretty badly frazzled. The new King of Italy is so duck-legged that his shoe-strings get in his eyes when he walks and he is taller sitting down than he is standing up.

John W. Gates, having made another million, has decided to run for the senate from Illinois. There is nothing quite so disgusting as the brutal assumption of power in extreme wealth.

Before the accounts with China are entirely closed up Germany would like to see China in the back yard for a few moments. In some settlements, hide is the only legal tender.

John J. Ingalls never climbed the heights that he desired and merited, but he always did have the excruciating pleasure of saying what he thought and in his own way.

The Russian minister will now learn for the first time with great pain that in the eyes of the world he was long ago punched to death with poles and boiled in oil.

Whatever the beauties of the feminine neck as exploited by that open black lace fad, there is no doubt that there is a fresh supply of rubber in the masculine neck.

China is no good in war. China does everything backward, and until the human feet are hung onto the legs different it will not be possible to back into a fight.

There is one thing certain, if Bryan ever does get to the White House that William Bryan, Jr., of his will trade it off for a jack-knife to the boy in the next block.

Before Bryan crosses the Mason and Dixon line to carry on his campaign he should bury that "consent of the governed" argument in some out of the way spot.

Experience is a great teacher, and the skull and crossbones label she put on the Democratic party four years ago hasn't been forgotten by the nation just yet.

There are two reasons why Bryan will never be president of the United States: First, the people do not want him to be, and, second—well, first is enough.

There are all kinds of happiness in the world, but the happiness which has the longest plush on it is just now located in Legation street, Pekin.

The late Collis Huntington accumulated $20,000,000, and he thought so much of every dollar of it that he never ran for the United States senate.

The Boxer movement in China will now sink back into the dead level of Chinese homogeneity, like a thimbleful of water lost in the sea.

Aguinaldo is not the only man who is thoroughly enjoying the anti-expansion campaign in America. Weyler is pleased, too.

Minister Conger's first story of the siege will show that the legationers sweat more blood than the Chinese mob spilled.

The Leverron letter to the Filipinos is a fine example of what we shall get if the deadliest ink in the deadliest pen.

Leverson, the traitor, dares the United States to arrest him. The United States is not sticking pins in dead flies.

The Accounts of Clara.

Clara (a young wife, aged 20. She is seated at a table, holding one hand to her head, and with a pencil in the other hand adding up a column of figures, which she counts aloud and on her fingers. The table is strewn with sheets of paper; she has a school arithmetic in front of her and an account book).

"* * * and six make forty-five and eight fifty-three, and then the seventy-eight I had over after dividing by that thirty-five * * * (she throws down the pencil in despair, and getting up from the table presses both her hands to her forehead).

"Oh, these figures! I always have had a horror of figures * * * it was a presentiment, I am sure. At school I hated adding up, and I never tried to either; I never opened an arithmetic if I could help it.

"After we had been married about six months, though, Jack said to me one morning: 'I have about £50 that I want to put out. I shall have to see about it. It seems there is a good affair just now in China; their loan at 5½ per cent——'

"'Oh, Jack!' I exclaimed, 'China! Do you mean you would have to go to China?'

"Jack roared with laughter at my distress, but he was in reality greatly flattered, I know.

"'Do just as you like,' I said, feeling rather mortified; 'you never take my opinion seriously, and besides I do not know in the least what you mean with your 3 per cent—three what?'

"He took the trouble to explain, but he still looked amused.

"'A hundred pounds that I should give, and then at the end of the year they would give me three.'

"The flagrant injustice of such a proceeding scandalized me.

"'You would give them a hundred pounds and they would give you three pounds!' I interrupted. 'Thank you, and you call that a good thing! You would certainly do better to keep your five hundred pounds.

"The more I argued the more Jack laughed; it was perfectly ridiculous. He only stopped every now and then to kiss me and to tell me that I was the most charming wife in the whole world. But for the next six months he never attempted to talk to me about figures and money matters.

At the end of that time one day when I was rocking little Jacqueline to sleep my husband came in the room and put on my lap an exercise-book with a green cover, this very one (picking up the account-book on the table), and making a very grand little speech he began to tell me that now as misiress of the house and mother of a family I must begin to keep an account of our expenses and try to put by some money for our little girl.

"It was all in vain that I pleaded natural incapacity. Jack persisted, and it was finally decided that every month he should put into the little drawer of my writing table a certain sum (I don't know how much he said, for I never took any notice), and that I should use from that just as much as I liked, but I must undertake to write down in the wretched account-book my expenses, and then once a month just add them up.

"The two first months of this new arrangement I had great success—a perfect triumph, in fact. I had not spent all the money; there was some left in the drawer at the end of each month, and this was to be put by for little Jacqueline.

"Today is the end of the third month, and I found this morning that I had only seven-pence-halfpenny, and on adding up my expenses in the green book it certainly seemed to me that I had spent rather a large sum * * * a hundred pounds it was altogether. I felt sure Jack would grumble * * * figures are so alarming when once they are added up.

During luncheon I was as pleasant as I could possibly be, hoping that my husband would take it all in good part, and as I passed him the radishes I put on my most irresistible smile as I said, 'Jack, do you know I have not saved a farthing this month; just imagine it, I have spent a hundred pounds.'

"Jack dropped the radishes onto his plate and looked at me as though he were thunderstruck.

"'A hundred pounds! Did you say a hundred pounds? No, you are joking.'

"'Not at all,' I said, speaking playfully, in order to give him time to recover. 'I mean a hundred pounds. It seems a large sum to me, but I cannot help it, and the figures are all there, you can see for yourself.'

"'But, Clara, my dear child, what foolish, mad expense have you been running into without even telling me?'

"This accusation made me indignant, and I answered, angrily: 'No mad expense at all that I know of. I have bought myself a hat and a few other little things for Jacqueline.'

"My husband's face turned red, and he spoke in a hard tone: 'Clara, if you have let yourself be persuaded into anything foolish you might at least be frank enough to own it. I must insist on your explaining clearly the meaning of this unheard of extravagance.'

"'I will not have you accuse me of deceitfulness,' I exclaimed, 'and as to explaining clearly it seems to me I have already done so.'

"'As you like, but what I have to say about this matter is that our simple way of living does not justify your spending money in this extravagant manner. The only thing left for me to suppose is that you have been giving some grand receptions to which I have not been invited, and that you have ordered dresses——'

"'That's quite enough, thank you,' I said in a perfect fury of concentrated rage and indignation.

"Suddenly Jack threw his serviette down on the table.

"'Clara, I cannot understand the childish way in which you are acting. Why should you want to hide things from me like this? If I am to pay your debts I must know——'

"'My debts?' I exclaimed. 'What debts, if you please?'

"'Well, the seventy pounds that you owe, and which I have not by me at present.'

"'But I don't owe seventy pounds. I have not asked you for any money, and I do not owe a farthing. I have paid for everything I have bought.'

"'But how have you paid—what money have you used?'

"'Why, the money you put in the drawer at the beginning of the month, of course.'

"'The money I put in the drawer! Have you managed to pay a hundred pounds with that? I put thirty pounds in the drawer.'

"We sat and gazed at each other in wonder.

"'Wed, my book is there, and you can see for yourself,' I said at last. 'I added it up four times, and I am certain it is a hundred pounds, and I know I have paid for everything.' I got up, and fetching the famous account-book laid it before my husband.

"'He planned down the lines, and then suddenly burst into a roar of laughter.

"'I bent over the book, and he pointed to a line which I had at the time written with great pride:

"'Twelve pinafores at 8s 10d each, £5.'

"'You forgot to get the shilling to pounds, that is all,' said Jack.

"'No, I remember doing it,' I said.

"'Well, you've put it down again here, then, under "Things for Jacqueline." Here is £1 10s. That's it.'

"'Be quiet,' I said. 'I don't see anything to laugh at. You were perfectly horrid.'

"He vowed and declared that he would never be horrid again, and that he would not even say that three pounds ten was a great deal to spend on pinafores.

"'I promised to buy myself an arithmetic like we had at school (she picks it up off the table), and, so my lesson's has come back to me, and I am going to do an hour's arithmetic every day. Jack on his side promised lots of things. It's all the same, though.'

Fun of the World.

Among the visitors to the national capital last winter was a southerner named McMillan, now a lawyer in New York. During the rebellion McMillan was a soldier in the Confederate army which opposed Sherman's march to the sea. At one place in Georgia a brigade of Confederates made a most determined stand.

"We occupied a hill well adapted to defense," said Mr. McMillan. "The sides were steep and nearly bare. At the top were plenty of rocks to shelter our guns and men. Half way down the slope we cut young trees and constructed an abattis. Here we awaited attack, and did not wait in vain. The vanguard of Sherman's army approached, and without delay rushed to the assault. They came bravely up the hills, and we mowed them down. With splendid courage the federals came again and again, and our artillery and rifle fire played havoc among them. Night put a temporary stop to the onslaught, but next day it was renewed. More troops had come up by this time, and the number of our assailants was increased, but the result was the same. We beat them back again and again with great slaughter. Finally the attack ceased, altogether. To our surprise we saw the federal armies marching southward through the valleys to the left and to the right of us. By next day all had disappeared. Left alone with no foe to storm our position, there was nothing for us to do but to abandon our stronghold and move on in the rear of the northern armies. It was Tecumseh Sherman himself who had arrived at the base of our fortified hill and ordered a cessation of the attack. Years afterward General Sherman and I chanced to be dining side by side at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. I asked if it was true he had ordered abandonment of the assault upon our hill. He said it was.

"'Why did you do it?' I asked.

"'For the simple reason,' replied General Sherman, 'that by that time I had seen enough fighting to know the value of the way around.'"

Paul Deroulede, the French politician, is a mass of apparent contradictions. He is an agnostic who contributes generously to the church charities, a Republican who desires to overthrow the republic, a peace advocate who favors riot and insurrection, a free trader who upholds prohibitory tariff, and a Democrat who even aids the royalist party of France. His contrariety is well illustrated by a recent story. He was discussing the Boer war with a number of friends, and after a fierce diatribe against England, said very earnestly:

"I pray that the British will be unmercifully beaten."

"Why, I thought you disliked the Dutch," interrupted a friend.

"Dislike them? I pray that they will be exterminated," he declared with genuine fervor.

A weary congressman, who could "snore upon the flint," occupied a room adjoining a German musician's.

"You will have to give me another room, I guess," said the congressman to the hotel clerk.

"What's the matter? Aren't you comfortable where you are?"

"Well, not exactly. That German musician in the next room and I don't get along well. Last night he tooted away on his clarinet so that I thought I never would go to sleep. After I had caught a few winks I was awakened by a pounding at my door. 'What's the matter?' I asked. 'If you please,' said the German, 'dot you vould schnore of der same key. You was go from B flat to G, and it spoils der music.'"

One Sunday the minister of a small northern country parish church had the misfortune to forget his sermon, and did not discover his loss till he reached the church, says a Glasgow correspondent. Suddenly an idea struck him. He sent for John, the beadle, and instructed him to give out the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm (containing 176 verses), while he hurried home for his sermon. On his journey back to church he saw the faithful beadle standing at the church door waving his arms and urging him to hurry. On reaching the door he exclaimed:

"Are they all singing, yet, John?"

"Aye, sir," replied John: "They're at it yet, but they're cheepin' like sparries."

One summer when William M. Evarts was at his country home in Windsor, Vt., a farmer who had followed his political career in the newspapers for many years was extremely anxious to see him in the flesh, and drove eighteen miles into town in order to catch a glimpse of his idol.

Senator Evarts at that time was being entertained constantly, dining out almost every night, and as he drove out of his grounds to an appointment one evening the farmer was lying in wait for him in the road. The latter, seeing the pale, ascetic face and meagre form of the famous statesman, was disappointed.

"Well, I declare," he exclaimed, "looks as if he'd always boarded!"

Moltke's reticence was so proverbial, says The Argonaut, that, as the King's birthdays approached, there used to be bets among the officers and the general staff as to how many words Moltke would use in proposing the toast of the day. Some backed a nine-word speech, others put their money on eight words. Moltke's habit was to say: "To the health of his Majesty, Emperor and King;" or "To his Imperial Majesty's health." In 1881 an oyster breakfast was staked on the Marshal's not using more than nine words. But, because he began with the word "gentlemen," the bet was lost. The loser comforted himself by saying: "He's aging, is Moltke; he's getting loquacious!"

The New York Telegram relates a story of a little girl, the daughter of a clergyman, who was ailing, and in consequence had been put to bed early.

"Mamma," said she, "I want to see my dear papa."

"No, dear," said her mother. "Papa is not to be disturbed just now."

Presently came the pleading voice:

"I want to see my papa."

"No," was the answer. "I cannot disturb him."

Then the four-year-old parishioner rose to a question of privilege.

"Mamma," said she, "I am a sick woman, and I want to see my minister!"

An amusing instance of newspaper misapprehension was that which reported the Tsung-li-Yamen as declaring that they could not have assassinated the envoys, because Confucius taught that ambassadors must not be murdered in the spring or autumn. It should have read that Confucius in his 'Spring and Autumn' taught that ambassadors must not be murdered. Another of his aphorisms worth recalling to the memory of the Tsung-li-Yamen is that 'not more surely does the grass bend before the wind than the masses yield to the will of those above them.'"

A Polish couple came before a justice of the peace to be married. The justice looked at the document which authorized him to unite in matrimony Zacharewicz Perczynski and Lonkawarda Jeulinowska. "Ahem!" he said. "Zacharewicz—h'm—h'm—ski, do you take this woman——?" and so forth. "Yes, sir," responded the young man. "Yes—h'm—ska, do you take this man to be——?" and so forth. "Yes, sir." "Then, I pronounce you man and wife," said the justice, glad to find something he could pronounce; "and I heartily congratulate you both on having reduced these two names to one."

It is told of a farmer living near Guthrie that he was given an invitation while in town the other day to listen to a phonograph. He was shown how to adjust the cylinders and the machine started. Suddenly he dropped the whole thing and started for the street, exclaiming: "Gosh! There comes a brass band up the street, and I left the mules untied!"

How the Manchus Conquered.

The rise of the Manchu race to its present position in the politics and affairs of the world is a wonderful story of courage, battlefield victories, dark treachery and indomitable perseverence. In the middle of the fifteenth century the race consisted of three small tribes living near the borders of what is now the Chinese Empire, and only escaping the designation of nomads because, in the winter months, they had some settled home. Even in those days they were known and feared by the surrounding tribes for their daring, their contempt for death and their willingness to run any risk to add to their herds and possessions.

Gradually, as they grew in power and influence, they began to absorb neighboring peoples until at the beginning of the sixteenth century they had become the most populous and powerful race on the borders of the celestial empire.

Since their birth as a nation the Chinese had harassed them continually and border troubles had grown thick and fast. A century of persecution bred in the hearts of these people such a hatred of the Chinese race that they gradually began to long for a sweeping and terrible revenge. In the year 1601 the Manchus were possessed of a standing army composed of hardy fighters, and fourteen years after that the project of an invasion of China was thoroughly discussed and finally arranged.

In 1616 the forces of the two nations met on the borders, and in what came to be known as the "Yang Wah Sut"—the battle of the terrible blade—the Chinese were completely routed. The conquerors, crossing the border at its northwestern extremity, ravaged the towns and villages of the empire for hundreds of miles, and in three years had secured and held in subjection a section of territory as large as their own possessions on the other side of the boundary. In 1619 the Chinese, led by the Emperor Hwi Nang in person, and numbering, it is estimated by the chroniclers of those days, 240,000 troops, advanced to give battle to the invaders. The fight lasted four days, and the Chinese forces were literally cut to pieces. The emperor was killed and half his army were destroyed.

Even after this great victory the Manchus felt their way very cautiously. They advanced along toward the interior slowly and deliberately, capturing and pacifying district after district and carefully refraining from any rapid movement in a country densely populated by hostiles. In 1627 a new king ascended the throne of China. Hundreds of thousands of his subjects congregated in the Yangtse Valley for a celebration in connection with his ascension. The invaders chose their time and swooped down on them, cutting the dykes of the Yangtse river and spreading death and desolation everywhere. Awed by the calamity and the menace of a strange and powerful people in their midst, great numbers of Chinese came over to the enemy and openly avowed allegiance to their conquerors. The new emperor was a weakling, with none of the instincts of a soldier, and, believing that the time was ripe for a masterful stroke, the invaders began to push on to Peking.

In the year 1643 they reached the walls of the forbidden city, with every foot of the country that lay between them and their own native land not only under subjection but enjoying a fairly good government. There never was any more deliberate or better planned conquest in the history of the world. Before the Manchus advanced from a captured district it had been practically made a part of their own nation. If they could not accomplish this change in one year they waited five.

In front of Peking the invaders halted for two months. One night traitors opened the gates of the city and for twenty-four hours the thoroughfares ran blood. The palaces and all vestige of Chinese authority were swept away, and before the year was over China's first Manchu ruler ascended the throne.

The dynasty has remained there from that day to this. Instead, however, of stamping its impress on the country or bringing with it any changes in the life or methods of the Chinese its Manchurian customs have almost completely died out and the Chinese literature, religion and habits have thoroughly transformed the conquerors. And, more than that, the Chinese have actually overrun Manchuria and so stamped it with the Chinese hall mark that the Manchu nation, as a nation, has been practically wiped off the map.

Though China has obtained this mild-mannered revenge on the invaders, the very great mass of the people have never been reconciled to the conquering dynasty, and the whole southern and southeastern part of the empire, with its teeming millions of people, may be likened to a smoldering volcano, ready at any moment to break out into rebellion and place a Chinese family on the throne. In the whole 250 years since the Ming dynasty began to rule this determination has been kept steadily alive.

The great Tai Ping rebellion, in spite of all the terrible charges that were laid at the door of the rebels and generally believed, was treated by the European governments in a manner that they are now beginning to realize was entirely wrong. England and France, failing to see in it the uprising of a great national spirit which could never be kept down permanently, sided with the Ming dynasty, and it was this assistance that saved the throne and smothered the rebellion. What has Europe won from it? Only the bitter hatred and scorn of the race that it saved and kept in power. For thirty-five years the Mings have dealt black dagger thrusts and insults for every kindness showered upon them.

It is the general sentiment among white people who have lived among the Chinese and who claim to understand some little about their motives and their ambitions, that China will never be in a settled condition until this Ming dynasty has been exterminated or banished once and for all and the old Chinese line of emperors seated on the throne. The great Province of Sze Chuan is the head and front of the Tai Ping power, a power that is steadily growing and patiently making for its ultimate object—the overthrow of the line that usurped the throne 250 years ago.

The Chinese who stand for a return of the old kings occupy a vast stretch of territory covering an area of 1,000 square miles, with its northern boundary extending 200 miles along the Yangtse and running south in an irregular breadth of from 100 to 300 miles. The provinces embraced in this section of the empire contain from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 people. And these millions ever keep alive the belief that some fine day they will be able to rise again and do away with the Manchu dynasty.

These people are intelligent fatalists; they never quarrel with facts. And their patience is as deep as the sea. They will wait for the opportunity, and when it comes they will strike.

Till that time China will never be at peace.

Every-Day Life.

(From the New York Weekly.)

Mrs. D'Avmoo (at front window)—Officer!

Policeman—Yes, ma'am. What's wrong, ma'am?

Mrs. D'Avmoo—Nothing wrong; but I wish you'd step into the kitchen and tell the cook not to burn the meat, as she did last night. I'm afraid so.

Cock of the Walk.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

Mamma—I'm glad to see you are playing with good little boys now.

Tommy—Yes'm. They ain't like the other kinds. I kin lick any one of these kids if I want ter.

Special Advantages.

"What makes you so sick and pale?" asked the spaniel.

"O, I got lots of sleep," replied the bull pup. "I'm the watch dog, you know."

Outlines of Oklahoma.

The other day in Kay county a man was fined $25 for assisting a prisoner to escape.

Chester Long and Dennis Flynn will have joint meetings in Sumner county early in September.

A man has been found in Logan county who will vote for Neff because he doesn't want to see statehood come.

The body of the late Captain Huston of Oklahoma has reached San Francisco. He will be buried at Columbus, Ohio.

The boys who enlisted at Oklahoma City to go to China will find the war at an end before they reach the Philippines.

Oklahoma hasn't had the hot end of the drouth this year. There hasn't been a heat prostration in the territory this summer.

From the way the introducers continue to fill up the jails about three hundred Indians in Oklahoma ought to be named Drop-Too-Much.

The men who are against Flynn are now talking hard about the perfect fusion that is being accomplished in the different counties.

Ne-kah-wah-she-tun-kah, who has been elected chief of the Osages, ought to put that name up in alcohol and sell it to a tapeworm doctor.

Neff says that the corporations are against him and he is against the railroads. But will Neff refuse to travel on a pass? Not this year.

The members of Barnes' administration are not going to trample anybody under foot in their anxiety to put up their political assessments.

Next week Frank Eddy addresses several meetings in Oklahoma for Flynn. Eddy is accounted the ugliest and one of the brightest men in congress.

The Ponca City Courier handles a delicate subject by saying that the Oklahoma soil is coming to the conclusion that it is a long time between drinks.

It has been dry just long enough for the South Canadian river without rhyme, reason or logic to get up and rage as it has a habit of doing in the middle of summer.

It has been settled that the fortune of the Reverend James, who was to build a university at Oklahoma City, never existed and Oklahoma City will never forgive Guthrie for the smile that she wears.

The Newkirk Herald, Neff's organ, says that if elected Flynn does not expect to get statehood for Oklahoma. How long ago was it that the Herald was declaring that Neff didn't expect to get free homes?

A little boy recovered some stolen horses near Ada, Indian territory, the other day and the robber tried to take the horses away from him. The boy shot the robber and sent word to the sheriff that he was ready to give himself up.

It would take two years for Neff to learn the rooms in the interior department, to say nothing of the men in them and the routine of department work. Flynn knows the interior department better than the secretary of the interior.

A man was talking politics on the streets of Medford the other day, and he mentioned the fact that the southerners were almost all in favor of expansion. "But," he reflected, "I don't see what difference that makes when every doggoned one of them will vote against it."

Stillwater Gazette: While speaking to a small audience in the middle of the street here last Friday night, Judge Neff, the Demo-pop candidate for delegate to congress, said: "In order to illustrate I will have to tell another nigger story." At this a voice in the audience says: "Perhaps you are looking for nigger votes." Neff's reply in tone that indicated that he meant what he said, with emphasis, was: "No, sir; I am not looking for any nigger votes."

Along the Kansas Nile.

Ingalls was always dreaming of writing a novel, but he never did.

Ralph Ingalls, the son who most resembles his father, is now with the army in Manila.

Next week Bryan will be notified of his nomination at Topeka on the eastern steps of the state capitol.

Senator Ingalls' mother, Mrs. Eliza C. Ingalls, still lives at Haverhill, Massachusetts. She will be ninety years old soon.

Ingalls could read intelligently when he was two years old. He said he wrote "Blue Grass" as the education of a boyish fancy.

Ingalls was once an editor, getting out the Atchison Champion for three years. Most of the old Kansans tried their hand on the Champion.

Ex-Speaker Osborn of Salina, who went to England to investigate the supposed fortune of Reverend James, says that the fortune is a fake.

The highly colored lithograph which induced Ingalls to migrate to Kansas is still preserved by the Ingalls family in their home at Atchison.

Captain Fremont, son of the pathfinder of the fifties, who was a major in the Twentieth Kansas, has gone to China in command of American troops.

It has always been a belief with Kansas Republicans that if Populism had sprung the year Plumb was running for re-election, Plumb could have overcome it.

Under Leedy there was an average of ten applicants for every one of the 256 places he had to give out. Under Stanley there has been an average of five.

An effort is being made to have Jesse Lee of Ottawa, the free love advocate who is in the penitentiary for sending obscene letters through the mails, pardoned.

Ingalls was a genius, self-centered, courageous, profound. He had no more business in politics than Goethe, Carlyle or Tolstoi.

The educators of the state are said to be after State Superintendent Nelson because he was favorable to the Normal school at Emporia and the Lindsborg college over other institutions.

As demonstrated by a Wichita man, you can visit the Paris exposition and all of western Europe at a total expense of $65. But you can't do it on that sum and act the Quartier Latin on the side.

Ingalls and Garfield were distantly related, and went to school together. After leaving school Ingalls did not see Garfield again until he entered the senate. They were warm friends until Garfield's death.

Observes the Lawrence Journal: "The brightest woman mind in the United States is Emma Wheeler Wilcox," remarks the Wichita Eagle. Will the Eagle have the kindness to introduce Emma?—The Morgenthaler seems to have already performed that function.

Governor Stanley has a warm fight on him in Shawnee county which claims he hasn't given that county enough. Governor Stanley replies by showing that he has given Shawnee county eighty places. The county getting the next highest number of places is Miami, with 14, and the next Johnson, with 8.

John J. Ingalls: The names of the dead Kansas newspapers outnumber the living; his acts of incorporation for forgotten cities, towns, railroads, for banks, colleges, cemeteries, banks, fill ponderous volumes; the money that has been squandered in these chimerical schemes would build the capitol of prehistoric mounds and cover its dome with beaten gold. But, notwithstanding this random and spasmodic activity, our soil produces less weeds without parallel. No community in the world can show a corresponding advancement in the same time and under similar circumstances.