

Daily Eagle M. H. HURDOCK, Editor.

Once More the Hero of Topolobampo.

Breidenthal has not only proved a dismal failure as a business man, it being a fact that every enterprise with which he has been connected has come out at the debtor end, but it turns out that as a party man he has been everything but a success.

Contributions for Miss Barton's work should be sent to the Red Cross Texas Relief Fund, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Queen Victoria's New John Brown.

Queen Victoria has just taken to herself a new Highland "gillie" or body servant in the personage of Donald Gordon, who, like most of the other Scotch attendants of the queen, was born on her Balmoral estate, and is the son of one of her former servants.

New Process for Preserving Meat.

The steamer Southern Cross, of the Houder Line, has arrived at Liverpool from the River Plate, with a small consignment of Argentine meat, preserved by a new process, the outcome of which is being watched with great interest by shippers and importers.

No Military Honors for Suicides.

Suicides are not unknown in the French army, but when a sergeant of the Second regiment of marines took his own life a few days after a quartermaster of the same regiment had done the same thing, the colonel thought it was time to intervene, and issued an address to the regiment in which he said: "Suicide is a crime."

A Slice of Kansas Optimism.

The El Dorado Republican says that: "We are to have a late fall, a mild winter and an early spring. Cattle will be turned on the grass the latter part of March or the first of April. McKinley will be elected, the Republicans will carry Kansas by 30,000 majority, all the Republicans on the ticket in this county will be elected, the Topolobampo railway will be built, Butler county will gain a thousand in population next year, El Dorado will gain 300, prices will remain up, lands will greatly increase in value and next year will see the best in the history of the state to make money."

Mitchell an Honest Man.

Mr. Hanna has never believed that there was any politics in the coal strike, says a New York telegram to the Chicago Record. He has also had the greatest confidence in President Mitchell from the beginning and has commended him to the hard coal operators as a man of ability and integrity.

Kruger Talked What He Knew.

Kruger declared that England would be compelled to pay, for the Transvaal, a price which would stagger humanity. England had to put 100,000 men in the field and maintain them. Nearly 10,000 of her officers and men gave up their lives and 1,600 more were permanently disabled.

K. C. Platform on McKinley.

When Senator Davis said in Chicago that the Kansas City platform did not denounce the administration of President McKinley for its failures, but for its achievements, he struck off a phrase strong rhetorically and logically; one of those penetrating mental flashlights that illumine a whole field of political shadow.

The World's Last and Greatest War.

Lord Wolseley, commander-in-chief of the British army, is quoted in an interview as saying that China "through love of nature and art must one day develop into a great nation." The end of all things, in Lord Wolseley's opinion, will be China fighting the United States for the supremacy of the world.

Annie Diggs Has the Same Complaint.

It is said that the Philadelphia woman who asserts that she has discovered the secret of perpetual motion, "already has one little machine which has been running for a month without apparent motive power, and which she says will run on indefinitely from now to eternity." Can it be her tongue?

Mr. Conger, in Pekin, is a Christian Scientist, and thanks her friends in America for giving her "strong health thoughts" while she was penned up. She ought to give Chaffee and the King-Jorgensen also a little consideration.

If the queen dowager had a proper idea of things she would grab a Chinese guitar and slip back to Pekin, and under Waldersee's window sing: "I'd leave my happy home for you."

Paul Leicester Ford, the author, flicked a photographer the other day for taking his picture on his wedding day. Kodakery became impudent when its novelty wore off.

Dr. Tilden of Denver is creating a sensation by insisting that people murder themselves by eating too much. But the fat people are not swallowing that statement.

New York police circles are to be stirred up again, and as usual all that will be accomplished will be to get the rest of the United States to hood its nose.

So far President McKinley has not made a single political speech this campaign. Imagine Bryan in the presidency and running for a second term.

The cooking expert, Mrs. Ewing, says that every American man is a saint. The truth is at last coming out.

It is becoming more apparent every day that the Mixer, in-chief in the United States is Theodore Roosevelt.

There are only four more weeks of the campaign button as a part of wearing apparel.

The Savage in Ambush.

It would appear that Captain Devereaux Shields with his fifty men of company F, Twenty-ninth United States Volunteer Infantry, has like many a good soldier before him, been killed in the bush and been gobbled up, body and breeches, catfish and haversack.

At the head of the tree-shadowed pathway which leads to Filartion Walk at York Point stands a marble shaft erected to the memory of brave Dade and his followers, who were ambushed and slain by the Seminoles amid the palmettos and the dense ferns of Florida.

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Oklahoma Rabbit Story.

The End, Poole has taken up the cause of the Best and truest jackrabbit against that upstart and interloper, the Belgian hare, which it considers, naturally speaking, of course, not so many. The Eagle says: "The raising of Belgian hares is quite a fad at the present time, and this animal is setting to be popular in Oklahoma. Mrs. Billings of the Hotel Franke, has done them, and the two original does cost her an even hundred dollars. Mrs. Billings is enthusiastic over the good points in the Belgian hare's character and personality, and has tried to get the Eagle interested also. Mrs. Billings and the Eagle are agreed on politics, religion and the composition of a good meal, not to mention the lesser questions concerning human happiness, but we are not so sure about this Belgian hare proposition. We are rather training with our personal friend of long standing, the western Kansas jack rabbit. We speak of the jack rabbit as a western Kansas production because we believe he originated there, and that it is his natural home. Mrs. Billings is positive that this jack rabbit is not in the same class as the Belgian hare, and we have known the jack rabbit a long while, and he possesses commendable qualities which we do not know are embodied in the hare's make up. True, our friend, when first brought in off the buffalo grass, did not compare favorably in looks with his more aristocratic cousin, and his flesh may not be so delicate and toothsome, but the latter character accounts for it, a measure by the difference in diet. The jack rabbit does not always get the choicest morsels of food, and often lives for long periods on the sage brush and cottonwood bark. After countless generations of such treatment, it is surprising that his flesh is a trifle coarser and not extra fat. However, the Belgian hare, as well as his ancestors from time immemorial, has enjoyed the best provender and care that could be provided, and he would be an ingrate if he did not furnish a good meal. We admire the jack in particular for his staying qualities. No matter whether the mercury stands at 10 in the shade, or 90 below zero, he can always be found at home. He accepts the bounties of nature thankfully when they come his way, and does not kick on a short crop. He doesn't migrate with the ducks and geese, and advancing civilization does not scare him out. The hare has a shade the better of the jack in one respect, and that is that the females produce a fresh litter of young every thirty days. However, this is not an indication of high caste, but quite the contrary; and the jack rabbit breeds plenty fast enough. Given the same care for seventy-five years that the Belgian hare has, the jack rabbit will doubtless develop into just as handsome and just as palatable an article. We would not throw a straw in the way of the Belgian hare fancier, but we are not yet ready to renounce our allegiance to our friend. This paper is as patriotic as its name implies, and we cannot let the national hare of Belgium or any other country, supplant the original American article in our estimation."

The Neodesha Fake.

About the funniest fake that Kansas ever produced is the "Neodesha fake." For months the eastern papers have made frequent mention and allusion to the fact that so and so person can remain fat and live in Neodesha. The Neodesha Register tells of the origin of this story: "That widespread fake about Neodesha being a natural anti-fat sanitarium has reached a stage at which it is no longer a joke. It has gone out to the world that we have no fat folks, that there is some certain property in the soil and old Indian soil that reduces flesh without injuring the health. As a matter of fact the whole story is untrue. If anything, Neodesha has more fleshy people than her share. Of the fat business men who have been here for five years or more, not more than ten or fifteen weigh less than 100 pounds. You who know them all, make your own estimate and see if this is not true. It is highly doubtful if any town of 2,000 persons in America has more persons who weigh more than 200 pounds than has Neodesha."

"This is how it all started: "One day in Jack Bogie's barber shop among the number who were waiting for a shave were Charles Cowdery, one of the editors of the Neodesha Sun, and Charles Wyman, Missouri Pacific railway agent here. Mr. Cowdery is no flesher than he might be and Mr. Wyman is no fatter than Mr. Cowdery. "Why don't you get a little flesh on your rafters," said Mr. Wyman. "At least," said Mr. Cowdery, "I weigh sixteen ounces less than you. You do weigh more than fifteen." "Both of you with towels around your middles wouldn't make one fair representative of starving India," said a third man. "The conversation may not have been that verbatim, but the total is the same anyway. The next week Mr. Cowdery printed in his Sun a five line paragraph to the simple effect that Neodesha had a few persons who, if stood up in a row, striped with towels where the towels ought to be, would look like the pictures of starving India. "It was simply a bit of paragraphed pleasure on the part of the innocent Mr. Cowdery and he had no idea that it would return to him after mighty few days and chase him, perhaps into an early grave. "Mr. Cowdery's Sun circulates as far as Wichita where live half a dozen cannibal dispatches that pay space rates for anything, the only exception being that the anything shall get no nearer the truth than the average Pop prophet does. The next day Mr. Cowdery got a telegram from one of these cannibals asking for a story for the New York Journal showing that Neodesha was the real anti-fat cure. Mr. Cowdery, being an honest man, telegraphed right back and told the Wichita cannibal to write his own story. "The cannibal did. "It was a nice fat subject and this cannibal divided the story with all his brother cannibals. "The result was that every Chicago and New York paper that pays for fool stuff, crowded the headlines with the illustrated stories showing that the great natural diluter of flesh had been found at Neodesha. "Soon fat letters from fat folks began to pour into Neodesha asking about the truth of the story. They came from many places east and west. All letters were answered with the truth, no one being more vexed at the false result of the pleasantness than Mr. Cowdery himself. "Fortunately no fat person came here expecting to be benefited in spite of the fact that really reliable papers were found out taking the fake seriously. "This is the truth and the whole truth. The only anti-fat cure that Neodesha has is the same two words that may be found everywhere and anywhere—work and work."

"Knew His Territory. "Stranger in Nebraska—"What is that crowd around the man who seems to be holding something in his hand? "Native—"Why, they're the patrons of Bunko Bob, the reformed good brick man." "Stranger—"What is he doing? Frisking to them?" "Native—"O, no. He didn't reform that way. He's selling them silver bricks now." "Stranger—"American. "In order that there may be no misunderstanding, it should be stated that the Hon. Adlai Stevenson is not running on his war record but on a spite of it—New York Mail and Express. "Well, you give the Salvation Army cent and the Red Cross a dime. I'm great in front of the Bunko Bob's. "I can't do it," said the Democrat. "I'm opposed to militarism."

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