Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

COLONEL HUGHES' RADICAL STEP.

A fine question has come up in the Topeka campaign for the mayoralty. Colonel J. W. F. Hughes, the nominee for mayor, who won through the support of the Law and Order crowd, is an inveterate smoker of cigarettes. This habit is not approved by the Good Citizens' club, which sent a delegation to Colonel Hughes to demand that he draw the coffin-nails, which are clinched on the other side of the colonel's nature.

Now, Colonel Hughes is willing to do anything beyond reason to please the Amalgamated Meddlers of Topeka and the Ancient Order of Busybodies, but here he was asked to build up a high wall between himself and the cigarette habit, and he did not grab the paper cylinder from his mouth and tread it under foot.

He paused and considered. Then he delivered himself of this: "I am my own boss now and can do as I please."

Thereupon the Sunbonnet Chapter of the Order of Confirmed Scolds looked shocked. No one in all the history of Topeka has ever been his own boss. He is always his neighbor's boss. It is the Topeka way.

But Colonel Hughes qualified. He paused and considered again and added this amendment: "But when I take the oath of office as mayor, then I become the servant of the people."

The Sublime Sisters of the Anti-Corset League looked interested.

And Colonel Hughes continued: "And as the respectable element of society decrees that its servant should not smoke cigarettes, I will swear off inauguration day."

And that proved satisfactory, as in Topeka promise always proves satisfactory, and performance never. But that aside, Colonel Hughes has initiated a profound reform in the campaign methods of Kansas. It is this: Swear off nothing during the campaign. Be what you are. Make no false pretenses in the campaign canvass. If you are a pirate, be a pirate while the strenuous contest rages.

But the day of the inauguration, reform. Call for a harp and a pair of Plymouth Rock wings, take a Turkish bath, a halo and a copy of Baxter's Saint Rest and soar.

The old method was the opposite. The impious man as a candidate reformed during the campaign. He rolled his eyes with the deacon and lengthened his face with the moralist, and, election over, spent his term of office knocking an official salary to smithereens by increasing all his bad habits and forgetting to affect even the good ones.

Colonel Hughes has changed all that. He can be as bad as he wants to during the campaign, but election day, ho, warders, ho; bring forth the pinions.

RILEY'S LATEST POEM.

We do not like James Whitcomb Riley's latest poem on General Harrison. It sounds flat. It is flat. All poetry written on occasion is flat. If a recent exception were to be made, we would select "Lest We Forget." All the good poetry ever written would make a small book and no more.

You can begin with Chaucer and come on down through Shakespeare's time to Tennyson, who wrote a deal for poetry that is not, and the great mass of poetry is kept in print because it is from the hands of men who gave a few things from their hearts to the world worth preserving, and the assumption follows that the rest must have merit.

Effort kills poetry. The strenuous soul can't get his dipper into divine afflatus. The pigeon holes of the desks of the Eagle office are clogged with poems. They are mostly all words. There isn't a drop of heart's blood in any of them. They are unconscious copies of other more or less popular poems, and they are rot.

Our idea of a poet is a man or woman who from active revolt against bread and butter has passed to a state of complete indifference to material things, a man who in this partial state of lunacy puts his ear to the bosom of Nature and counts her heart-beats; who sees the sign of infinity in the open face of the daisy, and reads a message to the hollow of the buttercup; who holds converse with the stars, and is spiritually quickened by the sunlight.

If this intensity happens to have voice, or feel the necessity of voice, it will write down quickly without effort and without vanity. Like as not, it will chuck the result in some out-of-the-way place and let it lie there forever.

And yet the only one who really lives is the poet. Youth nearly always has a touch of poetry. But from the green meadows of the love of Nature, a bread and butter world leads most individuals off with a halter, ties 'em in a stall, jabs their noses down in the trough of worldly things, and knocks the last possibility of inspiration out of them.

RUSSIA AND THE HOG ACT.

Count Cassini persists in going back to certain promises which Russia made last summer and in ignoring certain demands which Russia has formulated within the last three weeks. For that reason his explanations concerning Manchuria are both wearisome and disingenuous. He fails to credit Americans with memories or discernment.

There is in St. Petersburg at the present time one, Yang Yu, who may occasionally take a cynical pleasure in the reflection that he was China's representative at The Hague conference, says the Chicago Times-Herald. But for the most part he is much occupied with communications from the Russian government and recently he was called upon to sign a convention with that persuasive institution which is far more to the point than the count's protestations. Of this document he telegraphed a copy to Peking, and certain of its articles are to the following effect:

Owing to the present unsettled state of the country the number of Russian soldiers policing the railway shall be augmented until the pacification of the country is complete.

Chinese troops are practically forbidded access to the territory.

Russia will determine the number of Chinese police patrols to be employed; the importation of arms into Manchuria is forbidden.

Russia will determine what arms the police shall carry.

No national or any other country can resume official duties in Manchuria.

No nation of any other country except Russia can be employed for drilling Chinese soldiers or sailors in North China.

In Manchuria, Mongolia and Chinese Turkestan no railway, mining or other concession shall be granted to the nationals of any other power, nor can China herself construct any railroad. Excepting at Newchwang it is not permitted to lease land to foreigners.

The railway indemnity shall be paid in full or a commercial concession accepted in part payment.

These in substance or in the precise terms are part of the conditions which have been telegraphed from Pekin to the London Times. They reveal undoubtedly a determination by Russia to hold the province in subjection and to exact from it more and more exclusive privileges, to the manifest disadvantage of all other nations. It is bosh, therefore, to say that the Muscovites have no designs upon Manchuria, and that their chief thought is the preservation of Chinese territorial integrity.

POMP MAY BE POPULAR.

An interesting question will be tested when the British people get accustomed to the differences which their new sovereign evidently intends to make in the customs and ways of the court. He clearly means to have royalty stand for more pomp and outward show, more ceremony and less quiet life in modest country mansions. There will be far less of the simple, retired comfort which the Queen used to find in the Highlands, and on the Isle of Wight, and London will see much more of the glitter and splendor of a great court.

The natural tendency will be to make the sovereign seem farther from the common people and nearer to the leaders of fashion, the rich and aristocratic families of the realm. The Queen was a strong Conservative in her political feeling, but she was very simple in her tastes and ways of living, most of the time during her long reign. The new King has seemed extremely free and easy of access as the heir to the throne, but can he maintain his hold upon the common people while he increases the outward display and ceremony of the court?

Some who know England well think he will strengthen his popularity. They argue that all classes like the glamour and glitter of regal pomp. It is claimed that kings have been too much given to cheapening their estate and themselves in the critical eyes of the modern world by their use of ordinary garments and by the freedom with which they have gone about with few attendants, or none at all.

To this theory the answer is ready that the most simple-loving and simple-mannered rulers of Europe in recent times have been the best loved and most secure in the veneration of their people. That is true of the Austrian Emperor. It was true of the Queen. It was the case in Italy in Humbert's time. Even the Czar has a very modest and simple way of going about in civilian dress. His photographs are largely those of a man who might be a merchant or manufacturer, for all the visible evidence of rank or distinction.

The British test, apparently sure to be made, will be none the less interesting. It will throw some light on the drift of sentiment in the freest great country which still clings to the hereditary institutions of monarchy

CHANGES IN OUR NATIONAL DIET.

Interesting light is thrown on our national tendencies in diet by the figures of per capita consumption given in the Statistical Abstract of the United States or 1900, just issued.

Taking the twenty-year period from 1880 to 1900, many remarkable changes have taken place in the eating and drinking of the American people. The New York World points out that we were eating 5.35 bushels of wheat and wheat flour and 28.88 bushels of corn and cornmeal per head per year in 1880. Last year we ate only 4.14 bushels per head of wheat and wheat flour and only 24.44 bushels of corn and cornmeal. Thus in twenty years our annual consumption of cereals has been reduced by 5.05 bushels per head.

Within the same two decades our yearly consumption of sugar has increased from 42.9 pounds to 65.2 pounds per capita, an increase as significant as the decrease in our use of cereal foods. Evidently we are tending as a nation to make sugar rather than bread our staff of life. Whether at the some time we are not also increasing our yearly meat bills is a point on which the government statistics are silent.

In the matter of our liquid refreshments the most striking change since 1880 has been in the per capita annual consumption of malt liquors, which has very nearly doubled. Meantime our yearly allowance of distilled spirits is just exactly the same now as twenty years ago—1.27 gallons per head. On consumption of wine decreased 25 per cent in the same period. But we called for 1.02 pounds more coffee and two-fifths of a pound less tea per head in 1900 than we did in 1880.

Mrs. Roe, a rich widow of New York, who for years hung her money on a limb outside the window so she could truthfully say to burglars that she had no money in the house, died last week. And, strange to say, she died a natural death.

Professor Fulton of Chicago says that in 1950 Satan, who lives in Saturn, will descend upon the earth. Fulton is crazy. He doesn't bother Chicago. But if he lived in Kansas some one would make a political issue of him.

We are becoming an old nation. Down in southeastern Indiana among the trees is the old tomb of William Henderson Harrison. And at Indianapolis there is a new grave of the first Harrison's grandson, who died an old man.

If you will keep on doing one thing long enough you will become famous. Bryan is now spoken of as "the twice defeated candidate for the presidency." In the history of the country he enjoys this distinction alone.

Nearly a million pairs of American shoes are now sold yearly in the British market. And yet during the revolution one of the American mottoes directed at Great Britain was "Don't tread on me."

This nation has never yet fully appreciated President McKinley. He will grow more in the hearts of the people in the next four years than he has in the last four years great as that growth has been.

King Edward VII. is not developing a quality nearly every one expected—of getting out on the front porch every morning and saying in a loud, harsh voice: "I'm king around here, mind you."

Olney will be the Democratic presidential nominee in 1904. And he seems to know it, for he is as quiet and contented as a country editor with three county commissioners

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A fool and his money are soon parted, but it takes a wise man like Mr. Carnegie quite a while to part company with his, even when he hids it good-bye a million at a time.

President McKinley will promote neither Sampson nor Schley now. Which shows that a letter may sometimes tear a bigger hole than a thirteen-inch shell.

The specialists in the east are now claiming that the family doctor is passing away. But he isn't. The people who do not patronize him, however, are.

There is nothing in evolution. Else Castellane when he slapped De Roday would have stretched up on his toes and crowed.

DeWet refuses to sleep inside his camp or to impart his plans to any one. Perhaps DeWet has read of Maximilian.

There is one thing dead certain about Mr. Schwab's one million dollar salary. He doesn't earn it. He never can.

The gladsome period is again approaching when the Arkansas river gets all damp.

Holland now has a cabinet crisis on hand. This will probably prove the eclipse of Wilhelmina's honeymoon.

The most noted attribute of Benjamin Harrison was that his hand was never glad when his heart wasn't.

Carnegie is making those million dollar contributions to colleges by Rockefeller look pigmy.

The honor of M. Buffet and M. Deroulede is safe, and so is their life.

Our troops are getting out of China. But they will go back again.

If DeWet has gone mad, the Transvaal's game is up.

A HOPELESS LOVE.

"Tomorrow!" There was so much incredulous, passionate pain in the man's voice that even haughty Lenore Glenco turned a little pale; yet other men—prouder men—who had conquered fortune and wrung laurels from the reluctant hand of fame, had bent as low before her beauty and her power as did this struggling artist—this stranger whom her father had employed to paint her in all her languid loveliness.

"Tomorrow!" he said once more, with working lips. "I did not know it—I did not dream it. Tomorrow!"

A haughty anger lighted in her azure eyes; then the long golden lashes hid them, and she swept the draperies of velvet aside and looked once more at the portrait on the easel. Her own face, calm and regal and alluring, her own form, with all its sovereign grace.

"You seem very much surprised, Herr Griswold," she said slowly, in chill, musical accents. "Yet, I fancy most of the people who have heard of me know that on the morrow I become a bride. I am glad the portrait is finished; I could not give another sitting, and I wished my father to have this reminder of me. You have made of it a marvelous likeness, albeit a trifling flattering. I will send my father to you, and now will you farewell."

She allowed the velvet to fall and hide the portrait, and with a slight inclination of her stately, sunny head, turned away.

But she had not gone half a dozen steps when the young man darted before her and flung himself on his knees at her feet, lifting a face as white as sea foam to the light that came redly in from the western window.

"Oh, do not leave me so! I know my presumption, my madness, but listen; let me say it once in words—I have told you in a hundred ways unreproved—I love you—I love you!"

The eyes of the beautiful girl fairly flashed, then grew cruelly cold and hard as blue steel.

"Unreproved?" she said, haughtily. "Do you know why, sir painter? Because we do not reprove what we do not design to notice. What madness has made you forget that I am the daughter of Baron Glenco, the affianced of the Marquis Le Noir? While you—you have been employed by my father to but paint me, as you have done. Rise, Herr Griswold, or at least suffer me to pass."

"Oh, for the love of pity, leave me but a touch of your hand—but a single word!" he prayed. "I know how true it all is that you have said; but I am mad—mad! And tomorrow you become a bride; Oh, bend to me once; lay your hand even on my hair, and I will forever bless you! I am dying of my love.

His voice broke into sobs—hoarse, strained sobs—that lifted his bosom convulsively and shook his whole slight, graceful form; the masses of rich hair had grown damp on his forehead; his eyes had such a pain in them as comes to the eyes of a stricken deer.

But the woman before him, held there by the hands fastened in her velvet dress did not soften, did not bend; instead, a slow, angry, haughty color flushed her flawless face.

"You are man," she said, coldly, scornfully, drawing her robes from his tremulous hands, and directing her golden head with a more than human pride. "I bend to you! I lay my hand in yours! Let me again remind you I am a noble's daughter, and royal blood is in my veins. You have surely forgotten that I am not a peasant, to whom your love would be welcome and your emotion a compliment."

"Hear me! Say one kindly word, to prove that you are human, and can feel for me, as even a queen might feel for one who loved her without hope! Because the same God created us! Spare me your scorn!" he prayed, agonizedly.

But she drew beyond the reach of his outstretched hands, turned, in the warm sunset glow, and went—slowly, languidly, proudly—leaving him there alone in the magnificent light of the dying day, prone, as he had flung himself, face downward on the polished oaken floor, quivering, shuddering, stricken unto death almost by the scorn she had flung from her eyes upon him.

"Has the brush of the artist done you justice?" asked the Marquis, fondly. "Nay, I know it has not. An inspiration would have to come for that—the divine inspiration of a more than human love."

She paled a little then, but smiled with her old chill disdain. The artist had done her more than justice, and love had been his inspiration—love, perhaps greater than that of the man beside her, but a love on which her dainty foot had trodden as remorselessly, as uncaringly as on the morrow it would tread on the white fragrance of the bridal roses which peasant children would strew along her way.

A few moments the lovers paused in the corridor, hand in hand, whispering softly of the life before them, with all its glorious promise.

Then, pushing open the heavy door, which had swung to but an hour before behind the baron's daughter, they entered the room in which, on its easel, under concealing folds of rich, ruby-hued, velvet, stood the portrait of Lenore Glenco.

Was poor Griswold still prone before it, with his delicate face pressed against the oaken floor, his sobs still filling the silence?

Not; nor was the portrait now shrouded With the full, red splendor of the dying day striking warmly on the canvas it faced them as they entered.

But what vandal hand had so marred the serene and lofty loveliness, so chilled and frozen the proud smile on the crimson lips, so changed the blue of the marvelous eyes, until their light was but cruelty, their azure but cold, steel-like glitter, like that which gleams upon the quarry of some merciless lion when the fangs are in its flesh and the life is slowly going from it?

Aghast, shocked beyond words with a growing horror on his face, the marquis looked, fascinated, yet repelled by that pictured cruelty.

Then his face flushed and his eyes flashed.

"Where is the fellow?" he asked, between his teeth. "His very life shall but poorly pay the insult given you by his brush!"

She had not spoken, had not moved before, but now the haughty pride of her race flamed up in her, intolerant and merciless; the blue of her eyes had light not unlike that which met them from the undried canvas, as, lifting her hand, she pointed to where, in a distant part of the room, with his face buried on his bosom, the artist, who had thus offended, crouched in a great chair.

There was no pity, no mercy, in her lifted hand; it never trembled, but, with the gesture of a queen, pointed out the one who had dared revenge an anguish thus.

With a hissing cry of angry resentment, the marquis sprang toward that motionless, crouching figure, and laid his patrician hand on the drooping shoulder.

"You shall answer for this cowardly thing to me!" he cried, his face white with passion, as he swayed the form of Griswold in his strong grasp.

But that form, with a helpless, lifeless lurch, fell at his feet motionless and rigid.

"Heavens! the man is dead!" exclaimed the young Frenchman, in quick accents of horror, looking down on the white, contorted face, with its staring eyes and rigid features and a thread of blood winding slowly downward from the ashen lips.

At the recent banquet of the British Empire League, Mr. Maxim was one of the last to leave the table, and a small knot of distinguished guests waited for him at the door—the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the Duke of Cambridge, Lord Salisbury, the Duke of Devonshire and others—by all of whom the great inventor was warmly greeted. The Prince of Wales shook hands with him, the Duke of York expressed his intention of having "another look" at the Maxim works, while Lord Salisbury, addressing the Prince of Wales, said: "I was just telling Mr. Maxim that he had prevented more men from dying of old age than any other man that ever lived!"

THE NEW VICE PRESIDENT.

Theodore Roosevelt is easily the most interesting figure in the new senate. Popular interest in him is so great that for the moment, at least, even Senator Hanna is forgotten.

Roosevelt's picturesque personality attracts. His breezy, bustling way, his unconventional efforts to harness himself in his position, and his bubbling enthusiasm all appeal to the visitor, says the Washington Post. "Show us Teddy Roosevelt," say all the strangers to the guides. He occupies the center of the stage.

Accustomed to the calcium light of publicity, the vice president bears himself with dignity in his new position. Of course, he makes mistakes. Who wouldn't? But the beauty of it is that he at once acknowledges that they are mistakes, and is careful that they are not repeated. He is anxious to do just what the senate thinks he ought to do, and so sincere in his desire to be thoroughly impartial and friendly, that the senators are already predicting for him much success.

The first motion which Mr. Roosevelt submitted to the senate was offered by Senator Hoar, and proposed that the senate should proceed to the consideration of executive business.

With a bow, Mr. Roosevelt turned toward the Republican side. "All who are in favor will say aye," he said. Then with another bow, he leaned toward the Democratic side. "All who are opposed will say no," he remarked.

All the Democrats noticed the distinction. "Oh, Mr. President," said Senator Money to him afteward, "you mustn't think that the Democratic side votes in the negative all the time."

When Roosevelt first presided over the senate he spoke with a still, small voice that was hardly audible across the chamber. It was as gentle as the whispering zephyr.

"Mr. President," remarked Senator Forsker, meeting Mr. Roosevelt in the corridor, "you talk just a little too low."

The next day there was a revolution, a transformation. The vice president's voice resounded through the senate chamber like the explosion of a thirteen inch gun. It woke the echoes in the galleries and reverberated out through the corridors until it went rolling down the avenues of time.

"Mr. President," said Senator Lodge to Mr. Roosevelt as they passed each other in the corridor, "you talk just a little bit too loud."

Roosevelt threw up both hands. Without saying a word he disappeared in his private office.

The chaplain of the senate is blind. The first day of the new senate he stood at his accustomed place, seeing nothing, but keenly alive for the signal which should start him upon his prayer.

When all was ready the vice president waved his hand in the direction of the chaplain. There was no response. Roosevelt waited a moment in uncertainty.

"He is blind," whispered the clerk.

"The chaplain will offer prayer," announced Mr. Roosevelt, and with this satisfactory cue the blind preacher began to address the throne of grace.

Mr. Roosevelt occupies the vice president's room which is just back of the senate chamber and adjoining the marble room. It is a very handsomely furnished room, with a magnificent mahogany desk, an eight-day clock that is a dream, and a picture of George Washington which must inspire any man dwelling within its atmosphere.

At the mahogany desk Mr. Roosevelt sits when he is not presiding over the senate. His mail is very heavy just now and many of the letters convey to him the interesting information that little boy babies have been named after him. One of these letters, which he received the other day, was unusually interesting. It was from an Italian in New York, who had become the father ow twins. "I wanted the twins named McKinley and Roosevelt, wrote the happy father, "but when we took them to church, the priest would name them after two saints. If you will look at the health records," added the crafty parent, "you will find that they are down as McKinley and Roosevelt, just the same."

Mr. Roosevelt laughed as he read the letter. "Send two photographs," he said to his secretary.

"With frames?" asked a visitor.

"Oh, dear, no," was the prompt response.

It is characteristic of Roosevelt that the door to his handsome room, which opens so quickly to the senators, is no less swift upon its hinges for his old comrades of the far west.

One of the proudest men who witnessed the inauguration was John Willis, who lives in Missoula county, Montana. He is one of the favorite hunting friends of Mr. Roosevelt, who always calls him, "Whistling Jack." That is the name he goes by in the west, where he always whistles, except when he is stalking elk. He is quite as mighty a hunter as Roosevelt, and he is a tall, athletic mountaineer.

When the Montana hunter said farewell to Roosevelt the room was crowded with senators and other distinguished people. The vice president introduced him to everybody. "I call him 'Whistling Jack'" said Mr. Roosevelt, by way of explanation. "He and I have lived closer to the ground than any other two men of my acquaintance. I remember once we were out when the thermometer was mighty near zero for three days and night, and we had no food but pan bread. We were hunting grizzly at the time, and, though Jack will not admit it, I think he lost his bearings, and I helped him find the way."

"That's all right," said Willis, "and I want to say that the governor is as good a guide as any of them if you let him go over the country once. He's going out bear hunting with me again."

"As sure as I'm living now," said Roosevelt.

Vice President Roosevelt was warmly congratulated on Saturday after the final adjournment of the senate, upon the progress he made during the five days in mastering the intricate proceedings of the body over which he has been called to preside. His pathway has not been strewn with roses, however, says a correspondent of the Chicago Record, and he has recently been the cause of several amusing scenes. One occurred on Saturday. Senatorial etiquette prescribes that the member who introduces a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee by the chair shall be chosen to serve upon it. Mr. Hoar presented such a resolution Saturday, but it was not until after Mr. Allison had been named and declined that Mr. Roosevelt reached him.

Senator Heitfeld of Idaho, tells a good story illustrating Mr. Roosevelt's trials and tribulations as presiding officer, relates the same correspondent. On inauguration day after the vice president had taken the oath of office and the senate had been organized, all in the chamber proceeded to the stand, where the president was inducted into office and delivered his address. The inclement weather drove Mr. Heitfeld back into the capitol for shelter and he absentmindedly wandered into the senate chamber. There sat Mr. Roosevelt alone. He occupied the presiding officer's chair, and in reply to an inquiry stated that he had returned upon being informed that the senate had not adjourned, but had temporarily suspended proceedings to attend the inaugural exercises. "I came to his relief," said Mr. Heitfeld, in relating the incident, "by formally moving that the senate adjourn. Colonel Roosevelt stated the question, announced it carried, and declared the senate adjourned. He then vacated the chair."

When Theodore Roosevelt had closed the door of his home behind him the soldier, the statesman, the reformer, the writer and all shut out, and only the husband and the father enter, says the Ladies' Home Journal. His devotion to his wife and children is ideal. To the father he is not only a father, but also a big, overgrown brother.

FUN OF THE WORLD.

Tom Sharkey, the prize fighter, recently went into a drinking place and joined thirty or so of his friends. Drinks flew about rapidly, and Sharkey each time took a cigar. The able seaman was much preoccupied every time it was his turn to buy, and he soon had all pockets filled with perfectos. Sharkey soon began to discourse on his favorite topic of money, and remarked proudly that when he got too old to fight he would have enough money to keep him the rest of his life.

And if you don't have the money, you'll have enough cigars to start a cigar store."

The sailor overlooked the thrust, and when the other fellows had laid out all their spare change he turned to the crowd and said: "Well, boys, it's my treat. Have a cigar."

And he handed each a weed from his pockets.

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Senator Hoar heard one of his colleagues lavishing praise on Senator Wolcott of Colorado the other day. The Massachusetts man does not think such a great deal of the westerner and after listening for a time he ventured the opinion that "Mr. Wolcott explodes like Vesuvius, only with all the gas and none of the lava."

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The sons of Erin have long labored under the imputation of making more "breaks" with their tongues than any of their fellow mortals, but from the following it would seem that the "bull" is not necessarily indigenous to Irish soil.

It was a Frenchman who inwriting to an acquaintance said: "I left my knife at your office yesterday. If you find it please send it to me. Yours, Le Roque.

"P. S.—Since writing this I have found my knife, so you need not trouble to send it."

The same individual sent a present of some fruit to a friend, and in the bottom of the basket he placed a note, the postscript to which read: "You will find this note in the bottom of the basket, but if you do not, let me know immediately."

It was a Scotchman who said: "The butcher in our town does such a small business that he only has to kill half a beef at a time."

A German, in advertising for a lost pig said: "It has no earmarks except its tail, which is missing."

A British magistrate, on being informed by a vagabond that he had no wife, responded: "Well, that's a lucky thing for her."

At a prayer meeting in Vermont a pious old deacon invoked a blessing on a "poor young woman whose father is a drunkard and whose mother is a widow."

At a negro ball the doorkeeper, on being asked what "Not transferable" on the tickets meant, replied: "It means dat no gentleman am admitted 'less he comes himself."

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The latest from Ireland. A somewhat nervous English tourist vouches for the genuineness of the following incident of Irish travelling: The train arrived some twenty minutes late at a small station, and the engine driver inquired of the station master, "Did the express go by yet, Tim?" "It did not," was the answer. Indecision on the part of the engine driver for a moment, when he cheerfully exclaimed, "Ah, well, we must chance it," as he blew the whistle and started off on the single line.

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The disregard for the prohibition law is understood, even in London for the Chronicle of that city says: The state of Kansas has for long years been nominally a prohibition state and the law has been enforced perhaps as well as such drastic laws can be. Spirits are allowed to be sold only as "medicine," and that is how the following story came to be told. A bronzed and stalwart cowboy planted a "two gallon demijohn" on the counter of a chemist's shop. "Fill her up," he said; "baby's sick."

* * * *

One of those drummers who does a good deal of driving about the country delights in telling about an old-time boniface, who runs a country hotel within a day's drive of Detroit.

"Sharp as a tack," declares the drummer. "Always as smooth as oil until some one tries to make a run on him and then he can get back harder, faster, and in fewer words than I ever heard talk.

"I saw a man come in there one day from the city. He is all right at home, but was feeling his oats his oats that day and opened up on the old landlord by saying: 'Hello, grandad, get your frame into condition. Don't set around here like a bump on a log. I want accommodation for man and beast.'

"'Where's the man?' asked the old chap, in a flash."

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Beware of how you call your physician "doc." A well-known specialist of this city said: "A patient of mine was in here a few days ago. I had done something for him for which I could charge any amount in reason. I had intended to make it reasonable. I sat at the desk with a pencil in my hand. He began to speak to me familiarly, addressing me as 'doc.' Every time he 'doc'ed' me I made a mark on a piece of paper and charged him $1 extra for each time. He doesn't know the cost of his familiarity, but I do."

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After the meeting of the stationary engineers at Cleveland on Sunday afternoon a number of the officers were collected in a downtown office. Secretary C. A. Barnhoith, who is a wag, was spinning a yarn when one of the other officers put in:

"I say, Barney, if you were a Yankee you would be a pretty smart fellow."

"Norway turns out some of them, too," said the secretary.

"Yes, I know, but not like the natural born American."

"Natural-born American or not, I have something which you Yankees haven't."

"What's that?"

"Papers to show I'm an American citizen."

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Gall has often saved an offender from punishment in military as well as in civil life.

Not long since a noncommissioned officer entering a barrack gate in Dublin was mistaken by the "fresh one" on sentry who immediately "came to the shoulder."

The noncom, unaware that his colonel was just behind, returned the salute—a thing not permissible in the circumstances. Arrived at his quarter, he shortly received an order to attend before the colonel.

On presenting himself, he was asked how he came to return a salute, knowing full well he was not entitled to it.

Not in the least embarrassed, he promptly answered:

"Sir, I always return everything I am not entitled to."

His ready wit pleased the colonel who laughingly dismissed him.

* * * *

A variation from the usual "Englishman and joke" story was told to an uptown hotel last night. He was a young Englishman and was riding horseback with an American friend from Rye to Larchmont.

"I say, dammit, old chap," said the Englishman, "what is written on that sign by the wayside?"

The Englishman was interested.

"I say, old chap," was his reply, "is that a joke?"

"Of course, it is a joke; you will see it next week, if you work hard."

"Next week, oh, smarty, I'll lay you bawdy of wine that I see it before meanwhile."

The wager was taken, and by the time they had reached their journey's end the American had forgotten the wager. Not so his friend. His thought and thoughts, and shortly before 2 o'clock the following morning he burst into his friend's room with flying hair and radiant with elation.

"I have it, I have it!" he cried, barely able to talk. "The joke is—suppose the blacksmith was not in."

He got the wine.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Peach trees at Shawnee and Oklahoma City are in full bloom.

Enid and El Reno and Kingfisher have probably tied up together forever.

Tom Smith heads the Socialist ticket at Newkirk for the office of mayor.

The El Reno Democrat is now getting out an all-home print daily edition.

William McKinley will probably be nominated for mayor at Pond Creek.

Court which convenes in Pond Creek tomorrow will be held in the Presbyterian church.

The Newkirk Democrat claims that the principal place of amusement in that city is the council room.

Reverend Washum is a minister out in Dewey county, but the papers do not say whether or not he is a Baptist.

The Boggs case of Guthrie is a reminder that many a postmaster has gone over the road who was innocent.

Miss Marie Mathis of Kildare township, Kay county, was taken to the insane asylum at Norman last week.

The other day a man was carried out of Waukomis, but the local paper refuses to tell what was the matter with him.

"I am raising the rent," said a citizen of Newkirk, as he hitched up his suspenders and the rent disappeared up beneath his coat tails.

Shawnee and its people deserve a great big crack mark for standing by Boggs all these years, the drifting of the court to the contrary notwithstanding.

Well, that man Sol Temple who breaks jail at Pond Creek about once a month, is certainly a daisy. He breaks out more expeditiously than Mrs. Nation breaks in.

The Enid Wave is mad about something and says it will not stoop "to support the pigmied littleness of a set of people who follow the dictatorship of a dead beat and an unwashed beggar."

Frank McMaster was seen on the streets of El Reno the other day and as there was evidence that he came from Oklahoma City direct, Mayor Beasley gave within an ace of calling out the militia.

El Reno News: It seems to be a very strong probability that the Sacred Heart Mission will be established in El Reno. This probability is not an imaginative, based on the wish for the truth but is based on certain substantial inducements that will be offered for such location.

In this world things are created to happen contrariwise. At Newkirk a man has an old family horse who wouldn't prick up his ears at a cyclone, a perfectly safe, sleepy old animal, who never batted an eye, until the other day the man hitched up the wagon with chain, wire and started down the street. Suddenly the old nag's tail went up, he seemed to feel a thrill of life along his vertebrae, he gave a snort, a plunge and ran off to break his fool neck.

Ponca City Courier: Between the action of congress, the operations of the Curtis bill and the allotments now being made in the various reservations, the old tribal conditions among the Indian tribes are rapidly passing away. It is true that for several generations there will be annual visits between members of some of the tribes but these will be on a very limited scale. The old fashioned visits of one entire tribe to the reservation of another, with a stay of a month or two and numerous giving of presents will soon be known only to tribal history. These conditions are fully understood and appreciated by the better educated members of all the tribes, and they are now at work on plans for a last grand pow-wow. Chief E. H. Rosebury and his assistant chief, J. H. Leland of the Osages, are the principal promoters of this grand farewell council and are being assisted by prominent members of the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. It is proposed to hold this great meet at Buffalo Springs about twenty miles south of Fort Sill on June 6. Representatives of the Osages, Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Comanche, Apache, Choctaws, Chickasaws, Seminole and other tribes are expected. The Sioux have been invited to come from Nebraska. The meeting is a farewell to be had just before the opening of the Kiowa and Comanche lands, and is held because of the opening of these lands to settlement.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

The latest society in Kansas is the Buffalo. It costs seven cents to join.

George C. Richardson, who is the Republican's man for mayor at Leavenworth, was born in that city.

One of the Republican nominees for a city office at Leavenworth is Mr. Twogood. No doubt he would get the solid prohibition support if he were spelt a little differently.

Defense of Jake Dietz in the Preston Plaindealer: "A man living near Preston says he has not built a fire since he was married. You are off your base if you think it is Jake Dietz."

Fred Funston is thinking of coming back to Kansas soon and when he gets here he will probably inject self into the heart of that gubernatorial boom, and watch for signs of life.

In western Kansas this has been the ideal cattle winter. Some of the cattle have not been fed a mouthful and most of them have had to be fed but a week and a half. They are fat now.

This is the time of year when a Kansas boy's idea of a proper father is one who will say: "Get a fishing pole and hike out for the creek. I'll write you an excuse to the teacher in the morning."

In Kingman county the other day a new school teacher from New England gave this off-hand sentence to a class to diagram: "The cow came running in covered with sweat." The boys in the class lay down on the floor to laugh, and the New England school teacher is still wondering why.

"This weather is certainly sticky," said a native Kansan to a prospector from Ohio, as they braced themselves against the terrific wind. "I think," said the Ohio man, "I'll go back home. I've been hit already by some pretty big grains of sand, but if the rocks are going to commence to blow too, I'll quit."

A man waited in yesterday and stated his problem. "Wichita and Osage City are one hundred and twenty miles apart. A train leaves Wichita going thirty miles an hour; at the same time a train leaves Osage City coming to this city at twenty miles an hour. Which train is farthest from Wichita when they meet?"

"Can you tell me who led the people of Israel out of the land of Egypt, and through the wilderness?" Mrs. E. M. Stowell asked of her class at the Methodist Sunday school at Preston last Sunday. Not one of the children answered, whereupon the girl it is a red-headed boy who answered promptly: "It wasn't me, my folks got moved in here from Rice county."

The executive council at a meeting Friday asked for the proposals for the governor's mansion. Bids will be received for both improved and unimproved property. Several residences are on the market. Rev. John D. Knox will try and sell his fine home in Porwin to the state. The council will determine after all bids have been submitted whether it will purchase a residence already erected or construct a new mansion.

Sandy Hayes, writing of the last Indian scare in western Kansas to the Preston Pathfinder, says: "During November in 1864, some women and children came to Hayesville from Pratt, reported that the Indians were in the south part of the county committing all sorts of depredations, that they had murdered old man Patterson, six miles west of Pratt, taken his horses and burned his house. By this time the people were getting out of the county in all directions. A lot of women and children refugees from Pratt landed at my place, the women were anxious to go on farther, but after a quiet little talk, I had them away in the sod house where the Indians couldn't find them; told them I would insure their lives for an age of men and to be calm and reasoned with as my arrangements was made. In a short time we had every house into mounted on fast ponies one off to Pratt. It seems the Pratt scouts had been to Osage City and rounded up all Indians in Kansas. This ended our last Indian scare in Pratt county.