Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

KANSAS AND OLD MEXICO.

Recalling the recommendation of McKinley and the later endorsement of Roosevelt, touching a revision of the tariff law along reciprocity lines, the attention of the Kansas delegation in Congress is respectively directed to the fact of the contiguity of Mexico, and Kansas, and to the increasing trade of this state in that country, in spite of a Mexican tariff which seeks to be prohibitive. The Mexican people are liberal consumers of Kansas grains, meats and also to some extent of our manufactured products. So far as wheat is concerned California would no doubt compete with Kansas in the Mexican markets. But when it comes to corn and hogs, the two things most desired by Mexico, Kansas is more favorably located than any other state producing these commodities. The other states bordering on Mexico or having railroads reaching Mexico do not have corn, nor hogs, nor butter for export. A reciprocity treaty therefore between Mexico and this country would unquestionably prove highly favorable to Kansas and to her railways.

HIS TROUSERS AND OTHER THINGS.

Britania is just now very demonstrative in her affection for your Uncle Samuel, pretending not to notice that the short end of his trousers' legs are held down by Monroe doctrine straps, and that his hat is made of pelagic sealskins, and his tout ensemble, generally, the product of a high protective tariff. King Edward, only the other day, asked that the Star Spangled Banner be played for his delectation, which he encored. All this is very nice, and in view of the attitude of the continental powers touching England's African raid, quite assuring. Still back of this ostentatious demonstration of love for America by Great Britain, at this particular juncture, there is an ill-concealed chagrin which is periodically evidenced by the English press. The London Chronicle, in commenting on the Roosevelt message does not take to its Monroe doctrine leanings, indulging in the rather ungracious insinuations. That paper goes on to say that "whether the European nations are likely to respect this American prohibition much longer, when the desirable colonizing grounds of the world are being snapped up in a headlong race, must depend ultimately upon the ability of the United States to enforce their prohibition."

The Chronicle and the balance of the world will wake up some day to the fact that the United States of America is the whole thing, and on both the continents of the Western Hemisphere; that in this sentiment the people of the United States are unanimous, which sentiment is backed by an army of non-enlisted soldiers that was never whipped, augmented by a navy that has sunk two national fleets within the briefest period without the loss of a ship. The Monroe doctrine is not a political party doctrine, but one of the entire people of the United States. The Democratic party stands as firmly by it as the Republican party. The secretary of the late Democratic administration officially promulgated this memorable sentence for the better information of the world at large and more especially for the benefit of England: "The United States government is practically sovereign on the western continent, and her fiat is law." That declaration embodies all there is in the Monroe doctrine. The fiat is that no European powers will be permitted to interfere with the affairs and destinies of the Republics and states of either North or South America, nor to in any sense exploit either for territorial possession or dominancy.

That part of the president's message in which he says: "We do not guarantee any state against punishment, if it mis-conducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of acquisition of territory by any non-American power," is highly gratifying to Secretary Hay and the state department.

"Without doubt it was a hint intended for President Castro of Venezuela, whose defiance, under the assumed protection of the Monroe doctrine, of foreign powers, particularly of Germany and England, has become very offensive of late. German papers have, semi-officially, intimated that, were it not for this American principle, coercion would long ago have been used to protect German interests in Venezuela.

THAT NEW REPUBLICAN PLANK.

The latest political fake to be honored by a public announcement is one to the effect that the next national Republican platform will contain a plank favoring the government ownership of railways.

If the Republican party next to its patriotism makes one claim of more importance than another it is that in adding wealth to the nation it guarantees prosperity to the people. Under federal management the railroads of this country would fail, by hundreds of millions annually, to earn the interest on the purchase price, even if the owners of the railroads should be compelled or otherwise agree to part with their property at half of its estimated valuation. Or upon the other hand, if the owners should turn the roads over for nothing, merely demanding that the government should assume the outstanding interest bearing obligations, the Republic would be assuming an enormous burden for a century to come. The public ownership of the railways of this country, as a temptation, as a source of political corruption, could not be guessed, let alone estimated. All that an ambitious man in the Presidential chair would have to do to become a monarch, would be to send to the nearest jeweler to make his crown. When the Republican party, if it ever should, resolves upon putting that socialistic plank in its platform, there will be left to its rank and file only Populists, railway magnates, security jobbers and intriguing politicians. The great body of its membership would desert the organization, volens nolens.

WU TING FANG WANTS TO TALK.

It goes without saying that when it comes to Chinese immigration, we Americans are inconsistent, are not true to the boast that this country is an asylum for all the world's oppressed. The "sand lot" cry of "down with Chinese cheap labor" has become a national policy. With as good morals and as true logic we might exclude the Italian or the laborers of any other European nation. It is not, therefore, a question of principle, but one of policy.

Minister Wu Ting Fang appeals for fair treatment of his country and his race by the United States. He says that he would be willing to meet any three American editors favoring the Chinese Exclusion Act and debate with them the question before an impartial tribunal. It would be three against one, but Minister Wu would take the risk of being able to prove his case. Whether they believe in the exclusion of the Chinese or not, the people of the United States admire the representative of that Celestial empire in this country and commend him for his loyalty to his race and able efforts to secure for his people what he regards as fair treatment by the great nation which claims to be just in its dealings with all other nations. Wu Ting Fang is in a position to accomplish more for his people than any new man, less informed on the situation, and less known to the citizens of our republic, whom China might send here to take his place. That country will make a great mistake if it recalls him.

AS TO KANSAS' MONUMENT FUND.

The memorial association having asked Governor Stanley to take charge of the contributions which Kansas people might desire to make, and he having agreed to do so, and after he had written hundreds of letters to school teachers and editors, Ryerson Ritchie of Cleveland, Ohio, a member of the association, sneaks in with a scheme to have the contributions forwarded directly to him This will, if not headed off, wreck the effort for this state, or materially cut short the fund that would otherwise be contributed by the admirers of McKinley in the state. When the governor was informed that Ritchie was addressing Kansas postmasters and others for the purpose of having monies for the McKinley monument forwarded to him direct, he said: "Too many cooks spoil the broth," when he made the discovery, "and too many heads to the Kansas end of the monument project will kill it. Either Ryerson or I will have to quit, and I have written him so. I guess he is drawing a salary for his services and he wants to earn it."

Governor Stanley has been sending out letters to school superintendents and others in order to interest the school children in the movement. He desired to have a special McKinley program rendered in the schools on January 29, the birthday of both McKinley and Kansas. He has received replies to some of these letters telling him of what Ritchie has done.

THE LIGHT AND POWER OF PUBLICITY.

President Roosevelt holds that publicity is the surest and most effacacious agency for righting the wrongs and correcting the abuses of combined capital as exemplified in the trust. Publicity is the most powerful agency also for public well-being in many other directions. Wrong doing, of whatever stamp or character, cannot stand long before the light of universal knowledge. And so, as some contemporary puts it, the newspaper of toda yis the greatest factor in civilization. Take away the newspaper and you would take away the greatest preacher, teacher, assistant to justice, deterrer of criminals, reformer of public and private life, patriot, statesman, that it has been possible for the wit of man to devise. No other institution is, in anything like the same measure, such a dispenser of sweetness and light and upholder of the hands of justice. No other institution is, in anything like the same degree, such a help to good men, such a hinderance to bad men. For the former the newspaper smooths teheir way and makes their road level before them; to the latter the newspaper is a lion in the path. The people of America appreciate this to the full; there is no need of telling them any further what they know already.

WE MUST HAVE MORE SHIPS.

All Republicans are agreed that something should be done to build up the shipping interest in this country. Congressman Hemenway of Indiana, calls attention to the fact that an engine company in Indianapolis sends a considerable part of its product to South America, but must always ship the same by way of Liverpool. A plow manufactory in Illinois sells more plows in South America than does any other manufactory in the world, but its plows all go across the Atlantic Ocean to Liverpool and thence back over the Atlantic to South America. Such conditions are humiliating to Americans and are not in line with good business.

About the thinnest thing in the world next to hammered sunbeams is the veneer of the average reformer. The president of the society for the prvution of crulty to animals in New York, has had the president of the society for the prevention of cruelty to children arrested for putting burr bits on his horses.

It is said that the phonograph craze is dying out. The trouble with a singing phonograph is that it lacks that personal appearance to evidence its own consciousness of the fact that it is singing better than anybody ever sang before.

The senate is feeding Senator Wellington a little red pepper, but not enough. The first day when bills were being introduced he stood on his feet thirty-five minutes before the president of the senate recognized him.

A man in London has invented on scientific principles a new fiddle which is successful. Anybody can play it. And probably everybody will. Yearly civilization is advancing so rapidly that death seems less and less terrible.

After General Alban had licked the garish daylights out of General Diaz down in Colombia, he took Diaz home with him to dine. After dinner they pulled out their cigars and formally closed the revolution for repairs.

One of the Vanderbilt families in New York had another baby and according to the Washington Post, the New York papers are doing as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

It is a lamentable fact that in a very few days congress will forget all about remedial legislation for anarchy and will be fiercely engaged in attacking that large brutal surplus.

The wind may be tempered to the shocu lamb; and then again it may have been kept nice and mild merely to aggravate the woman with the new sealskin sacque.

All politicians are alike. Dick Croker didn't learn that he was tired and worn out until the other side ran a freight train over him and emptied the fire box on him.

If the sultan of Sulu who belongs to us took the American newspapers, he would discover just now that his prominence is only in active operation campaign times.

Queen Wilhelmina had a whole row of suitors to select from, and she picked the boy who couldn't stand the Queen business for breakfast, dinner and supper.

Roosevelt's message was not short. That was one place where old Mr. Precedent crowded him up against the ropes and anchored both fists in his face.

A good old sensible woman at Het Loo just at this stage would diagnose Wilhelmina and Henry's case as one where they "saw too much of each other."

The key to the secret of Carnegie's wonderful interest in aged telegraphers is that he once jabbed one with his forefinger and thumb himself.

An American woman is said to carry in a locket a tear shed by Paderewski. She must have to water it occasionally to keep it alive.

The opinion prevails in Oklahoma that when Roosevelt wants to light his pipe he takes the tongs and picks up a memorandum or two.

Prince Henry and Queen Wilhelmina have been reconciled. Which means that they will quarrel again when they feel like it.

"Anarchy," says President Roosevelt, "is no more an expression of 'social discontent' than picking pockets or wife-beating."

A CONFIDENCE.

Twenty years! I am notched and grizzled. You are only mellowed, ripened."

My friend smiled and lighted a fresh cigarette. He puzzled me. Rumor had led me to expect to find him after my long absence a disappointed if not soured man. I had sought him here in the retreat where he and his cold, uncongenial wife lived, it was said, like a pair of hermits.

I was ready to give him all the pity and sympathy which a bachelor of experience can feel for the irremediable mistake of a married friend.

"You are just the same. I went on, "with that romantic un-English look, as I called it, which you never would acknowledge. You remember I dubbed you, 'The Troubadour.'"

He nodded and hummed a verse of the little off obsolete song:

She for the troubadour hopelessly wept;
Under the battlement softly he crept,
Singing "From Palestine hither I come,
Lady love, lady love, welcome me home."

"Oh, that she!" I exclaimed, "Does she still hopelessly weep or did she welcome you home?"

"Have you been hearing tales about me?" he asked: "Shall I tell you the story of my wedded life?"

"If it does not pain you."

"Where shall I begin?" he asked.

"At the beginning. You are very young, careless and I think heart-whole when I went to the other end of the world."

"Do you know that I have been a millionaire in the meantime?"

"I have heard something of it."

"The wealth of an ancient relative poured in on me after his death. How the golden wave came and went is a story by itself. For five gilded years I was transfigured in the eyes of the world, and it was during that period I met and fell in love with my wife."

It was not I alone who thought her supremely beautiful. The world had already bestowed on her a queenship before the June day when I first saw her at an open-air fete, all in white, pale, cold, severe and sweet, like a goddess in marble.

"If it be the case that what everybody says must be true, then true it was that the cold, exquisite daughter, and her haughty, hawk-like mother were adventuresses playing a game for fortune, beauty, against a slender purse and a year or two of prime youth. Already beauty had over and over again dared to reject love, adoration and fortune considerable. "Their figure has not yet been reached," whispered a cynical friend; "your million will do it.' By this time I had proclaimed myself an open worshiper and moth-like, was reeling round the flame. I am bound to admit that all the encouragement I received was from the mother. The daughter remained icy. I persisted in my suit and in a short time was the accepted lover of the woman who held me in thrall."

"She accepted you willingly?"

"Tacitly so. The mother seized on me with effusion. My affianced wife appeared just to endure her new position with patience, nothing more. The mother assured me that her daughter had a most affectionate nature hidden under that chill exterior. She loved me and she had never loved any other man. I tried to believe her even though my heart craved for more tenderness. And so we wed."

He continued: "After a time when the excitement of my first pride and happiness had subsided I began to feel reluctantly conscious that there was something wanting in our life together. My wife's behavior was perfect from every point of view, but there was a wall of reserve between us which nothing was able to break through. Wherever we went I was aware that people said I had been married without love for the sake of my million. How was I to feel sure that the verdict was not a true one? Had she given her heart to some worthy fellow who was millionless and rejected him even as she had accepted me at her mother's bidding?

"I resolved to take things as they came and to make the best of the goods the gods had provided for me. We led a life of amusement and pleasure. Our house in London and our country house (not this house, something much grander) were as perfect as money could make them. My wife went everywhere dressed and bejeweled as the world expected to see her. We entertained the smart crowd known as society.

"As time went on her reserve, which was my despair, communicated itself to me, and the impassable barrier between us was complete."

There was another silence while the rising wind soughed though the wet trees.

"Do you apprehend the situation?"

"Perfectly," I said.

"Does all this agree with what my friends say about me in London?"

"I confess I had heard that you had unfortunately married a cold and heartless woman," I said.

We went on smoking in silence. At last he said abruptly, "I have more to tell."

"Hurt yourself no further, dear old friend, I think I can imagine all the rest."

We smoked in silence for about a minute and then he continued:

"Some other time I may tell you of how my unexpected fortune departed as suddenly and surprisingly as it arrived. The news of what appeared to be total ruin reached me first in a telegram which I found waiting for me one night when I returned home from a dinner party alone my wife having pleaded a headache and retired to her room early in the evening. I gathered up the letters which had come by the last post and carried them to my dressing room where I sat down to read them. Imagine casting one's eyes on a bit of paper as the eyes of the owner of a million and raising them with the knowledge that one does not own a penny in the world.

"How was I to tell my wife? How would she bear it—she who had married me for the splendors which she must relinquish.

"I had sat for two or three hours motionless as a stone; the first gleam of dawn crept in at the edges of the blinds and I stirred and writhed in my chair

"The door opened a little, opened more and a figure in a white robe appeared on the threshold in the gray light; not a mouse, but my wife. One glance at her and I turned away my head.

"'What ails you?' she said gently.

"'Nothing that I can tell you at present,' I said. 'Go back to your rest.'

"'Will you not tell me what is the matter?'

"'Certainly, I will tell you tomorrow.'

"While I was speaking her keen eyes caught sight of the open telegram, and of the letters sprawled on the paper which spelled ruin. The next moment she was on her knees beside me.

"'Oh, my dear, will you not share this trouble with me?'

"I was so stupid from the shock I had borne that the sweet words and pleading tone came on me like a second blow. I answered crudly, 'Unfortunately you will have to share it with me.'

"'No, say 'fortunately.' Oh, my love, my husband, am I so unworthy? Most I be counted as a thing bought with gold, living on gold and for gold, and cast aside when good fails and love might well take its place?'

"My brain was so dizzy that I could not accept the truth of her meaning.

"She crept nearer to me

"'I loved you,' she said, 'I loved you since the first day I knew you. But I knew there was a plan made by others to force me upon you that your possessions might be useful to me and those belonging to me. The knowledge of this paralyzed my actions, even my looks. I knew you thought you were taking a loveless wife, and seeing you were willing to take me so I was too nervous, too timid, too proud, too unhappy to have any power within me to undeceive you. Now for the first time my heart has found way to speak.

"She tightened her sweet hold of my neck. My arms closed round her——"

He stopped suddenly. He had been talking as if unaware of my presence.

"I understand now, old friend," I said.

"Yes," he said, "I thought I should give you a surprise. So much for the opinion of the world and a man's penetration of a woman's heart and mind. And here we are, after all, with enough saved out of the wreck to live on simply and with content. Hark, I hear wheels. My wife is arriving home. Come and be introduced to her."—London Tatler.

LITTLE WILLIE, THE BOER

The author of the subjoined little sketch is a young Norwegian who, after a few years' stay in the Transvaal, at the outbreak of the war was on a visit at his home in Christiania, Norway, but immediately left the safe shelter of his parents' house to take up arms for the Boers. After much difficulty he succeeded in reaching the scene of war, where he participated in many skirmishes and battles. He was a member of a commando which went over to Portuguese territory and laid down its arms, and he is now held as a prisoner of war at Alcobaca, Portugal.—Translator.

Little Willy was one of those brave Boers who found death in the terrible fight at Broomkoorstspruit. He was only 14 years old, but as good a shot as any grown up man. He was a dark-haired, light-hearted lad, with handsome brown eyes, an ever-smiling, well shaped mouth and a sun-burnt, honest face. He never wore a coat, and as he always went around in knickerbockers he made the stronger impression of being a mere boy. His father had been killed by a shell in a fight in the Orange Free State, and Little Willy had witnessed the tragedy. His mother had died several years before the war broke out, and brothers and sisters he had none. For these reasons, and on account of his light-heartedness and buoyant spirits, he was the favorite of the whole camp.

He was practically well thought of by us in the corps of scouts, and several times followed us when patrolling outside of Pretoria. Full of tricks he was, whether it was on the battlefield or in the camp. He had a little fat Basuto pony to which he was as much attached as to his beloved rifle, and he was always busying himself with these two treasures of his, when off duty. Little Willy did not belong to our corps, but when we had been ordered out, it could not be helped—he had to go along, be it night or day. He was trusted as much as anybody else on outpost duty, little though he was. Our captain often asked him on such occions if he was not afraid of the Englishmen, but his constant answer was that he had been afraid only once—the day his father was torn to pieces by a shell. One weakness Little Willy had, nevertheless. He was passionately fond of cigarettes and he always tried to have some with him when he wentto fight.

At last came the day that was to be fateful for Little Willy. In the evening Commandant Pinsar (he is styled our general here in the prisoners' camp in Portugal), had received orders to try to take a small English camp by surprise. The order had come from General Botha himself and Little Willy had learned about it, although he had not been ordered out. When, at night he heard us saddling our horses, he had smelled a rat, and saddled his pony, too.

He rode that night between Lieut. Dick Hunt, an American, and myself. He spoke all the time about the pleasure he felt now that he was to have another scrap with the Englishmen; and he had taken extra ammunition along; for he had two cartridge belts hanging across his shoulders and one around his waists; all well stocked with Mauser cartridges. At dawn we were close upon the British outposts, which were immediately driven back, and we took a position only 1,500 yards from the British camp. Little Willy placed himself right behind me, a little higher up back of the big boulder. The Englishmen, of course, at once marched out, and presently we were in the middle of a terrible fusillade.

In the meantime, Little Willy was firing to his heart's content and now and then between the shots, — was calling out anything but nice greeting to the Englishmen. After about an hour of hard fighting, one-half of our command was ordered to take another position, while the rest of us, who were then relatively few, had to try to hold our rather hard-pressed position until the men of Gen. V. Viljoen could come to our assistance. I did not pay much attention to Little Willy until he suddenly called out:

"Look out, there! The Englishmen are close upon us."

Now commenced a furious battle, at a distance of only 250 or 300 yards and twice they tried to take our position by assault, but had to give up the attempt. The bullets whistled past us, and the air was full of dust and stone fragments.

During this furious fight, which only lasted about twenty minutes, I all of a sudden heard Willy call out my name, but I could not pay any attention to him because at that moment a Boer at my side received a bullet in the abdomen and I had to try to find cover for him. A little while thereafter we were relieved, and the Englishmen retired. Now, I thought of Willy, and I called his name. Receiving no answer, I crept up to his position. There he was, lying on his back behind the boulder, while a big pool of blood under his head showed where he had been shot. The bullet had gone through his head above the left eye and had removed almost the back part of the head, so the wound might indicate that the Englishmen had used explosive or Dum-Dum bullets.

I immediately called our captain and lieutenant, who were close by and showed them where our little comrade lay. And, though a strong and brave man, our captain could not restrain his tears at sight of the handsome, childish face of the valiant little defender.

Willy must have died immediately and his last word must have been when he called my name. His pale face was not spotted by blood; there were only a few drops where the bullet had entered. His rifle was still hot, and a heap of empty cartridges showed that he had fought for his country to the last. We dug a grave on the spot where he fell, and Little Willy was buried in a blanket, with his hands covering his face. He looked fairly dainty as he lay with eyes closed and his dark hair in small curls peeping forth under his hat. If it had not been for that little hole over the eye, one would have thought he was sleeping. He was buried with his carbine and his cartridge belts, as he had fought. The captain said a short prayer, and I hardly think there was one eye dry at the burial of our favorite, for he had, with light heart and merry words been like sunshine in our camp. We gathered stones to cover his grave, and the cairn on the gray hills shows where this little brave orphan boy fought his last battle for his country.

Little Willy's pony had been lost during the battle, and only appeared at the camp four days later, without saddle or trappings.—From the Swedish of Axel Ossup.

The Mexican Coyote Miner.

Having your traveling outfit for a Mexican prospecting tour, the next question is, where are you going? You will probably, long before you feel yourself prepared to start, have been accosted by numerous individuals who have mines more or less distant. The first proposition of these Mexican prospectors is, usually, that you grub-stake him; failing that that you go with him and look at the mine; failing that that you loan him two dollars. Never grub-stake a Mexican. If you give it to him in cash he will spend it on a glorious drunk before he leaves town; if you give him provisions he will take them out to the mine—if there is one, if not, to any suitable point and assemble his friends and relatives on a protracted picnic. If there be any of the assembly who do not feel themselves up to the mark as vaqueros or dancers, they may go out and dig for an hour or so occasionally; but on the whole there will be very little work done for the amount of grub eaten. Never let one of these "coyote" miners undertake to guide you to his mine, or anywhere else. He will have a number of members of his own feather along the route of travel, with whom he has a definite understanding. He will pilot you to them for entertainment and they will charge you outrageous prices for most villainous accommodations. In return for this favor, the rascals hence the route whenever his wanderings bring him this way. Neither loan money to one of these coyotes it will not even have the effect of getting you rid of him—he will come back tomorrow more or long as he thinks there is a chance.—Theodore S. De Ley, in The Engineering Magazine.

FUN OF THE WORLD.

"I came mighty near being cheated out of that election," said Senator Sorghum; "mighty near. It made me think of a poker game I was once in."

"What kind of a game was that?" asked the attache who has had his salary raised several times for laughing in the right place. "Well, all I can say about it is that if the other fellows hadn't been too busy stacking the cards and dealing off the bottom I never would have gotten a chance to ring in a cold deck.

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Towards the latter part of Rossetti's he rarely left his house and gardens. He depended upon a close circle of friends for society, and in his own way was a sociable man, but he preferred to see his friends and acquaintances by appointment and was wont to bestow the too intrusive stranger.

On day an enterprising man called who was duly armed with a letter of introduction, and the servant was nearly yielding to the impulsive stranger, whereupon the painter of "Dante's Dream" leaned over the banister and said in a firm, mellifluous voice, "Tell the gentleman that I am not at home."

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The children of a certain family during its prosperity were left in the nursery in charge of servants. When the adversity came the servants were discharged and the parents lived with the little ones. One evening, when the father had returned home after a day of anxiety and business worry, his little girl clambered on his knee, and, twisting her arms around his neck, said:

"Papa, don't get rich again. You did not come into the nursery when you were rich, but now we can come around you and get on your knee and kiss you. Don't get rich again, papa."

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The twelve year old son of an Irishman of Philadelphia was thought to be ill with smallpox, but after an examination the doctor assured the father that Jameele had no symptoms of smallpox, but was suffering from an attack of German measles. At that the old man grew very wroth, and began to pour the vials, of his wrath upon the head of Jameele. "How often have Oi told yez to kape awe. from thim Deoen children?" he demanded. "See phwat yez get fer playin' wid thim. Now, Oi s'pose, yez'll be taken to th' German hospital, an' it'll serve yez roight, ye young bla'guard."

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Two young men sat through the first act at a local theater, then adjourned to a neighboring tavern for refreshment. The acting was bad, and would have excused the use of stimulants by any but the players. When about to re-enter the building only one could produce his return check.

"It's all right," said he of the check airily. "You remember him; he's with me."

"Yes," answered the gatekeeper, more doubtful than polite, "but he may have given his check to some other person."

"But he didn't," was the convincing reply. "He's a stranger here and hasn't an enemy in the city."

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The experience of teachers with their younger pupils especially, to whom instructions must be conveyed "line upon line" and in the most literal sense, furnishes some amusing chapters. A teacher had been reading to her young pupils an account of a man "who had lived for some years upon the frontier." When the story was reproduced by the child to her surprise it read that he had lived for some years 'on his front ear'" Another teacher read that a genteman "had occupied for some time a fine country seat." Upon asking the children what was meant by a 'fine country seat,' a dead silence reigned till one little fellow said he thought he knew and to the inquiry of the teacher replied, "A milking stool!"

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In a certain skirmish an officer got a slight scratch on the leg. The wound was a matter of great glory to him and he nursed it through after days, growing lamer with every fear that the memory of his bravery might pass out of mind.

One day, late in life, as he sat nursing his leg and pondering the glorious past, a young man visiting the family for the first time approached and sympathetically remarked:

"Lame, Colonel?"

"Yes, sir," after a pause and with inexpressible solemnity; "I am lame."

'Been riding, sir?"

'No'—with rebuking sternness—" I have not been riding."

"A slip down on the pavement?"

"No, sir," with actual ferocity.

"Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle,sir?"

With a painful slowness, the old man lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully down upon the floor, rose slowly from his chair, and, looking down upon the unfortunate youth with mingled pity and wrath burst forth in the sublimity of rage:

'Go and read the history of your country, you confounded young puppy!"

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Not so very long ago Mr. and Mrs. Phil May were entertaining a large party of friends distinguished in the worlds of literature, art and fashion, and during the evening there called a visitor who made a very diffident entry. The great caricaturist was standing near the head of the stairs talking to Lord Mountmorres and Lady Edith Franklin, when his man intimated that "Mr. Brown" had called.

"Show him in," said Mr. May.

"He won't come, sir; he's not in evening dress, and he's standing in the lobby."

Mr. May, who often cannot fix the identity of people he knows pretty well, showed no gleam of recognition on the mention of "Mr. Brown's" name, but in his usual kind way he went to the top of the staircase and ushered in the reluctant visitor, who vainly endeavored to excuse himself. Addressing two or three distinguished friends who were standing near, Mr. May determined to place the new arrival at his ease, and in the heartiest way said:

"Let me introduce my old friend, Mr. Brown."

The introduction had been made, when Mrs. May hurried to her husband's side, and, almost convulsed with laughter, and embarrassment, whispered: "Why, Phil that man is your tailor; he has called about your riding breeches, and the bill."

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The colonel, or "Old Daddy" as he was usually called, had a habit of strolling round the camp at most unseasonable hours. Sentries had to be continually on the alert, for nothing would have given "Old Daddy" greater satisfaction than to have pounced on some luckless one who might think the midnight hours suitable for a quiet snooze.

Paddy Brannigan made that mistake once. There in the quiet moonlight he sat, all unconscious of the Colonel's presence, his rifle laid against the tent, himself buried in slumber. Gently the rifle was lifted from its place. But some good angel awoke Paddy in time to see the colonel making his way to the guard tent. Paddy seized his rifle at once, and followed the colonel with the caution of a prairie cat.

Outside the guard tent stood the wooden rack which held the rifles of the guard, and into it "Old Daddy" placed Paddy's rifle, himself entering the tent to call the sergeant in charge. This was Paddy's opportunity. He grabbed his rifle and was back at his post in an instant. The colonel brought the sergeant outside, and ordered him to count the rifles.

"All correct, sir," said the sergeant.

"Nothing of the sort. There is an extra rifle there. That I am certain of, for I put it there myself."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but the number is quite correct," again replied the astonished sergeant.

"Come with me—come with me this instant, and I'll soon let you see what I mean."

"Halt, who goes there?" rang out clear and sharp in the slight air from the now widewake Paddy.

"This was more than "Old Daddy" had ever dreamed of. For a moment he was paralyzed. Then he marched straight on to Paddy, gazed into his serenely innocent face, and, with a "Well, I'm blowed," turned on his heel and vanished.

A moving kitchen, slowly tried on an automobile, is in operation in Berlin. It serves warm food to various households, and already has a big route of patrons.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

The snow of Wednesday reached as far south as Blackwell, where it turned to rain.

The El Reno American demands that the whole platter down in Oklahoma be wiped clean; that new appointments be made throughout.

As soon as the Rock Island reaches her, Oklahoma City will feel constrained to let up on its criticisms of "Rock Island territory" somewhat.

Sidney Clarke, who recently took a trip through Kiowa-land says that the lucky drawers of claims are now making settlement in great numbers.

The secretary of the interior must have looked mighty solemn when he told Tom Ferguson to pry loose that insane asylum contract and make a new one.

El Reno is to get the Frisco from Mustang. Then if the Rock Island builds to Oklahoma City the two towns will be connected with three lines of road.

The atmosphere down in Washington as pertains to statehood is getting mighty clear. The old prejudices which have blocked it for years are disappearing.

One Oklahoma politician writes to say that the way Roosevelt will pour out material from his memorandum mill when he reaches the Indian service will be a caution.

One of the strange things of the whole situation is that the poor people behind the grated windows at Norman do not know what a lot of volcanoes they have touched off all at once.

Ferguson says that his first inclination was to refuse the appointment of governor. You see, he didn't know whether he could wrap his long legs under that broncho and tie them into a knot, at first.

Mrs. Jenkins believes that Jenkins was removed as a result of a conspiracy. But there was no conspiracy. The best information is that the charges against him were inspired by one man who consulted but one other man.

At the Grant County Teachers' association meeting the question for debate was: "Should Turkey exist longer as a nation?" When the negative side got through with him, the Sultan looked like a mince pie with the glanders.

If Governor Ferguson has been instructed to have the next legislature appropriate money for an insane asylum building and maintenance, the legislature will go generally into the location business. And what a row there will be!

Leslie Niblack has tackled the Rock Island railroad, accusing it of being "regnant" in the territory. He says it dominates the territory commercially and politically. He thinks that the only way Oklahoma can be saved is by single statehood. Up to a late hour last night the Rock Island was still intact, however, and Leslie has ordered a new pair of boxing gloves for the second round.

An Oklahoman writes the Eagle as follows: "The bottom of this Jenkins matter has not been reached in the discussion of it. Here is the proposition: Jenkins had set aside a portion of the stock for friends. Charges were preferred that he had the stock set aside for himself. Washington asked him to explain. Jenkins told the truth. For that he was fired, and fired cruelly. Now, what if Jenkins had been dishonest? What if he had lied in his explanation? What if he had said that he had no part of the stock? Would he have been fired yet? Wouldn't there have been a long investigation, resulting in nothing?"

Enid Eagle: Sifted to the bottom, the noisy shouters for single statehood are found to be limited in a large measure to federal appointees and their followers on one hand, and a few Democratic politicians in Oklahoma who hope that a union with the Indian territory would make a Democratic state, on the other. The Republican office-holders and other politicians in the Indian territory hope that Oklahoma might overcome the great Democratic preponderance in that territory and make a Republican state. There are a few people who, without selfish motives, are favorable to single statehood, but three-fourths of those who favor it are of the class above referred to.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE.

Populism in Kansas really passed when ejaculatory amens ceased to be heard in applause at public meetings.

This last week W. A. Johnston completed his seventeenth year as associate justice of the supreme court.

If the Kansas pig keeps on increasing in value at the present rate, the stock yards will soon put in Troy weight scales.

According to Ed Howe, the guests at a woman's house are usually of two kinds, those so young that they flirt with her husband, or those so old that they abuse him.

The attorney general has ruled that the owner of a building in which there is a joint may be made to pay a fine imposed against the jointist. This is the 7,864th ruling on the prohibition law.

Now, Colonel Metcalfe of Lawrence is being boomed for Cy Leland's place. His dinner with the president Wednesday, while the menu is unknown, furnished food for reflection to the Kansas politicians.

Practically all of the Democrats and most of the Populists concede that there will be a Republican land-slide in Kansas in 1902. Next year a Republican's election to office will be as easy as money from home.

"And what," asked the visitor in Topeka, "is this huge pile of scrap iron in the rear of the Capeland?" "That," said the guide, "is made up of Crow-bars broken in the attempt to pry Cy Leland out of the pension office."

Jim Simpson has the hypnotic faculty of causing pronounced public concern when he is out of office, better than any other man in Kansas. He is in again, and all political elements, and they were all for him, are cushioned deep in velvet content.

There are Kansans left, who, dazzled as they are by the garish blaze of an incandescent prosperity, and whirled about by the suction of impetuous progress, still remember that that which has been will be, and carefully look at both sides of a dollar before they spend it.

The anti-alcohol league of the tenth arrondissement of Paris received a letter from Carrie Nation the other day offering to come to France and carry on a campaign of destruction against liquor. The offer was declined. Carrie never saw an arrondissement that she knows of, but how she would like to bring a hatchet down on one broad-wise.

The revival at Wellington has reached the stage where the preacher can do out this sort of a story: A beautiful, pure, young girl fell dead at a dance. An angel and the devil each appeared to claim her soul. The angel showed the devil where the girl's name was written in the books of heaven. The devil was distressed, but gave up, exclaiming: "Well, she died on my territory, any way."

It might be well occasionally to be able to see into the future. If a Kansas Populist ten years ago had been asked to think of his condition in 1901, he would have pictured himself a white slave, down cast and foot sore in the clanking, smuffing, smelly, utterly crushed, utterly undone. He never would have suspected that ten years further along his lings would be bringing $0.20 his wheat 20 cents, his corn 20, and he would be getting bowlegged carrying the coin to the bank.

Evidently Senator Burton carried the resolution with him to Washington that he wasn't going to rub his features into the dust before paper moths remove, simply because he is now in the saddle. He had a row with Senator Fairbanks of Indiana the other day, and Senator Fairbanks is still peeping with entrancement. Burton asked Fairbanks to appoint one of Buxton's relatives to the consulship of an Indiana town. Fairbanks said he would consider the case. Burton told him fairly that if he didn't, he would get the president to make the appointment anyway. Now, Fairbanks says he will never appoint Burton's selection.