

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

CY. LELAND FOR SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE.

It is given out that the Republicans of Doniphan county, having concluded that, in the way of compensation, not to say of retaliation, or for other considerations, it would be the bright and right thing to elect Cy. Leland to the Legislature this winter, and that he has agreed to run. If he runs he will be elected. When elected it would be a safe guess that he will be on hand to take his seat, and that he will fill it to the satisfaction of his constituents, and to the especial delight of that portion or majority of such constituency as he has tutored and pulled with for a lifetime. The grave probabilities are that the thing won't end there. There are advantages and opportunities for upsetting some things and engineering others on the floor of the house not found in the lobby. It would be just like Cy. to take a hand in the election of a United States senator, for instance, especially as he was once a candidate for that position himself. It would not be inconsistent with his long-time record if he should be found to have a personal choice, a decided choice, as to who should not be elected. In suggesting that he would fill his seat acceptably, it must not be understood that he would always be found occupying it. On occasions, such as at roll call, the chances would be in favor of his presence, if there was nothing doing, and he wasn't engaged in holding his ear to the floor. If a fraction of the things believed of his capacity to make himself numerous is tangible, it is evident that there might be a diversified desire to shelve him, to put him beyond temptation, as it were, if not beyond the chance of the situation. As pulling him down seems, from past experience, impractical, he might be boosted in the other direction, in which event the Speaker's Chair would be found to be the all-around safest plan for his confinement.

Of course we are not unmindful of the possibility of some opposition to this solution of the situation, more particularly an opposition fully two miles in diameter, the center of which is the state house, an opposition that would be evincing itself months prior to the time of the arrival of those who will do the electing. Again, there is a supposable personal objection upon the part of some senatorial aspirants, or by others fired with the desire to be invested with the authority to rap the house to order. But the interests of the state being multifarious, and those of the Republican party paramount, all such objections fall below the standard of consideration. The problem is the man, and the best interests of the commonwealth at large.

KANSAS DEMOCRATS ON GOVERNOR STANLEY.

The Lawrence Journal estimates the late action of the Democratic party of Kansas to be equivalent to an endorsement of the Stanley administration. While it would have been impolitic to praise and un-Democratic to endorse, still the condemnation was of the wildest character. The Journal has this to say:

It will be remembered that when the Democrats met at Wichita they failed to find anything to criticize in the Republican administration of Kansas for the past four years, save the fact that a Republican Legislature had passed an anti-union law and had made the railroad board appointive. When a Democratic convention meets in Kansas and can find but two small things the Republicans have done in four years that they can kick about, it is safe to presume that the Republicans have conducted public affairs in a manner that is practically irreproachable. Nothing that the Republicans could have said would have been a greater compliment to Governor Stanley and his administration than was the failure of the Democrats to find anything in it to criticize. For you may be sure if anything the least wrong or reprehensible had been permitted by Governor Stanley the Democrats would have nosed it out and denounced it. As a matter of fact, they found nothing at all, for the two things they complained of were legislative and not executive acts. Governor Stanley has a right to feel that he has the endorsement of the Democrats as well as of the Republicans of Kansas, and he deserves it.

A PRONOUNCED CASE OF CASUS BELLI.

The Topeka Capital is again grinding over Wichita's want of railway accessibility, "main line accessibility." Does our esteemed contemporary take the people of the state for chumps. Topeka has three main lines of railway running through her and one branch line to her—no more. Wichita has four main lines of railway running through her and four branch lines to her. There is a greater railway mileage, or trackage, within any given compass, inside the state, contiguous to Wichita than to Topeka, say about double. Because of Wichita's superior railway facilities over any other town three times as many commercial travelers make Wichita their headquarters than in any other town in the state. Will Topeka ever get on to the fact that Topeka is not the state of Kansas, or ever realize that the state is four hundred miles long by two hundred miles wide, and that Topeka is located in the northeast corner of the state, within fifty miles of Oregon, Mo.; within forty-five miles of East Atchison, Mo., and within sixty miles of Kansas City, Mo., and that when it comes to railway facilities and train service that Topeka is discounted by several other towns? The only "one universal roar" put up, or heard, over any lack of hotel accommodations, at Wichita, was the universal roar put up by that train load of rooters from Topeka, who were neither delegates nor alternates, and whose coming was unannounced. Still six hundred rooms provided for remained unasked. Our neighbor has a bad case of belly-ache, and it only remains for us to painfully observe that in the race of life he who stops to belly-ache is liable to get left?

The Lawrence Journal, conceding that Topeka is a convenient point—for the people of the northeast eighth of the state it should have said—taps the last nail of the Topeka coffin in this fashion:

The Topeka Capital quotes what this paper said in reference to the indifference of its towns as a convention place, and enters a plea in the nature of a confession and avoidance. It says the delegates ought to come to Topeka to conventions, whether they are treated properly or not. The tone of the editorial is so clearly a confession that Topeka is a frozen-hearted place, and the warning is given so clearly that conventions need expect nothing when they come, that we feel more like helping the esteemed Capital out than we do like scolding it. Topeka is the coldest, rawest, most shivery town in the whole west, and the newspapers simply cannot make it otherwise.

THE TOPEKA HERALD ON KANSAS.

"Four hundred miles of valley, plain and slope, stretching from a mighty river to the wondrous mountains. For thousands of years this garden lay fallowing. The lavish sun poured down its life-giving rays many days in every year. The streams brought alluvial richness from the north and the west for ages. The soft south winds swept it from boundary to boundary, summer after summer, and the north wind tempered its fiercest blasts for Kansas in the succeeding winters. Thus was the garden made."

"Then came the gardener. First, from New England, for the New Englander first came to plant the truth. The men who came to sow the tares of slavery in free soil were not gardeners. The descendant of the Puritan planted in Kansas the seed that has borne richest harvest."

"We have the corn of Egypt, that, buried again in the pyramids, would retain its germ of life for more uncounted years; we have the golden apples of Hesperides in our fruits; we have mines under the earth and cattle on a thousand hills, but these are not our richest harvests."

"The little swarming places of the world do not dream of the exaltation of the great outdoors. Ere history began, or learning builded temples, there were favored spots of earth where men were reared to do, to lead. Here, in the open, is such a spot."

"Whom the gods call forth are men of purpose. Our pioneers were men of both purpose and action. Their blood yet flows in the veins of every Kansan born. Their spirit is in the free air. High-born or low-born, it matters not. Time nor chance can put out his will. In all the lists the Kansan man takes second place to none. He plows and sows and reaps, the while he cons the greatest book of all—nature's unblemished page—and while he plows he plans."

"A Kansan man said that when he was introduced in the east the eastern man always greeted him thus: 'Ah, you are from the west, I believe?' And the Kansan man answered: 'No, not from the west; from Kansas—there is a difference!' That is the way all the people of Kansas feel. Why should they not? When Coronado marched north from Mexico to search for the seven fabled cities he found Kansas instead and turned back to carry the glad tidings. But his followers came not so far. The Spaniards and the Jesuits stopped just short of Kansas. It was reserved for the Protestant—and we have been protesting ever since. Sometimes too much, perhaps; not always wisely, maybe, but always earnestly. It has been said by another Kansan that a man with a black patch would give his all to wipe it out in Kansas. Well, what more could he say? Wealth and lineage lay no claim to greatness on the prairies. Whom the gods call forth are men of purpose—born to lead the many that must follow. Kansas nurtures her share."

INDIANA DEMOCRACY ELUCIDATES.

The Indiana Democrats, in their state convention on Wednesday, went squarely back on the "dollar of the daddies," but cheered the name of the son of silver. Hoosier Democracy further announces that it stands for expansion, that is, expansion of the merchant marine, but is opposed to the ship subsidy bill, and to territorial and colonial expansion. Those Indiana Democrats having defined the status of the Republican party, proceeded to denounce it as the "breeder of trusts" and the "promoter of wars." In deploring the death of McKinley it criticizes the efforts of his successor to carry out McKinley's policy. Having satisfactorily disposed of all the greater national issues, it turned its batteries on the governor of the state for refusing to honor the Kentucky requisition which deprived the latter state of an expected hanging tournament, in memory of Goebel. The dispatches inform us that the convention was like unto a love feast before the footlights, but that in the dressing room the escape from bloodshed was very narrow over a proposition to endorse Bryan and the Kansas City platform, which was finally tabled. The committee on resolutions fought over it all night and until nearly noon the next day, when the minority succumbed, probably from exhaustion. Indiana Democracy being the genuine thing, the resolves of the Hoosier convention constitutes a reliable pointer as to what may be expected from the national convention a couple of years hence.

LOOK OUT FOR THAT LAKE.

Hydrographic experts of the navy department make light of the reports of changes in the depths of the Caribbean caused by the volcanic outbreaks in the Antilles. Even the record explosion of Krakatoa, they say, produced no dislocations necessitating any important alterations in mariners' charts, and the effects of even the most violent eruptions have always been limited to the immediate vicinity of the rampant volcano. The out-and-out Nicaraguans are extracting some comfort from these outgivings of the naval hydrographers; but, unfortunately for them, there are four volcanoes in the immediate vicinity of Lake Nicaragua. Either of these might drain the lake dry, as did Mount Tarawera, in New Zealand, some fifteen years ago with Lake Rotomahana. This lake was forty miles long and nearly as wide. Lake Nicaragua is larger, but there are four Taraweras near by to do the business.

Old General Botha said when the war was ended: "It is the happiest day of my life since I left school." But one day meant freedom, and the other didn't.

There are indications that the Rock Island is to become a cyclone in the railroad circles. It is gathering force and speed every day.

The country will esteem it a great favor if all the senators should conclude that just a few speeches on the isthmian canal will do.

We have a suspicion that that yearly Yaqui rebellion is gotten up just to give General Torres a chance to break into public view.

It would be a grand good thing if Mr. Solomine Disturbance, Esquire, would come along and dig that isthmian canal for us.

Just at present the way to start a cyclone in Chicago is to start out a meat wagon—it doesn't matter in which direction.

Fred Puston has agreed to make a speech at the Day Club banquet next January. Things will have blown over then.

The Christian minister out in California who has gone over to Mohammedism will be examined as to his sanity.

The number of rejected suitors who are killing the object of their affections, in this land, is growing appalling.

The rain in Kansas is presenting that inimitable comedy in one act entitled "Making Up For Lost Time."

Mark Twain has been made an L. L. D. and Mark has so changed that he will feel elated over it.

They don't let anything get away in Indiana. They even elect a state geologist.

The people in Chicago who have the price of meat are having a time to get it.

There are some people in London who believe that Buller did it.

The Indiana Democrats are against any third battle foolishness.

Great Britain gave Kitchener enough.

OLD BLUE DOG'S MEDICINE.

Ralph Burnham, government contractor doctor, joined the cantonment on the Platte river the last of July. Burnham was an ambitious young fellow, who knew his profession, and he thought it would be a good experience for him to go out where the Kiowas and Comanches were kicking up a row, here to do a little surgery for the soldiers.

A contract doctor's pay is \$1,500 a year, and Burnham concluded that he could live comfortably enough on that amount until he chose to quit Uncle Sam's service and pick up a practice worth \$2,000 a year or thereabouts.

The new doctor recruit reached the cantonment about 3 o'clock in the morning. Outside the troops' quarters was a big Kiowa encampment. Burnham had never seen an Indian before, barring a few broken-spirited Onondas down on a New York reservation. He hadn't been in camp a long time before he began sneaking in and asked for the surgeon, it happened that the regular army surgeon had gone shooting for the morning, and the Kiowas were turned over to Burnham. He had "snaked" out the morning because he did not want his fellow braves to know that he was the messenger after letters in their own "medicine man," and especially in one, an ugly, visaged old chap named Blue Dog.

Burnham was told half in signs and half in words that Kiowa back was sick. He went along with the Indian until they reached the edge of the reds' camp. There the Kiowa pointed out a Kiowa who was the sick man, lay, and then disappeared. Burnham went to the lodge and entered. He was met with growls and a frightful odor. On the ground lay a Kiowa warrior, unconscious, and round him was crouching and chanting the most hideous-looking creature that Burnham ever looked on.

The dancer was old Blue Dog. In addition to dancing he was blowing some sort of Indian incense, which was worse than asafoetida. He was trying to drive the devil of sickness out of the prostrate warrior.

Burnham saw in an instant that the Kiowa on the ground was suffering from epilepsy. He swung his medicine case and began to take out some salts. Old Blue Dog gave a yell, and three bucks entered and told the doctor in pretty tough English that he couldn't try that medicine on Blue Dog got through. The dancing had exhausted him, and his unconscious patient had not as much as trembled an eyelid.

Then Burnham went at him. He had the Kiowa on his feet inside of five minutes, and with the stimulation of the brandy that the doctor and given liberally the Kiowa acted as though he had never seen a sick day in his life.

Blue Dog looked amazed but he told his fellows that it was his own medicine that had brought the back around, but that it was a little slow in acting, that was all.

Three weeks after this Burnham was walled out of bed one night by a pounding on the window frame of his log shack. He rose and found old Blue Dog without. Blue Dog had a pretty fair smattering of English.

"Lift one sick," he said. "Come. Same topee."

Burnham followed the old medicine man, who disappeared just as the other Kiowas had done before reaching the lodge. The doctor found a child of Blue Dog suffering from a fever, tossing and moaning in delirium. Blue Dog came in. "People doesn't know," he said, "for they'd kill me."

Burnham attended the child surreptitiously for a week. She recovered, and the next day Burnham found at his door a basket of Kiowa medicine. Burnham made. Blue Dog gave the basket.

That was the summer that the Kiowas and Comanches went out and raided Kansas, Nebraska and the Indian Territory. It was one of the worst years for the settlers and the troops known in Indian warfare. Things had been quiet about the cantonment on the Platte till late in August. The Kiowa war was in ignorance that the Indians were thinking of raising chief. Burnham had received word from the East that the young woman who had been his fiancee, Helen Truxton, by name, was in response to his earnest letters, to come to the cantonment on the Platte and let the chaplain have the child, and to bring the child, Helen Truxton was an orphan and school teacher. At her lover's solicitation she left civilization behind and started for the cantonment on the Platte, with the intention of making her last part of the journey never reached the cantonment.

The Kiowas jumped from their Platte campment the night before and went a devastating horde on the warpath. Old Blue Dog went with them, somewhat to the amazement of the soldiers. He had always been fairly friendly to the whites, and he had fought and skirmished, and finally the Kiowas were pretty thoroughly smashed. The stage in which Helen Truxton had been a passenger to the cantonment was taken in which she and four men passengers were dead and scalped. There was no trace of Helen, Truxton.

Those who know something of Indian warfare and savage methods can imagine the feeling that was in Ralph Burnham's heart. Four weeks had gone by and he had no hope of seeing his fiancee. Blue had been given over. One morning Blue Dog, with his wives and children, showed up at the site of the old Kiowa campment. There he pitched his tent, and he had been forced to go out and that he had come back to his friends, the whites, as soon as he could. The colored knew something of Blue Dog, and believed him.

At noon that same day the old medicine man went to Burnham's quarters. "You're sick, you're sick," he said, "I show you mine is stronger. You raise up Kiowa brave who was like dead. You cure sick people, but I have stronger medicine than you. You come see."

Burnham went along with the old fellow, not realizing what he was driving at. He reached the topee, which was a big double affair, with the skins falling like a curtain and dividing it into two parts. Blue Dog spat on the ground and began burning incense and chanting. Then he drew circles and dashes in the dirt. Finally he let out a terrific shriek, and raising his arm, he said to Burnham: "Kiowa medicine man make dead like."

Blue Dog jumped backward, and in an instant the curtain of skins fell, and Burnham, with a staggered mind and burning eyes, knew that Helen Truxton was in the topee beyond, surrounded by the wives of Blue Dog.

Safe and unharmed she was, and saved by Blue Dog, who, through the fear of his office as medicine man, worked to his tribe, had saved the girl in the assault on the stage and had brought her safely to the cantonment, though he did it these last lines of bloodstained Comanches, who cared not a rap for the medicine of the Kiowas.

Blue Dog turned to Burnham. There was a glint in his eyes. "It was as much like a twinkling as could find a place in the eye of an Indian. My medicine," he said, "raise dead, but it's no more, sooner that the for said in faces and some Indians say so cure for this, but I find it," and the chief drew in the dirt a heart broken through his center—Edward B. Clark.

Not Soothing. (From the Philadelphia Press.) "Whenever I'm invited to give my temper, I said the philosophic man, 'I just think to myself: Oh there's no use getting mad.'"

"So do I," replied the excitable person, "and that makes me all the madder."

Reason Enough. (From the Philadelphia Press.) "What reason is there for the notion that I am especially unlucky to marry in May?"

"I don't know, unless it is that an especially large number of people have been married in May."

The Democrats of Kansas are being eyed a good deal for having had to go out of the state for an official organ.

OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

The dog-catchers of the territory are now making their last call for revenue.

Ben Little Ax and Stella Bear were married in Pottawatomie county recently. It is uncertain in Oklahoma that bridges should be of steel and perched high.

Up to the present time no lecture from Bill Cross is announced on the subject of free tree books.

The newly elected chief of the Seminole in Halesita, Mexico, and not McCo, as one paper print it.

Attorney General Galbraith, of Honolulu, formerly of Oklahoma, is talked for governor of Hawaii.

A volcano in New Mexico has broken out, and Oklahoma may have to reel up Beaver county to save it.

In southern Logan county some of the corn-fields visited by a hail-storm look like a mass meeting of falling poles.

Captain Hepler, who has been re-elected clerk of the supreme court, has been clerk of a court in Oklahoma since 1892.

The Cross managers are going to be great claimers. They are now claiming Pottawatomie county by 50% majority.

A young man in a butcher shop at Shawnee, the other evening, had his fingers taken off in a sausage grinder, as clean as a whistle.

The Populists and Democrats of Woods county are divided on the question of a primary or delegate convention nomination of a county ticket.

When statehood is consummated for the Indian territory, the legislature will have a time reforming some of the names. The Creek nation has a town called Meksulucky.

When an Oklahoma man calls a meeting and has to postpone it about a half dozen times because of rain, he finally issues a call which says that it will be held, "rain or shine."

The other day a man handed Conductor Wilcox, of the Santa Fe, a one-dollar bill which had been raised to a ten. Wilcox grabbed the four and handed him over to the police at Guthrie.

The other day in one of the Indian nations a young deputy United States marshal arrested six desperate men by pointing an empty revolver at them. He had been shooting at a target when they appeared.

W. G. West is entertaining at Blackwell his brother, J. T. West. They are twins and are an almost of some time from each other they discovered that they were exactly alike. Then they decided to get weighed. They both weighed exactly the same.

Chaska Express: W. F. Detrick came overland from Anadarko yesterday. He reports that the roads are fairly good, but the main road cannot be followed. He said that considerable damage has been done to the cotton and corn crops along the low lands. Mr. Detrick has been in this part of the southwest since 1878, and he states that the Washita was at least four feet higher during this rise than he had ever seen it.

Lawton Enterprise: The assessed valuation of Comanche county for taxation returned by Assessor J. M. Dilts today is \$1,654,311.93. This does not mean that this is all Comanche county is worth, because everything was figured on a basis of 40 per cent of its actual value. Even according to these figures there is \$1,161,752 worth of property in Comanche county, not including real estate, except in the cities and towns. There is no allowance for the well known propensity of tax-payers to return just as little as possible for taxation. County Assessor Dilts today turned over to the county clerk and the board of county commissioners, Probate Judge Brown and the assessor reviewed them. Commissioner McClintock was absent. The first assessment of Comanche county does not show up as well as was expected, but Mr. Dilts says it is a very fair one.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE. The rain-gauges in Kansas are working overtime.

The dome of the state capitol has been re-decorated. It needed it.

Judge Ed Madison has been re-nominated for judge in the Thirty-first district.

The Anderson Memorial library, which Henry Carnegie gave to Emporia, was dedicated Tuesday.

Emporia threatens the next time Congressman Miller comes to town to meet him with a brass band.

Water was so high at Emporia the other day that people with wells had to feed 'em with a long pole.

It may get raining so fast that it can't slow up before August 15. Anything can happen in Kansas.

The attorneys of O. W. Coffett filed a motion for a change of venue before Judge Lawrence, who overruled it.

Twenty million pounds of oleomargarine were manufactured in Kansas last year. After July 1 it will be taxed 10 cents a pound.

The taxes delinquent from counties to the state of Kansas now aggregate \$4,807.54, the smallest in the history of the state.

The roar of rain on the roof is interfering with creating exercises in Kansas. It was supposed that the rain had it in for somebody.

The storm which deluged Butler county and other eastern sections was visited by Wichita, which had a black-back storm from this point east in years.

The editor at Yates Center who is kicking because people are taking the oil out of the earth which was put there to raise the price of the earth, probably had to have something to kick about.

Note from Quaker Valley in the Emporia Gazette: The herd of steers that ran all over the county Sunday being a man near Emporia, whose pasture they had broken out of the night before.

Judge Sam Peters, of Newton, has gone to Los Angeles, California, to attend a Shriner's meeting. This nation has spread out so that a Kansas man can't get nothing of grabbing his hat and starting out on a trip of 2,000 miles.

The Caldwell Advance has an item which testifies to the reliability of Kansas crops. Hugh Neal began hauling wheat from his farm to the elevator the other day. "The remarkable thing about it," says the Advance, "is that he was hauling with the same eye of needle that he began hauling wheat with twenty-one years ago, and they have hauled wheat for him every year since. Mr. Neal says he has hauled an average of 2,500 bushels of wheat a year with that team ever since 1880."

Last week Mrs. Dan Alsworth, of Newton, died. In an obituary the Newton Republican says: "Charlotte Annita Pelly was born in Kingston, Ontario, in July, 1844. She and Daniel Alsworth were married on Thanksgiving day, 1866, at Taylor, Ohio. They moved to Augusta, Kansas, in 1878, where Mr. Alsworth opened a land office. The following year they moved to Newton and settled on the land where their present home is located, on West Twelfth street. The house built there at that time was probably the first in the city. For almost a third of a century Mrs. Alsworth has been a prominent citizen of our town and county, she having been one of the organizers of the county and first county clerk. Mrs. Alsworth was a life-long member of the Episcopal church, though her lingering illness prevented her from taking an active part in the work of the church. Several years ago she had a severe attack of pneumonia, which time she has been troubled with bronchial catarrh and which is running its course during the winter months. It has been the custom for several winters for one of the family to accompany her to Phoenix, Arizona, where she found more relief. Last winter while waiting in Buffalo, New York, she became worse and Mr. Alsworth and she hurried to Phoenix, where they have spent a few days since. She evidently felt that the end was near and wanted to come home. It was thought that she might be brought here, but the trip proved too much for her."

Geo. Innes & Co. WICHITA'S LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR STORE. Summer Millinery. We are in position to supply the tourist and the summer girl with pretty new conceits. Fifteen Cent Swiss Nine Cents Tomorrow at. One Thousand Yards Sheer White Swiss, 34 inches wide, regular 15c quality; Tomorrow at 9c.

Boston Store 103, 105, 107, 109, E. DOUGLAS AVE. WICHITA'S SHOPPING CENTER. All-Silk Sash Ribbons Special Today 39c Per Yard. This morning we place on sale Sixty Bolts of All-silk Sash Ribbons, Taffetas, Moires and Fancies, ranging in width from 6 to 12 inches; some fancy and plain colors, though most of them are the much wanted plain black and plain white; usually sold at 60c, 75c and \$1.00. More Hats Today. Yesterday's crowd was the largest that ever assembled here for Hats at one time. Lot One, at 39 Cents. Shows Untrimmed Shapes and Ready-to-Wear Hats of every popular style and color. Lot Two, at 69 Cents. Shows the season's most tempting Ready-to-Wear Shapes. Nobby Hats of every style and color; a showing of high-class values never equalled.

Boston Store WALLINGSTON & COHN. SPECIALS Friday and Saturday. 3000 Yards Another Lot of. 1000 Yards Small Wares. 500 Yards White Goods. The Tornado SELLERS OF EVERYTHING. Haythorn Sons Mercantile Co., 118 East Douglas.