Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

WALL STREET'S THREATENED PANIC.

There is a stringency or tightness in the New York monetary situation which seems to be pinching numberless trust-stock plungers and option speculators. Midst the wail going up there is much unloading. Rates are so high as would naturally induce gold shipments from Europe. But the gold is not forthcoming. The bankers who have been carrying the brokers and the brokers who have been holding up the speculators, declare that the money shortage comes of an extraordinary demand for cash to move western crops. That is an old cry and a false one, especially is it so at the present time. It takes a good deal of money to pay for the crops which are now moving through the markets in search of the consumer. But so far as the cost of movement is concerned the west has plenty of its own money in bank to move all of its crops from one side of the earth to the other. Western banks are full of money to loan and the great bulk of these deposits belong to the man who produced the crops which are to be moved. Consequently he is not borrowing nor does he stand in any need of eastern money. The secretary of the treasury is trying to ease up the demand by anticipating the payment of maturing bonds and by designating additional depositories for some of the enormous surplusage now in the government vaults. But down at the bottom we apprehend the New York money shortage will be found to hinge on too much wreckless speculation in the inflated stocks of combines and mergers. Let the galled jade wince, the withers of the west are unwrung. The time was when a money panic among the robbers of Wall street meant disaster to western banks, when a corner there meant ruin here. But it is believed by competent judges that that time has passed. The west is no longer a borrower but a loaner, and her loans are not made on predicated values of trust and other incorporated stocks, but made to itself on home securities which are as tangible as the prairies or the crops which they produce or the live stock which feeds upon them. Overreaching and wild plunging are more sure to down trusts than court rulings or legislation. Competition growing out of prevailing economic conditions cannot long be restrained or controlled.

Speaking of circumventing combines by law, as advocated by the Populists, or of crippling them by a modification or repeal of our protective tariff laws. Who would be equal to drafting a law which would smash the trusts that at the same time would not cripple enterprize and hamper every kind of industry and every line of trade? As for the Democratic contention, why does not free trade kill trusts in free-trade England? That trusts will prove self-regulating, just in the sense that supply and demand are self-regulating, is a logical conclusion.

THE GREAT STRIKE AND ITS LOSS.

It now looks as if the great coal strike must fail. Winter draws on and the amount weekly contributed by other miners and by sympathizers grows less. It has been the greatest strike in the history of labor troubles. Its real cost could hardly be computed, cost to miners in loss of wages, cost to mine owners, cost to the railroads that would have carried the coal, cost to the state for militia and cost to the hundreds of merchants and thousands of others who supplied the wants of the miners. And then there is suffering of the men, women and children constituting the families of the miners, and the trainmen who have been undergoing a summer's enforced idleness and to their families. These latter are mostly American born citizens. Most of the miners are of foreign birth. The Philadelphia Inquirer makes and publishes an estimate of the direct money loss. The figures are stupendous. In the meantime the coal consumer has also suffered loss and now this consumer, who must have fuel for house-heating purposes, etc., has commenced to complain and loudly. At the end of eighteen weeks it is estimated that the coal companies have lost $42,000,000 through inability to sell coal; that they have paid another million for police expenses; that $45,000 more may be added as the cost of maintaining non-union workers and that they have suffered through damage to the mines six millions and a half additional. Meanwhile the railroads have lost $10,000,000, the state has put up $275,000 for the National Guardsmen and the miners have not received the $24,000,000 which they would have received had work been going on.

MANDAMUS SUIT FILED.

Fusion dies hard. The average Pop doesn't like to consent to being called a Democrat and to be forced to vote for Democratic nominees and principles. There are lusts of Pops who would prefer voting for Roosevelt, expansion and lively times to voting for Cleveland or Hill or any other old conservative tariff tinker. If the anti-fusion law stands it would seem that the Populist party is doomed. So the law has been vehemently denounced all along. Now an application for a writ of mandamus is filed in the Supreme Court by David Overmyer, Ed. S. Waterbury and Judge S. H. Allen, attorneys for the Democratic and Populist state committees, asking that Secretary of State George A. Clark be compelled to place both the Democratic and Populist state tickets on the official ballot. Under the provisions of the anti-fusion law only the Democratic state ticket is competent to a place on the ballot unless all the nominees elect to have their names appear on the Populist ticket. The suit is brought in the name of W. H. Craddock, the fusion nominee for governor.

The return for the suit has been set for October 6 and at that time the briefs will be presented and the case argued upon its merits. It is probable a decision will be rendered within a few days afterwards as the law compels the secretary of state to certify the names of the various candidates upon the ballot down to the county clerks at least twenty days before election, which will be October 15.

A GOOD TOWN'S GOOD SHOW.

It would be interesting to know what Atchison's Corn Carnival is worth to the town, not in dollars and cents, but as a mental and spiritual stimulus to its citizens.

Apparently the city has developed completely the spirit of the carnival. The activity of the city just now is that of a large family preparing a Christmas tree for the crowd asleep upstairs. There is tremendous excitement, profound secrecy, extravagant litter and extraordinary confusion everywhere. Some of the limbs are not strong enough for some of the dolls, and some of the candles go wobbly and some of the ornaments are changed a dozen times before the thing stands accomplished and the hearts of the conspirators swell with pride.

We gather this from the Atchison Globe, the arch-plotter. Women who have devoted weeks to the decoration of the vehicles for the flower parade, threaten suicide if it rain; the chief of police has forbidden straw hats after midnight, the 20th; red ears of corn, which have a kiss value, have gone to a premium; visitors are already arriving and are duly written up in the Globe; mine hosts of hotel and restaurant are wringing their hands in despair at evidence of unparalleled attendance; hints that the railroads may be embarrassed for coaches are prevalent.

In other words Atchison is trimming her Christmas tree. Her good show, with its local color, its local touch of the artistic and ingenious, its local sparkle of enthusiasm, its happy-hearted, whole-souled unanimity to surprise, please and entertain, is the biggest thing in that corner of the country. It draws from Kansas City and the purely rowdy and mercenary rout of that big town; the people of St. Joe, who want a spell of genuine recreation, run over by thousands. Omaha sends a big contingent. People who formerly lived in Atchison return from the ends of the earth and bring strangers along with them.

The carnival features are pretty, the carnival license of the harmless kind and the rebellion against conventionality mirthful. Committees on reception are relegated, and any one attempting to make a speech is arrested.

All this must do Atchison good. It must brighten her people; teach them the good points of their neighbors, and awaken in them anew love and pride for their town. The Eagle wishes Atchison, the coming week, a high old time.

LITTLE CHARLEY CURTIS IN CAUCUS.

The handbill thrown about the streets of Leavenworth advertising the Curtis meeting, assured the Republicans of that town that the Topeka pet was "a friend of Roosevelt's." The Leavenworth Times observes that "in view of the fact that Charles Curtis voted five different times in five different caucuses of the Republican members of the house of representatives against President Roosevelt's Cuban reciprocity bill, it is evident that Mr. Curtis 'doth protest too much.'

"He has a queer way of showing his friendship for Roosevelt. Voting against Roosevelt's reciprocity bill in the caucus and lining up with President Roosevelt's enemies at the Wichita convention, showed conclusively where Curtis was at.

"He has been inoculated with the same beet sugar virus which acted so badly on Senator Burton. At the Wichita convention Curtis endeavored by threats of taking away federal patronage and of decapitating the postmaster of Leavenworth to force this county to support Troutman and to go in with Senator Burton and oppose President Roosevelt's plan of Cuban reciprocity.

"To the credit of Leavenporth Republicans the base attempts of Curtis were unavailing and Leavenworth county stood by W. J. Bailey and President Roosevelt. Curtis fools no on by his pretended friendship now for the president. His goose is cooked."

THE CLEANING UP OF MANILA.

Governor Taft, with the help of his engineers and medical men, is going to try to do for Manila what Governor Wood with the help of his did for Havana and Santiago. It has been a sickly city at all times, and every now and then a pest scourged city. Governor Taft hopes and means to change all that—to make Manila a clean, fairly healthful, fairly cholera-proof city.

His plans are comprehensive; it will cost a lot of money to carry them out. They include the removal of between 40,000 and 50,000 of the slum people to temporary camps; the tearing down or burning down of their filthy huts; the reclamation of the slums; the filling in of all low and swampy places; the shutting out of the tide-water by means of sea walls; the scientific regrading, draining and sewering of the streets, stringent building regulations, and then a year-in year-out enforcement of sanitary laws. There will come the rub. With a different with comparative rapidity, but it may take generations to change the character, ideas and habits of the inhabitants. Probably Governor Taft (like Governor Wood in Cuba) will have to leave the completion of the great task to his successors. But the well made beginning—the solidly laid foundation—is proverbially, half of the work.

THE BATTLES OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY.

The controversies about wireless telegraphy are at present in danger of obscuring its feats. The smoke of battle is so thick that it is hard to judge the case on its merits, but doubtless there is a good deal of commercialism on both sides. The latest move is the charge that Mr. Marconi's telephonic receiver, which he used in his transatlantic experiments, was the invention of Marquis Solari, an Italian army officer, and Mr. Marconi is asserted to have acknowledged this by an application for leave to amend one of his patents by the insertion of a clause in which Solari is stated to be the inventor. Some have regarded this as tantamount to a confession that the entire Marconi system is a plagiarism. His friends, however, stoutly maintain that the attacks on him are due wholly to envy and business rivalry. Some assert that M. Solari's receiver was not used at Newfoundland, and others that, although it was so used, M. Solari knew it and Mr. Marconi acknowledged it. The one thing that appears to be certain is that, although no one has yet done anything very practical with wireless telegraphy, Marconi is still in the lead.

HE SAID HE DID NOT.

In his speech at Leavenworth, Congressman Curtis said he did not oppose President Roosevelt's reciprocity plan, and the Leavenworth Times offers to give $100 to each charitable institution in the city if Mr. Curtis will get "A signed statement from his fellow members of the congressional delegation stating that he did not oppose and vote against President Roosevelt's Cuban reciprocity measure in the caucus." Here is a chance for Congressman Curtis to make a nice present to each of the several charitable institutions of Leavenworth, cutely observes the facetious Lawrence Journal.

TRAPDOORS FOR MODEST PRESIDENTS.

That must have been a very uncomfortable situation for President Roosevelt last Sunday when, on going to church to hear Mr. McKinley eulogized, he was obliged to sit and listen to the last part of a sermon which divided the praises of the dead with himself. Burchardism in its varied expressions is always a menace to the peace of mind of presidents. It will always be this until the president's pew is rigged like a trapdoor, so that he can lower himself out of sight when it becomes too warm.

Uncle Horace Boies will also think that he scared Henderson off the track. But he doesn't say so. That might scare Henderson back on the track.

A TEST OF PERSONAL COURAGE.

Worthington Cheever, the president of the Banco del Prado of Bogota, was sitting in his private office slicing open his private mail. Most of it was from New York, for Mr. Cheever was an old Broadway beau, and many a pink and pale blue envelope, exhaling dainty perfumes, had found him in his strange environments in South America. He had been there but six months, and his secretaries and assistants had found out that the words "New York" or "United States" on anybody's card was certain to win an audience from their new chief. He was a tall, strong, well poised man of 38, a widower with two beautiful daughters, an ex-colonel of the Indian wars and a stately but deliberate and cautious man of affairs.

"Senor James Trefny of New York, would wish that he may speak with you, senor," said the soft-voiced office boy in dulcet Spanish accents.

"Thank you, Emilio. Show the gentleman in," said President Cheever, with a look of pleased anticipation, though he could not remember having ever met or heard of the visitor.

The young man who came in was perfectly attired in well fitting flannels. In the pale buff stock about his neck was a fine gold scarf pin set with diamonds. Upon his finger a splendid solitaire sparkled in a heavy gold band. His hat was in his hand and Mr. Cheever noticed the singularly calm, unconscious beauty of his manly head and face. He was dark with the tan of the sea, but his thick, fine hair was carefully arranged, and his whole manner betokened the patrician man of education, travel, gentleness and courage. Cheever liked his looks and showed his welcome in a frank smile and a hearty handshake. But he had reasons to quickly change this first favorable impression, for Mr. Trefny of New York, sitting calmly beside him and speaking in measured, clear tones in which there was not a suggestion of a tremor, said:

"Mr. Cheever, this walking stick is filled with nitro cotton; if you move I'll expiode it. There, quite still, that will do. Nitro-cotton is the new explosive just adopted by the German army, and is, as you probably know, the most terrible medium of destruction ever perfected. It is ignited by a fuse of mercury. See, here is the handle of my cane is the fulminating cap. Don't look round. If anyone comes in, say you will be busy for half an hour. Thank you. No, no! Don't tap your foot against the velvet rug. It annoys me.

"As I was saying, all I have to do is to touch this desk with my finger and you and I, this bank and building and everyone and everything in it will be torn instanly to atoms. In such an event there would be not enough of us left for identification or burial. There are, as I understand it, about two hundred and seventeen thousand dollars in your vaults. It would be scattered to the four winds."

There was a knock at the door. Cheever looked an inquiry at Trefny.

"Say what I told you or not, as you please," said the latter, quietly.

"Not in for thirty minutes," said Cheever.

"Now, to resume. I have here," taking from his inside pocket a check, "an ordinary check on the Plaza Bank, your rival, you know. It is made payable to me, James Trefny. It is signed—let's see—oh, yes, it is signed 'Homer O. Dunleyy,' and calls for $50,000. You see," turning over the slip of paper, "I have indorsed it in form. Now, my business with you is this: you must call a clerk, tell him to fetch fifty one-thousand dollar bills, get them and hand them over to me. I need hardly tell you that my name, 'James Trefny,' is wholly mythical. This cane, loaded with instant death for all of us, is the only argument I have. See, my finger is just above the click. The first sign, word or motion you make to betray me—down it comes. Now get the money."

"Ramon, Ramon," called the banker, without moving. And to the suave clerk who came in he said: "Bring $50,000 at once for this check, and——"

"I want all the large bills, a thousand each if possible," interrupted "Trefny," smiling blandly.

The clerk disappeared bowing, came back with the money, laid it before Cheever and departed. Trefny reached across the table, picked up the money, counted it, placed it in his inside pocket, waved his terrible cane as in salute and said:

"Thank you. I want but ten minutes to catch my train. If you pursue me within that time, I'll come back and wreck the bank as a mere matter of protest. Adios, senor." And he was gone.

Of course, Cheever had sent a message to the police inside of two minutes. They held the train, but they didn't find Trefny, nor anybody like him. They searched the town and about an hour later found the robber disposed and at ease over his cigarette and high ball in his sumptuous room at the Hotel del Orinoco. He was engaged in writing a letter, too, so he did not forestall the approach of ten officers in time to seize the awful cane which stood harmless in a remote corner while Trefny looked calmly enough into the muzzles of six rifles. As none of his captors could speak English and only Cheever was there to complete his identification, a messenger was dispatched for the magistrate, who presently arrived to begin an inquiry. When the court was thus installed, and the prisoner put under oath, this odd criminal explained matters thus:

"In the first place, gentlemen, especially you, Mr. Cheever, put yourselves at ease about that cane. It's quite harmless even in my hands. It is a sword cane. That's the worst can truthfully be said about it. Now, my name is Homer O. Dunleyy, of New York, and I robbed the Banco del Prado—don't laugh, gentlemen—just to test my personal courage."

Cheever sneered and the magistrate put his tongue in his cheek.

"Oh, I assure you, gentlemen. Sez" holding up the letter he had begun, "I was just in the act of writing a letter of explanation to you, Mr. Cheever. [——"

"You had better quit this foolishness and, if you are telling the truth, return the $50,000 you stole."

"I didn't steal it, I should say. Stealing implies skulking, sneaking—stealth, so to speak. Besides, I really needed the money and intend to keep it."

"Put on the manacles," ordered the magistrate, gathering courage after a hesitating glance at the walking stick.

"But, I protest!" cried Trefny, looking quite pained as he saw the fierce glances of Cheever. "I protest, Mr. Cheever. Don't you understand?"

"Understand! The devil! Of course I don't understand anything but that you forced me to pay you $50,000 on a worthless——"

"Check?" interrupted Trefny, or Dunleyy, as he claims. "Why, my dear sir, that check is as good as gold. Have you tried to cash it? Of course you haven't. I might have known you were too excited to think of that. But, before I explain any further, would you, Mr. Cheever, and you, senor," to the wondering magistrate, "would you mind taking my check over to the Plaza Bank? It will be paid quite readily, on my word. All you have to do is to indorse it. My deposit and letters of credit are more than enough to cover it. I'll wait here with these pleasant but over-zealous warriors of the police."

Cheever and the magistrate presented together for a moment. Then they went away together. When they returned in ten minutes they were mighty subdued. The check was good.—John H. Raftery.

Malapropos.

(From the Philadelphia Press.)

She—Did you get my love letter this morning?

He—Yes, but when the postman told me he had a letter for me I thought it was from Jack Burroughs.

She—You didn't expect to hear from me, did you?

He—No, and Jack promised to send me a dollar he owed me. I tell you I was mad for a minute or two.

Taking No Risks.

(From the Atlanta Constitution.)

"Have you read my new book?"

"No; I'm sick, and have to be careful."

"When do you think you'll be able to read it?"

"My dear friend, I'm in the hands of my physician!"

TARIFF TO THE FORE.

W. E. Curtis writes in the Chicago Record-Herald:

The extraordinary resolution of Speaker Henderson in declining a nomination for congress because he does not approve of the trust plank in the Iowa Republican platform has created a profound sensation in political circles everywhere and is likely to clear the atmosphere and bring the Republican party up to the question of tariff revision without further evasion or delay. It required a shock like this to produce that effect. While that party as a mass believes in the protection of American industries and attributes the prosperity of our people to the application of that doctrine to our national economy, a considerable majority east and west are convinced that the rates imposed upon imported merchandise under the Dingley law of 1897 are in many cases unnecessarily high and could be reduced 20, 30 and even 50 per cent without impairing the protection required by capital and labor under present conditions. They believe that the great industries of the United States have been developed by the protective system and would not have it repealed or impaired, but advocate modifications. President McKinley, President Harrison, Mr. Blaine and John Sherman, whose loyalty to the protection principle was never questioned, were of that opinion.

This modification may be made by congressional enactment, which would reduce and remove present duties in an arbitrary manner, or by diplomatic negotiations with foreign governments, thus securing concessions in favor of our products in exchange. Those who believe in the latter policy are very much more numerous, and are represented in congress by a large majority of the Republican senators and members of the house. They have expressed their views on this subject repeatedly by voting in favor of reciprocity with Cuba and other countries, but a small majority of Republicans in both houses have been determined in their opposition to a reduction of duties by that or by any other method, and, with the assistance of the Democrats, who will vote either way as they may create the greatest demoralization in the Republican party, have been able to prevent any amendment of the tariff act and the ratification of any of the reciprocity treaties that have been negotiated.

This minority comes from different parts of the country and represents special interests instead of the general welfare, such as the beet sugar manufacturers, the steel industry, the wool growers, the lead miners and the fruit interests of southern California and Florida. General Hancock caused a laugh of derision throughout the entire country when he declared that the tariff was only a local issue, but no greater truth was ever spoken, and the representatives of certain local issues, the congressmen from the wool-growing states, for example, by combining with those from the lumber regions, the fruit districts and from other parts of the country where there are peculiar industries meeting with foreign competition, can round up a sufficient number of votes to prevent legislation. This is called log-rolling—a term which, I believe, was first applied by the late Philetus Sawyer of Wisconsin. In pioneer days, when each lumberman was cutting logs on his own account, they used to help each other roll them into the stream when the spring freshets came. And when a frontiersman built a cabin his neighbors used to lend him their strength to do what was beyond his own. This principle, applied to legislation, has been equally effective and will be practiced as long as it is needed.

Those who have obstructed reciprocity and tariff revision have received the encouragement and support of the American Protective Tariff League of New York, which I described in a letter last summer. This league is composed of manufacturers, chiefly in the east, who would shut out all foreign competition and build a Chinese wall around the United States. They argue that we are sufficient to ourselves, that we have the ability to make all we need and to consume all we make. They would stifle all foreign commerce and compel everybody to use home-made goods of every description. Some of the most prominent members of the Protective Tariff League, including Cornelius N. Bliss, of New York, who was one of its founders and its first president, are dissatisfied with its policy and have resigned, but that will not diminish its activity. It will fight the revision of the tariff and the ratification of reciprocity treaties with and without reason.

The leaders of the Republican party have been in a dilemma as to the proper policy to pursue, and, as Mr. Wellman explained in his dispatch from Oyster Bay yesterday, the conference of the president and the group of senators he summoned to his home concluded that the subject of tariff revision should be kept out of the campaign this fall as much as possible. Two years ago Mr. Babcock, of Wisconsin, who is an accurate judge of public sentiment, advocated revision by the present congress, but the party leaders sat upon his with great promptness and force. Mr. Babcock, being a loyal Republican, has since kept silent and the Republican managers hoped that nobody else would stir up the subject. But the explosion comes from the other side. Speaker Henderson has made it impossible to suppress the growing public sentiment. His action will compel every Republican candidate for congress to take one side or the other, and has introduced an important and even sensational issue into the campaign.

The Fat American.

The late Justice Gray, who died last Monday, was a very large man. He must have weighed 300 pounds or more. He was several inches above six feet tall, and large in proportion. His most intimate friends were also giants in stature—the late Phillips Brooks, Richardson, the famous architect of Boston, and Bishop McVicar of Rhode Island. These four sons of Anak once made a tour of Europe together, and of course attracted attention everywhere because of their enormous size. It is certain that such a quartet never before traveled together. Their combined weight was more than 1,200 pounds and their combined height exceeded twenty-five feet.

When they arrived at a certain city in England they saw an announcement that the curate of one of the parishes would lecture that evening upon his experience during a recent visit to America, and having nothing else to do they attended the entertainment, but the church being crowded they were not able to get seats together. In the course of his remarks the reverend gentleman stated that the American people were of small stature like the French, that most of the men, as well as the women, seen by him in the metropolis were undersized, and that their average height and weight were much below those of the people of England.

Dr. Brooks, having a keen sense of humor and a great love for a joke, rose in his pew at this point, and apologizing for the interruption, asked permission to correct the statement. He said he was an American, and in the community where he lived was considered a man of only ordinary stature. When he sat down Bishop McVicar arose in another part of the church and asked the privilege of testifying to the truth of what Mr. Brooks had said. Then Justice Gray commenced to arise, and kept rising until his enormous bulk obscured the vision of a large part of the congregation. He was surprised, he said, at the reckless statement of the lecturer, and could not imagine what part of America he had visited. Justice Gray continued that he had traveled extensively throughout the United States and generally found himself regarded as a man of less than ordinary size. Then Mr. Richardson made an object lesson of himself and expressed his gratitude that so many Americans happened to be present that evening to vindicate the physical reputation of their race.

The audience was astonished, while the lecturer was absolutely dumfounded. He was so rattled then he could scarcely continue his discourse.

The Way He Does It.

Jimmo—He is not rich, and yet he makes a great deal more money than he spends.

Bobo—How can that be?

Jimmo—He works in the mint.

Geo. Innes & Co.
"WICHITA'S LARGEST AND MOST POPULAR STORE."

Come Today---Special Offer
Handkerchiefs

LOT ONE
Fifty dozen unlaundered convent hand embroidered, double hemstitched, every thread linen, another of those ideal Handkerchief values that this House offers. Without an exception you would pay 25c each in a regular way. Today
15c Each

LOT TWO
Fifty dozen, some embroidered, some hemstitched, single or double, some with lace edge and some with drawn work, in all an exceptionally good lot for children's school use—our regular 10c value.
Choose today
5c Each

Sale Commences 8 o'Clock Sharp

MORSMAN, INNES & CO.

Saturday Special Sale

Men's Underwear

Gent's Fleeced Lined Vest and Pants. We have about five dozen of these. They are medium weight, superior finish, jersey ribbed. They are the regular 50 cent quality. They are for sale today for..... 38c

Also an Odd Lot

Men's All Wool Pants and Vests, in buff shade. Sold for $1.00. For sale today for..... 75c

Read Our Ad on Page Eight
BOSTON STORE

SPECIAL TRAINS ON THE
MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY

In addition to the regular train service on the Missouri Pacific Railway the Company will operate special trains on Sept. 22, 24, 26 and 28, 1902, for the benefit of those wishing to attend the Street Fair and Carnival at Wichita.

	Leave.		Leave.
Howe	6.25 a. m.	Geneseo	8.20 a. m.
Hazelton	6.50 a. m.	Nickerson	8.47 a. m.
Corwin	7.00 a. m.	Lyons	7.15 a. m.
Rugby	7.26 a. m.	Sterling	7.32 a. m.
Anthony	7.51 a. m.	Nickerson	7.59 a. m.
Freeport	8.15 a. m.	Buckhannon	8.05 a. m.
Attica	8.32 a. m.	Elmer	8.25 a. m.
Conway Springs	8.56 a. m.	Yoder	8.40 a. m.
Millerton	9.11 a. m.	Haven	8.50 a. m.
Clearwater	9.25 a. m.	Mt. Hope	9.04 a. m.
Haysville	9.38 a. m.	Anness	9.09 a. m.
Colrville	9.47 a. m.	Cowan	9.20 a. m.
	Arrive		Arrive
Wichita	10.00 a. m.	Wichita	9.50 a. m.

Returning: Train on Howe Line will leave Wichita 11 p. m.
Train on Geneseo Line will leave Wichita 11.10 p. m.

SOME INTERESTING PRICES
FOR CLOSE SHOPPERS
..TODAY..

Ruffled Swiss Curtains, 3½ inches long, today, each 19c
36-inch Curtain Swiss, full bordered, today, per yard 12½c
68-inch Bleached Mercerized Table Damask, worth $1.25 per yard. Today 85c
54-inch All Wool Storm Flannel, per yard today 50c
Another lot of Turkey Red Table Linen in short lengths. Today, per yard 19c
Misses' Fleece Lined Union Suits for ages 6 to 14 years. Today 24c
Ladies' Full Size Union Suits, worth 50c. Today 29c
Noiseless Slates, double 10c
Best Stock Ink for 4c
Carter's Mucilage, 10-oz 3c
Vaseline, two bottles for 5c
Wire Hair Brushes for 10c
Curry Combs for 10c
Good Horse Brush for 10c
Children's School Jackets, new style, nicely trimmed. Today 98c
We are agents for the Elite Patterns, superior to all others. Let us show them to you. Prices, 10, 15, 20 and 25c
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Noiseless Slates, single 5c

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