

The Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, EDITOR.

HIS COWBOYHOOD KNOWLEDGE.

At last the river and harbor grafters in Congress have come to the opening of the new epoch in which they will have to reckon with the west or otherwise go without appropriations.

The distribution and use of western rivers requires legislation on the irrigation industry, which, in turn, renders it necessary that there should be a better understanding of the subject than now exists.

WILL BE A HISTORICAL MURDER CASE.

That Jessie Morrison case, over in Eldorado, bids fair to hang on in one phase or another indefinitely. The defendant was arrested, jailed, found guilty, sent to the penitentiary, got into the supreme court, released, tried again, and found five times more guilty than in the first instance.

BUT TWO IMPOSSIBILITIES.

Dr. Felix Adler, the Jewish reformer, does not agree with Tolstol in his plan for regenerating society. Tolstol advocates communism which Professor Adler says has never succeeded and never will.

In some lives rain and sunshine follow each other fast. A New York inventor who was poor returned last week from London, where he had sold an improvement on electric lights for \$100,000.

In Kokomo, Indiana, two sons who refused their aged father a home after he had deeded them all his property, were taken out and tarred and feathered.

Charles Schwab says it is impossible for him to live up his income without injuring his stomach. There are a good many stomachs all around him that are not being injured through over-eating.

Oom Paul Kruger has asked to be allowed to go home. England will probably give a few extra detectives and let the old man return.

Mr. Armour of Chicago, denies that he will endow a hospital for the treatment of crippled children by the Lorenz method. Still the idea seems better than the prevalent library craze.

Roosevelt has peremptorily ordered officers while on duty in departments to wear their uniforms. The surprise is that the public didn't think the officers ever missed a chance.

In Kansas December is the month in which every self-respecting quail can be soothed and sustained with the thought that if he is killed, it is perfectly legal.

A long line of presidents so overlaid the message business that Roosevelt is able to step forward with one seven columns long and have it called brief.

General Miles is coming home from the Philippines and you can bet your bottom dollar with a hole in it, by the way of Europe.

Lady Curzon of India recently went hunting and killed a tiger, which, unlike that bear in Mississippi, appreciated the honor.

Congress is up to the Trust proposition, and after Congress has rolled up its sleeves the proposition looks bigger and bigger.

By this time Topeka must realize that Kansas doesn't necessarily get excited because Topeka is in a week which, one way or the other, Oklahoma will remember a long time.

A FELONIOUS GHOST.

Edgar Harland belonged to that type of want-to-get-rich-quick young men so prevalent in this age and generation when the son must begin where the father left off, and modern luxuries take the place of old-time necessities of life.

The cloud that darkened their sky was larger than a man's hand. It appeared on their horizon and its glooming shape blotted out the sunshine.

But he sulked in his mind, grew morose, and acted as if some personal slight had been put upon him. Then he began to absent himself from home until late at night or early in the morning.

"Perhaps he really is employed at extra work," suggested their friend, "let us give him the benefit of the doubt."

"But what kind of work?" urged Letty. "I am told that he has been seen on the streets here by people he avoided, wearing overalls and jumper. He has no such clothes in his home and I have never seen them."

"I attempted it, but the look on his face frightened me. I would not speak of it again for worlds."

Mary Complin changed the subject by remarking that she herself would soon be a resident of the country in exchange for some other property and Harry and I are coming out here to live if we like the location.

"Where is the house?" asked Letty, indifferently. She felt that her friend could be interested in anything but her affairs at that moment.

"It is a large, old-fashioned place on the edge of the prairie; is there a street called Maple avenue here?"

"Yes, that must be the old Locke place. There is a story about it—perhaps you have heard—that a man killed himself there."

"And his ghost haunts the place. The property sold for a song on that account. You will see how soon I will lay that ghost. I've quite a desire to tackle such an impalpable thing."

Letty shuddered. "No ghosts in mine," she said, trying to be pliant but with a heavy heart. She had not told Edgar that she expected her friend out, and, as Harry and I were both deeply grieved, as they were discussing their loss, the wife said: "I always told you, John, that we would never raise that child."

"I think it probable." "Yes, yes, of course. And do you know any one who has read about the case?"

"I know a man who has a cousin who works on a newspaper, and reads nearly everything."

"Ha, then you have some connection with a man who presumably has read about the case and formed an opinion? Well, get at the whole truth presently. Now, sir, do you know the prosecuting witness or any of his lawyers?"

"No, sir." "Do you know any one who does know them?" "We'll—"

"Speak up! Speak up! Don't try to conceal anything." "Well, I know a man whose wife's brother once worked for the father of one of the lawyers."

"Challenged for cause?" cried the attorney of the defense, triumphantly.

John D. Rockefeller, head of the Standard Oil corporation, has been elected to honorary membership in the fire patrol of North Tarrytown, N. Y.

In his talks with members of his own race Booker T. Washington always endeavored to impress on his hearers that faith without works is not enough.

England would rather give up her colonies than to lose the Curand line. For keeping out of the Atlantic shipping market and resending the machinations and blandishments of the arch magician Morgan, and remaining purely a British institution, the Curand company is to receive a subsidy of three-quarters of a million dollars for twenty years.

But for the withdrawal of all American subsidies in 1862 the Curand line probably never would have dominated the world's mercantile marine for half a century.

We had a Collins line in opposition for years 1849-50 and it surely would ultimately have swept the Atlantic of the Curanders. Every move of Mr. Collins was followed by an increase of the Curand subsidy, but not until the retreat of our own government did the New Yorker have to yield. There is a story in that retreat which would do credit to the old man nearly fifty years later.

Mr. Morgan the Collins of today, is it what Collins was not—sweep the Atlantic. This great Curand company, with Lord Inverclyde at its head, agreed that under no circumstances should the management of the company be in the hands of other than British subjects, nor shall the shares of the company or its vessels be sold.

The inventor of Paper Collars. Uncle Sidney Clark of Black River Falls, Wis., a well known character and an inventive genius who has made fortunes for others, he will hale and hearty, though in his 82d year, Mr. Clark was the inventor of the paper collar and also the improvement on the same through the amalgamation of paper and cloth.

A great many men have been left behind because of their indifference, their easy-going ways. They were too slow. Opportunities would not wait for them. They would have taken advantage of them, but they were too slow. If the chance did not hurry by so fast, if the opportunity had tarried a while, had given them a chance to look, then they would have seen that there are things only seen back, those people would have been on the heights instead of looking woefully up from the foot of the mountains. But alas! opportunities never return, and he who is not ready to seize them as they fall, will only have to regret for his portion.

Swelling the Unsuccessful Banks. A great many men have been left behind because of their indifference, their easy-going ways. They were too slow. Opportunities would not wait for them. They would have taken advantage of them, but they were too slow. If the chance did not hurry by so fast, if the opportunity had tarried a while, had given them a chance to look, then they would have seen that there are things only seen back, those people would have been on the heights instead of looking woefully up from the foot of the mountains. But alas! opportunities never return, and he who is not ready to seize them as they fall, will only have to regret for his portion.

PUN OF THE WORLD.

Like all wars, the difficulty with Spain developed a crop of warriors like Bert Hart's man who was with Grant. They are yet returning from Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines.

A consequential small negro stepped into a drug store on Chestnut street, Philadelphia, to buy something they did not keep, and, having been made to understand that fact after considerable trouble, he remarked to the man who had waited on him:

"I see dar's a gentleman jest come byar to 'establish a class 'n teach Spanish. 'Pears like ter me ef de peoples hyar-wants ter speak Spanish dey'd better des go ter Cuba an' 'Porty Ribkey, an' aroun' 'n learn hit des laik I did-by extra' wild de people."

"So you have been to Cuba and Porto Rico, have you?" "Oh, yas; yas, ash. I see trabled mighty wash all ober de world myself."

"Whereabouts in Cuba did you go?" "Des all ober; ev'rywhar, nearby."

"Well, what places did you visit?" "I was in de city of Havanner, an' odder cities; in fact, I was des all ober de place."

"Did you get to Cochrin-de-Capello?" "Oh, yas, I members dat place berry well; hit's right ober 'n 'Thon there's a town way in de interior, right almost in de middle. Let's see. What is de name of it? Bos Constrictor? That's 'R-B-Constrictor. Did you go there?"

"You des bet I did; dey was a consergent camp dere, an' I was sent wid 'a' patch to de Gh'ral. I members dat place mighty well."

"Did you ever happen to get in Canibe de Hydrophobia?" "Law, yas! Oh! rigiment was camped dar. Der's a nice spring rich in de minerals on de town, an' I did ye we enjoyed drinkin' dar watah. Dat's a nice place."

"You learned to speak Spanish right ash, did you?" "Law-a-massy, mister, I learned to speak Spanish des as well as de nattivites; an' dey all said so. Spanish ain't no hard langwis. All yer got ter do is to make hit soon' des as little laik yer own langwis as yer can, an' you're got it."

Then the man behind the counter, who speaks Spanish pretty well, addressed him in language which, being interpreted, expressed the thought, "You are a low-down, contemptible, worthless person."

"Yes, sah; dat's it. You-ge got it boss. Whar's de de worle did you learn Spanish? Yes, sah. Dat's de truth what you says. But I-est ter go to de Post-office, right e-way," and thus speaking the learned traveler and linguist departed.

Senator Prichard, of North Carolina, telling how healthy his section of the state is, remarked: "A mountaineer, aged 92, and his wife, aged 90, were returning from the funeral of their oldest child, who had died at the age of 71. They were both deeply grieved. As they were discussing their loss, the wife said: 'I always told you, John, that we would never raise that child.'"

The way of the late Colonel Tom Ochiltree got released from the federal prison on Johnson's island, at the close of the civil war, was to write this delightfully impudent yet cheery note to President Andrew Johnson:

"Mr. President Johnson—When you get ready to leave me your island, please let me know, and I will accept the same terms as General Lee."

The prospective juror was under examination by the attorney of the defense.

"Have you expressed an opinion on the merits of the case?" "No, sir."

"Have you formed such an opinion?" "No, sir."

"Have you read of the case?" "No, sir."

"Do you know any one who has formed an opinion?" "Well, I can't just say as to that."

"Ah! now we're beginning to get down to interesting facts. You think it possible that you may know such a person?" "I think it probable."

"Yes, yes, of course. And do you know any one who has read about the case?" "I know a man who has a cousin who works on a newspaper, and reads nearly everything."

"Ha, then you have some connection with a man who presumably has read about the case and formed an opinion? Well, get at the whole truth presently. Now, sir, do you know the prosecuting witness or any of his lawyers?"

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Why England Hates Morgan. (From the New York Press.)

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OUTLINES OF OKLAHOMA.

Andy Morrison will be the new undersheriff in Garfield county.

The business men of Woodward have concluded to cater to both sides of the temperance question by organizing "a cold storage and water company."

Ivan Hamblett, the boy who killed Clyde Wade at Blackwell with a gun he didn't know was loaded, has been arrested and confined in the Newkirk jail.

Becoming excited over a game of craps at Shawnee Thursday night two negroes named Cherge and Brown participated in a duel with revolvers, but no blood was shed.

After breaking a stubborn case of blood-poisoning F. H. Parks, of Woodward, broke the sabbath last Sunday by starting in to break a broncho and wound up by breaking his leg.

Henry Asp has joined the forces who are behind the movement for a Republican delegate convention in voice party sentiment on the statehood bill of the senate committee.

Professor Gould says that the red clay in western Oklahoma is at least 200 feet deep and strongly impregnated with salts. That's what makes the water objectionable to the taste.

Typesetters make curious mistakes. In a Woods county paper last week one of them had "the junior mother of the editor" instead of "the mother of the junior editor" visiting in the city.

A bunch of Marysville, Kansas, people—all moneyed men—are at Enid looking for investment snags and as they are in the hands of Rick Messer it is dead certain that they will not regret their visit.

Cash Cade says he is willing to call a delegate convention of Republicans to deliver a party expression on the new phase of statehood question; if the leaders say it. The leaders so far as heard from, are for it.

The Hart poker game has been discontinued at Tonkawa owing to the expense of the Newkirk and now the other poker game has been compelled to have both day and night sittings to accommodate the speculative public.

A few nights ago at Hobart, both Mr. and Mrs. Bowman, proprietors of a new stand joined in the exciting race to a fire and when they got back their money drawer was shy \$25. A sneak thief did the business for them.

Joe McNeal calls the senate committee's statehood bill an "outrage." He says it is nothing more than an endorsement of Tom Doyle's statehood bill and that it will be objectionable to two-thirds of the people of Oklahoma.

The name of the Ramsey House at Woodward, has been changed to "The Missouri," and a new hotel soon to be opened will be named "The Arkansas." These are queer names for hotels in a county which only last month gave a Republican majority of 79.

The first bank failure in the new country occurred last week when the bankers in a poker game at Anadarko refused to return the money to the winners for \$4 worth of outstanding chips of various colors. Bank Commissioner Cooper has not been sent for.

Between May 13 and December 1 the Associated Press correspondent at Guthrie built exactly 20,000 miles of railroad in Oklahoma and the 12th Territory. Some of the boys in the Guthrie Capital office quietly kept a daily record of his work. But then he is not the only man who has built railroads on paper.

The Strand Newspaper says that Rev. Hanson, of Guthrie, whose grandfather owned 300 slaves in Texas, is picking cotton for Coon Ritter, on Craig Creek in Dead Horse Valley near the Mallon postoffice. Elder Grigg is probably the most expert "hollerer" in the territory. He killed fifty bears, thirty wild hogs, 500 turkeys and 300 jackrabbits in Texas and Oklahoma. Brother Grigg is also a box cotton picker and expounder of the Scripture.

Bridgport Banner: Bridgport has the best band in the county, and if anyone asks you, say that we also have the best orchestra. We have the best school which also includes school music, the best surrounding country, and of course we will be the best town in the county. No town can live in itself. It must depend upon its surroundings and the people near it. It is amusing to hear some of our politicians of a half million dollars per year being paid out to the Indians at other towns. The wheat alone to be marketed here will amount to more than this, and we much prefer the company of white people. Yes, we are first in everything that goes to make up a good community.

ALONG THE KANSAS NILE. The senatorial situation will hardly be complete without one good red-hot coup d'etat.

Professor Wright says unequivocally the owner of the leading light came to his death by drug use. His grocery picks out, with minute precision, the heavy antiquity of cramps.

All eyes are turning to the state senate. A man just returned from the summit says the ground is hot, and he thinks a new crater may form any day. If it does somebody is liable to get hit with ejecta.

Jim Simpson, revenue collector, also guessed the exact number of votes cast in Kansas. So many people guessed the number that if Simpson's share of the \$10,000 prize is a drum-stick or a wing, he will be fortunate.

At Herrington the other day Rock Island engine No. 122 and No. 123 collided. Students of the county who have examined the engine say that the double-headed hooded locomotive took pretty good care of herself.

It is the universal practice among milkmen to put a cow gently on the back and kindly request her to stand over. John Jarboe of Sumner county, following this custom, struck his hand on the cow's rear and broke several bones. The cow-laughed by an him.

English Opportunity, who talks but once, isn't all she's cracked up to be in poetry. When, at the Wichita convention, she ragged up Charles Curtis, he hoisted to the door, for the old girl looked over the moon, didn't like it, passed an ash look supper next door.

Of the 26 inmates of the Topeka reformatory, 26 according to the institution physician, owe their downfall to cigarettes. This is startling and would be more so if all the people in the western hemisphere south of United States, all cigarette smokers, were morally degenerate.

The side-tracks in all Kansas towns are proving such a detriment to the state that a Newton man is working on a patent arrangement of levers, so that the wheels from the cars, on removal to their seats and on the beautiful towns which are now cleared by box cars.

For two or three years the little daughter of Dr. E. Miller, living near Pratt, has had a terrible nose trouble. Several of the physicians treated her for months without success. This week a physician took hold of the case, made an incision and took a black shoe button from the child's nose.

Mayor Parker, of Topeka, will knock the scandalous out from under Sunday theater. But when Reverend J. T. McFarland of the First M. E. church and other ministers called to see Parker about it, the mayor said: "I will be glad to meet those all, except Dr. McFarland. Under circumstances will I let him come into my office."

Most although a paper says of the abolition of Pringle: "The disarrangement of Congressman Curtis' plans and the plans of the Topeka State has brought down a trade from the Topeka papers without parallel. It is the old, old story. To them what Topeka wants is all right, but anything recovered or favored by some one out in the state is all wrong."

It was in the year 1893 A. D. The great scientist was addressing the State. "We now come to the great mystery of the State, we have made for the city of first discovery under the name of 'The State of Topeka.' These first of newspapers we have found indicate clearly that the papers were suggesting a candidate named Curtis, and at the same time liberally opposing a man named Pringle who was a Curtis man. We pause in wonderment, but the tongueless and the fragmentary Pringle bids the key-and tongueless justice of its secret."

Pratt Republicans: Unless something is done at once the people of this community are liable to realize what it is to have a genuine mail famine. For some time past the towns west of here have kept up a pitiful howl for coal, and have even gone so far as to ask the governor of the state to help them out. The situation is becoming more serious and at the present writing the mail supply is entirely exhausted so far as the dealers are concerned. The dealers are using every effort to relieve the situation but are unable to accomplish anything. They have their contracts with the mines and they orders were placed months ago for coal to move them supply the demand, but they have not been able to get any more than the bills from the coal companies. The company claims that it is impossible to get enough coal to handle their order. It is to be hoped that the strained conditions that now exist may be relieved before the weather gets bad.