Daily Eagle
M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

EXACTLY, MY DEAR FELLOW REPUBLICANS.

Some sentimental Republicans who are mustering up excuses for not standing by the Republican ticket, as also such other emotional individuals as are swayed more by prejudice than by principle, have been criticising the Eagle for asserting that the defeat of the regularly nominated Republican ticket means a weakening, if not the disorganizing, of the Republican party of this city. The thing is too plain to call for discussion. If either of the other two opposing candidates is elected, it will be by elements opposed to the policy and will of the Republican party. Whichever, if either, Ross or Parkhurst, is elected his political obligations will be not to the Republican voters of the city, but to the representatives of the elements that elected him. These will demand that their ideas be carried out, not only, but that they, themselves, be recognized by appointments to office. These opponents are not going to stand by and see Republicans put into place. Why should they? The Republicans in having been beaten will have no claims. Now, is any one so simple minded as to think that when the opponents of the Republican party are installed in places they will fail of using the influence of such places for building up their own side and cause, and for downing their opponents, the Republican party Republicans are not generally accredited with being green, at least so impressionable as to really think that defeat doesn't mean defeat, or that defeat doesn't mean disorganization and disaster.

The Republican ticket, city, ward, and district, was nominated with little or no opposition. The head of the ticket, who is entitled to his second term under the unwritten law of the party, was unanimously endorsed. The convention was very large and did its work without a hint of any wrong doing, and in the absence of any undue influence. If any Republican who is now siding with either the Populists, the Socialists, or that rump contingent of the Democratic party who over-persuaded Ross, respectively, to down the Republican party, or if they were dissatisfied with the present administration, or with the way it has done things, through either the mayor, the city council, or the school board, why didn't they say so, either through the primaries or in the convention? Must their opposition be attributed to their distrust of majority rule in their own party, or simply one of personal prejudices? or of personal likes or dislikes? Where would the Republican party, or for that matter any political organization land if its members were swayed by such incentives and sentiments?

No; the Eagle was not only honest, but its position was logically impregnable and unassailable, when it declared that the defeat of a ticket so fairly, honestly, and deservedly nominated, meant, and means, not only present Republican defeat, but future disorganization, if not disaster.

GOVERNOR MIGHT RE-CONVENE IT.

It is to be hoped that by the time the next legislature meets it will have been decided what, if any, measures were passed by the last legislature that are not unconstitutional upon their face or otherwise annulled by their own provisos. This is important. Not because of the effectiveness or ineffectiveness of the acts enacted, so far as the people and the welfare of the state are concerned, but that the next legislature may start in with clear decks. It is essential that the next session should know "where it is at." A blunder, or a mistake made on purpose, was discovered in the law making the state board of railway commissioners elective. This was fixed before the governor signed the bill, but it is doubtful if such doctoring was constitutional, although the journals may show that the bill was regularly and constitutionally enacted. A half-dozen other blunders have been discovered modifying or otherwise annulling enactments. Now comes the announcement that it has been found that the last legislature enacted conflicting laws fixing the length of the term of officers of cities of the third class. Both of the measures originated in the house. One provides for a change in the manner of filling vacancies in the council in third class cities and re-enacts that part of the old law which provides that the terms of the officers of such cities shall be of one year's duration. The other bill provides that the terms of the officers shall be two years. The bill fixing the length of the term at two years was approved and signed by the governor March 7, and the bill fixing the term at one year was approved March 3. The latter law was to have gone into effect upon publication in the statute books, and the law fixing the terms at two years became effective when it was published in the official state paper. As the last measure approved takes precedence over other bills of a similar character the law fixing the length of terms at one year is invalid.

COUNTRIES DIVIDED INTERNALLY.

If Europeans find it hard to understand the division of authority in the United States between the national government and the states, it is equally true that many Americans by no means appreciate the extent to which separate institutions, officials, and finances divide some of the monarchies of the Old World, which look to distant foreigners like compact nations, in their internal affairs. It is a revelation, for instance, to learn that Norway and Sweden have agreed to maintain separate consuls in various cities throughout the world. There will be one minister of foreign affairs, however, for both kingdoms.

This is going far in the way of separation. It is hard for citizens of this republic, even if they incline to the old states' rights view of the federal union, to imagine a country which comes so near being divided into two distinct halves that consuls for each part must be kept in office because neither will trust a common representative of its interests in foreign cities. Even Austria and Hungary do not go to that extent in guarding their several rights and powers. But the two great divisions of the Austro-Hungarian empire meet on a common ground in little except foreign affairs, the army, and the navy. They contribute certain proportions of the expenses of the imperial government, but they keep their finances separate in other respects, and all their internal business, including the schools, the language used in official documents, and the courts of all grades, are distinct.

Instances of like nature could be found in various peculiarities of the government of the German empire, for in many respects a Bavarian is still under a wholly separate government from that which commands the allegiance of the Prussians. The sovereignties included in the empire are very real, and their rights are jealously guarded. But in Germany the drift is all in the direction of larger imperial powers and the more solid union of the states of the empire. In Austria-Hungary and in Norway and Sweden the tendency toward consolidation which is so marked in the United States is hardly to be discovered, and some striking changes have lately taken place in the opposite direction. It is even very doubtful whether the forces which operate to break up the dual monarchy over which the venerable Francis Joseph reigns can be prevented from shattering it in pieces.

There are exceptions to the world-wide rule of combination which runs through business and political life alike. In the swiftest and mightiest rivers there are eddies which seem to carry part of the current up stream. It is so, also, in respect to one of the most important movements of the age.

HOW THE IRISH QUESTION IS SETTLED.

Not long ago a brilliant Irish member of parliament visiting this country was asked to define the Irish land question as it then was. He replied by quoting the saying of Lord John Russell about the Schleswig-Holstein question: "Only two men ever understood it, I and another. He is dead and I have forgotten it." So hopeless did the Irish situation seem at that time from the tangle of interests, prejudices, passion and political ambitions in which it was wrapped. Today, at the opening of parliament for a session at which Ireland bids fair to be the chief matter of discussion and action, the chances of something like a solution are bright.

The change is largely due to the conference of land owners during the winter represented by Lord Dunraven and Lord Mayo, and the occupiers of the land represented by John Redmond, Timothy Harrington, William O'Brien—all members of parliament—and by T. W. Russell, a Conservative. This conference recommends government aid in the transfer of land from the present owners to the present tenants, at prices to be based on income, the government to guarantee the payment of the income or a price that will yield the income at from three to three and one-half per cent, and to collect the amount from the purchasers in instalments. The process would involve a net loss to the government, the exact amount of which is not definitely estimated. But it is contended on both sides that this loss would be much more than offset by the reduction in the cost of ruling Ireland, even, in fact, by the less cost of the constabulary alone.

In theory this looks like buying peace, and it would have been resented and denounced five years ago. Now there is a fair chance that it will be accepted. There is comfort in the inference that in the long run the selfish interests of men tend more and more to produce peace and justice. The elimination of the Irish land question from the great controversies of our time would mark a new epoch in English experience and would give the rest of the world relief that it would be grateful for.

CUBAN GENEROSITY AND POLITENESS.

Dorothy Stanhope, writing from Havana to the Philadelphia Ledger, says: Many say that the Cubans are not sincere, that their graciousness is a mask and their effusiveness may conceal dislike or indifference. Doubtless this is true in many cases. But, says the Mexican Herald, most of us can recall Americans whose sincerity is open to question. The manners of the Cuban are charming, and it is a pleasure to know them. They are the most thoughtful and considerate people, always devising some pleasant attention for their foreign friends. Generosity seems a universal characteristic. They do not seem to have any stingy pople among them. In shops where goods are measured off, most liberal measure is given. If there is a doubtful penny between shopkeeper and customer, the latter is always given the benefit of it. As neighbors they are unexcelled, always ready to lend any assistance in their power. If in the suburbs, where gardens of fruit vegetables or flowers are about the house, the stranger neighbors are apt to receive the choicest products of those gardens. An American family received a well fattened turkey last Thanksgiving day from some Cuban neighbors who knew the American custom of eating that fowl on the last Thursday in November. The stranger usually makes an effort to return these attentions, but try as he will he is left indebted to his friends. The people seem to have less confidence in each other than they have in foreigners. Often the trust they show in the latter is more than the situation warrants.

THE GOOD IN AN ILL WIND.

A big strike in the New England cotton mills will have the effect of stimulating southern competition in the cotton manufacturing industry, and the great evil of that is the premium which will be put on child labor. With normal and moderate development, the cotton mills of the south must gradually come to better conditions for operatives, and the child labor curse would be eliminated by public sentiment and the growing strength of the working classes. But anything which gives the cotton manufacturing interests of the south an abnormal and extreme impetus, under existing conditions, would lay burdens on the children of the milling districts, which ought not to be possible in this country.

Leavenworth Times: The big political event in the Seventh district starts tomorrow at Great Bend. Here is hoping that Victor Murdock lands the plum, that is, if he really wants it. Murdock can illy be spared by the newspapers of the state but if he prefers to be a statesman instead of a newspaper man the Times wishes him the best of luck.

Charley Finch, the erudite editor of the Lawrence Gazette, seems to be slowly convalescing from his virulent attack of mulligrubs. We send a thanksgiving tribute of Nile of America forget-me-nots.

Carrie Nation is billed for a number of speeches in Kansas next week. She made a pile in California. Some day she will cease being arrested when her fall will be as flat as that of any other old imbecile.

Jessie Morrison, who remarked on leaving the penitentiary on bond that she would never go back there alive, has been located. She is visiting a brother in Oklahoma.

Excluding new editions and text books, there are 3,000 or 4,000 new books published in this country every year. Fortunately most of them are not worth reading.

It seems to be generally agreed that it wouldn't be wise for General Miles to talk freely to interviewers, even if Admiral Dewey didn't get a regular call down.

Senator Burton and Senator Tillman are being booked for Chautauqua joint debates. There may be some money in it for Burton, but certainly no glory.

And now a Kansas man has patented a steamboat wheel of vertical paddles which, it is claimed, will revolutionize lake and river navigation.

Oklahoma's new law is a drastic one. No outsider can shoot down there without first obtaining the consent of the owner of the land.

Topeka's big politico-evangelical revival is about to fall down for want of funds. The preachers are preparing to strike.

It is given out that President Roosevelt prefers a feather bed to a mattress. That's the German side of him.

Hettie Green is a homeless widow whom the tax assessors are chasing all over the United States.

Alice Roosevelt, who sailed from Porto Rico yesterday, will find nobody at home when she gets back.

Anyhow, Admiral Dewey acknowledged the interview, and did not try to discredit the reporter.

Another Chicago shopman's daughter has landed an impecunious prince of the blood.

AN EDITOR'S LOVE STORY.

I visited the city bastile the other day, and saw a long string of misery, with blue overalls and eyes to match, tear his hair and rave over a girl, and there was a gob of pity lodged in my system as heavy as a brick, and as undislodgable as a dead rat in a water pipe, writes Charles B. Wolf in the Alton, Ia., Democrat. It broke me all up to see the big fellow behind the bars wring his hands and pray and beller and cavort like a poisoned cat, for I've been in love myself, and know just how he felt. The only difference is I didn't go crazy. I went 'most every other way, but never got down and wiped my nose on the pavement in any such all-wool anguish as this fellow evinced. he worst thing a fellow can do when he loves a girl is to go crazy over her. When a girl won't love you in your lucid moments, with your hair combed and your eyes full of lovelight and your suspenders on, it's a dead straight cinch she won't when you tear your shirt and climb lamp posts, and try to eat the barometer off the hotel porch.

Some place or other recently I read a little poem which said that it said:

The bravest one is not the one who stands
&oicing his valor from the housetop high,
But rather him who hides a broken heart
Beneath a smile. Could you do this? Could I?

Valor and love should never be yelled about—especially love. Just because your heart is broken is no sign you should bust a lung also and strain your water pipes weeping. When you are in love shut up. But it is best not to get in love too severely all at once. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love, says Alfred Tennyson, and many of us know from hard-boiled experience that Alf unconsciously told the truth. In the spring, when a fellow's system is all out of sorts, and his wheels don't track, and he feels lazy and good-for-nothing, he is sure to fall in love the first time he gets exposed to the malady.

The tabasco sauce agony and snuff-colored woe ground out by the lovesick swain above mentioned, and the fact that the chill nights are already enticing youth to the seductive cozy corner of the back parlor, leads me to remark that we poor, defenseless young men should put a padlock on our affections, and be careful of our dreams. Don't imagine you are in love every time you have a stitch in your side or a crick in your back, or you'll get to having dreams like those told about in the above beautiful poem, and then you'll either go bughouse or else your dreams will come true, and you will awake to find yourself trying to support a wife with a millionaire's taste on a beggar's salary. Then you'll lose your job, and the baby will have to drink skim milk and your wife won't be as pretty as you thought she was, and the house rent will be past due, and you will give your last wedding present to a friend for kicking you into the canal. When you get the real, genuine article, you'll know you've got something, and you won't go crazy or have fits, or do anything rash. What lots of people take for love is only a derangement of the liver.

I fell in love once heels over head, and thought I had fallen in on several occasions. It's a picnic when you just think so, but it's no joke when you're serious. It comes on you so suddenly that you never know just how or when it happened, or where it hit you hardest. Tears a fellow all up—makes him want to go and die on somebody's grave or fight Indians or write poetry, or do something else heroic. He doesn't want to do anything he ever did before. It looks foolish to him to eat and sleep and work. All he wants to do is to pick flowers and chase butterflies and sing love ditties, and when he sets his feet down he never expects them to touch the ground. Were you ever in such a fix—ever have a sort of itching in your bosom that nothing would scratch, like you'd swallowed a sofa pillow of feathers and couldn't cough them up? Ever feel like you'd been sent for and couldn't come, or as if you wanted to go away out somewhere and jump off or run about nine hundred miles and jump out into the middle of the Atlantic ocean? Ever dream of heaven, and hear harps and brass bands and things playing all around you, and see whole flocks of little angels roosting on the footboard of your bed, with their heads tucked under their wings? If you've experienced all this, and waked up and pinched yourself to see if you were real flesh and blood or only a summer cloud or a hunk of seafoam, and if you've gone out into the fields away from everybody, and chuckled and slapped yourself and yelled and thrown rocks at inoffensive animals just for fun—then you've probably been in love for sure.

It was some years ago that I imagined I was shot by Cupid and as usual there was a woman in it. There's generally a woman at the bottom of such affairs. One man seldom loves another—except when he wants the other fellow to vote for him, and then it doesn't last long—the courtship ends when the election is over. And the woman at the bottom of the love affair is generally a single woman—for the husbands it's not necessary and for the other fellows it's no use—so most men lavish their affections on single women. That's the kind I lavished mine on. She was a cute kid—a petite blonde of twenty summers and heaven only knows how many springs and falls. She had big, innocent, blue eyes that fairly made you gasp for breath and hair that looked like the frazzled out end of an August sunbeam. Her complexion was such a beautiful pink and white that I always looked at my mouth when I got home to see if any of it had rubbed off. And her father had two lovely farms. It is needless to say I loved the ground she walked on. I had been a regular devotee at her shrine for about a year and had contracted a bad case of matrimonial fever. I was fast becoming a sentimental wreck and folks were beginning to notice it. One evening I sauntered over to her house. I was in the habit of sauntering about seven nights in the week. It was about 8 o'clock as she came tripping down the front stairs to meet me. She was dressed in pink silk, covered with white chiffon, and the minute I saw her I was attacked with palpitation of the heart and felt that my time had come. We talked about the weather for about three hours and then I began to look around the room for a clean spot on the carpet where I could get on my knees without soiling my duck trousers. I was determined to know my fate.

But she either read my mind or else she was so accustomed to matrimonial propositions that she knew the symptoms. Anyhow, before I had found a place to kneel on she said: "Do you know why we've been such good friends?" "I hadn't stopped to consider the question," I replied as I tilted my chair and looked at my own photograph on the mantelpiece. "Well, it's because you've been so sensible. Here we've gone together a whole year and you haven't lost your head and talked sentimental nonsense yet. Girls like a fellow who will be nice to them without falling in love." I thanked her for thinking me so sensible and then she told me that the last six fellows just preceding me had all lost their heads and proposed and though she liked them as friends she had to deport them all. I concluded they were six fools, bade her good-night and went home. For about three weeks the atmosphere was full of visions of pink silk and blue eyes and chiffon and golden hair and woe. I felt like I had been dead for about seventeen years, and had no friends to bury me. Then I concluded I was a dodgasted idiot and that love was a disease caused by microbes, took a dose of asafoetida and a bath to disinfect myself and haven't fallen in love since. Few love affairs are fatal. Just tide them over and you'll be all right in a short time.

An Unreasonable Caption.

(From the Baltimore American.)

Witness—I think the caption of this essay is one of the most unreasonable things I ever saw.

Criticus—How so?

Wittius—It is "The Decline of the Amateur." As if anyone ever knew an amateur to decline!

The most changeable thing in the world is luck.

ORIGIN OF THOROUGHBREDS.

On this subject Professor Ridgway recently delivered a very interesting lecture at the Cambridge philosophical society. London Field appends an abstract:

"All the ancient people, Egyptians, Canaanites, Assyrians, Aryans of the Rig-veda, Umbrians, Celts, drove the horse before they rode him, and Herodotus, speaking of the Sigynnae, the only tribe north of the Danube whose name he knew, said that they had small horses with large, flat noses and very long hair, which, though not able to carry a man, were excellent under chariots; 'wherefore they used chariots.' Dio Cassius likewise says that the Britons used chariots in war, because their horses were 'small though active.' The description of the horses of the Sigynnae tallies exactly with the abundant remains of the primitive horse of Europe, eaten in great quantities and delineated on antlers by the men of the stone age. Te was a small animal, about ten hands high, with a big head. Even after domestication he remained very small, as witness bits of bronze and horn found in Swiss lake dwellings, the shoes found at Silchester and in camps on the Roman Wall, etc.

"Authorities are agreed that from this primitive horse have been developed the cart horses of the continent and these islands, while our blood horses have come from an eastern stock of slight build and smart appearance. Our problem is to ascertain the original habitat of this superior horse. He has not come from upper Asia, as the Mongolian pony is taken as the type of the course, thick-set horse, from which sprang the cart horse. The Mongolian pon probably represents the Scythian horses, which continued to be of a small size down to Strabo's time, and they were derived either from the tarpan or Prezevalsky's horse. The Mongolian pony, though sure-footed and enduring, is slow of pace. Neither China, Siam nor Burmah has any indigenous horse answering to the blood horse. India could never breed horses, says Marco Polo, in whose time India was supplied either with Mongolian ponies from Yunnau or with Arabs from South Persia, Aden and other Arabian ports. These Arabs fetched enormous prices, equivalent to 200 pounds.

"It has hitherto been universally held that Arabia is the original home of the blood horse. This is a baseless assumption. In the Old Testament the Arabs are never mentioned as riding anything but camels and asses. Though the author of Job knew of the war horses, yet Job did not own a single horse, his equine possessions consisting of 500 she asses. Herodotus (vii., 87) enumerates the nations (including the Libyans) that supplied cavalry to Xerxes' host, but the Arabs only furnish a camel corps. Agatharchides (cited by Strabo) describes the Arabs as camel keepers.

"Finally, Strabo (flor A. D. 1), expressly states that neither the peoples of Arabia Felix nor those of Arabia Petraea bred horses. Naturally, therefore, Scaurus, after defeating the Arab King Aretas, put on his coins Aretas leading his camel. It is clear then, that down to the Christian era the Arabs bred no horses. It is consequently abvious that though the Persian kings in the fifth century B. C. bred the largest and best horses in Asia, these were not of an Arab strain. These horses were kept largely in Armenia, and are described by Strabo as similar to the Parthian horses, and as differing from the horses bred in Greece, and the other kinds of horses known in the Roman empire. There can be little doubt that they were the same horses as Marco Polo found in great numbers in Armenia (1270 A. D.), known as Turquans, the Turcoman ponies well known in Persia today. The Persian horses cannot, then, have been the ancestors of the thoroughbred, though it is quite possible that their superiority was due to their having a cross of thoroughbred blood, for already by 900 B. C., Solomon imported horses from Egypt (1 Kings, x.), and "so for all the kings of Syria and for all the kings of the Hittites" Egypt could not breed horses, neither could she have got them from the Arabs, who bred none even 1,000 years later. But she could and did get them from the Libyans, who from the dawn of history are masters of the most famous horses.

"Cyrene sent the best horses to the games of Greece (Pindar, Pyth., 4, etc.) It is noteworthy that it was in the same century as the founding of Cyrene, that the four-horse chariot and the racehorse were added to the olympic events. The Phoenician settlers at Carthage found the Libyans using these beautiful horses and when they struck in Sicily, whither doubtless they had on them as the badge of Libya, and used a similar type on their coins struck in Cicily, whither doubtless they carried the Libyan breed. This accounts for the extraordinary fame of the horses of Etna and Syracuse, and the famous steeds of Tarentum. It is now clear that the Arabs never owned a good horse until they had become masters of North Africa and the Barbary horses, from whom are sprung our own racing stock through Lord Godolphin's Barb. North Africa, therefore, and not Arabia or any other part of Asia, is the original home of the thoroughbred.

"Now, though the pedigree of the cart-horse type can be traced to the coarse, thick-set little horses of Europe and Asia, the wild ancester of the Barb is yet to seek, for Africa has no wild horse, such as tarpan or Prezevalsky's, though she has an ass and four zebras, including the quagga, now extinct. Can the Barb be sprung wholly or in part from a zebra? Arab foals at birth constantly have zebra markings, sometimes retained when full grown, as by Professor Ewart's Arab filly Fatima. Strabo, too, notices that the horses of the Libyian Garamantes have longer hoofs than any other horses. Professor Ewart's hybrids from Burchell's zebra and various mares show the markings not of a Burchell zebra, but of a Somaliland zebra, from which it has been inferred that the remote ancester of both Equus caballus and Burchell's zebra was striped like the Somaliland and mountain zebra.

"But is it necessary to go back so far? May not the Somaliland zebra stripes in the hybrid be due to the circumstance that the dam in each case had a certain amount of Barb blood in her, which was derived from either the Somaliland zebra or a closely allied species? He (Professor Ridgway) had crossed a Muscovy drake with a common white duck, derived from the common wild duck, with the result that all the offspring are colored and their coloring resembles that of the mallard. No one would say that the hybrid show a reversion to a remote common ancestor of both mallard and Muscovy, for it is obvious that the coloring is simply that of the white duck's immediate ancestors. Authorities like Captain Hayes have pointed out the great similarity in form between Burchell's and the Somaliland zebra to a well-bred horse, i. e., a horse that has Barb blood in him. He, therefore, suggested that the Barbary horses, from which he had shown all the fine horses of the world have sprung, was derived either from the zebra of northeast Africa, or, as is more likely, from some very closely allied species, now extinct, which, like Prezevalsky's horse, may have had castors on its hind legs like Equus caballus."

Point of View.

(From the Chicago News.)

Mrs. Newrich (in art store)—What! A thousand dollars for that little picture?

Dealer—Yes, ma'am. You see, it's done in oil, and genuine oil paintings are rather expensive.

Mrs. Newrich—Yes, I suppose so. The oil trust monopoly is certainly getting to be something terrible.

When He Decided.

(From Puck.)

Edith—You know that new horse papa named after you? Well, he's proved to be quite worthless, and papa is going to shoot him.

Ferdy—Indeed! But I didn't know he named him for me.

Edith—Well, he didn't 'till he decided to shoot him.

A Hard Choice.

(From the Glasgow Times.)

Maude—Oh, Gertie, what a lovely engagement ring! How I envy you!

Gertie—You needn't, dear. When it comes to the point, I've either got to marry him or give it back.

Geo. Innes & Co.
"Wichita's Largest and Most Popular Store."

Today Special Easter Sale Foulard Silks

Foulard Silks in patterns of the most beautiful type, the same being offered many places as this season's goods. They are in both the plain and satin finish; worth in a regular way up to $1.50 a yard; today, 9 a. m, yard..... 58c

Tomorrow Special Sale Fancy Stockings

Seventy-six dozen pairs of Ladies' Fancy Hose now displayed in north window, annex, will be on sale tomorrow. These are in lisle and best cotton of drop stitch, plain or lace, colors of soft blue, pink, red, champagne and white, worth regularly up to 35c. Tomorrow, 9 a. m., pair ... 25c

Great Easter Offer of Ladies' Suits **Today and Saturday Only**

This Sale, $23.50

Included in an immense purchase of Women's Stylish Wearing Apparel were twenty-five of the rarest values this house was ever known to offer. Suits of cheviots, broadcloth and fancy mixed materials, worth $30, $35 and $40. Today and Saturday only

$23.50 Choice

As an example, one of black broadcloth, made with blouse with peau de soie reveres and collar edged in fancy braid and applique, same forming yoke effect on skirt which has panel front. Today and Saturday $3.50

Almost Half Their Regular Price. "Look" and "Then" Judge Their Values.

We Start Saturday Night Sales

From now on we will devote our south window annex to the display of Saturday night "Specials."

To show our determination in their success, we have here two offers that will deeply interest the Saturday night buyer, and will start the first of these sales promptly at 7 o'clock, commencing tomorrow night.

Tomorrow Night Special Sale Horn Hair Pins

Ten gross large Horn Hair Pins, in shell and amber, worth and are extra value at their regular price, 5c each.
Tomorrow night, 7 o'clock..... 3 for 5c

Tomorrow Night Special Sale Ladies' Handkerchiefs

One hundred dozen Ladies' Fine All-Linen, Hand-Embroidered, Initial Handkerchiefs, with neat, narrow hemstitch; worth at regular selling 15c each.
Tomorrow night, 7 o'clock..... 8⅓c Each

Today is Bargain Day At This Store

An Envelope Bargain

One hundred thousand on sale Friday—XXX White Wove Envelopes, any size; square or oblong. Friday, two packages for 5c

Tinware Bargains

One-quart Covered Buckets 5c
Steel Pot Cleaners 5c
Good Tack Hammers 5c
Half Gallon Tin Cup 5c
Tin Wash Basin 5c
2-quart Pudding Pan 5c
Large Funnel 5c
Flue Stops 5c

Umbrella Bargain—Two Days' Sale

Today and Saturday we will offer some rare bargains in this line. You will not be able to duplicate them again this season. At these prices you can afford to have one at each end of the line.

100 Umbrellas, steel frame, swedged with silver thimble, Congo handle, fast color, 26-inch. Friday 44c

LOT TWO—100 Ladies' English Serge, Congo handle, silver trimmed, swedged with silver thimble, fast color; will not crock or fade; best steel frame. Friday 75c

LOT THREE—100 Paragon Frame, steel rods; covered with the celebrated Aiedilk serge, a practical substitute for real silk, has great wearing qualities. Some of these have imitation pearl handles; for all practical use no better Umbrella can be had at any price. Friday $1.00

The Tornado Sellers of Everything

HAYTHORN SONS MERCANTILE CO., 128 EAST DOUGLAS AVE.