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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TOPEKA

By Frank P. MacLennan.

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WEATHER INDICATIONS.

Washington, March 28.—For Kansas: Forecast till 8 p. m. Thursday: Generally fair; colder Thursday morning; northerly winds.

THE Coxey army is always "just going to be" larger.

THE weather has gone on a great drunk; or else Old Prob has.

SENATOR PEFFER laughs to scorn the Coxey movement. This is too bad. The commonweal all belongs to his party.

ACCORDING to astronomy winter is over; but according to gastronomy buckwheat cakes and sausage are still in order.

DID you hear any complaint of Charles Curtis' position on financial questions at the Emporia convention? Nary one.

WHY is the senate waiting so long before it begins to work on the tariff bill? Are there some more senators who need to be fixed?

IT took Herr Most a long time to find out that anarchy was a failure in this country. Anybody could have told that when he first came over.

THOSE who are plaing to be patriots for the love of country might gather some lessons from Kossuth; compelled to live and die in a foreign land.

IT will be a good thing for the country if Breckinridge is renominated. Something powerful is necessary to kill the Democratic party in Kentucky.

THE solitary goldbug organ in Kansas will get little comfort out of the endorsement of Charles Curtis, seigniorage bill and all, at the Emporia convention.

MARY E. LEASE, it appears, is to lecture on woman suffrage in this town whether all the woman suffragists want her or not. This is truly provoking.

KANSAS is solid for coinage of silver on an equality with gold. No fault was found with Charles Curtis' position on this question at the Emporia convention.

COXEY'S procession is nearly as much of a deception as the circus procession when compared with the red and yellow posters. It doesn't come up to its promises.

A PLAN might be suggested to settle the quarrel between the adherents of Laura Johns and Mary Lease. Don't let either of them speak at the woman suffrage rally.

THE police department, instead of standing (or sitting) about and berating the JOURNAL, would do well to cease its kangaroo courts and attend to business. Nobody is going to find any fault with it if it behaves itself.

GOV. WAITE gets his own way so far as the courts are concerned. Now it is time for the illegal fire and police commissioners to get out. The courts having decided that Waite is in the right, there is no excuse for delay.

COMPETENT actresses who have spent years training their talents struggle at the stage door for positions as supernumeries, while Madeline Pollard is offered $500 a week to go on the stage. Young ladies, don't get knowledge; get notoriety.

SOME of the wire pulling politicians want a delegate convention called to nominate the county ticket to be voted on this fall. Most of the people who don't want office want the Crawford county system used in nominating the county ticket.

PITTSBURG (Pa.) Dispatch: A Kansas exchange remarks: "This is the season of the year when Mrs. Lease used to wash bed clothes and boil soft soap." And it may be added that Mrs. Lease has enough character and genuine push about her to do the same thing over if necessity requires, without detracting from her womanly accomplishments in the least. Some of the best and most valuable women this country ever produced boiled soft soap between spells, while rearing the race of statesmen who helped to found this government.

THE Abilene Reflector rather takes exceptions to the STATE JOURNAL's statement that the Republican party doesn't want the "old crowd of ballot box stuffers in power." The Reflector doesn't believe there was any crowd of ballot box stuffers. If the Reflector man had been in Topeka immediately after the election of 1893 he would know more now than he apparently does. The manner in which the ballots were manipulated in certain counties in this state is a familiar story, which at this time scarcely anybody doubts. There is a lot of inside political history at Topeka which Editor Harger would do well to inform himself on. Not all the old politicians in the beloved party are angels of light. They are struggling to get to the front again; if they get there, it means another defeat for Republicanism.

KANSAS PARAGRAPHS.

Large numbers of Russian families are hunting lands in Graham county.

The Oswego high school graduating class this year is composed of nine young ladies.

Nine Florence girls are taking lessons on the violin, so as to gain practice in drawing the beaux.

The Greene-Pepper nuptials are to be celebrated at Harper tomorrow night. Here's a pretty pickle!

Several eastern gentlemen of means have been looking at the Ft. Scott water works. They have an eye for the main chance.

Two Salina men spent $200 in lawing over a dog, which the Republicans say in good times would only be worth $1.50 a dozen.

Abilene Reflector: There's "Dave" Heizer, "El" Lech and "George" Martin. Major Morrill should uncoil his front name.

One of the coming events at Parsons is a statue drill. The idea of having statues march around is as unique as it is paradoxical.

The weather changed so quickly that some of Emporia's swellest young men had to wear their ulsters with the yellow shoes they had put on.

The undivided opinion of people who have been in the strip as reported in Arkansas City, is that they will not winter there another summer.

Instead of erecting a totem pole, this year's senior class at the State University has decided to start a permanent fund for helping indigent students through college.

The Gazette says a Lawrence woman who has gone into the chicken raising business, is battling against malarial ailments in dead earnest by dosing her fowls with quinine pills.

Burr Oak seems to be a town that is unwilling to learn by experience. The cashier of the only bank there skipped a few months ago, and now two new banks are going to be started.

Abilene is experiencing an era of goodness and good feeling in city politics. Two men refused nominations that were equivalent to election, and in each of two wards there is only one ticket.

Leavenworth has a man who shook hands with Louis Kossuth when he was in this country in 1852. Out of respect to the memory of the dead patriot it should be said the action didn't take place in Leavenworth.

A certain drygoods clerk of Atchison is giving his laundrady a lot of trouble, says the Patriot. When he goes to bed very tired he gets restless in his sleep and frequently sits up in bed and cries out loud: "Will you take ten yards or the whole piece?" he shouts and then tears the sheet from top to bottom.

A German at Eudora took an engagement ring to the jeweler to be engraved saying he wanted "From A to C" put on it. The jeweler understood him to say "From A to Z," and straightway went to work on the alphabet. When the man came for the work the jeweler handed it to him with a triumphant air saying, "Well, it crowded matters a little but I got them all in." It would crowd things a good deal to record what the German said.

GOLD ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Great Excitement in Routt County, Col., Over Discovery of Gold.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS VIA WOLCOTT, Colo., March 28.—The discovery of gold at the summit of Hahn's peak has greatly excited the inhabitants of Routt county. Many prospectors are already on the mountains above the clouds staking claims on the south slope, where there is not much snow.

Prospectors have also gone on snow shoes to the headwaters of Elk river, where immense deposits of lead carbonates have been located.

GRAVESENDERS GO UP.

Sixteen Ballot Stuffers Sent to the Penitentiary.

NEW YORK, March 28.—Sixteen of the indicted Gravesend officers who entered pleas of guilty, were today sentenced to the penitentiary for terms varying from three months to twenty-nine days.

Some were fined also. According to Prosecuting Attorney Shepard the election inspectors have confessed that for the past two years Judges Newton and Sutherland have been in the habit of stuffing the ballot boxes at Gravesend, and if the prosecution had known as much about the cases a week ago as now, they would not have accepted any plea from Newton except that of guilty of felony.

Don't Delay.

It is your duty to yourself to get rid of the foul accumulation in your blood this spring. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine you need to purify, vitalize and enrich your blood. That tired feeling which affects nearly every one in the spring is driven off by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great spring medicine and blood purifier.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with everyone who tries them.

Just Found the Place

Where you can get your furniture repaired and also packed for shipment. Cleaning and laying carpets a specialty. All kinds of general jobbing work done on short notice. Work guaranteed by a good mechanic. No 317 West Tenth street.

Burns are absolutely painless when De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is promptly applied. This statement is true. A perfect remedy for skin diseases, chapped hands and lips, and never fails to cure piles. J. K. JONES.

Wood, kindling and sawdust. Tel. 402. Kaczynski.

THEY WORE THE GRAY

COMING REUNION OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Birmingham Preparing a Hearty Welcome For the Grizzled Heroes of the South. Winnie Davis Expected to Attend—Reminiscences of Past Reunions.

The citizens of Birmingham, Ala., are getting ready to offer a most hearty welcome to the United Confederate Veterans, who will hold their fourth annual convention and reunion, postponed from last year, there on Wednesday and Thursday, April 26 and 27. The surviving soldiers of the lost cause are preparing to be present in large numbers, and it is expected that the coming gathering will excel in interest, certainly in some particulars, any and all preceding reunions of Confederates.

One reason for this lies in the fact that with the lapse of years the number of survivors is constantly growing smaller. Those who attend the meeting at Birmingham will not meet as many of the brave men of 1861-5 as they did at the last reunion, and as they survey the depleted ranks the conviction must force itself home that the number will be still smaller at the next reunion, smaller yet at the next, and that presently none will be left.

GENERAL JOHN B. GORDON.

So while the emotions and reminiscences that are aroused by the greeting of comrades who have suffered and endured together and the memories of those who have gone out before will perhaps be dominant, as at previous gatherings, there will also be present and stronger than ever before those emotions that are caused by the conviction that the ultimate veteran even will not long be spared. This is quite as true of the Federal as of the Confederate heroes, and the realization thereof has doubtless played its part in the softening processes that have been manifesting themselves of late among soldiers of both armies even more pronouncedly than in the past.

Birmingham does well to make elaborate preparations to receive the grizzled heroes of that contest, which, though fierce and bitter and long continued, at its conclusion left our common country more firmly bound in ties of union than it was before the struggle.

The citizens of Birmingham will do well to greet with uncovered head the men who are to meet within the borders of the town, for these have proved their manhood on many a field of smoke and flame and blood, and their mettle won from their opponents the sincere recognition that heroes accord only to heroes.

The United Confederate Veterans were organized in 1889. Previous to that year there were indeed organizations of Confederate veterans, but they were divided in allegiance between several general organizations formed along the lines of division of the Confederate army during the war. The veterans of the Army of Northern Virginia, the Army of Tennessee, the transmississippi forces and the Confederate cavalry all had their own organizations, and until the crystallization of the U. C. V. it was not practicable to hold a gathering representative of the entire Confederate forces similar to a national convention of the Grand Army.

There is no doubt that the division of the veterans into so many camps weakened them all, but the response to the call for a meeting to effect a general organization was so spontaneous, so general and so hearty as to leave no question as to the solidarity of sentiment prevailing among them. This call was issued from New Orleans by a general committee from all the Confederate organizations named above except the one composed of transmississippi soldiers. F. S. Washington of the Army of Northern Virginia was chairman of the committee, and when the organization was consummated in June, 1889, General J. B. Gordon was made commander in chief.

MISS WINNIE DAVIS.

One of the features of the first convention, held the following year in Chattanooga, was the submission by a committee composed of sons of those who fought for the Confederacy of a petition asking that action looking to the formation of sons of Confederate veterans into an organization of their own be taken. This petition brought about the authorization of such an association as was proposed. Organization was effected, and the society has at present a large and growing membership.

The second reunion, held at Jackson, Miss., on June 2 of the following year, preceded by one day only the unveiling of the monument to Confederate dead erected by the ladies of the state, and most of the veterans in attendance remained to witness the ceremonies of the unveiling. Fully 20,000 delegates to the convention and visitors present specially because of the unveiling were there, and this large number of spectators added greatly to the impressiveness of the occasion.

The next year's convention was held in New Orleans on the day but one next following that set aside for the decoration of the graves of soldiers with flowers, and many visiting veterans who arrived early in the Crescent City joined in the beautiful ceremonies as observed by its citizens. The attendance at the reunion was larger and more enthusiastic even than at the preceding ones. There had been much sincere and successful work of organization performed during the year, and the membership had increased very materially. The question of the standing in the organization of naval veterans came up, and it was formally decided that those who fought for the Confederate cause on the water were entitled to all the consideration and privileges accorded to those who fought on the land.

As one of those whose labors had very much to do with the formation of the U. C. V. and as commander in chief of the association, General Joseph Brown Gordon, now sitting in the United States senate from Georgia, is very popular with the veterans, who never forget that during the long struggle he rose from the comparatively humble post of infantry captain to be lieutenant general to Robert E. Lee. They remember, too, that on his person he bears evidences of his valor in battle in the shape of eight scars, each the result of a war wound. General Gordon deserves the enthusiastic regard in which he is held. Two or three sentences from his opening address at New Orleans will not be amiss just here. They show the spirit in which this man of 62 looks at the present situation:

"What mean these honors to the shattered fragments of those mighty legions which once in the white smoke of the battle followed the plumes of Lee, of the Johnstons, of Hood, of Forrest and of Jackson? There can be nothing of self interest or of self seeking in this demonstration. These gray haired soldiers of the sixties have brought to your midst neither merchandise nor gifts nor products to barter. Neither are they the dispensers of political patronage to the subservient or ambitious.

"The very government to which they gave their unpurchased allegiance is no more. The old order has passed, and a new era has come. Blended now in one common citizenship and in one American brotherhood are the brave veterans of both these vast armies which once met and grappled each other in deadly combat, now and forever united in the ennobling pursuits of peace, and with their faces turned to the promising and pregnant future they are resolved by their joint efforts to achieve for their common country a destiny higher and grander, if possible, than was ever anticipated or even hoped for by the founders of the republic."

GENERAL W. L. CABELL.

Scarcely less honored by the veterans, though of course in quite another fashion, is Miss Winnie Davis, the "Daughter of the Confederacy." On the first day of the U. C. V. convention at New Orleans she was made the recipient of a beautifully hammered gold star and wreath, the gift of admiring veterans from west Texas. She is sure to receive marked attention at the coming convention should she be present in Birmingham during the sessions.

Hon. John W. Daniel of Virginia, who made the chief oration before the veterans at the New Orleans reunion, was also a great favorite there. He served throughout the conflict in the Army of Northern Virginia, rising to be adjutant general on General Early's staff. When the war was finished, he studied law, was admitted in 1866 or 1867 and was chosen a United States senator to succeed William Mahone in 1887, taking his seat in 1887. He has twice been re-elected senator since then.

Another high in favor at the New Orleans convention was Lieutenant General W. L. Cabell of Texas, well known in the south, though not so familiar to northerners, as "Old Tige." When he arrived at the convention, he was the representative of 60 "camps" of veterans who had not before been members of the U. C. V., and a badge of the organization was specially presented to him by General Gordon. General Cabell was a most active soldier until captured at Union Creek, after which he was sent first to Johnson's island federal prison and later to Fort Warren, in Boston harbor. After the war he studied law, which he practiced for a time at Fort Smith, Ark., but finally settled down permanently at Dallas, where he was three times chosen to be mayor of the city. He was born in Virginia.

CHARLES APPLEBEE.

They That Eat May Read.

An Australian confectioner has hit upon the idea of printing the news of the day upon a thin paste of dough, using chocolate instead of ink. He delivers these cakes to his customers, who first read them and then eat them with their coffee.

"YOU'RE just imagining it, Fred," said Fay airily.

She looked provokingly pretty, tilted back in the low kitchen rocker, her slender feet in the trim red slippers, crossed, her deft, brown fingers busy with crochet, her pansy-purple eyes now and then sending him a cool, tantalizing glance.

"I ain't," insisted Fred sturdily. "You've changed, Fay, and you know it. Up to three weeks ago, you were civil to a fellow, and could afford to give him a smile and a pleasant word. Why, you didn't appear to see me at meetin last Sunday! You nodded, but you never stopped to talk when we met at the county seat Friday; and as for letting me plan out the little house we used to talk about—why—why——"

He choked and turned away his head.

For a while there was silence in the kitchen. It was the cozlest of kitchens, with an oiled pine floor, a shining stove that radiated light as well as warmth, a dresser lined with rows of plates, cups, and saucers, a table covered with a red cloth, a solemn old clock, and a prevailing smell of cookies.

The mention of the home she used to think about touched Fay. She had dreamed many a time of it—had pictured Fred coming home to supper. But that was before she was wise, she told herself—before she knew all the future held in store for her. So she unwound quite a preposterous length of thread from her spool before she spoke. When she did, it was in a tone hard and indifferent.

"We used to say and think a great deal of nonsense, Fred. We were very silly, I know, now. Let us," dropping her lace in her lap, and half drawing a little turquoise ring from her finger, "forget all about it!"

Fred Wilsworth, stalwart, clumsy, heavy shouldered, lifted himself from his lounging position by the window-frame, and looked down upon her.

"You mean to throw me over, Fay?" he said. "Will you tell me why?"

She did not offer him the ring. She laid it down timidly on the red tablecloth. She was always a trifle frightened when that look came into Fred's face. Not that its sternness had ever before been for her. She remembered having seen his dark eyes blaze so once when his dog had been wilfully and cruelly hurt.

"We've made a mistake, Fred. We are not suited to each other. Our tastes are—are so different."

"If you mean you've had more schooling than me, and care more for reading stories, and like to hear what fashionable people do, and how they dress, I guess you're right. But that wouldn't come between us, and you did care for me—once. You have a reason you will not tell me. Perhaps you may, some day."

And with that he walked straight out of the kitchen, past a window and down the country road, through the yellow haze of the early spring sunshine.

Fay gazed after him, and shook her head pensively.

"It is probable, as Madame Etoile said, I have barely made a fortunate escape. And now, if I hurry, I can reach town by the short cut across the fields, and draw the money out before the bank closes."

AND—FRED, HAVE I LOST YOU?

Fifteen minutes later, having donned her new spring coat, with its numerous jaunty capes, and a little soft felt hat, she was on her way to town to execute one of the most absurd acts into which a foolish girl was ever inveigled.

Madame Etoile, "seventh daughter of a seventh daughter," as her tin sign stated, had just a month previous taken up her residence in the bustling town of Dailey. Among the gay young folks who had called upon her for the fun of the thing, was Fay Wheeler. And the future the priestess had foretold for her was the most brilliant imaginable.

"A horoscope more rare, I may say more extraordinary," Madame Etoile had declared, "it has never been my good fortune to cast! That you have permitted yourself to become entangled in some childish love affair, I see. That you shall make a fortunate escape from it, and the prince fall in love with you I also perceive. A real prince! You may meet him at any hour, perhaps not for a year. But when you meet him, you will know him by his dark, splendid beauty, his distinguished air, his melancholy eyes, which will not appear to see you, and the red rosebud in his buttonhole. He is traveling over the world incognito. He is searching for his destined bride. And when he meets her he will know her by her beauty, and the diamond necklace she wears. You are the thrice-blessed and honored girl fated to be his choice!"

IVORY SOAP

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FOR CLOTHES.

THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CIN'TI.

The darkened room, the perfumed air, the mysteriously glowing lamp, the tall, stately form in the gown covered with hieroglyphics, the deep, vibrant tones—all impressed simple little Fay as bordering on the land of enchantment she had read of when a child. She cried out, naively:

"But I have no diamond necklace, madame!"

"Ah!" was the response, "that could be easily arranged, your—I had almost said, your highness. There are many who would be glad to accommodate the future bride of a prince. A prince, at that, who possesses a marble palace in Florence, a villa on the Mediterranean, and such jewels as never were beheld! Surely you could raise enough money to offer in security for the loan of a necklace."

"Oh, easily! My father has been liberal. I have over seventy dollars of my own in the town bank."

"Well," concluded madame, "be silent. Walk daily by the river path. He may chance to pass you. If I should be mistaken, and he fail to appear, ask my aid no more. But if you see him—remember, he will not recognize you without the necklace—come again and I shall assist you!"

Fay had walked by the river the next day, and the next. He had come, pale, melancholy, distinguished, a red rosebud in his button-hole, and had passed her by unseeing.

She had gone stealthily and breathlessly to madame, relating her experience, and the fortune-teller had promised to secure her the necklace. Only two days ago, madame had announced its arrival, and permitted Fay to wear it once. She only turned down the collar of her coat when the prince approached. She perceived his quiet and smiling glance, and her heart throbbed with delight. To-day she was to pay madame for the necklace, the owner having agreed to sacrifice it for seventy-six dollars.

"Ah, chere mademoiselle, you have my thanks!" exclaimed madame, as she stowed the bills away. "I shall visit you next summer on the Riviera, where, I think I mentioned one of the prince's palaces is situated. Adieu!"

Fay walked along the river path, the necklace shining around her soft, white throat, until the day darkened to a close, and the wind came up raw and chill off the water. Then, cold and disappointed, but dreaming still of palatial homes, of sunny slopes, of gold and rank, and rich attire, she went slowly homeward. She took off the necklace before she entered the comfortable old home, wherein she could see the lamps being lighted. The group around the hearth were talking interestedly as she entered.

"I understand they did quite a rushing business in Dailey," her brother was saying. "She posed as a fortune-teller and he as a prince. It seems that apart from what her dupes paid her for information concerning the future, she used to suggest to the girls certain articles of wearing apparel they must procure in order to fascinate the prince. These she procured, swindling them, of course. The two were arrested at 4 o'clock, just as they were preparing to leave, and were taken to the county jail—Why, what's the matter, Fay?"

For the girl had reeled forward, blind and faint.

That night and the following day were one long seige of remorse, self-reproach and mental misery. With the dusk of the next evening she crept out of the house and down to the forge. From its open doors streamed a scarlet light. Within she could see Fred Wilsworth, aproned and bare-armed, beating the glowing metal with mighty blows. She called him softly. He came out to her.

"Can you walk a bit with me, Fred," she asked. "I want to tell you—the truth."

And she did, not saving or shielding herself in the slightest.

"Of course," she ended, "the necklace isn't worth $1. The old jeweler who is staying at Riber's tested it for me this morning. So I've lost my money, and—and—Fred, have I lost you?"

She was sobbing like a baby.

He gathered her into the safe haven of his honest arms.

"No, my dear!" he answered gently. "Love ain't killed so easy—not real love. And that's the kind I have for you!"

Pure early Ohio potatoes for sale at Fletcher's; Rock Island round house.