Daily Eagle.

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.
R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

Has the Largest Circulation of any Daily Paper in Southwestern Kansas.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

DAILY—BY MAIL.

One copy, one year.....$8 00
One copy, six months.....4 00
One copy, three months.....2 00
One copy, one month.....75
Twenty cents per week delivered by carriers in the City. Postage prepaid.

WEEKLY.

One copy, one year.....$2 00
One copy, six months.....1 00

TO ADVERTISERS:

Our rates for advertising shall be as low as those of any other paper of equal value as an advertising medium.

All transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

Entered in the Postoffice at Wichita, as second-class matter, and entered to transition through the mails as such.

WANT COLUMN.

Advertisements in this column will be charged for at the rate of Five Cents per line per week. No advertisement taken for less than 25 cents.

WANTED—A good brick moulder. Apply to A Palmer, Kingman, Kansas. 70tf

WANTED—Situation as pastry cook, by a young German; good recommendations. Apply at Santa Fe hotel. 70-2*

WANTED—A young man to learn a good business; must write a fair hand, have good habits, and come well recommended. Address postoffice box 86. 70-tf

WANTED—A good girl; east side of Lawrence ave, second house north of First street; good wages and a permanent place. 69-tf

WANTED—The return of my black and white shepherd dog; answers to name of "Birch"; a suitable reward. JAMES H. TODD. 69-5

WANTED—A place in a private family for a woman to do light housework in part payment for board and lodging. Apply for particulars to 68-6 R. H. ROYS.

WANTED—A girl; good wages, new house, everything convenient and small family. Enquire at this office. 56-tf

WANTED—A good washer and ironer at Dr. McCoy's, Lawrence avenue, north of Central avenue. 55-tf

WANTED—Two girls at City Hotel. 55-tf

WE will trade town lots for a good team. WICHITA LAND & LOAN CO.

WE have a very fine residence in one of the best locations in the city to trade for a good farm. WICHITA LAND & LOAN CO.

WANTED—Parties wishing to purchase fine residence lots of from one to five acres to please call at tf WICHITA LAND & LOAN CO.

WANTED—To trade a good farm for city property. Enquire at tf WICHITA LOAN & LAND CO.

WANTED—A girl 56-tf A. BASLEY, City Stables.

WANTED—A good girl to do general house work in small family. Must come well recommended. Wages $5 per week. Apply at this office 46-tf

WANTED—To sell a stock of general merchandise; good reasons for selling; good location; will exchange for cattle. Address C., Eagle office. 45-tf

WANTED—A good girl to do general housework; wages $5 00. J. O. DAVIDSON, 35-tf Cor. Topeka and Second st.

WANTED—Everybody to know that we have for sale some of the best lands in Sedgwick county, and are prepared to negotiate sales of town property. Our motto is square dealing. Give us a call. 35-3m* PYLE BROS. & BASH, Real estate agents, Goddard, Kansas.

WANTED—Everyone who wants to buy, sell, rent or trade lots in the town of Goddard, or farms in Sedgwick county, to call on Pyle Bros. & Bash, real estate agents, Goddard, Kansas. 35-3m*

WANTED—A buyer for a hotel in Garden Plain; a rare chance for a live man to make money. 28S-tf TAYLOR & PIKE.

WANTED—Land-buyers to know that it is to their interest to go to Garden Plain eal Estate Agency to buy lands. d-5-tf TAYLOR & PIKE.

WANTED—Everybody in this town to buy buggies of J. L. Cooper at Cooper's stable, where they can buy them at from 20 to 40 per cent. less than of any other house in the west. 59-tf

WANTED—Land-buyers to know that we have for sale all the best lands near Garden Plain. TAYLOR & PIKE.

WANTED—Everybody to know that I am now selling my $100 buggies at $140 and my $140 buggies at $120, to close out. 59-tf J. L. COOPER.

WANTED—Land-buyers to know that we have made arrangements with the hotels at Garden Plain to keep them at reduced rates. d-5-tf TAYLOR & PIKE.

WANTED TO SELL.—Two mowing machines, one hay rake, a Foutz hay loader with a complete camp outfit. Will be sold cheap for cash. WILLIAM NEELY. 51-1m*

WANTED—A farm hand; one that can do all kinds of work; good wages paid. E. J. DRAKE, 63-6* 5½ miles north of city.

WANTED—To rent three unfurnished rooms in a private family, suitable for light housekeeping. Address lock box 811, Wichita, Kansas. 65-6*

WANTED—Two young men of good habits can obtain board in a private family; home comforts; conveniently located to any part of business streets. Enquire at this office. 66-tf

WANTED—Girl for a small family; enquire at this office. 66-6

WANTED—A room and table board in a private family, by a young gentleman; will pay $22 a month. Address E., this office. 67-6*

WANTED—To know everybody who wants to buy, sell, rent, or trade lots in Wichita, or farms in Kansas, for property in other states. Give me a call and get or leave description of property at E. A. Reiman's Land Exchange Office.

WANTED—A purchaser for 160 acres of land in Butler county, within six miles of two railroad towns; 35 acres of first-bottom, 30 acres of second-bottom, 5 acres of young timber, nice orchard, and a house 14x18 and 1½ stories high. A bargain if sold before August 10. Inquire at Temple of Music. 67-tf

WANTED—Fifty second-hand sewing-machines, 12 second-hand organs, and five second-hand pianos; are wanted at the Temple of Music, opposite the postoffice, before September 1st. Call and enquire for terms at the Temple of Music. 66-tf

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms opposite New York meat market; plenty of grass and shade. J. REYNERSON. 70-

FOR RENT—House with six rooms, a few rods east of Union depot; nicely shaded with trees; $12 per month. Inquire at Baldwin & Ostergren's photograph gallery. 69-6

TWO RENT—Two well furnished rooms at northwest corner of Emporia and First street. 65-tf

TWO RENT—A furnished chamber; well ventilated; outside entrance. Enquire at the Fargo express office. 65-tf

TWO RENT—One furnished room and stalling for two horses. 66-6* D. R. ALLEN.

FOR RENT—A suite of rooms over Citizens Bank. Apply at bank. 38-tf

FOR RENT—A new 5-room house. Enquire at this office. 56-tf

TWO RENT—Furnished rooms. Enquire at southeast corner of Emporia avenue and Second street. 67-tf

FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Brown setter dog four months old; also a shepherd dog of two months. Apply at Mrs. Hovey's restaurant. 66-6*

FOR SALE—An old established and profitable business, centrally located; a splendid business chance; good reasons for selling. Address A., care Eagle office. 56-tf

FOR SALE—Nine residence lots for sale or trade; located on South Market street; big bargain. For particulars call at Citizens Bank. d31-tf

FOR SALE—Elevator; steam sheller, presses and fixtures and valuable tract of land, with switch privileges for handling grain, prairie hay and lumber, at one of the best grain-buying points, a thrifty and growing town on the Frisco road; good reasons for selling and full particulars furnished by N. O. JOSSON, 56-1m Columbus, Cherokee Co., Kansas.

FOR SALE—A lot of good second-hand furniture. Call at northeast corner of Topeka avenue and Second street. 38-tf MRS. J. O. DAVIDSON.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—From my residence on Water street, a bay mare; 9 years old, 15 hands high, narrow hips and shod in front. 68-tf1w* M. W. JENKS

STRAYED—Roan mare pony; white hind feet and blaze in face. Information leading to its recovery will be suitably rewarded by 55- J. A. WALLACE.

LOST—A silver watch and chain on North Lawrence avenue. 67-6* R. A NEELEY.

FOR SALE—An Empire mowing-machine, nearly new, at a bargain, at Exton's elevator. d44f-w16tf

LOST—In this city, on July 26th, a pocket-book containing papers of value to owner only; if party finding same will leave it at postoffice box 816, he will be suitably rewarded. 66-6-19-1* GEORGE H. STOWELL.

THE PARISIAN POOR.

What Becomes of the Fragments in the Great City.

Among the Buyers and Eaters—Crowding Around the Soup Kettles—A Miracle of Multiplication.

[Robert Laird Collier in Boston Herald.]

Have you ever heard how thousands of the very poor of Paris are fed, and how cheaply they buy their food? I have been told something about it, but did not quite get all the social machinery of the matter into my head until I went and saw it.

You know well enough that there is no such thing as wastefulness in all France, the French people not only have economy, but they have a more useful virtue even than that. They have facility. They not only can save, but they can make the most out of what they save. Here is the way this thing is managed. Everything that cannot possibly be used and re-used at the hotels is scraped together, and it becomes the perquisite of the chief of certain other domestiques of the establishment. Bits of meat of every sort, bread, butter, vegetables, pastry and sweets are gathered together in a heap ready for the buyer. Men and women, young and old—usually old—come round to these hotels and restaurants and large houses and buy up all these leavings, which they take away in great baskets swung upon their backs. The less prosperous dealers, doing business on the capital of a few francs, take their stuff away wrapped in old newspapers; and all this food goes to the markets. Here, in the night, it is assorted; meat, vegetables, pastry put into separate piles, and then arranged in due proportions on plates to be sold. Many families—I am told thousands of families—live wholly upon these leavings, year in and year out.

The woman of the family comes to the market and buys what she wishes for the day—or can afford to buy—and takes it home with her, either in a basket or in a bit of newspaper, as her means may enable her. In other instances many come to the market and do their eating here, buying their plate of victuals, and usually getting a piece of fresh bread from an opposite stall. These plates of food are sold anywhere from 2 cents to 12 cents. I am told that a family consisting of five persons can be fed on as little as 25 cents a day. You would suppose all these scraps of food—the leavings of the leavings—would look uninviting. Not so. Remember, a French hand has touched it all, and, as if by magic, it is turned into a sightly and appetizing meal.

When I was in the market I saw old women bringing masses of this food wrapped in newspapers, which they sold for a few sous, and in a few minutes it was all assorted and transformed into rather inviting dishes. Then there were the buyers and the eaters. Perhaps in all there were 100 in the market where I was, eating their food standing at the counters. Families of working people sometimes are a bit ashamed to buy of these dealers, which nevertheless they do under the pretext of getting the food for the dogs. However, this is all perfectly understood.

By this time the crowds of the indigent poor were gathered around the soup-kettles ranged along the sidewalks outside the markets, and so I sauntered out and along with the crowd. My eyes were opened. Here was a side of Paris life I had never seen. I know the poor in London well—their animalism and border-land of starvation. I did not know there was just the class in Paris. I really saw stones converted into people. It was in this wise. Around one soup kettle, where an old woman sat, I saw, I should say, ten half-starved, pinched, chilled men and boys and girls. These were waiting for some generously disposed person to come along and buy them a bowl of soup. As each gentleman or lady approached the soup woman, these miserable creatures would crowd up, but would not persistently beg, though their eyes would look imploringly toward the soup. Well, now for the miracle. I saw four miserable looking men, and as many half naked boys, and I handed the old woman a franc to give them each a bowl of soup. Instead of my eight, instantly there were eighty around me! Where on earth they came from I do not know, how they came, and all the rest of it, left upon my mind the impression of a miracle wrought before my very eyes. The stones were converted into people. I went to the other side of the market and selected a soup-kettle about which I saw a boy and a girl standing and shivering. I wished to see if again this marvel of multiplication could be wrought. I cast about me and saw, other than the boy or girl, a few passing and repassing. As quietly as I could—almost as slyly—I handed the woman a franc, and lo and behold, there were not less than a score of like wretched men and women, boys and girls, imploring me for soup, and this—in all its seriousness—was in the twinkling of an eye. This soup smelt savory and looked nice. A large bowl had bread broken into it, and with a ladle the bowl was filled from the kettle, in which a bone and a sausage and vegetables were boiling. Two cents a bowl! That is all. Good, tasteful soup at 2 cents a bowl.

Thought He Was Joking.

[Syracuse Herald.]

"My boy, what are you doing with that cigar in your mouth? Throw the filthy thing away," said a clerical-looking man to a bootblack who stood near the Globe hotel puffing a cigar. The urchin looked up at the man with an injured air, then, shaking his head, said:

"Naw yer don't. I'm outo that trick. That's what the kids tell me when I'm flush and smokin' a two-fer, so they can pick it up. But when a lad can't take a smoke without an old chap like you wantin' him to trow it away, then there's a case for pity."

Reaching into his pocket, the benevolent boy brought forth 3 cents, saying, as he held them out to the abashed gentleman:

"Here, take them coppers and buy one for yerself, but don't ask me again."

The dozen or more men and boys who had collected around the pair shouted derisively as the minister turned and walked away.

A Mountain of Sunflowers.

[Chicago Times.]

Wild sunflowers now cover Mount Davidson, Nevada, almost from base to summit. The mountain presents the appearance of being draped in a yellow mantle. Although the sunflowers are more or less numerous every season—there being a few everywhere—the old settlers say that every third year is the big one for them—is sunflower year. It is probable that the unusual amount of rain this season has much to do with the great abundance and vigor of wild flowers of every variety.

Jobbing in Literature.

[Philadelphia Press.]

Mr. Howells and Mr. James, if I am not mistaken, get about $5,000 each for their serials, as serials, and a percentage when the book is published. At least that is the way it used to be, but I believe since Mr. James R. Osgood severed his connection with Houghton, Mifflin & Co. and set up for himself that he has made some arrangement with Messrs. Howells and James and one or two other authors by which he pays them a large sum outright for their work, and then he negotiates with the magazine editor for its sale and publishes it in book form himself. This way of speculating in literature seems to be gaining popularity. In England, as you are probably aware, it is quite a business, and the most successful person engaged in it is a Mr. Tillotson, who was recently in this country, where he made a very good arrangement with American authors and American newspapers.

He has bought a number of stories from different American authors—James, Howells, Cable and four or five others, and these he sells to a syndicate of newspapers in different parts of the country. He pays, say $1,000 for a story in three or four chapters from Mr. James, and he pays cash, which is always an attraction to an author, and then he sells this story to a dozen or more papers for simultaneous publication and to as many English papers at the same time. If he gets $300 from twenty-four papers each, including England and America, he gets $4,800 in all for one story, which pays him pretty good profit on his investment.

Annually Expended.

[Chicago Times.]

It will, perhaps, interest the young man who contracted to supply his sweetheart at the seaside with confectionery for the summer to know that about $22,000,000 is spent annually in the same way by his unsophisticated brethren.

Until Then.

[New York Hour.]

The United States can never lay claim to being a republic, in the best and truest sense, until it ceases to worship vulgarity veneered by mere wealth, and recognizes the fact that a diamond may shine beneath an unpretentious exterior.

Brooklyn Eagle: An age in which all mankind are "enabled to read the papers" is an age in which it is very difficult to school teachers to cultivate good taste, and all that good taste implies, in their pupils, even by the most skillful adjustment of their curri-

THE KITCHEN CLOCK.

[John Vance Cheney in The Century.]

Knitting is the maid o' the kitchen, Milly,
Doing nothing, sits the chore-boy, Billy:
"Seconds reckoned,
Seconds reckoned;
Every minute,
Sixty in it.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Nick-knock, knock-nick,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Closer to the fire is rosy Milly,
Every whit as close and cosy, Billy:
"Time's a-flying;
Worth your trying!
Pretty Milly—
Kiss her, Billy!
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Tick-tock, tock-tick,
Now—now, quick—quick!
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Something's happened; very red is Milly,
Billy boy is looking very silly:
"Pretty misses,
Plenty kisses;
Make it twenty,
Take a plenty.
Billy, Milly,
Milly, Billy,
Right-left, left-right,
That's right, all right,
Skippety-nick, rippety-knock"—
Jumps the kitchen clock.

Night to night they're sitting, Milly, Billy;
Oh, the winter winds are wondrous chilly!
"Winter weather,
Close together;
Wouldn't tarry,
Better marry.
Milly, Billy,
Billy, Milly,
Two-one, one-two,
Don't wait, 'twont do,
Knockety-nick, nickety-knock"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

Winters two have gone, and where is Milly?
Spring has come again, and where is Billy?
"Give me credit,
For I did it;
Treat me kindly,
Mind you wind me.
Mr. Billy,
Mistress Milly,
My—Oh, Oh—my,
By-by, by-by,
Nickety-knock, cradle rock"—
Goes the kitchen clock.

CAPTURED CANNON.

Becoming Scarce Twenty Years After the Close of the War.

At the close of the civil war the United States government found itself in the possession of several thousand captured guns, taken during the course of the conflict and at its close. Many of them were cannon which had been seized by the Confederates at the out break of hostilities in the southern forts and arsenals, but the majority were of English make, and of the then most approved pattern. They were of all sizes and calibers, and were manufactured from iron, steel and brass.

Not quite a score of years has elapsed since the close of the war, and but very few, if any, of this large number of cannon remain in the hands of the government. They have been given away by congress from time to time for various purposes of a patriotic character, such as the erection of statues and bas-reliefs, erected in honor of distinguished military or civic heroes and statesmen, or in commemoration of some noted historical event.

Many of the brass guns have been used for medals and badges. The badge of the Grand Army of the Republic is composed, to the extent of 80 per cent., of captured cannon metal, and only brass cannon are used for the purpose. Some idea of the amount used in this way alone can be formed from the fact that last year the contractor who supplies the national headquarters of the organization with this line of goods furnished 80,000 badges, and has agreed to supply at least 100,000 during the present year. A few years since the contractor was receiving 50 cent. for each badge he manufactured; he now gets but 30 cents, but even at this rate he receives on this one item the sum of $30,000, which undoubtedly gives him a handsome margin of profit. Should the metal continue to be used in such large quantities it will not take many years to make guns captured during the civil war as few and far between as are the relics of revolutionary days.

Growth of the Milling Industry.

The Minneapolis Northwestern Miller, of a late date, presented an interesting exhibit of the growth of the milling industry in the United States from 1860 to 1880, as per census report. The record of the census in 1870 as compared with 1860 showed that the number of mills, the value of grain used annually and the capital invested had nearly doubled, the number of employes had more than doubled, and the value of the annual product had nearly doubled.

The growth of this industry for the next ten years, from 1870 to 1880, was enormous, but the percentage of increase was lowered. During this decade the number of establishments increased a little less than 2,000, there being 22,573 in 1870 and 24,338 in 1880. The capacity of the new mills, however, averaged large, so that the increase in capital invested in plants was over $25,000,000. The number of hands employed was increased less than 1,000 showing the great difference in this respect between roller and stone mills, as well as the rapid improvement in methods of handling the grain and its products.

The wages paid in 1800 showed an increase of about $5,000,000 over 1870, or about 30 per cent. The value of grain used had increased to the extent of about $55,000,000, and the annual product showed an increased value of $60,000,000.

The Fool's Paradise.

[Bill Nye.]

Follett—What is the meaning of the term "Fool's Paradise?"

The fool's paradise is a place where the fool-killer buries his dead. As fools cannot be considered as responsible for their acts they cannot be punished in purgatory, and yet they cannot be admitted into Heaven. They are therefore consigned to a place fitted up specially for them, where they can ask each other, "Is this cold enough for you?" and all such little intellectual sparkle as that. There is where those people go who breathe in the barrels of the shot-gun or light the kitchen fire with kerosene.

People who enter this paradise enter it with great rapidity, and generally in fragments. The outer court is used mainly for the purpose of assorting and classifying the remains.

This is also the home of the man who, during Lent, casually sat down on a buzz saw to think of a hard word.

Where the Currents Mingle.

[The Hour.]

Nothing is more democratic than the average American railway train, for it represents every class and is no respecter of persons. The millionaire and the lowest member of the proletariat may possibly occupy contiguous seats. People who never by any circumstances are found together in the same room jostle against each other in the cars and show what thin partitions divide the various classes in this democratic country. If that water which is constantly in motion, and whose particles come frequently in diverse contact, is always the freshest and sweetest, why may we not carry out an analogy from it and say that the social current also which experiences such conditions is, in a similar way, made the better for it. It should at least be a preservative against decadence and stagnation.

New York Star: It is time for the law to declare whether the emotional insanity, self and voluntarily produced, is to be a barrier to the calm and justice-decreed sanity of the hangman.

McLean, of The Enquirer.

[Cincinnati Times-Star.]

John R. McLean is best known to fame as editor of The Cincinnati Enquirer. He is a young man of 35, and the only son of Washington McLean, formerly with James J. Faran, proprietor of the paper. McLean younger was educated thoroughly in America and Europe. He developed great business capacity, and a few years ago acquired complete control of the paper. Since then he has been devoting his attention to politics.

McLean is a short, heavy set, pretty little fellow, with blue eyes, a fat, chubby face, is ever nobbily dressed, and is gay company. He sings any sort of a song, speaks any language fluently, dances an Irish jig or plays the piano with equal grace. He can mimic any man he ever met, tells a dialect story with charming brogue, and can write a humorous sketch with the same grace and facility. He is a bachelor, although most men of his age and condition in life are fathers of families. It is said that there is a romance about his celibacy, and the entire story is yet to be ended.

However, Johnny McLean has a great big heart for his friends, and especially for his mother and sisters. During his lively experiences in Columbus recently his sister, Mrs. Gen. Hazen, was thrown from a carriage in Washington, and with her husband seriously hurt. The news of this came to John while busy in his political schemes, and diverted his mind entirely. He was very anxious until he learned that no serious results would follow. His love for his mother is even greater. It is said that during the hot summer nights Mrs. McLean would sit up at home awaiting the return of her boy from the busy scenes of a morning paper of-