

Daily Eagle

Address all business letters to ROLAND P. MURDOCK, Manager. The only Associated Press Dispatch Paper in the South.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. DAILY—BY MAIL. One copy, one year, \$10.00. One copy, three months, \$3.00. One copy, one month, \$1.00.

TO ADVERTISERS. Our rates for advertising are as low as those of any other paper of equal value as an advertising medium.

IN ONE SHORT YEAR. If the doctor of Chelton could cut out, obliterate, forget one short year of the 45 he has lived he might be a happy man.

An artist should have painted her! A sculptor should have fixed that attitude impossibly in marble! She lay on a couch wrapped round by the fire.

She greeted him smilingly. She gave him her hand, it was white and well shapen, but not diminutive.

He repeated himself willingly enough. "I suppose you are all puzzling your heads about me," she said gravely.

"Chelton is a little place," she continued, "much smaller than you think."

"I was an infant, I was an only child, and was utterly spoiled. My father's kindness I repaid by marrying a man whom he particularly disliked."

"A hard look came into her eyes as she spoke." "You were unhappy?" said the doctor sympathetically.

"More than unhappy—poor, unhappy, and ill-treated. But that concerns no one save myself."

He looked at her eyes and looked far away. Her lips hardened and grew thin with a bitter smile.

Then he took his leave, and went to perform his agreeable if less dangerous duties. His account of his morning's visit spread contentment through the rectory.

But unhappily that son began to manifest strength of will, and determination to walk his own way, and, moreover, walked that way so far and so openly that the folks about Chelton began to talk.

He had long left of deceiving himself. His fate had met him. He loved this woman with all the strength of his really strong nature, and was striving, in deadly earnest, to make her love him.

For a while she was silent. She stood with her white fingers interlaced. Her downward eyes gave her woe no sign, but a wave of color crossed the healthy pallor of her cheek.

"Tell me how you love me?" she asked. "I can not," he whispered. In truth, he dared not even tell himself.

"Tell me how much you love me?" she repeated. "I do not know any thing in the world."

"A scornful smile made her look even more beautiful." "Perceive, listen! I love you! I love you!"

"I would kill you rather than you should love me!" she said. "I believe you! I love you!"

She laughed delightedly. "I believe you! I love you!" she cried. "I believe you! I love you!"

He adored her, yet he feared her. She was his master, yet he loved her. She had wronged words from him which no man, certainly no clergyman, should dare say.

"Sweet love, I love you. Hold my hand—listen—and leave me," she whispered. "I obeyed with a white face. She spoke for some minutes in a low voice.

"This is the truth," she said, moving toward the door. "Farewell! I leave her to-morrow."

At the door she lingered and looked back. Her eyes met a shiver ran through the man's strong frame. Then, like one who makes for good or ill, a sudden resolution, he sprang to his feet.

"What do I care?" he cried. "I love you. I can not live without you. Let it be all forgotten, or come to-morrow."

Once more he embraced her. She made no resistance, an attempt to conceal the joy his decision gave her. But presently, drawing a little away from him, she said:

"Perceive, if you give me your love in spite of all, it must be forever. Nothing must part us."

to no meaning surmise, or course, was objected to his desire; but she knew her objections would have no influence upon a man so madly in love.

He told Philippa that he had prepared, and delay—literally went upon her knees and begged her to be married for twelve months.

Who knew what unforeseen things might happen in a year? Perceive added to some extent. After all, before he married he must prepare another home for his mother and sisters.

It is very possible that while pressing this invitation on Philippa, Mrs. Blake thought, "She has lived in London. A woman of her extraordinary appearance cannot be forgotten."

Although Perceive begged her to go with his mother, Philippa hesitated. "I have forgotten!" she whispered.

"It is better to face what may be in store than to fly it. Nothing can part us."

"Very well, I will go." She kissed him, and for the twentieth time told him how much she loved him.

A fortnight afterward Mrs. Blake and Philippa were seated side-by-side at an evening party. The beautiful young widow was the object of much attention.

Suddenly Mrs. Blake noticed that her companion dropped short in the middle of a sentence, and begged a gentleman near her to lead her from the room—the host was over-coming her.

Then Mrs. Blake felt sure that something had occurred, and looking round in search of it, saw a man leaning against the opposite wall and eying Philippa with unusual wonder.

She knew him well—a rising barrister, with whose family she had long been upon terms of intimacy. So she turned his eyes from the vanishing Philippa to her vacant chair, Mrs. Blake signed him to fill it.

"She cut greetings and inquiries very short." "You know that lady who just left my side?" she said.

"I thought so. Perhaps I was mistaken. Tell me her name."

"What do you know of her?" asked Mrs. Blake. "Her husband—a fearful rogue—was tried for forging and swindling. The rascal tried to entrap me, but I escaped."

"The man was sent to penal servitude for five years." "On you—just the woman!"

"It was a burning shame," said Graham. "On my soul, I believe she was innocent. The judge thought so too."

"Go on quickly," said Mrs. Blake. "Her sentence was three months," said Graham, reluctantly and sulkily. He hated himself for having talked about this beautiful woman's antecedents.

"Then," said Mrs. Blake, with emphatic pauses, "she has actually been in prison?" "I suppose so. But why do you want to know? I wish I had said nothing."

"She had a husband who was a man of means, and she was a woman of means. She was willing enough to go home. Mrs. Blake really did succumb at the announcement. She fell, a dead heap, into a chair.

He came up by the first train the next morning. Mrs. Blake had managed to get Philippa and her daughters out of the way, so was able to meet him alone. His first inquiry was for Philippa. He seemed greatly relieved by her reply.

Then Mrs. Blake made her communication. She was kind enough to suppress all show of triumph, but she told him every thing, and wondered at the silence with which he heard it.

"Oh, Perceive, my son," she cried, "what an escape!" He looked fearfully stern.

"I hope you would be spared this, if I had saved Philippa and myself." "Perceive! What are you saying?"

"I know it before she promised to be my wife. She told me herself. Poor girl, she was cruelly wronged. Her life has been a hard one. Tell her mother and sisters at once that she is married."

"Graham shall see at once," continued her son, "and extract his share. But even if the matter becomes public property it may be lived down."

"I am sorry, very sorry, mother," he said, "but I will do my best to give her up, and surely, if one person above another should exercise Christian charity, it is a clergyman."

"Christian charity!" said Mrs. Blake with biting scorn. "Call it by its true name—blind, unholty passion!"

She left him, little knowing how deeply her parting shaft had struck. He saw Graham; then returned and told Philippa everything. She listened with strange composure.

"I expected it, said; the past can never be obliterated." Then she added, "I do not even offer to free you. You are mine—mine forever."

The look which accompanied her words added another link to the chain which bound him to her.

"The last day of the old year dawned, and Perceive Blake rejected to think that tomorrow would end his uncertainties and troubles. He was now alone in the rectory.

ones her cunning and presence of mind seemed to recur. "I was upon," she said. "I don't know what I can do for you. But she prayed for delay—literally went upon her knees and begged her to be married for twelve months."

Who knew what unforeseen things might happen in a year? Perceive added to some extent. After all, before he married he must prepare another home for his mother and sisters.

It is very possible that while pressing this invitation on Philippa, Mrs. Blake thought, "She has lived in London. A woman of her extraordinary appearance cannot be forgotten."

Although Perceive begged her to go with his mother, Philippa hesitated. "I have forgotten!" she whispered.

"It is better to face what may be in store than to fly it. Nothing can part us."

"Very well, I will go." She kissed him, and for the twentieth time told him how much she loved him.

A fortnight afterward Mrs. Blake and Philippa were seated side-by-side at an evening party. The beautiful young widow was the object of much attention.

Suddenly Mrs. Blake noticed that her companion dropped short in the middle of a sentence, and begged a gentleman near her to lead her from the room—the host was over-coming her.

Then Mrs. Blake felt sure that something had occurred, and looking round in search of it, saw a man leaning against the opposite wall and eying Philippa with unusual wonder.

She knew him well—a rising barrister, with whose family she had long been upon terms of intimacy. So she turned his eyes from the vanishing Philippa to her vacant chair, Mrs. Blake signed him to fill it.

"She cut greetings and inquiries very short." "You know that lady who just left my side?" she said.

"I thought so. Perhaps I was mistaken. Tell me her name."

"What do you know of her?" asked Mrs. Blake. "Her husband—a fearful rogue—was tried for forging and swindling. The rascal tried to entrap me, but I escaped."

"The man was sent to penal servitude for five years." "On you—just the woman!"

"It was a burning shame," said Graham. "On my soul, I believe she was innocent. The judge thought so too."

"Go on quickly," said Mrs. Blake. "Her sentence was three months," said Graham, reluctantly and sulkily. He hated himself for having talked about this beautiful woman's antecedents.

"Then," said Mrs. Blake, with emphatic pauses, "she has actually been in prison?" "I suppose so. But why do you want to know? I wish I had said nothing."

"She had a husband who was a man of means, and she was a woman of means. She was willing enough to go home. Mrs. Blake really did succumb at the announcement. She fell, a dead heap, into a chair.

He came up by the first train the next morning. Mrs. Blake had managed to get Philippa and her daughters out of the way, so was able to meet him alone. His first inquiry was for Philippa. He seemed greatly relieved by her reply.

Then Mrs. Blake made her communication. She was kind enough to suppress all show of triumph, but she told him every thing, and wondered at the silence with which he heard it.

"Oh, Perceive, my son," she cried, "what an escape!" He looked fearfully stern.

"I hope you would be spared this, if I had saved Philippa and myself." "Perceive! What are you saying?"

"I know it before she promised to be my wife. She told me herself. Poor girl, she was cruelly wronged. Her life has been a hard one. Tell her mother and sisters at once that she is married."

"Graham shall see at once," continued her son, "and extract his share. But even if the matter becomes public property it may be lived down."

"I am sorry, very sorry, mother," he said, "but I will do my best to give her up, and surely, if one person above another should exercise Christian charity, it is a clergyman."

"Christian charity!" said Mrs. Blake with biting scorn. "Call it by its true name—blind, unholty passion!"

She left him, little knowing how deeply her parting shaft had struck. He saw Graham; then returned and told Philippa everything. She listened with strange composure.

"I expected it, said; the past can never be obliterated." Then she added, "I do not even offer to free you. You are mine—mine forever."

The look which accompanied her words added another link to the chain which bound him to her.

"The last day of the old year dawned, and Perceive Blake rejected to think that tomorrow would end his uncertainties and troubles. He was now alone in the rectory.

Mrs. Blake, having sternly refused to attend the ceremony, or to permit her daughters to be present, had by her son's advice, if not command, left the neighborhood for a while.

FOR BARGAINS IN Boots & Shoes. GO TO C. E. LEWIS & CO., 110 MAIN STREET, AT THE Red Front Boot & Shoe Store. Where One Price, Cash on Delivery, and Goods marked in Plain Figures is the way they do business. C. E. LEWIS & CO.

NEW DRY GOODS AT RETAIL 10 to 30 percent Less than Regular Prices.

In order to retire from business, I offer at Retail my large, wholesale stock of Fancy and Staple DRY GOODS, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Notions, Etc.,

Embracing new styles for Spring and Summer wear. Or will trade same for city property, or good farming lands. Purchasers generally will find it to their interest to examine my stock. JNO. G. ALLEN, 139 MAIN STREET, April 15, 1886.

Headquarters for Money! LITTLE'S LOAN OFFICE, EAGLE BLOCK. LOANS ON CHOICE CITY PROPERTY A SPECIALTY. NO DELAYS. ASHBEL WELCH, LOAN REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE BROKER, FARM LOANS, CHATTEL LOANS. BEST RATES AND PROMPT ATTENTION. DO NOT FAIL TO CALL AND SEE ME. Office in Eagle Block, WICHITA, KANSAS. D. W. McALLA, S. S. MILLER.

McCALLA & MILLER, Brokers in REAL ESTATE, Do a General Business in City, Farm, Frontier and Foreign Properties. Sales effected, exchanges made, Additions handled, Capital placed upon advantageous terms, and Loans negotiated on all approved Real Estate securities. A large list of varied properties constantly carried on our books, and all classes of customers can be accommodated. Special attention given to the Bargains in the market. Conveyance at all times ready and free to customers. Correspondence solicited. ROOM 4 OVER HYDE'S BOOK STORE, 114 MAIN STREET, WICHITA, KAN.

BANKRUPT. POST, the Pawnbroker, Has Just Bought \$3,000 Worth of Diamonds For \$1800. They are going to be sold at BARGAINS, At his Store, 428 Douglas Ave, Wichita, Kan.

The Oldest and Largest House in the City Aldrich & Brown, Wholesale and Retail Druggists.

Lombard Mortgage Co. In Kansas State Bank Building. Money on hand. No delay when security and title is good. RATES AS LOW AS THE LOWEST. Call and See Us GEO. E. SPALTON, Secretary.

27th WEEK'S ENGAGEMENT. \$500.00 WILL BE FORFEITED. To the School fund of the State of Kansas if "Cohn's Girl" is not a Genuine Havana Filled Cigar.

Money to Loan ON City Property, Chattel Mortgages, AND PERSONAL SECURITY. LOWEST RATES. NO DELAYS L. B. BUNNELL & CO. Have for sale, on line of WICHITA & COLORADO RAILROAD north-west of Wichita, town lots at new towns of

Money to Loan ON City Property, Chattel Mortgages, AND PERSONAL SECURITY. LOWEST RATES. NO DELAYS L. B. BUNNELL & CO. Have for sale, on line of WICHITA & COLORADO RAILROAD north-west of Wichita, town lots at new towns of

NEGOTIATE LOANS, Sells Land Places Insurance Make Collections. Taxes Paid for Non-Residents. Correspondence Solicited. Room 1—Over Israel's Drug Store. DOUGLAS AVENUE, WICHITA, KAS.

S. D. PALLETT, NORTHERN AND SOUTHERN PINE LUMBER Lath, Shingles, Sash, Doors & Blinds. Office and White Pine Yard west end of Douglas Avenue. Yellow Pine Yard across the street.

SANTA FE BAKERY. ESTABLISHED 1862. In the place to get everything kept in a First-Class Bakery. ECKARDT & SCOTT, Prop's. 144 Main Street.

F. W. SWAB, MERCHANT TAILOR. Keeps on hand fine goods of the latest styles. The largest stock in the city. Satisfaction guaranteed. No trouble to show goods. Call and see me. F. W. SWAB, First Floor North of County Building.

J. M. ALLEN & CO. Wholesale and Retail GROCERS. H. W. KENDLE, FUNERAL DIRECTOR. WOOD, CLOTH, AND METALLIC MEDICAL CARES. CASKETS, ROBES, GLOVES, GRAPE, ETC. Have two fine hearses. A private telephone direct to Wichita Central Office always open 59 Douglas Avenue, Wichita, Kansas. Prompt attention to orders by Telephone.

WICHITA WHOLESALE GROCER CO. Jobbers of Groceries and Grocers Fixtures, SHOW CASES, SCALES, ETC., NOS. 233 & 235 NORTH MAIN STREET, WICHITA, KAN. Zimmerly's Addition. Now is the time to buy Lots in this Addition, While they are Cheap. ONE MILE SOUTH ON LAWRENCE AVE. Street cars and large brick school house in connection. For further information call at 611 South Market Street.

Wichita City Roller Mills! AND ELEVATOR. ESTABLISHED 1864. INCORPORATED 1866. MANUFACTURE THE CELEBRATED BRANDS: IMPERIAL (Roller Patent), WHITE ROSE (Extra Fancy), K. L. C. R. (Fancy).

J. R. HOLLIDAY & CO., WICHITA GROCERY, STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES, No. 227 East Douglas Avenue, WICHITA, KAN.

"EAGLE" Town-Site Company, AT WICHITA, KAN.

MAIZE, 9 Miles from WICHITA. COLWICH, 14 " WICHITA. MT HOPE, 27 " WICHITA.

ANDALE, 20 " WICHITA. These towns are in the best portion of Sedgwick County, Kansas.

Maps of Towns and Prices can be had on application set forth: At Wichita, call on N. F. Niederlander or Kos Harris; At Maize, call on H. F. Rhodes; At Colwich, call on Geo. W. Stearns; At An Dale, call on J. W. Dale.

THE "EAGLE CO." HAVE ALSO FOR SALE LOTS IN "Junction Town Company" Addition to Wichita.

Price List of this Addition can be seen by calling on: F. G. SMYTH & SONS, Wichita. H. F. NIEDERLANDER, " P. V. REEDY, " ANGLO-AMERICAN Loan Office. O. MASTERSON, Resident on said Ad.