

The Chicago Eagle

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

HENRY F. DONOVAN.

An Independent Political Newspaper;
Fearless and Truthful.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE, \$2 PER YEAR.

Address all communications to
HENRY F. DONOVAN,
Editor and Proprietor,
Room 10, Times Building, Chicago, Ill.

Entered at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., as
second-class matter.

Circulation, 25,000 Copies.



NOTICE.

THE EAGLE can be ordered at Chas. Macdonald & Co.'s literary emporium and book store, 55 Washington street, and can be found also at all first-class news stands in the West.

WHAT MAKES ANARCHISTS.

People who deplore the existence of discontent among the working classes of this free country should look to the persons who administer the laws to find a reason for the increase of popular impatience.

If they look closely they will discover that in almost every instance the so-called "blind Goddess of Justice" regains her sight when a defendant with money bags is on trial. The rich defendant is generally acquitted, no matter what his offense or crime may have been.

Poor men are generally convicted. Justice is always blind in their cases, and incurably so. A man who steals a loaf of bread, or a man who talks to his brother workmen about their wrongs, and how to right them, go to Joliet for terms ranging from one year to a life sentence.

THE EAGLE invites the attention of the community to a prosecution which is soon to occur. The most notorious gambler in America is to be tried in Chicago upon the indictment of the Grand Jury of the county.

He boasts that he can buy himself off. Can he?

If he can, then the law will have received a worse set-back than all the bombs on earth could give it. Once convince the people that justice is a thing of barter and sale, and see what will happen.

The people are tired of jury-bribing. They are tired of corruption in the courts, of all places on the earth. And if the courts are not kept pure; if the jury system is a failure; if money alone decides what is right and what is wrong, the American People will be heard from, and don't you forget it!

A SAD TOPIC.

It is gratifying to know that our friends of the Citizens' Association are awake to the terrors of the tug whistle. The report of the Executive Committee just published says on this awful topic: "The whistling on the river broke out early in the season with more than its usual virulence, but was soon got under by the application of the usual remedies. There have been complaints of excessive noise from this source a few times during the summer, but in each instance it was caused by an unusual number of vessels arriving and departing; the stage of the water in the river has been low, and there have been unusual obstructions; and on one of the occasions referred to 100 vessels of all kinds were moved by tugs or their own steam in the river in one night. We have assisted the authorities by a night watch when deemed necessary, and have to report an increased desire by all concerned in river traffic to comply

with the city ordinances; this is particularly the case with the tug lines. We published and distributed the ordinances to all vessels frequenting the harbor and to all transportation agencies."

Now, if the committee will only get after the Lincoln Park sea-lions, we will not have lived in vain.

YERKES AND ONAHAN.

Mayor Onahan has again been making himself ridiculous. He has been bothering Mr. Yerkes for some \$35,000 which he claims for rent of the La Salle street tunnel.

Is Mayor Onahan going to evict the cable?

Is Mayor Onahan going to put 50,000 North-Siders to the inconvenience of being bridged?

Let us hear! What good was the old tunnel before Yerkes got hold of it? It was so damp, dirty, and noisome that no well-regulated toad would live in it. It was so illy paved, so foul smelling, and so full of stagnant water, that no sober man would drive through it, and no drunken man would live to get out.

Yerkes took hold of it and paved it with granite. He made it resplendent with electric lights. He whitewashed its walls, and ran his cable through it, making it at once a delight to the eye and a benefit to the people.

Onahan wants to abolish it, because it is so pleasing.

If there is anything he doesn't want to abolish, it must have little value.

Mayor Onahan is a great man.

THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

The Union League Club has decided to celebrate Washington's birthday on a mammoth scale.

It is to be a "grand popular demonstration" at the Auditorium.

That is to say, it will be popular with everyone who receives an elaborate, steel-engraved invitation, and who can wear a dress-suit.

The common people are not wanted.

If George Washington was on earth the Union League Club would not recognize him.

Washington was a patriot. He was no snob, and his stomach would revolt at the Anglicized lisp of these plutocratic desecrators of his birthday.

There are some sensible men at the Union League. They joined the club to extend their business.

Appetite and asininity hold unrivaled sway there, however.

CHARLES E. FELTON.

Mr. C. E. Felton, for eighteen years the Superintendent of the City Bridewell, was the most efficient public servant that Chicago ever had. Courteous, upright and steadfast, he united the best qualities of a gentleman to the instincts of an able public officer. The result was alike creditable to Mr. Felton and to the city.

Mr. Felton made the Bridewell a model prison. He found it a nameless monstrosity when he took hold of it.

The removal of this splendid officer, high-toned gentleman and veteran Democrat will add another blot to the mosaic administration of His Whiskers.

THEY RUN FAST ENOUGH.

Because the city ordinances require the railroads to run as slow as ten miles an hour inside the city limits, some people are kicking.

Perhaps it is the undertakers who are finding fault. They are the principal beneficiaries of lightning express speed through the crowded municipality.

People who want to beat the record in going and coming from their far distant, lightly taxed homes should either buy wings or move into town.

TOO MANY HIGH BUILDINGS.

There are too many high buildings in Chicago. This costly fad is going to prove ruinous.

If it keeps up, all of the lawyers will be in one building; all of the real estate men in another; all of the doctors in another; all of the newspapers in another and so on. The rest of the property will be given to the rats.

It is only common fairness to spread out a little.

AGAIN A CANDIDATE.

D. C. Cregier is a candidate for reelection to the Mayoralty. There is not a doubt about it.

Why?

Because when he closed up all the gambling houses he did not interfere with 85 Clark street. The Twenty-fourth Ward delegation is made up at No. 85.

ATTENTION, ALDERMEN!

The attention of the City Council is respectfully called to the fact that, despite its order, wide-open gambling prevails in Chicago.

GIVE us the World's Fair before the funds run out.

ONAHAN has not yet suppressed the beer traffic.

WHAT has become of E. T. Jeffery?

IS CRAIG still with us?

OBITUARY.

JOHN J. SOLON.

Mr. John J. Solon, one of the best liked and most popular men in Chicago, died on Saturday last at his residence, 140 East Chicago avenue. He had been ill for three weeks, first, with the prevailing epidemic, the grip, and then with typhoid fever, which resulted from it. Mr. Solon was born at Dundee, Kane County, Ill., and was a thoroughly self-made man. By industry, perseverance, and admirable tact he built up an immense milk business, and accumulated a handsome fortune. At the same time, his generous disposition, frank and manly ways, and charitable heart won for him thousands of friends. Mr. Solon was a man of quiet tastes and unassuming manners. Repeatedly urged to become a candidate for public office, he just as frequently declined. He never neglected his duties as a citizen, however, and, while he was an ardent Democrat, he never allowed party lines to interfere with his friendships.

No wonder, then, that the great Cathedral of the Holy Name was filled to overflowing with sincere mourners who regretted John J. Solon's untimely taking off. The solemn high mass of requiem which was chanted for the repose of his soul was attended by over two thousand persons of all nationalities. The funeral was one of the largest that ever left Chicago. Among the great number in attendance, besides the relatives, were: Hon. M. B. Hereley, Michael H. Hereley, W. B. Hereley, P. H. Tierney, W. M. Devine, Dennis McCarthy, Dr. J. E. Keefe, John Puhl, Thomas J. Webb, James Lyman, E. J. Queoney, M. J. Keane, John Costello, L. P. Hansen, D. J. Gallery, Thos. Carney, Wm. Fogarty, M. J. La Bounty, Philip Conley, Patrick Shields, James Conlan, Jr., John Sweeney, Aldermen O'Brien and McCormick, John F. O'Malley, Thomas O'Malley, William Peacock, Thomas Mackin, John Dowdle, P. H. Rice, Senator Garrity, Henry O'Brien, Henry F. Donovan and a host of others, accompanied by their wives or other members of their families. Mr. Solon was married twelve years ago to Miss Hannah O'Malley, and their family life was a very happy one. Five small children, with the widow, mourn the loss of a father and husband, while Dudley, Mark, Frank, Cassie and Mary Solon and Mrs. W. H. Adams will ever keep green the memory of a noble-hearted brother.

PERSONAL.

HON. JOHN SPRY, the well-known lumberman and popular West-Sider, is rapidly regaining his health. He has been a very sick man.

THE many friends of Mr. Frank Nielsen, the well-known vinegar manufacturer, will be glad to learn that he has fully recovered from his recent severe illness.

FIFTEEN years ago Henry HGL, of Council Bluffs, swore that he would not shave until Susan B. Anthony was elected President. The other day his whiskers, which were three feet long, became entangled in some machinery and were mostly pulled out by the roots, and he is probably pretty well cured of his foolishness.

EAGLETS.

It requires twenty-two volumes to register the various cattle-brands in Arizona.

THERE are five New Yorks, nine Philadelphias, and twelve Bostons in the United States.

RUBBER pavements have successfully been tried on a bridge in Hanover and a street in Berlin.

A POSTAL card sent around the world makes the circuit in about seventy days, without any noise or pretension.

In Edinburgh it is found possible to supply for half a penny a wholesome meal of vegetable broth and bread.

PHILADELPHIA ladies are boycotting merchants who refuse to regard the comfort and health of their saleswomen. A very good argument it is, too.

SOME remarkable caves have been discovered in West Australia. Two of them are said to be large enough to afford accommodation for 200,000 men each.

C. LONGFELLOW, druggist at Machias, Me., inserted an advertisement of his business in the first issue of the local paper forty years ago and has kept it in ever since.

A CURIOUS fact about cigarette smoking is that nearly double as many cigarettes are smoked during July, August, and September as during any other three months in the year.

WHILE plowing in a field, the horses of Farmer Guss, of Martinsburg, Blair County, Pa., suddenly sank into the ground and went fifteen feet below the surface before they found bottom.

A CITIZEN of Taunton, Mass., says that he knows a woman who, for several years, made from 1,000 to 1,200 pies a year for a family of three persons, and one member has eaten more than two-thirds of them.

CHINA, with a population in the vicinity of 380,000,000, has only three newspapers at present. Considering that an editor's head is chopped off on the slightest provocation the wonder is that there are even three.

COLONEL NORTH'S dog-house, at London, is a perfect canine palace, filled with costly animals. The best dog cost \$5,250. There is a dressing-room, and a cloak-room filled with dog's coats, and fresh shoulders of mutton make the dogs' daily dinner.

IN nearly all the English towns there are public bath houses for working people. They are under the control of the town or city authorities. For from two to four cents a bath may be obtained with the use of a fresh towel. These establishments are well patronized.

ANY ONE can make the hand-grenade fire extinguishers, and at a small fraction of the prices charged in the market. Any light quart bottle will serve to hold the solution, which is composed of one pound of common salt, one-half pound of sal-ammonia, dissolved in about two quarts of water.

URING the recent floods at Anaheim, Cal., every hummock was swarming with hares and rabbits that were driven from the plains. They were slaughtered by thousands by boys and men, who used sticks, and when tired of the sport would run the poor beasts off their dry places into the raging waters.

IT is becoming the custom for busy and wealthy women to have young ladies, for private secretaries. The feminine private secretary keeps the run of the visiting list, answers notes, and makes engagements and excuses. Her duties require an excellent education, high bred manners, and the greatest tact and delicacy.

JAMES ROBINSON, a farmer living near Jeffersonville, Ohio, is the owner of a carnivorous horse which wants nothing better for a good square meal than a fat pig. Whenever the horse sees a pig that it can get at, it grabs it by the back of the neck and shakes it to death, much as a dog would shake a rat. The horse then devours the pig with great relish.

ON its cruise in the Arctic seas, the Thetis discovered on the south side of Herschel's Island a deserted village of which history furnishes no account. On the graves were laid guns of long obsolete pattern, and birds had made their nests in the skeletons of the brave men who had given up their lives there.

A NORTHERN (Ohio) farmer named Abner Greenleaf, having a presumption that the summer weather would extend far into the winter, tried a little experiment. He planted a number of hills of potatoes late in September. The tubers thrived well, and on Christ-

mas Day the farmer's table was supplied with new potatoes from his own garden.

A NEW YORK man has been sent to prison for failing to pay his wife \$400 that he borrowed before their marriage. This seems to be a harsh and unnecessary proceeding, when the wife could have canceled the debt on the installment plan by rumaging her husband's inside pockets in the misty morning light and quietly appropriating all the small change.

THE hangman in New South Wales is looked upon with such horror that he recently found himself completely boycotted on reaching Wagga-Wagga to perform an execution. The cabmen refused unanimously to drive him from the railway station, the porters also declined to carry his luggage, and the unlucky executioner was obliged to trudge off on foot, struggling with his various traps.

HERE is something new in journalism. A New York paper offers a prize of \$250 for every person found dead with a copy of the latest issue of the paper on his person, thus guaranteeing to amuse and instruct a man while he lives and provide for his family when he is taken away. For novelty and originality in schemes to build up a circulation this one seems to deserve early recognition.

"BUDGE" is the name of a tame crow belonging to Miss Orlie Wheeler, of Joliet, Ill. He goes all over town alone and returns to his home at night. He is fond of beer, and will drink it until intoxicated. In his rambles he visited the depot, where he found much to interest him. He imitates the shouts of the conductors, and takes delight in yelling "All aboard for Chicago."

Mrs. FITZGERALD, plebeian wife of the Duke of Cambridge, is dead. She was the daughter of a printer when the Duke married her, and the Queen insisted that her royal husband should divorce her and marry a woman of his rank, but he refused and remained true to her though she never was recognized by the Queen or received at court.

FRED HAUN, a Collinwood (Ohio) man, was taken prisoner at Kingston, Ga., in '64, and was stripped of accouterments, among which was a cap box with his name stenciled upon it. He escaped and thought no more of the cap box until it was found by a Miss Kerns in a coal shed near Collinwood last week. How it gravitated to its owner during twenty-five years' wandering is a mystery.

SAN PEDRO MARTIN, in Lower California, it has been ascertained, is not as has been generally supposed a chain of mountains, but a single one. It is about 100 miles in length and from ten to thirty in width, containing about 1,000,000 acres of land, one-half of which is covered with fine timber. Many of the trees are giants. The scenery in the mountain is grand. Its average height is 12,800 feet.

GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS pleasantly related this one on himself the other day in an address: "I was making a public speech some little time ago, and one of my hearers remarked to his neighbor, who happened to be a personal friend of mine, 'What a pity! What a pity!' 'Why, what is the pity?' said my friend. 'Well, it is a great pity that a man with such white whiskers should wear such a very brown wig.'"

BOSWORTH SMITH, in a report on the Kolar gold field in Southern India, records some finds of old mining implements, old timbering, fragments of bones, an old oil lamp, and broken pieces of earthen ware, including a crucible, the remains of ancient mining operations. He expressed astonishment at the fact that the old miners were able to reach depths of 200 or 300 feet through hard rock with the simple appliances at their command.

PARISIAN ladies have very odd and dainty fancies concerning underwear, upon which they spend fabulous sums of money. One lady who wears nothing but silk underwear of the finest quality, trimmed with frills of delicate lace and always in the most out-of-the-way colors, like willow green, goblin blue, vieux rose, and other equally aesthetic shades. Another lady recently ordered a set of night dresses made exactly like a baby's first slips.

JOHN CLINE, a Harrisburg bricklayer, has portions of a brick and mortar picked up in the ruins of the palace of the Caesar's Palatine Hall, at Rome, Italy, by a son of the late Dr. O'Connor, who has just returned from a tour of Europe. The material of the brick is similar to that of which American fire brick is made, but this ancient brick is only a inch thick and it and the mortar are 1,800 years old. Mr. Cline prizes the relics of eighteen centuries as only an old bricklayer could such curiosities.

CHICAGO BUSINESS MEN.

Under this heading THE EAGLE will give every week, as part of its news, the history of some Chicago merchant.

JOSEPH STOCKTON.

Joseph Stockton, of the transportation firm of Joseph Stockton & Co., was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 10, 1834. He came to Chicago in the spring of 1852. He was in the transportation business until the war broke out, when he enlisted in the Board of Trade Regiment. He was in numerous battles, and at the death of Lieutenant Colonel Wright, at Vicksburg, he was promoted to his place. After the fall of Vicksburg, Colonel Stockton took command of his regiment, and retained the position until the close of the war. Colonel Stockton proved himself a brave and fearless soldier, and he was brevetted Brigadier General for meritorious conduct in the field. Colonel Stockton is an ardent Republican, and has been solicited repeatedly to stand for public preferment. His transfer firm is now one of the largest in the city.

THE proposal of the Italian Government to establish schools in New York and Brooklyn for the teaching of the large Italian population of those cities, betrays a desire for the maintenance of the native language and spirit, which seems to conflict with American policy. If we are to have the Italians here it is for us to give them such a teaching as will make them useful and loyal to the United States, not to Italy.

IN spite of all the hopes entertained of the spread of Volapuk, there seems to be no doubt that if there ever shall be a universal language, it will be the English. One hundred years ago less than 16,000,000 people used the English tongue. Now it is spoken by nearly 100,000,000, while only 60,000,000 people use the German, and 45,000,000 the French tongue. The language in which Shakespeare spoke and wrote will undoubtedly always be the chief medium of communication, either in commerce, literature, or in every-day life.

A BURIED treasure is being sought in northwest Bengal. A poor Brahmin at Monghyr possessed an amulet which had been in his family for generations, and as he was almost starving he took it to a goldsmith for sale. The goldsmith broke it up to test the metal and found in the hollow center a scrap of paper covered with minute writing. This being deciphered by a learned pundit, the Brahmin learned that close by the shrine of Pir Shah Nepal is a well dating back to Mohammedan times, and at a certain distance from the well are hidden fourteen lakhs of rupees. The Brahmin has obtained government sanction to excavate the ground, a rich neighbor furnishing the funds on condition of receiving a share of the treasure.

THE general usefulness of woman was never discovered until necessity compelled her to determine and demonstrate it for herself. The latest manifestation of her varied capabilities, says the *Court Journal*, is in the line of so-called party lady-helper, which offers considerable scope to her ingenuity. This useful personage will, for a stated amount, relieve weary hostesses of the task of catering for and entertaining a host of lively girls and boys and their juvenile friends home for the holidays. She must be able to superintend the cooking of seasonable dainties, the decoration of rooms, tables, and Christmas trees, the preparation of private theatricals and tableaux, and the fashioning of juvenile party costumes.

THE *Jewish Chronicle* tells this story of some of its corydonists: Professor Bilroth, the famous Viennese surgeon, some time ago received a letter from a certain Jew in a small Russian town to come immediately and perform an operation. The Professor in his answer stipulated for five thousand marks, which was promised him. The Professor then repaired to the Russian town, and upon his arrival he was received by a number of Jews, who sorrowfully informed him that the gentleman that was to be operated upon had died, and had been buried already. And seeing that the Professor felt perplexed and regretted the journey which he had made in vain, the Jews comforted him, saying: "There is yet some chance for you to make some money here. There are several sick men in our hospital who would require your services, for which each of them would willingly pay you one thousand marks." The Professor gladly accepted the offer, and, after having performed about five operations, the stipulated amount was handed to him. But a few minutes before starting for home the Professor learned that by had resurrected the dead man. That worthy gentleman had been among the hospital patients cured for one thousand marks.