

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor. SUNDAY MORNING, SEPT. 12, 1886.

REPUBLICAN TICKET.

- STATE TICKET. For Associate Justice: D. K. VALEN TINE, Franklin county. For Governor: JOHN A. MARTIN, Aichison county. For Lieutenant Governor: A. P. RIDDLE, Ottawa county. For Secretary of State: E. R. ALLEN, Sedgewick county. For State Treasurer: JAMES W. HAMILTON, Sumner county. For Auditor of State: TIMOTHY MCCARTHY, Pawnee county. For Attorney General: C. B. BRADFORD, Osage county. For Superintendent of Public Instruction: J. H. LAWHEAD, Bourbon county. FOR CONGRESSMEN. First District: HON. E. N. MORRELL, Brown county. Second District: HON. E. H. FURSTON, Allen county. Third District: HON. E. W. PERKINS, Neosho county. Fourth District: HON. THOMAS RYAN, Shawnee county. Fifth District: HON. A. S. WILSON, Washington county. Sixth District: HON. E. J. TURNER, Sheridan county. Seventh District: HON. S. R. PETERS, Harvey county. JUDICIAL-19th DISTRICT. For Judge: HON. T. B. WALL, Sedgewick County. COUNTY TICKET. For Probate Judge: E. B. JEWETT. For Clerk of District Court: A. B. WRIGHT. For County Attorney: G. W. C. JONES. For County Superintendent: D. S. PENCE. For Commissioner Third District: T. H. RANDALL. For Representative 6th District: RODOLPH HATFIELD. For Representative 8th District: R. E. LAWRENCE. For Representative 9th District: A. H. CARPENTER.

State Senator Whilford died at his late home in Garnett on Wednesday last. He was 64 years old and a good man.

St. John did not leave the Republican party until after the Republican party of Kansas had repudiated him by thousands of votes, preferring to him a Bourbon Democrat.

The Missouri Pacific now stands alongside the New York Central as a dividend paying road, and Wichita not only has the general office of that road for Kansas, but Wichita is a favorite city of the owners and managers of that road.

The Commonwealth seems inclined to jubilate, just a mite, over the distractions of the Democrats in that congressional district. If the Democracy should act solidly and unitedly and to a man vote for John Martin, they would fall in beating Tom Ryan by thousands of votes.

THE CHICAGO & ROCK ISLAND.

The surveying corps of the Chicago & Rock Island are at work in Marion county putting in the permanent grade stakes, and will within a few days be at work between Peabody and Wichita. A member of the corps told the editor of the Peabody Graphic that he thought dirt would be flying within forty days, as it seemed the policy of the company to push the Kansas extension as rapidly as possible, and as the line to Wichita will be one of their best feeders in the state, it is reasonable to suppose that work to that point will progress as speedily as circumstances will permit.

THE CITY OF HUTCHINSON.

To the Editor of the Eagle: In almost every instance a rich and extensive territory will create a fine center of trade, and if the town so situated is a county seat, it will also become, with sufficient railroad facilities, a large city. Hutchinson is the capital of Reno county, which is one of the largest and richest in the state, and has perhaps less waste land than any other county in Kansas. At present railroads is the principle topic of conversation in Hutchinson, and everyone from the school children up, are calling for more roads. Last week the county voted \$320,000 to two roads, the Rock Island and the Wellington & Ft. Smith. To both these propositions there were but one dissenting vote cast in the city of Hutchinson. Two or three other roads have also been voted for this season, one of them the Wichita & Colorado is now completed and trains will be running next week in time to accommodate the Hutchinson people who wish to visit the Arkansas Valley Fair at Wichita. Should all of the new lines now in contemplation, be built, this city ought to make the largest railroad centre west of Wichita in Kansas. Among the other advantages in her favor, is the immense water power lately developed, and which is large enough to turn the wheels of a dozen mills or factories. It is also quite well known that this is the location of the state reform school. This colossal building, which it will be, is to cost when completed over two millions of dollars, and will be large enough to accommodate at least a thousand inmates. To a visitor Hutchinson presents a very bright and attractive appearance, with its broad streets, fine large business houses, and well shaded dwellings and walks. The citizens also are entitled to considerable praise for the pluck and energy with which they have advanced every enterprise likely to benefit this town, and that they have been thus far very successful is shown by the present boom and activity displayed in every line of business.

The press is well represented by three good weeklies and one daily paper, of which the daily and weekly News, edited by Mr. Ralph M. Easley, takes the lead. Editor Easley makes a slashing paper, and booms the town with a doubled barreled boom of his own get up. The other papers are the Interior-Herald, a good paper edited by Mr. Fletcher Merrill, and the Hutchinson Democrat, edited by N. J. Blackburn. Hutchinson is also secure against fires by a fine system of water works, while street cars, electric lights, and other big things are being agitated for.

TO M. E. LEASE.

The summer hours have vanished, And the autumn time has come With its leaves of gold and crimson, Gleaming in the harvest sun, And a blue haze crowns the upland When the pleasant day is done. I've been roaming in the woodlands, Through each well remembered glade, Through the gorgeous tinted forests, In their autumn robes arrayed, In the old familiar by-ways, Where our childish feet have strayed. I have climbed the sunny hillside, With bright lichens scattered o'er, I have stood beside the streamlet, Where we played in days of yore— In those happy days of childhood That shall visit us no more.

And sad memories came thronging, Over heart and brain today, And silent tears are falling— That in vain I strive to stay: For I'm thinking of you darling, In your home so far away. Far from kindred ties that bound you, Far from childhood's happy home, And from old associations, Destined evermore to roam, By the uplands where we wandered, I am left to roam alone. —J. P. CLYESS.

CHARLESTON AND THE LOST ATLANTIS.

To the Editor of the Eagle: Until the recent volcanic outbreaks in the Atlantic coast, very few people were aware that Charleston and its harbors, and sounds, were catcombed with fissures, caves, and rock that proved clearly the earth in that vicinity had been the scene of volcanic disturbance at some previous period; that in fact the city and its surroundings slumbered as it were upon a bed of fire which was liable to break forth at any time. The assurance of scientific men that the Atlantic may at any time sweep over the unfortunate city, brings vividly to mind the story, long regarded by many as a myth, of the lost Atlantis, but comparative philology lends its aid to substantiate the fact that such an island really existed.

The inhabitants of Venezuela and of Guinea retained traditions of a convulsion which swallowed up a vast country in the region now covered by the Atlantic ocean. The Solities, the ancient inhabitants of Central America, have a tradition of the "cataclysm of the Antilles." The Indians of North America have a similar legend. The tribes located first in southward have a circumstantial narrative to the effect that the waves were seen rolling in like mountains from the east, and that of the millions of people who fled to the hills for refuge, but one man (seven in other accounts) were saved, from whom descended the present Indian races, a religious festival was instituted to commemorate the dread event, and to beseech the Almighty not to revisit the earth with such terrors.

Nine thousand years before Plato lived and wrote, there existed, he tells us, in the ocean that separates the Old World from the New, an island larger than Asia Minor and Northern Africa combined; he locates it in what is now a watery waste, midway between the westward projection of the desert coast of Africa, and the corresponding indentation by the Gulf of Mexico. On its western shores were other and smaller islands, by way of which access might be had to a vast continent beyond. Its civilization was as advanced as that of ancient Egypt. Its people were descended from Neptune and mortal women, and by force of arms their warriors penetrated into Africa as far eastward as Egypt, and into Europe as far as the shores of the Tyrrhenian sea, (the western coast of Italy.) Their conquests were checked by the Greeks after the Atlantic sea-kings had attempted to subjugate Europe, Africa and Asia, and the deed was accounted one of the glories of Athens. At length, however, the people became so desperately wicked, that the island with all its inhabitants was swept away by a deluge. In a day and a night Atlantis disappeared beneath the waves. Another account, slightly varied, says that after the defeat of the islanders a terrific earthquake attended by inundations of the sea caused the island to sink, and for a long time thereafter the ocean was impassible by reason of the muddy shoals. Such is the substance of a legend first communicated to Solon by an Egyptian priest, and no doubt, founded on facts that have existed from a very early date. On the old Venetian maps Atlantis was placed to the westward of Canaries and the Azores.

The Greeks, the Egyptians, the Gauls and the Romans possessed traditions on this subject, and all substantially agreed with each other. At the date of the existence of Atlantis, according to Humboldt, what is now the Strait of Gibraltar, was probably bridged by a solid isthmus at least as wide as that of Suez, thus closing the Mediterranean and making of it an inland sea. The same convulsion of nature which engulfed the land established communication between the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. Charles Frederic Martins, the great French botanist, says that "hydrography, geology and botany agree in teaching us that the Azores, the Canaries, the Madagas are the remains of a great continent which formerly united Europe to North America. For many centuries the Saragoosa sea, that vast expanse of floating weed, has occupied the locality given to this island. The ancients attributed the existence of this meadow sea to the sinking of Atlantis. For four hundred years, and probably a much longer period, this great sea-meadow has not changed its position. Aristotle tells us that some Ploenician vessels were driven by easterly gales to a part of the ocean that was covered with weeds and rushes. In 1492 the little fleet of Columbus passed through the mass of floating vegetation, much to the alarm of the crew, who found their presence denoted rocks and shoals. It has been found, however, from soundings in different parts of the Saragoosa sea, that the water is of great depth.

Recent explorations have given facts to the world that substantiate the Atlantis theory to a remarkable degree. There had to leave this fascinating subject without dwelling upon the thought that the existence of this island of Atlantis once admitted the presence of the aborigines in this continent, the remains of a higher civilization in Central America, the remains of extensive relics that long antedate the Aztec rule, may be easily accounted for. But if,

as Prof. Winchell believes, the ocean has always surged between Asia and America, our archaeological riddle is still unsolved. An imaginative person, however, in view of the late disturbances on the Atlantic coast, will not find it difficult to picture that the same convulsion of nature which would depress the eastern coast of this continent, burying its cities from sight by an ocean inundation, might possibly roll the waves of centuries from ocean-buried Atlantis; but imagination and conjecture run rife at the bare possibility of such a scene. M. E. LEASE.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

To the Editor of the Eagle: "Close the shutters fast; let fall the curtains; whirl the sofa around, and while the bubbling and loud-hissing rain throws up a steamy column, and the cups that cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each. So let us welcome peaceful evening in," for once more the busy shuttle has paused in its rapid course and again Saturday night is here. Once more we lay away the burdensome cares of a work-a-day world and prepare for a brief respite from the battle ground whereon we fight for self and those near and dear to us.

—Another month has come upon us, September, the very crown of the year: the month for us to realize the wealth of the summer; the motherhood of the bountiful earth. We crowd to our lips hands laden with fruit, luscious with juice fit for Hebe to pour out to the gods; dewy mornings; the air filled with songs of birds; brilliant sunny noons; hours of heat and tranquility, when it seems that nature must be holding its breath to hear the magical word pronounced that declares her work is perfect; days after days of perfect calm, followed by all the storms of the equinox.

—And yet our hearts are filled with a sort of sadness that is a kin to sorrow, perhaps as necessary to complete the charm as the misty bloom that completes the grape. The feeling is much the same that we have in crossing the rubicon of middle life—where the pleasure of the past and the uncertainty of the future mingle in strange and sweet uncertainty. And, all is beauty and delight; but presently will come tempests of tears over long partings, the grayness of ashes, the snows of old.

—We hear a sweet voice sing of "Silver Threads Amongst the Gold," and in fancy we can see a dear old head "whitened from the grave," reclining against a softly cushioned chair, a peaceful light in the dim old eyes, a placid smile around the lips that have crooned baby songs to us in childhood and our willing hands serve them, and the days go by all too fast, bringing nearer the day when a solemn stillness will pervade the house, the cushioned chair will stand in the corner vacant, and the ripened sheaf will have gone to sing the Harvest Home in another world.

—Alas that there can be an old age un-cared for when the hoary head is bowed low, the heart heavy, the mind burdened with the thought of being no longer welcome to a place in this busy, shifting panorama of life. Yesterday there came to my door a man bowed with age, too feeble to lift one foot before the other only in infantile uncertainty, too shabby to be the envy of the present pauper, scarcely enough clothing to cover him, and with streaming eyes and quivering lip told me his frightful tale of woe:

Poor old man! heavy indeed must be the burden of life, weighted with the cares of over four score years, when the wife, who has been his companion for over half a century, when the sons who sit at ease in comfortable offices, writing letter after their names, that give them place and distinction in the world, can let your declining days end in the pain sharper than the sting of a serpent's tooth.

—What matters it to the old man that mawmie honors have been shivered upon him, that he has for an average life time been a member of a church; that men of distinction have been glad to call him friend? A lonely, impoverished old age! Could any fate be more pitiable? Is there no remedy? Do we need more refuges, more easy homes for the aged, more homes for the homeless?

—Methinks a school for instruction in the old honor thy father and thy mother, husband and wife by obligations, more vigorous churning of the milk of human kindness is needed.

—What a grand result has been the outcome from a small beginning, as set forth a few days since in the resume of the work of the W. C. T. U. With a growing sense of remorse that I had been so skeptical of their mission, and a deeper admiration for the hand that had guided the helm, I hastened through the report. "A prophet is not without honor, save, in his own country," I thought. We almost bow down in adoration to the man who proves to be the successful architect of his own fortune, and call him a self made man, when a selfish motive has been the great incentive in his work. Shall we be more niggardly in our praise of these women who have sacrificed self in their generous desire to benefit others alone?

—Did the man who said, "why don't you build fewer churches and help the home more. You've got too many churches now," strike the keynote? Do we need more churches, or is it a case of Mahomet and the mountain? The people will not come so far to the churches, hence the churches must be taken to the people, and we are growing to be such a critical, asthetical people we must have our choice from many.

Blessed ministerial spirits. The skeptical infidel may sneer at your book, but where is the charitable institution built by one of them? "Little Sisters of the Poor," sisters of charity, builders of homes for the orphan, the helpless ones of earth, you build better than you know. Some day the last stone shall be laid and amid a golden glory more brilliant than that of noonday sun your work shall be pronounced well done, and in perfect rest and peace you shall attain the blissful joy of seeing sunshine without shadow, joy un-mixed with tears, welcomes without partings.

—The weeks roll by, one month succeeds another and soon the problem will

REAL ESTATE! REAL ESTATE!

THE LATEST IS CAPITAL :- HILL :- ADDITION, Situated between Second street and Central avenue. There are only eight lots, containing about two and a half acres each. This tract is as fine as any on the Hill just east of the city. For prices and terms call at my office. Vacant Lots in every part of the city, and don't forget we can give you some fine bargains.

BUSINESS :- PROPERTY. We have three lots on Water street. We have twenty-five lots on Main street. We have several on Market street. We have twelve lots on Lawrence avenue. We have six lots on Topeka avenue. We have six lots on Emporia avenue and several on Fourth avenue. These are all close to Douglas avenue, and if you want a bargain in Business Lots do not fail to see me and get prices. We have twelve lots on Douglas avenue.

RESIDENCE :- PROPERTY. In endless profusion in every part of the city. ACRE PROPERTY.—We have a number of fine pieces of land in tracts of from five to forty acres. We have several of these tracts at such prices that a fine profit could be realized at once.

FARMS AND STOCK RANCHES Of every description, all over Kansas. Ranches of from one thousand to three thousand acres—fine land, and farms at from \$10 per acre up. Come and see me and be convinced.

STRANGERS .: ALWAYS .: WELCOME. Correspondence promptly attended to. Money invested for non-residents when desired. Please remember that I have no other business but Real Estate. If you want Real Estate come and see me or write.

G. W. BARTHOLOMEW, Wichita, Kansas.

and will make as good time to Wichita as the W. & W. is making, and that the fare to all points east will be the same over the D. M. & A. as over that line. The contracts for grading between Kingman and Larned have all been let by the Fitzgerald & Mallory Construction company, to the following parties in order, beginning at Kingman: William Fossett 3 miles; Sweeney & Company 6 miles; John A. Newcomb 7 miles; J. B. Colt 25 miles; William O'Leary 12 miles; and Charles Collins 22 miles.

From the Peabody Gazette. In Wichita, last Thursday, we had the pleasure of a drive through flourishing metropolis with R. P. Murdock, of the Eagle, and after passing through miles of thickly populated and well built up suburbs of the city, we concluded that the Eagle is eminently correct in boasting of Wichita and her boom. We do not doubt that the aggregate value of the houses we saw in progress of erection at this time would be at least a quarter of a million of dollars.

Randolph Kalkoff, a son of Rev. Isaac Kalkoff, formerly of Kansas, and a brother of the Kalkoff boy who killed De Young, has been arrested for stabbing a citizen of Fresno, in a row over a woman.

W. H. STERNBERG, Contractor and Builder. Office and Shop 349 Main St.

ISRAEL BROS., Druggist and Grocers. First Block west of Tremont House.

J. P. ALLEN, DRUGGIST. Everything Kept in a First-Class Drugstore. Wichita, Kan.

WICHITA Conservatory of Music. Corner of Emporia Avenue and William Street, south of Douglas Ave. Director: CATHERINE RUSSELL.

B. K. BROWN, Furniture & Jewelry. DOUGLAS AVENUE, WICHITA, KANS.

DR. MORGAN, Gynaecologist and Obstetrician. (Kansas Furniture Co. Building) COR. DOUGLAS AND TOPEKA AVE. WICHITA, KA.

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, 1st door N of County Building.

Kansas Loan and Investment Co. CAPITAL, \$100,000. Money Always on Hand to Loan on Farm and City Property. Office in Wichita National Bank Building, Wichita, Kan.

S. D. PALLETT, Northern and Southern Pine Lumber, LATH, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS. OFFICE AND WHITE PINE YARD: West End of Douglas Avenue. YELLOW PINE YARD: Across the Street. WICHITA, KAN.

ANNES (A New Town), Located on the Leroy & Western Railroad, an extension of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, in Erie township, Sedgewick county, Kansas, owned by the Arkansas Valley Town Company. PRICES LOW AND TERMS EASY. TWELVE MILES FROM ANY Railroad Town, in a well settled and improved farming community, insuring good support from the start. Call on or write me at once and secure choice of lots. G. A. HATFIELD, General Agent, Wichita, Kan.

HOTCHKINS & WHEELER, Real Estate & Exchange Brokers. SOLE AGENTS FOR ROSENTHAL'S ADDITION. This Addition is located in the north part of the city, between Fairview and Arkansas Avenues and is in the highest part of city. We offer Special Inducements for the next 30 days. No. 201, S-B CORNER DOUGLAS AVENUE AND MARKET ST.

Comanche, Comanche County, Kansas. A new city on the Cimarron, at its junction with Big Bluff and Cavalry creeks, offers more inducements to the investor than any other new town platted in Kansas this year. Only three miles from the great natural salt deposit; a fine water power; at the foot of Cavalry Valley, with its hundreds of fine farms, many under cultivation. A chance to get in now on the ground floor. No lots given away. Many brick and frame buildings going up. Write for full particulars to the COMANCHE TOWN COMPANY, Now Kiowa, Kansas.