

Daily Eagle

SITTING IN DHARMA.

A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF THE BRAHMANS' CUNNING.

A Perplexing State of Affairs in Benares—One Way of Gaining a Point. Three Hundred Thousand People Leave Their Homes.

As "sitting in dharna" is an extremely curious practice, the readers of this journal may like to know something about it. The Brahmans have nowhere shown a more remarkable example of their cunning than in creating among their adherents a belief that their persons were designed by God to be under all circumstances inviolable; and that to deprive them of life or to hurt their persons, directly or indirectly, is a crime that admits of no expiation. On this persuasion is founded the practice of sitting in dharna. When a Brahman desires to gain some point which he has found it impossible to accomplish in any other way he goes to the door or house of the person against whom his suit is directed, and there he sits down in dharna, with poison, or a pondard or some other means of suicide in his hand, threatening to use it should his adversary attempt to molest or pass him by. This menace completely arrests him. The plaintiff now commences a fast, in which, according to etiquette, he must be accompanied by the defendant; and in this situation they both remain until the former obtains satisfaction. The plaintiff rarely fails of his object; for were the individual thus arrested to permit the Brahman to perish of hunger, or should he drive him to make use of any of his instruments of mischief, the sin would lie upon his head forever.

Nor is the practice confined to male Brahmans. Some years ago a Brahman widow at Benares had a lawsuit with her brother-in-law, which, in the first instance, went to arbitration. The suit involved a claim of property and a consideration of caste, the privileges of which her antagonist declared she had forfeited. The decision, though favorable to her, did not altogether satisfy the lady, who determined to carry the remaining points in dispute by dharna. Accordingly she placed herself in the customary way at the door of her brother-in-law, who, apprehensive of her death, went with her to a temple, where they both made trial of their powers of abstinence for some time longer. Thirteen days had elapsed when the defendant gave in. He agreed that if the widow could establish the validity of her claims to caste by prevailing on some respectable Brahman to eat dinner with her at her own cost he would not only pay all the expenses of the suit but her debts as well. On condition accepted and fulfilled. But the brother-in-law refused to perform the last part of the engagement, which brought the matter under official notice.

Here is an older and more striking example. Government having imposed a house tax at Benares, the people, startled by the innovation, began to complain that they never heard of such a tax under the moguls; that their houses were their own; that the British rulers might next lay a tax on their wives and children. Representations were made to government at Calcutta, but in vain. Upon this the whole population of the city and its neighborhood determined to sit in dharna until their grievances should be redressed. Some of the leading Brahmans sent written handbills to the wards in Benares, and to some of the adjoining villages, briefly setting forth the provocation and the necessity of the measure, they were placed in dharna until their grievances should be redressed. They called on all lovers of their country and religion to join in the movement, and commanded, under bitter curses, every person who received the summons to hand it to his next neighbor. Three days afterward about 300,000 persons left their houses, shut up their shops, suspended their farm work, forbore to light fires or dress victuals, and many of them even to eat, and sat down with folded arms and drooping heads on the plain surrounding Benares.

ENDING A DISTURBANCE. The local government was much perplexed. There was the chance that some of these strange people might really perish, either from their obstinacy or from disease, which distress might ensue from the interruption of agricultural labor at the most critical time of the year. On the other hand, it was not expedient to yield to such a demand so urged. As they told the measures, their some ineffectual reasoning, that if they chose to sit in dharna it was their own affair; that the government would never yield to remonstrances so enforced, and that, so long as they only injured themselves and were peaceful in their behavior to others, the government would not meddle with them. At the same time, ever, a strong body of troops was placed in the neighborhood, out of view. Soon the multitude began to grow very hungry, and a thunder shower made them wet, cold and uncomfortable. Some of the party proposed a change of operations—that a deputation of 10,000 should be sent to address the governor general at Calcutta personally. A minority, thoroughly tired of their situation, rose to oppose, but the remainder determined that all should go to the governor general, every man at his own charge. So about 15,000 Brahmans assembled with such provisions as they could collect, and began their march. But dissensions spread fast among them, and hunger and fatigue told even on the most obstinate. In a few days they melted away to so small a number that the remainder were ashamed to proceed. Then the supreme government wisely repealed the obnoxious tax; and thus ended a disturbance which, if it had been harshly or injudiciously managed, might have set all India in a flame.

Nowadays the practice of sitting in dharna is mostly confined to the faqueers. These pious beggars are remarkably obstinate, and will not move from the door of a person until their demands are complied with, threatening suicide or self-torture. I remember well a number of faqueers who, a few years ago, sat round a huge fire which they lighted at the door of a house in which a grand funeral was being celebrated, threatening to put their arms into the flames if the present they demanded was denied to them. Some of them had actually been speared. The widow and the dictionary as used by M. Nourier in "The Count of Monte Cristo" would seem to have been an easier method.—New York Sun.

Barnes, the Mountain Evangelist. The Rev. George O. Barnes, the mountain evangelist of Kentucky, says that he has made his last trip around the world with his wife, son and two daughters entirely on faith. He had no plan when he set out but to preach, and his invitations from abroad, no promises of support, no acquaintances even in the countries he visited. Yet he made the journey and wanted for nothing.—New York Sun.

A Sick Children's Mission. A sick children's mission is doing good work in New York city this year. A corps of physicians visit sick little ones in all parts of the city, and mothers receive at the central offices such articles as condensed milk, farina, barley and other nourishing food, which the poor families could not afford to buy themselves.

ONLY A BUTTON.

A cheerful south room, with a bay window full of blossoming plants, a bright fire glowing behind a burnished grate; a carpet woad soft, velvety pile was shaded in blue and wood colors, to correspond with the damask-covered furniture, and a little gilded clock, which had just struck 9 at night—all these things met Mrs. Chickery's eye as she laid down her book and yawned as widely as her ripe cherry of a mouth would admit.

She was a plump, fair-faced young matron of some four or five and twenty, with bright sunburn hair, soft blue eyes, and a complexion whose rosy bloom in need of no artificial rouge to brighten their charms, while her dress of soft crimson merino was exquisitely adapted to her semi-blonde style.

"Fanny," said Mr. Chickery, looking up from his newspaper, "did you call on those Carters to-day?"

"No, I never thought of it."

"And they leave town to-morrow morning, and Carter is absurdly sensitive to all slight, fancied or real. Fanny, I desired you to make a point of calling."

"Well, I did intend to," pouted Mrs. Chickery, "but one can't think of everything."

"It appears to me you are making a mountain of a mole hill," said she, rather tartly.

"It may affect my business rather seriously. Carter's house carries great influence with it."

Mrs. Chickery was silent, patting the velvet carpet with her foot in a manner that indicated annoyance.

"I shall have to leave very early to-morrow morning," said her husband presently.

"To get to Scenersville, about Aunt Elizabeth's will?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I wouldn't, Frank."

"By no means."

"It's such bitter cold weather to travel in, and Aunt Elizabeth is such a whimsical old woman, it's as likely as not that she'll change her mind about making a will when you get there. I would wait a little if I were you."

Mr. Chickery smiled.

"That would be your system of doing things, but not for me."

"My system, Frank! What do you mean?"

"I mean that you believe in putting things off indefinitely, and not always in the wisest manner. I wish you would break yourself of that habit. Believe me, it will some day bring you to grief."

Mrs. Chickery contracted her eyebrows.

"I don't believe in being lectured, Frank."

"And I don't give very often lecture you, my dear; pray give me credit for that."

"You didn't think you were marrying an angel when you took me, I hope?"

"No, my love. I thought I was marrying a very pretty girl, whose few faults might easily be corrected."

"Faults! Have I any great faults, Frank?"

"Little faults may sometimes entail great consequences."

"If you could any more I shall go out of the room."

"Yes, need not, for I am going myself to pack my valise. By the way, there's a button off the shirt I want to wear to-morrow. I wish you would come up stairs and sew it on for me."

"I will presently."

"Why can't you finish now?"

"I just want to come this book; there's only one more chapter."

Fanny opened her volume so resolutely that her husband thought it best not to contest the question.

Sitting all alone in front of the bright fire, Mrs. Chickery gradually grew drowsy, and before she knew it she had drifted off into the shadowy regions of dreamland.

She was roused by the clock striking 11.

"Dear me! how late it is!" she thought, with a little start. "I must go up stairs immediately. There, I forgot to tell the cook about having breakfast at 5 to-morrow morning, and, of course, she's asleep and asleep by this time. I'll be early enough to see to it myself; that will be just as well."

Laying this aside on her conscience, Mrs. Chickery turned off the gas and crept drowsily up the stairs.

"Fanny, Fanny, it's past 5 and cook hasn't come down stairs yet. Are you sure you spoke to her last night?"

Mrs. Chickery rubbed her eyes and looked sleepily around.

"Oh, Frank, I forgot all about speaking to her last night," she said, with conscious-stricken face. "But I'll run right up; she can have her breakfast ready in a very few minutes."

She sprang out of bed, thrust her feet into a pair of silk-lined slippers and threw a shawl over her shoulders.

Mr. Chickery bit his lips and checked her.

"No need, Fanny," he said a little bitterly. "I must leave the house in fifteen minutes, or miss the only through train. It is of no use speaking to cook now."

"I am sorry, Frank."

Mr. Chickery did not answer; he was apparently absorbed in turning over the various articles in his bureau drawer, while Fanny sat shivering on the edge of the bed, cogitating what she was for her husband to start on a long journey that bitter morning without any breakfast.

"I can make a cup of coffee myself over the furnace fire," she exclaimed, springing to her feet.

But Mr. Chickery again interposed.

"Sit down, Fanny, please. I would rather you should sew the button on the neck of my shirt. I have packed the others—those that are fit to wear. I have shirts enough, but not one in repair."

Fanny crisscrossed as she remembered how often in the course of the last month or two she had solemnly promised herself to devote a day to the much-needed renovation of her husband's shirts. She looked around for her thimble.

"I left it down stairs last night. I'll get it in a minute."

The housemaid had just kindled a fire in the sitting room grate; it was blazing and crackling cheerily among the fresh coals, and Fanny could not resist the temptation of pausing a moment to warm her chilled fingers, and watch the greenish purple spires of flame shoot merrily up the chimney until she heard her husband's voice calling her imperatively:

"Fanny, Fanny! what are you doing?"

"Oh, dear! thought the wife as she ran up stairs, "I wish Frank wouldn't be so cross. He's always in a hurry."

Little Mrs. Chickery never stopped to think that the real reason was that she, his wife, was never in a hurry.

The needle threaded, the thimble fitted on, an appropriate button was next to be selected.

"Oh, dear Frank, I haven't one the right size."

"See on what you have, then; but be quick, for I am in a hurry."

But Fanny was quite certain there was just the right button somewhere in her work basket, and stopped to search for it.

"There, I told you so!" she cried, triumphantly, holding it up on the end of her needle.

"Well, well, sew it on, quick!" said Mr. Chickery, glancing at his watch, nervously.

nothing but a miserable button! I wish there wasn't such a thing as a button in the world!"

(A wish, which we must misdo, many another wife than Mrs. Chickery has echoed, with perhaps better reason.)

Mrs. Chickery was sitting down to her little dinner, with a daintily broiled chicken, a tumbler of currant jelly, a curly bunch of celery ranged before her, when, to her surprise, the door opened and in walked her lord and husband.

"Why, Frank, where on earth did you come from?" cried the astonished wife.

"From the office," very coolly answered Mr. Chickery.

"But I thought you were off for Scenersville in such a hurry."

"I found myself just five minutes too late for the train, after having run all the way to the depot."

"Oh, that was too bad."

Chickery smiled a little as he began to carve the chicken.

"Yes, I was a little annoyed at first; it did seem rather provoking to be kept at home by only a shirt button."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, I shall make a second start to-morrow."

"I'll see to it that your breakfast is ready this time, to the second, and all your wardrobe in trim," said Fanny, rather relieved at the prospect of a chance of retrieving her character.

"You need not. I have engaged a room at a hotel near the depot. I can't run any more risks."

He did not speak unkindly, and yet Fanny felt that he was deeply displeased with her.

"But, Frank—"

"We will not discuss the matter any further, my dear, if you please. I have resolved to say nothing more to you about reforms. I see it is useless, and only tends to foster an unpleasant state of feelings between us. Shall I help you to some more macaroni?"

Fairly silenced, Fanny ate her dinner with what appetite was left her.

Three days afterward Mr. Chickery once more made his entrance, just at dusk, valise in hand, while Fanny sat enjoying the ruddy light of the coal fire and the consciousness of having performed her duty in the mending and general renovation of her husband's drawerful of shirts—a job which she had long been dreading, and a few bitter words to the effect that the neglect of her only living nephew had induced her, on the spur of the moment to alter her original intention of leaving it to him. She died the next morning.

"Oh, Frank, how much was it?"

"Ten thousand dollars."

There was a moment or two of silence, then Mr. Chickery added, composedly:

"You see, Fanny, how much that missing button has cost me!"

Mrs. Chickery sat like one condemned by the utterance of her own conscience. Not alone the one missing button, but the scores—nay, hundreds—of trifling omissions, forgetfulness and postponements which made her life one endless endeavor to "catch up" with the transpiring present, seemed to present themselves before her mind's eye. What would this end in? Was not the present less insufficiently momentous to teach her to train herself to a different school?

She rose and came to her husband's side, laying one tremulous hand on his shoulder.

"There shall be no more missing buttons my love," she said earnestly.

He comprehended all that she left unspoken, and silently pressed the little hand in his own; and not a word more was said upon the subject.

But it was not forgotten. Mrs. Chickery set herself resolutely to work to uproot the rank weeds growing in her garden of life. And she succeeded, as we all may do when we resolve to do a wise thing.

A Cast of the First Napoleon.

What a common place Frau Marie Louise must have been. One day after the Duke de Reichstadt's death Dr. Roulet was called in to attend some of her Neipperg offspring. In passing out of their rooms he saw in the nursery a child drawing as a cart a plaster cast to which it had fastened a bit twine. The hollow part was a specimen of the first Napoleon's cast and was told it was given to the care of the empress' butler with orders that he was never to let the Duke de Reichstadt see it. The nurse finding it in a press gave it to a cross child to amuse it and so it came to being how hard it was to get the child to let it for the asking and presented it with the cast of Mozart and the collection of skulls left to the Museum of Baden.—Paris Letter.

A Field Long Neglected.

Every country physician should have a knowledge of veterinary science, and be willing to prescribe for sick horses and cattle, as well as for their owners. Attention to the diseases of the lower animals is, no doubt, of less consequence than curing the maladies of human beings, but I do not see why it should be regarded as a matter of inferior dignity to find remedies for the diseased members of the animal creation. No scientific man considers it beneath him to inquire into the causes of the potato rot, or the blight of the wheat crop. The preservation of the health of domestic animals is, even apart from consideration of humanity in the relief of suffering to the best interests of the human race, a thing in a pecuniary point of view. And besides this, the study of the best means for preserving the health of the lower animals often develops facts and principles of no slight value in reference to the health of the human system. Some of the most serious diseases to which man is subject are found amazingly near the same form in horses, and need essentially the same treatment.—Benj. Perley Poore in American Cultivator.

What's in a Name?

A woman was recently arrested in New York with the remarkable name of Scholastique Rigot, which translated means "Religiously Orthodox Zealot," and is a curious name for French parents, even if they were Rigots themselves, to bestow on a little girl. The Buffalo Commercial, commenting on the peculiar appellation, says: "Why will parents curse a child with such ridiculous names? We recall to memory a French lady whose name was hampered with the name of Theodorus Constantine Sobieski Aurelius—We will spare him the mortification of a complete identification." Parents who thus impose upon their children ought to be liable for damages when the latter grow to man's and woman's estate.—Chicago Times.

Tramps in Dakota.

Tramps in Dakota are not too lazy to do the "crow act." That is, they act as scavengers in the wheat fields, taking turns at standing on a platform high above the wheat, and occasionally falling or throwing a stone at the birds. They are paid very little besides what they eat.—New York Sun.

At the beach hotel beware of the waiter with whiskers. A really good waiter never finds leisure to grow whiskers.—Somerville Journal.

The new law in New York prohibiting the employment of children in factories will force 30,000 children out of employment.

N. F. NIEDERLANDER, Real Estate and Loans



Partial List of Property for Sale. City Property.

- No. 1568. House, 8 rooms, two stories; pantry, closets, etc. 2 1/2 lots, Ida avenue, Hyde's add. \$4,200.
No. 1569. 5 lots Ash street, Park Place add, \$500 each, size of lots 60x140.
No. 1570. 4 lots on Fairview ave. Louck's add. \$500 each.
No. 1571. House of four rooms, cellar, barn and outbuildings. Size of lot 60x150. Price \$2,800.
No. 1572. House of four rooms, outbuildings and barn, fenced, good shade; Waco st. between 1st and 2d. Price \$4,000.
No. 1573. House of 7 rooms, with two acres of ground on Frisco Heights. Apple, peach and cherry trees, all bearing. Price \$6,000. A bargain.
No. 1574. 2 1/2 acre lot, Hillside ave. College Hill add. \$3,000. Cheap.
No. 1575. House of 4 rooms on Wabash ave, 50 foot lot, Mathewson's 2d addition. Price \$2,100.
No. 1576. Two story house, 6 rooms, closets, good cellar, stable and coal house. Pattie ave. Hyde's add. Price \$3,500.
No. 1577. House of 5 rooms on Topeka ave, north, lot 60x140. Price \$5,000.
No. 1578. 2 lots Fourth ave. North Park add. Price \$550.
No. 1579. 4 lots on N. Main. Price \$1,800.
No. 1580. 1 lot 105x140 with house of 5 rooms in Greiffenstein's 3d add. Fruit trees bearing. Price \$3,000.
No. 1581. 1 lot on south Lawrence, Zimmerly's add, \$825.
No. 1582. 2 lots on North Main, Hyde & Ferrell's add. Price \$1,500.
No. 1583. House 6 rooms, lot 50x140, Mathewson's add. Price \$2,900.
No. 1584. 2 lots on E Douglas ave. Smith's add. Price \$12,500.
No. 1585. 10 lots Chautauquus add. Price \$2,100.
No. 1586. Two lots with house of 5 rooms, cellar and outbuildings. Washington ave. Price \$2,000.
No. 1587. 5 lots on Hydraulic ave, in Burns' add, \$400 each.
No. 1588. Lot 40x204 on 5th ave, 8 room house, outbuildings and stable for 8 head of horses, fruit trees. Price \$1,500.
No. 1589. 3 lots on Emporia ave south. Price \$1,600.
No. 1590. House of six rooms on north Main, with barn and outbuildings. Price \$6,000.
No. 1591. 12 lots on Mosley ave. east front, Jocelyn's add, \$150 each.
No. 1592. 3 lots 150x140, Mosley ave, Mead add, 2 houses rented, good sidewalk, and trees. Price \$9,000.
No. 1593. Business lot on south Main, \$9,000.
No. 1594. 2 lots 50x140 Grove ave, Park Place add, \$525 each.
No. 1595. 3 lots Emporia ave, 2 houses, 4 and 5 rooms, good shade. Price \$3,000.
No. 1596. 5 lots on Main, English's 7th add. Price \$1,100.
No. 1597. 9 1/2 acres on Hydraulic ave. Price \$10,000.
No. 1598. 4 room house with 2 acres of ground, Cleveland ave, Greiffenstein's add. good cellar and outbuildings, small fruit of all kinds, price \$5,000.
No. 1599. 3 lots 25x140 each on Dodge ave, Lawrence 2d add, W. Wichita, \$375 each.
No. 1600. 12 lots Lincoln st add, Pattie ave, \$300 each.
No. 1601. 3 lots on Wichita st, Lewellen's add, \$550 each.
No. 1602. 30 acres near College Hill, \$800 per acre.
No. 1603. House 4 rooms, 2 lots 30x140 each, Topeka ave, Hilton's add \$4,500.
No. 1604. 2 lots 80x140 Water st, \$1,000 each.
No. 1605. 1 lot cor Oak and Water st, \$1,000.
No. 1606. New house of six rooms on New York ave, Mathewson's add, \$1,800.
No. 1607. Eleven lots in Chautauquus add \$200 each.
No. 1608. Six lots on Jackson ave, \$2,800.
No. 1609. 4 room house on Mead ave, Hilton's add, pantry, closets and outbuildings, rented at \$15 per month. Cheap at \$1,500.
No. 1610. 1 lot 200x308 feet, Grand View add, \$2,500.
No. 1611. 3 lots north Market st, east front, Hyde & Ferrell's add, \$900 each.
No. 1612. 93x144 1-2 feet Lawrence ave north, \$3,700.

FARMS.

- No. 2573. Half section 15 miles west, well improved, house 4 rooms, barn, hedged and cross-hedged, living water, 5 acres of orchard. Price \$8,500.
No. 2574. 160 acres 5 miles northwest of Garden Plains, with good house, barn, granary, 100 acres under cultivation; living spring. Price \$3,100.
No. 2575. 80 acres near town, adjoining College Hill, price \$200 per acre.
No. 2576. 320 acres of splendid land on the Cowkin, 200 acres in cultivation, house 3 rooms, good barn and granary, hedged and cross hedged, splendid orchard. Price \$50 per acre.
No. 2577. 80 acres n w q r of Wichita, 5 miles, all good land, partly fenced. Price \$55 per acre.
No. 2578. 280 acres east of Wichita 5 miles, good house, stable and outbuildings, 120 acres fenced, 8 acres in orchard, splendid farm. Price \$10,000.
No. 2579. 160 acres 8 miles northwest of Wichita, 150 in cultivation, good house and outbuildings, wind pump, splendid fruit. Price \$50 per acre.
No. 2580. 640 acres of land adjoining the Jewett stock farm, 120 acres under cultivation, living water, good house, 6 rooms, barn, corral and good land. Cheap at \$10,000.
No. 2581. 5, 10 or 20 acre tract north of Wichita 3 1/2 miles at \$300 per acre.
No. 2582. Quarter section 15 miles southwest of Wichita near Goddard, house three rooms, stable, granary, all hedged, watered by Spring creek. Cheap at \$30 per acre.
No. 2583. 120 acres northeast of Wichita 4 1/2 miles, house 3 rooms, stable, 80 acres under cultivation, mostly bottom land, good building site on the farm commanding a view over the town. Price \$10,000.

N. F. NIEDERLANDER, Cor. Douglas and Topeka Aves. WICHITA KANSAS.

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These Lots are close to the City Limits, and are lying between Central Ave and Second Street, east of town. These lots are for sale on cheap and easy terms. No college, Union depot or machine shops are to be built on them. For terms apply at

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