

Daily Eagle

THE LOVE FOR PASSIONS.

IT GETS WOMEN INTO BAD PREDICAMENTS SOMETIMES.

Auction Sales Are Very Enticing, but They Are Not Always Reliable—The Tribulations of Mrs. Brown and How She Didn't Get Her Fine Purchases.

The woman who will not waste four hours of valuable time and twenty-five cents in our care to sell the contents of the bargain counter of a dry goods store to save four cents a yard in a purchase of five yards of useless trimming is a feminine freak well worth the attention of any enterprising museum manager.

This love of bargains is not confined to dry goods stores alone. It finds its chief gratification in auction rooms. There are auctions.

THE AUCTION ROOMS. The crowded auction rooms are those which advertise every day household furniture.

There is the enterprising boarding house keeper who wants to get hold of a cheap folding bed, side by side with the newly married wife who would like to get hold of some inexpensive articles of furniture to fill her rather empty flat. The poorly dressed woman with the pale faced baby on her arms wants some pans and kettles for her kitchen, and the professional shopper and sightseer does not know herself what she wants.

A few days ago a story came to the knowledge of a News reporter that bears out the observations. It was about a Mrs. Brown who lived in an uptown flat. She read the advertisement of a large auction sale in a street off the Bowery. She had never been to any of these sales, but her friends had told her such tales of the many useful articles that can be bought there for less than half their value that she felt bent on trying the experiment for herself. By strict economy she had saved \$30 from her weekly allowances, and that money should buy two sets of curtains. They were advertised for less than one-fourth of their real value, and Mrs. Brown wanted curtains very badly. Here had been washed and darned so often that they refused to hold out any longer. So one fine morning Mrs. Brown set out for the auction sale, a little timid but full of anticipation.

The room was so crowded that she could not examine any of the articles for sale and hardly could she collect her thoughts. The humming of the hundreds of voices, the shrill calls of the auctioneer and the answers of the bidders bewildered her thoroughly. But she was a smart woman and able to take care of herself. The curtains had not been sold yet and would not be for some time to come, but there was a desk—such a beautiful, old fashioned one, just one of those that are all the rage now. Her husband had wished for a good, big desk with extension and drawers for ever so long, and next week was his birthday. Such a chance would never occur again—a desk worth from \$60 to \$100. Mrs. Brown could not resist and after several efforts the desk was hers for \$25.

She would not go home yet; she just began to feel interested in the thing when a folding bed was brought. How much more room would there be in their little sleeping room if, instead of the big standing bedstead, she would buy this beautiful folding bed. The room would look quite different, and anybody everybody had folding beds nowadays, so longed Mrs. Brown, and looked with longing eyes toward the bedstead.

"Why don't you bid?" asked a woman beside her. "I am sorry I cannot, I have not money enough with me," replied Mrs. Brown, dejectedly.

"If it is only that, they will give credit as long as you like, and if they do not, I will take the folding bed off your hands. I want it anyhow and do not care for bidding myself."

MRS. BROWN'S BARGAINS. And this encouraged Mrs. Brown bought the beautiful folding bed for \$20. It was a real bargain, she was told everywhere, and she felt very happy.

At last there came the curtains. They were just what she wanted, and she had no more money. But her newly found friend encouraged her again and promised to take the curtains also off her hands if necessary. Curtains are always useful, she added, and soon Mrs. Brown was the happy owner of two sets of real lace curtains for \$15; worth \$50, according to the auctioneer.

At last the sale was over, and people paid and removed their purchases. Mrs. Brown was asked to settle her bill, amounting to \$70, and take her bargains away.

Timidly she approached the auctioneer to explain matters and ask for credit, but he looked angrily at her and insisted on immediate payment. Mrs. Brown stood to be found anywhere, and Mrs. Brown stood helplessly with the red of shame and confusion on her face.

An elderly gentleman, who had evidently observed the scene, came forward to settle matters between Mrs. Brown and the angry auctioneer. After several efforts he succeeded in pacifying the latter and settle the affair to the great delight of poor Mrs. Brown. She deposited the money she had with her \$30, left her address and promised to pay the rest the following day, when she should be permitted to remove her purchases.

Never any bargain hunter felt more grateful than Mrs. Brown felt toward the dear old gentleman. But her troubles were not at an end yet. Mr. Brown was a sworn enemy of all such bargains and a very prejudiced man generally. He must never know anything of the business. But who would give her money to get all her bargains home?

She went to several friends and at last struck a kind soul. The next morning, at the hour appointed, she rushed down town, the money firmly in her hand and aglow with the idea that she would redeem her character in the eyes of the auctioneer. She hurried to the place, but could not find the auctioneer's room. She rubbed her eyes, but the rooms were not there. She must have mistaken the street, and applied for information to the policeman at the corner.

"Yes, she was all right, replied the officer. The auction rooms were there yesterday, but they moved away last night, and nobody knew where they went or who the auctioneer was. There stood poor Mrs. Brown, without her \$30, but richer in experience. Her story may save others from doing what she did—New York News.

Had Plenty of Time. Not long ago, while about half a dozen farmers were returning home by train from the North weekly markets, they talked about how this friend and that friend was in his health, and how much money each of them must have made.

THERE ARE MANY USES FOR SAPOLIO.

EVERYBODY USES IT. EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

Advertisement for Burt & Packard shoes, featuring an illustration of a shoe and the text 'Don't spoil your Feet with CHEAP SHOES! WEAR THE BURT & PACKARD'.

Advertisement for Jacobs Oil, featuring the text 'JACOBS OIL THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN CURES PERMANENTLY Sciatica'.

Advertisement for Catarrh Hay Fever, featuring the text 'CATARRH HAY FEVER CATARRHAL DEAFNESS'.

Advertisement for Stores, featuring the text 'Stores SAVE YOUR GAS BILL'.

Advertisement for 320 Candle Power, featuring the text '320 CANDLE POWER'.

Advertisement for Big G, featuring the text 'BIG G'.

Advertisement for For Men Only, featuring the text 'FOR MEN ONLY!'.

Advertisement for Globe Iron Works, featuring the text 'Globe Iron Works, Wichita, Kan. A. FLAGG, Proprietor. The Kimble Engine'.

Advertisement for Davidson Investment Comp'y, featuring the text 'Davidson Investment Comp'y Paid-up Capital, \$300,000'.

Advertisement for Chicago Lumber Co., featuring the text 'CHICAGO LUMBER CO. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL'.

Advertisement for Citizens Bank, featuring the text 'CITIZENS BANK. Paid-up Capital, \$500,000'.

Advertisement for A Map of Oklahoma, featuring the text 'A MAP OF OKLAHOMA'.

Advertisement for Hotel Metropole, featuring the text 'Hotel Metropole. (STEWART & DEAN, PROPRIETORS)'.

Advertisement for Hotel Carey, featuring the text 'HOTEL CAREY. \$2 to \$3 Per Day'.

Advertisement for Real Estate Agents, featuring the text 'REAL ESTATE AGENTS'.

Advertisement for State National Bank, featuring the text 'State National Bank OF WICHITA, KAN.'.

Advertisement for Oliver Bros., featuring the text 'OLIVER BROS., Lumber Dealers'.

Advertisement for Fourth National Bank, featuring the text 'Fourth National Bank WICHITA, KANSAS'.

Advertisement for First Arkansas Valley Bank, featuring the text 'First Arkansas Valley Bank'.

Advertisement for West Side National Bank, featuring the text 'West Side National Bank'.

Advertisement for Wichita National Bank, featuring the text 'Wichita National Bank'.

Advertisement for National Bank, featuring the text 'National Bank'.

Advertisement for Davidson & Case, featuring the text 'DAVIDSON & CASE'.

Advertisement for State National Bank, featuring the text 'State National Bank'.

Advertisement for State National Bank, featuring the text 'State National Bank'.

Advertisement for Wedding, featuring the text 'WEDDING'.

FARMERS

Read This!

WE ARE OFFERING YOU A BENEFIT

\$1.00

WILL PAY FOR THE WEEKLY EAGLE

UNTIL JANUARY 1ST, 1891.

ALL NEW SUBSCRIBERS

Subscription for \$1.00

ALL OLD SUBSCRIBERS

THE WEEKLY EAGLE IS A 56-COLUMN PAPER

Now is an Opportunity.