Daily Eagle

SMILES AND TEARS.

You meant to wound me? Then forgive,
O friend, that when the blow fell, I
Turned my face from you to the wall
To smile instead of die.

You meant to gladden me? Dear friend,
Whose praise like jewels I have kept,
Forgive me, that for very joy
I bent my happy head and wept.
—A. W. R. in Century.

A DEBT OF UNCLE SAM'S.

I was making inquiry at the state department in Washington the other day about a debt which our Uncle Sam incurred on land and sea in the spring of 1860, and I felt much disappointed to learn that no steps had been taken to pay it—not even to acknowledge its existence. The French government is the creditor in this instance, and so much has occurred to excite the public mind in both countries since the date I mentioned that it has doubtless formed an excuse for our state department to perhaps pigeonhole and forget the matter entirely.

In the fall of 1859 a man named James Shields, who hailed from Charleston, appeared in Boston and interested several capitalists in a strange adventure. As near as I was ever able to learn, for reasons which I will explain, he had located a treasure wreck to the east of the Canary Islands—between them and the coast of Morocco. What papers he had is known only to the other members of the syndicate. He must have had a pretty plausible yarn, for they bought and outfitted a brig and sailed away on the search. I was second mate of the brig, and all I knew about the voyage was that the articles read: "To the Canary Islands and surrounding waters and return." The first mate knew no more than I did, and while the captain, no doubt, knew all about it, he was as mum as an oyster. Shields went along as passenger, and a man named Harper was aboard to act as agent for the others.

While the object of the voyage was kept secret we had hardly cleared Boston harbor before it was understood by all that it was a treasure hunt. We were in ballast only, had a full crew and one man over, and the chains and cables and diving bell put aboard all went to prove we were going to fish for dollars lying under water.

It is a long voyage from Boston to the Canaries, but we had a fairly good run of it. Our brig was called the Swallow, and as she was a good sailer and well provisioned there was no growling among the men, when, at times, she lay heaving on the glassy seas without wind enough to flare a candle. The object of the voyage had almost been forgotten when the islands were finally sighted.

It was not until we ran into Simm's bay, on the eastern side of the group, that interest was again at fever heat. Here we took in fresh water, overhauled the standing rigging, secured fresh provisions, and were almost ready to sail away, when a large dhow, such as the Arabians use in the slave trade, and seemingly carrying a large number of men, arrived in the bay and anchored within a cable's length of us. The west African coast of twenty years ago was not traversed almost daily by the steam war ships and steamships of several nations, and the merchantman never felt perfectly safe outside the Straits of Gibraltar. Whether this dhow was bound down the coast after a cargo of blacks, or was cruising for nobler fry, was an enigma. We carried an arsenal of small arms, but nothing in the way of cannon. One of our men, who was sent aloft for the purpose, reported that he was certain the dhow carried two pieces of ordnance forward.

The dhow came in about 10 o'clock in the morning, and as soon as her anchor was down her boats started for the shore. What the errand was we could not tell, but guessed they were after fruits. After dinner her captain was pulled aboard of us. He was an Algerine, with as wicked a face on him as any pirate ever carried, and though he tried to render his visit very pleasant he left nothing but distrust and suspicion behind. One and all believed that he came as a spy. He asked, as was natural, our port of hail, whither bound, our cargo, and so on, and it was thought best to tell him that we had been sent out by the American government to rescue a crew of American sailors shipwrecked some time before about 300 miles down the coast. We had put in for water and repairs, and would soon resume our voyage. This story seemed to satisfy him, and, after a lunch in the cabin, he took his departure. That afternoon he dropped out of the bay with the tide, and we expected we had seen the last of him. We were all glad enough to see him go, for no man aboard doubted that he was up to mischief.

The next morning we were ready to sail, and now I learned more of the object of the voyage than ever before. Shields had a British chart of the waters, and midway between the northeastern island and the mouth of the Draha river he had made a pencil mark. Whether this stood for a shoal or a wreck I did not learn.

At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, having held a course to the northeast since we left the bay, we took soundings and found bottom at five fathoms. This went to show that Shields had marked a shoal. I heard the captain and mate talking about coming to anchor, but no orders had yet been given when the dhow came stealing down upon us from the east, coming out of the blur which hung over the water as one might suddenly appear from behind a curtain.

She wasn't over two miles away when first sighted, and after a hurried consultation the brig's head was permitted to fall off and we headed to the north with a light abeam. The dhow altered her course to intercept us, at the same time signaling that she wanted to speak us. Her appearance created surprise and consternation, and when it was seen that she meant to lay us aboard a consultation was held in the cabin as to what should be done. A decision was reached very quickly. She could sail two feet to our one, and it was plain that she could board us whether we consented or not. There was some talk of setting up the arms, but this was only among the men forward. The head of the brig was brought to the wind, and as darkness came stealing down over the sea the dhow came gliding toward us like a serpent approaching its prey.

From the first appearance of the dhow I had no doubt that she meant us evil. I was ready to do my full share toward beating her off; but when I was told that there would be no resistance, and when she was within pistol shot of us, I entered the forecastle, and from thence, by means of a sliding door in the bulkhead, passed into the hold.

We were rock ballasted, and in the hold were a score or more of empty crates and boxes. I selected one of these as a place of refuge, having a plenty of matches to enable me to see my way through the darkness, but waited a while to see what would happen above.

I heard a hail from the dhow, another from above, and then a shock as the stranger came alongside. In a moment, as I knew by the trampling overhead, we had been boarded by a large gang. Two or three pistols were fired, there was shouting and running, and after a few minutes I made certain that the Algerine had taken possession. Men began to rummage the brig, and as one of the hatches was pulled off I retreated to the hiding place I had selected. Three or four men came down with a lantern to examine the hold, and I heard them cursing away in the Moorish tongue because they found no cargo.

It was now evening, and the wind had died entirely out. I crept out of the box and stood under the main hatch, and as the cover was partly off I could plainly hear what was going on, although I could not understand what was said. As I heard nothing from any of our crew I concluded that they were either prisoners in the cabin or had been transferred to the dhow. Up to midnight the vessels lay side by side, the flap of their sails proving a dead calm, but soon after that a breeze sprang up and we were soon forging slowly ahead. I heard them hailing from one craft to another, and I would have given a great deal to have been able to understand the tongue. It was my idea that they were going to run the brig over to the Moorish coast as a prize, and that the crew would be sent into the interior as captives and slaves. This had been the fate of more than one crew shipwrecked on that inhospitable shore, and at that very time France had a man-of-war on the coast and was demanding the release of fifteen sailors known to be held in captivity.

The wind not only held light during the remainder of the night, but came from the east and thus headed us off. I sat on the hard ballast under the hatch, wondering and planning, but arriving at no conclusion. It was fair to presume that I had not been missed, as no search was made for me; but this was little comfort. If the brig was taken into some bay on the coast she would be thoroughly searched and I would be dragged out. It would be only two or three days at the longest before hunger and thirst would drive me out.

Daylight was not half an hour old before I heard an alarm on deck, and it might have been another thirty minutes when the boom of a cannon proved that we had a signal to heave to. The brig was brought head to the wind, amid a great clamor of voices on deck, and then everything was quiet.

I now made my way across the ballast to the sliding door, opened it a little to find the forecastle deserted, and I at once passed through. Not hearing any one immediately above me, I ascended the ladder and got a look along the decks just as a French naval officer came over the rail. I sprang up the ladder and rushed aft with such a speed that no one saw me until I was at the officer's side. Lying off to windward was a big French frigate, and alongside was one of her boats. Hanging in the wind, half a mile distant, was the dhow, with another of the frigate's boats just boarding. On our decks were thirteen Moors—swarthy, ragged, and showing the villain in every movement. The fellow in command was just opening his mouth to make explanations to the officer when I came upon the scene and shouted:

"Lieutenant, that dhow yonder is a cursed pirate, and she captured us at dark last night!"

"Explain!" he replied as he looked me over with curious eye.

I briefly told him who and what we were, and the actions of the Moors corroborated my story. He called four marines aboard and sent the boat back with a message. The frigate had drifted down a little near, and some of her guns had been cast loose. This was lucky, as all of a sudden the dhow spread her wings to sail away. He saw the frigate's boat sent adrift, and afterwards learned that the boarding officer was cast neck and heels over the rail to take care of himself. It was a desperate resolve with the dhow, and it might have succeeded at longer range. As it was she had not moved a hundred yards when boom! boom! boom! went the guns and we saw the splinters fly. She at once luffed up and let everything go, and another boat's crew was soon alongside.

Everything was soon made plain to the Frenchman. When the dhow boarded us her hot headed crew were ripe for killing, and without the slightest provocation Shields was shot through the head. Harper protested, and shared the same fate, while one of the villains slashed our captain across the face and gave him a wound which was months in healing. The dead bodies were searched and thrown overboard, and the living transferred to the dhow. They were found in the hold half dead for want of air, and momentarily expecting to be led out and murdered. The Algerine was caught red handed, and could trump up no excuse. He and his whole gang were transferred to the frigate, a prize crew put aboard of the dhow and we sailed away for Malta. I was taken very ill there and had no part in the proceedings. The captain, mate and one or two others were condemned and executed, and the dhow was made a prize to the frigate. It was currently reported that a large sum of money was found under her cabin floor, and that every man aboard the frigate was well rewarded. The remaining prisoners, numbering over forty men, were after a time exchanged for the shipwrecked Frenchmen, while our brig sailed home empty handed and much the worse off for the strange voyage.—New York Sun.

Stanley's Career.

In 1868 Stanley went to Abyssinia with the British army. In 1870 he started to "find Livingston," and found him on Nov. 10, 1871, at Ujiji on Lake Tanganyika; he returned to England in July, 1872. In November, 1874, he started to explore the lake regions of equatorial Africa; he explored the Victoria Nyanza in February, 1875, and came down the Congo to the Atlantic coast, having crossed Africa, in August, 1877. In 1878 Stanley went back to Africa under the auspices of the International African association to continue his exploration of the Congo river. He founded Leopoldville on Stanley pool, put steamers on the river and explored much of the country. In 1882 he returned to Europe on sick leave; in 1883 he went back to the Congo, and in 1884 returned again to Europe, when the Congo Free State was founded, with Leopold, king of Belgium, as its sovereign. In 1887 Stanley went to relieve Emin Pasha. He went by way of Zanzibar to the Congo, and left Bolombo, nearly 300 miles up the river, on May 11, 1887, marching eastward. He made many discoveries, underwent much danger and many hardships, and at last found Emin Pasha. After marching and countermarching thousands of miles he reached Bagamoyo, near Zanzibar, on Dec. 4. There Emin got hurt. Stanley is now on his way to Cairo, Egypt, where he will spend the winter. He said in a speech at Zanzibar that he should devote the rest of his life to Africa.

A Hen as a Dentist.

Mr. George E. Heath lives in Hanover county, a short distance from Ashland. Mr. Heath has a hen that wanted to set. Saturday morning he went to his hennery and attempted to take the hen off her nest, when she flew in his face, pecked him in his mouth and took out a tooth which had been troubling Mr. Heath for some time, and which he intended having extracted.—Richmond State.

Few are Free

FROM Scrofula, which, being hereditary, is the latent cause of Consumption, Catarrh, Loss of Sight, Eruptions, and numerous other maladies. To effect a cure, purify the blood with **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** Begin early, and persist till every trace of the poison is eradicated.

"I can heartily recommend Ayer's Sarsaparilla for all those who are afflicted with scrofulous humors. I had suffered for years, and tried various remedies without effect. Finally, Ayer's Sarsaparilla gave relief and put me in my present good healthy condition."—E. M. Howard, Newport, N. H.

"My daughter was greatly troubled with scrofula, and, at one time, it was feared she would lose her sight. Ayer's Sarsaparilla has completely restored her health, and her eyes are as well and strong as ever, with not a trace of scrofula in her system."—Geo. King, Killingly, Conn.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

THE MOON PATH.

The full, clear moon uprose and spread
Her cold, pale splendor o'er the sea;
A light strewn path that seemed to lead
Outward into eternity.
Between the darkness and the gleam
An old world spell encompassed me;
Methought that in a godlike dream
I trod upon the sea.

And lo! upon that glimmering road,
In shining companies unfurled,
The trains of many a primal god,
The monsters of the elder world;
Strange creatures that, with silver wings,
Scarce touched the ocean's thronging floor,
The phantoms of old tales and things
Whose shapes are known no more.

Giants and demigods who once
Were dwellers of the earth and sea,
And they who from Deucalion's stones
Rose men without an infancy;
Beings on whose majestic lids
Time's solemn secrets seemed to dwell,
Tritons and pale limbed Nereids,
And forms of heaven and hell.

Some who were heroes long of yore,
When the great world was hale and young;
And some whose marble lips yet pour
The murmur of an antique tongue;
Sad queens, whose names are like soft moans,
Whose griefs were written up in gold;
And some who on their silver thrones
Were goddesses of old.

As if I had been dead indeed,
And come into some after land,
I saw them pass me and take heed,
And touch me with each mighty hand;
And evermore a murmurous stream,
So beautiful they seemed to me,
Not less than in a godlike dream
I trod the shining sea.
—Archibald Lampman in Scribner's Magazine.

DADDY JIM.

You would never have thought of calling him "Daddy," for he didn't look more than 18 years old. In fact, when he first told me he was a married man I thought he was joking.

He worked in the same office I did, and as his desk was near mine we had become quite friendly, although not intimately acquainted.

It is odd, isn't it? how men can sit and write side by side or shoulder to shoulder day after day, each knowing nothing of the other's life or interests and but little of his tastes and disposition.

All hurry through work like so many automatons, then rush each in his own direction, rarely stopping for an exchange of words and never for an exchange of thoughts.

Writing, writing, all day long. Little wonder they have few ideas when night comes beyond catching the first car, burying themselves in a newspaper and dozing away toward their homes.

Now, I am a sociable sort of a creature, just the least bit inquisitive, too. I catch myself listening to conversations in the street car and wondering where the people live and what they are like in their homes. In other words, I haven't yet got to regarding men as mere machines, and I confess to a good, wholesome curiosity about them and their affairs.

When I first came to live in the city I was extremely interested in every one about me, and when to my well meant advances I got short but not unpleasant responses, I thought people took me for a meddling sort of a fellow, and I rather drew back into my shell and kept to myself. But now I understand better, and when a man is what I used to term cranky I set him down as dead tired and let him alone, and that's how it happened that after working for nearly a year in the same room with a dozen men James Murray was about the only one with whom I had even a common acquaintance.

Somehow I took a fancy to the young fellow from the very first. He was tall and thin, smooth faced, with regular, clean cut features and dark eyes and hair; boyish looking, but dignified and very quiet.

I had done him a few friendly turns, such as men working together often get a chance to do one another, and we had become pretty well acquainted. At least he must have known me and my family history pretty well; but he was rather reticent, and beyond telling me he was a "man of family," as he expressed it, he had never talked of his own affairs, and I had often wondered what his family might consist of.

One night he invited me home to dinner with him, and, as you may imagine, I accepted with great promptness.

His home was at the outskirts of the great city, not in one of the pretty suburbs, but in a thinly settled, bleak looking neighborhood, where there were many vacant lots, with here and there a fair looking apartment house or block of flats, but no houses that looked like permanent homes.

The buildings all had that cheerless look seen in the neighborhoods where renters change often; a sort of transient air, as though the houses themselves might be portable; and one would hardly be surprised to see the great furniture vans, that are always coming and going with immense loads to and from these localities, carry away houses and all.

My friend apologized for the distance, saying that cheaper rent had taken him so far out, because now his family needed more room than he could afford to pay for nearer town.

"His family," again; well, in a few minutes I should see for myself. A ring at the door of an upper flat brought a neat little maid servant to the door, and she showed us into a cozy little parlor, empty for a moment, then filled, it seemed to me, by a lively little tot of two or three years. "Daddy Jim, Daddy Jim," he called, as he climbed on him and over him, and hung on his coat; and then the pretty girl mother entered, and Daddy Jim proudly presented me to his family.

We had a merry meal. Everybody talked, even the baby. They both rattled away, and I soon knew all about them. Her name was Kittie, baby's was Ned. She called her husband "Daddy Jim," because baby had begun it, and it sounded so funny. Both were orphans—he was 23 and she was 19. She had married at 16, because her mother had died then and left her alone, and Jim wanted to take care of her. They had been engaged ever since they were children; and so as I heard their story I became more and more interested in them, and I resolved then and there to be a sort of a father to them. Not that I was so awfully old (my hair has always been thin this way—early baldness runs in our family), but they seemed such infants to be all alone in the world.

I think they must have liked me, too, for soon an invitation to dine with them on Sunday became so much a matter of course that I should have felt hurt had it been omitted. I became their confidential friend, and was consulted in so many of their plans that I felt myself quite important, I assure you. I helped Kittie select Jim's birthday and Christmas gifts, and I gave Jim the benefit of my experience in shopping when Kittie sent him for purchases at the great dry goods stores. In fact, I began to consider myself one of the family.

Now there was employed in our office as type writer a Mrs. Wyman, a very handsome woman of about 35 years of age. A relative of one of the firm, her story was well known among the men in the office. She had been left an orphan with considerable money, and at the age of 16 had married against the advice of her friends; her husband had abused her, spent her little fortune, then died leaving her to support herself.

She was, as I have said, beautiful, but very bitter and sarcastic, and feeling that she owed the world a grudge, she was not apt to spare any one. I think the men were rather afraid of her sharp tongue, and she was not on particularly good terms with any of them except Jim, and from the first day she came she seemed to take a fancy to him.

She was not a bad hearted woman, and, as I afterwards found out, she didn't know Jim was a married man; but she seemed to have a sort of a fascination for him which caused me no little anxiety. Not that Jim was at all in love with her, or likely to forget Kittie, but he was so very young and so sorry for her; and it is through their sympathies that so many men get into trouble.

There was nothing in it, only it took him longer to do errands at her desk than it did the rest of us, and sometimes he would stop and talk a few minutes to her after work was done—that was all; but it worried me.

I felt that I ought to speak to him about it, yet what could a fellow do? There was really nothing to speak about. So it would seem when I was with him, then when I had left him it would seem that I had neglected my duty. Then, again, it would appear too trifling a matter to think of, so there I was, not halting between two opinions, but flopping from one opinion to another a dozen times a day.

One Sunday Kittie took him to task in a playful manner for not getting home earlier. "Fifteen minutes late three times last week," she said, shaking her finger at him. I tossed the baby and pretended not to hear. Then Jim left the room, and Kittie told me she was going to surprise him by coming to the office to come home with him some day soon. "Do you know I never have been in that office," she said, and I secretly hoped she never would come.

A few days later she came into the dingy office, looking like a picture in her pretty new cloak and dainty hat. Jim had just gone over to Mrs. Wyman's desk to carry some papers, and through pure ill luck picked up a flower from the bouquet on her desk and laughingly asked her for it. The lady graciously gave it, and as he leaned over reached up with a smile and pinned it to his coat with her own fair fingers. Such a thing had never happened before and might never again, but Kittie's quick eye caught the whole thing. She turned red, then white. "I didn't know there was a lady in the office," was all she said.

Jim, having finished his errand, was walking leisurely back toward his desk when he saw Kittie. His eyes brightened, and with a glad surprise he hurried toward her, saying how pleased he was that she had come. Kittie replied stiffly with her eyes fixed upon the unlucky flower. He glanced down, then he seemed to understand her manner and there was an awkward pause, broken shortly by their starting for home.

"And who is Mr. Murray's pretty friend?" asked Mrs. Wyman of me later.

"His wife," I answered sternly.

"His wife! What a sweet face! Why, I never imagined that boy was married," she said with surprise.

"So I inferred," was all I replied as I turned and left her.

The next day Jim seemed ill at ease, and I couldn't help noticing he hurried through any work he had at Mrs. Wyman's desk.

She seemed perfectly unconscious of any change of manner, and I truly believe never suspected there had been the least trouble, and was as frank and friendly as ever toward him, speaking of his wife's beauty and her surprise that he was married.

They had been painting the building that our office was in, and some scaffolding had been put up over the door. "A dangerous looking arrangement," I had heard one of the men mutter as he passed under it. A strong wind was blowing just as Jim was going out of the door, and the thing toppled and fell, burying him beneath it. He was taken out senseless, and it was found that beside a slight injury to his head his leg was broken. He soon recovered consciousness, and the doctor set his leg and we took him home.

Mrs. Wyman came to me as we were starting. "The firm will bear all expense, of course," she said, "but if there is anything I can do for that dear little girl wife, please let me know and let me help her." She was so earnest that I couldn't help taking her hand, and promising her that if we needed her she should come.

Poor Kittie! She was terribly frightened, and so conscience stricken because she had been cross to Jim. "Oh, will he die?" she asked over and over again. The doctor assured her there was no danger of dying, but that he would need nursing and care. "Have you any grown person whom you can get to help you?" he said, as he took in Jim, Kittie, Ned and the little maid of all work at a glance. She looked dismayed; they knew nobody. Then I delivered Mrs. Wyman's message. Kittie hesitated a moment, then consented, like the dear little girl that she was.

So Mrs. Wyman was sent for. The moment she entered the sick room she seemed transformed. All the bitterness and hardness gone—she was sweet, tender, womanly. Jim was lying white and still on the bed, Baby Ned stroking his pale hand and softly saying: "P-o-oor Daddy Jim." Kitty stood beside the bed weeping. Mrs. Wyman went quickly to her, and taking her in her arms, whispered: "If my baby had lived she would have been almost as old as you, dear." And I know Kittie was conquered, for she put her arms about her neck and they kissed each other and cried together woman fashion, while I looked on and blew my nose furiously, and kept saying it was strange where I got such a snuffy cold.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. Jim got on famously, and all on account of his excellent nursing.

The very first place he went when he was able to walk was to the little chapel around the corner with a merry little wedding party. Mrs. Wyman was the bride, and, being modest, I won't mention the groom's name; but the man who gave the bride away was Daddy Jim.—Marie More Marse in Mail and Express.

Names of Lakes.

The names of the great lakes of America are generally of Indian origin. The early discoverers of Ontario called it "St. Louis," and afterwards the early French called it "Lake Frontenac," after the governor. The English, when they first claimed dominion, called it "Kataraiui, or Ontario;" Mitchel called it "Cataraqui" and Pownall the same, but the name "Ontario" was the one always used. Huron was named from the Indian tribe on its shores when first discovered. From Homans, 1707, and De Fide, 1729, it received the alias of "Michigan;" Hennepin, 1698, and Coxe, 1721, called it "Huron," or "Karegnondi;" Washington's journal, 1748, calls it "Quatoghi, or Huron." Lake Michigan, persistently called at first "Illinois," was called "Michigan" first by Senar in 1744, since which time it has been generally known by that name. Champlain, the first topographer of Lake Superior, called it "Grand Lac." The wonderful Jesuit map called it "Tracy, or Superior." Coxe and Senar called it by an alias after the Sioux, or, as they were then called, Nedoussians, on its shores. Lake Erie received its name from the Eries on its banks, and uniformly retained the name. The Eries were known as the Cat nation; therefore some early writers call it "Felis" and "Du Chat." Senar called it "Cadaragua." Washington's journal, Mitchell and Pownall called it "Oswego."

The Rosetta Stone.

The key to the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics was first given through the means of the Rosetta stone, which was discovered in 1799, by M. Boussard, a French officer of engineers during the French occupation of Egypt, in an excavation made at Fort St. Julian, near Rosetta, on the Bolbitic branch of the Nile, about four miles above the mouth. The "stone" is a trilingual inscription in hieroglyphic, Roman and Greek. It is a black balsalt, about 3 feet 7 inches in length and 2 feet 6 inches in width. It contains in its present state about one-third of the hieroglyphics, and nearly all the Roman and Greek parts, the upper part and portion of the side having been broken away.

The contents are a decree in honor of Ptolemy Epiphanes by the priests of Egypt, assembled in a synod at Memphis, on account of his remission of arrears of taxes and debts owed by the sacerdotal body. It was set up B. C. 196, and it is the only one of the numerous examples ordered to be placed which has been brought to light. The stone was delivered up to the British on the capitulation of Alexander, and was taken to England in 1802 and placed in the British Museum.

A Cultivated Little Blind Girl.

B. P. Johnson, of Boston, was speaking in the Stratford, last evening, of a little girl, Edith M. Thomas, who is in Mr. Anagnos's Boston Kindergarten for the Blind. Edith is wholly deaf and blind at the age of 7 years. Her affliction followed diphtheria and scarlet fever. During the last three years she has been gradually losing her power of speech, and has been taking up the manual method. Her last intelligible word, "Kitty," was spoken long ago, and now her articulation appears to have ceased. Her laughter remains perfectly natural, being merry and pleasing in its tones, and her crying is like that of ordinary children.

Occasionally she says, in finger speech, "Edith, sing," and then utters a succession of sounds, varying in tone but never very loud, although she can scream lustily. The manual alphabet has become so familar to little Edith that she uses it almost unconsciously. Even when falling asleep she will thus spell out passing thoughts. The extent of her vocabulary is not known, but it is estimated to be about seven hundred words. The word "enough" was recently given her to learn, and an explanation of its meaning was supplemented by illustrations with a basket containing shells. After several ingenious trials to test the child's comprehension of the new word, the teacher still remained in doubt. A few hours later, however, Edith was asked at dinner if she had had enough, and she at once replied, "Yes." Then, quickly correcting herself, she added, "No; more pudding!" Since that day she has used the word correctly.

"As you see," Mr. Johnson concluded, "this case is similar to that of the late Laura Bridgman."—Philadelphia Press.

A Curious Theory.

The following novel statements in regard to pulmonary consumption are attributed to Dr. P. H. Kretzschmar, of Brooklyn: First, if there are many children in a family, those born after the sixth or after the seventh are apt to develop pulmonary consumption; second, if the children in a large family are born at short intervals, say one year, the younger ones are apt to develop pulmonary consumption; third, if the offspring of healthy parents, born under conditions named above, escape the disease, their children are apt to develop pulmonary consumption.—Herald of Health.

ROYAL FLUSHES.

The Princess Pignatelli is a singer in the Cafe Chantant in Berlin.

Queen Victoria's dinner table is always lighted with candles placed in golden candelabra.

King Humbert's table is entirely spread with hammered gold plate service, which is used every day.

Ex-King Milan, of Servia, receives $5,000 a month from Servia and $2,000 a month from the emperor of Austria. This makes him practically a millionaire.

It is said that the Prince of Wales always wears a satchel filled with frankincense next his skin as a preventive against infection, and attributes his freedom from influenza to its virtue.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

DOES CURE CONSUMPTION

In its First Stages.

Be sure you get the genuine.

TO WEAK MEN

Suffering from the effects of youthful errors, early decay, wasting weakness, lost manhood, etc., I will send a valuable treatise (sealed) containing full particulars for home cure, FREE of charge. A splendid medical work; should be read by every man who is nervous and debilitated. Address,

Prof. F. C. FOWLER, Moodus, Conn.

JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

For the use of Justices of the Peace, we carry in stock and make to order all kinds of LEGAL BLANKS, DOCKETS, both CIVIL and CRIMINAL, Filing Envelopes, Transcripts, civil and criminal with and without caption, Stray Blanks, Blanks used in Civil and Criminal Cases, Justices Receipt Books, Law Books, in fact every kind of a book or blank used in a Justice's office. Orders by mail will be promptly attended to. Address

THE WICHITA EAGLE, WICHITA, KANSAS.

OLIVER BROS.,

Dealers in

LUMBER

WICHITA, KANSAS.

—YARDS AT—

Wichita, Mayfield, Wellington, Harper, Attica, Garden Plain, Anthony, Arkansas City, Andale and Haven.

MISSOURI -:- PACIFIC RAILWAY.

The most popular route to Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago and all points East and North, also to Hot Springs, Ark., New Orleans, Florida and all points South and Southeast.

SOLID DAILY TRAINS

—BETWEEN—

St Louis, Kansas City, Pueblo and Denver,

—WITH—

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars,

—VIA THE—

COLORADO SHORT LINE

The Shortest Route to St Louis

5-DAILY TRAINS-5

Kansas City to St Louis.

Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.

Free Reclining Chair Cars

H. C. TOWNSEND,

The Wichita Overall and Shirt Manufacturing Co.,

—MANUFACTURERS AND JOBBERS OF—

OVERALLS, JEANS, CASSIMERE AND COTTONADE PANTS. DUCK LINED COATS AND VESTS. FANCY FLANNEL AND COTTON OVERSHIRTS. CANTON FLANNEL UNDERSHIRTS AND DRAWERS, Etc.

Factory and Salesroom 139 N. Topeka, Wichita, Kan. Correspondence Solicited. 41 tf

Patented by Thomas A Edison.

3,000 COPIES!

From one original. Writing, Drawing, Music, etc. Of type-writer letters 1,000 Copies. Can be taken from one original. Recommended by over 30,000 USERS. The EAGLE is agent for the sale of the above machine, extra supplies, etc. Address,

R. P. MURDOCK, Wichita, Kans

KANSAS LOAN AND INVESTMENT CO.

OFFICERS—N. F. NIEDERLANDER, Pres.; M. W. LEVY, Treas.; A. W. OLIVER, Vice-Pres.; J. C. RUTAN, Sec'y.

CAPITAL, - - $100,000.

Money Always on Hand to Loan on Farm and City Property.

Office in Wichita National Bank, Wichita, Kansas.

CHICAGO LUMBER CO.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

LUMBER DEALERS,

COR. 1ST ST. AND LAWRENCE AVE.

Chicago Yards, 35th and Iron sts. Chicago.

W. A. SMITH, Salesman.

GEO. L. PRATT & GEO. D. CROSS, Resident Partners.

Wichita City Roller Mills.

ESTABLISHED 1874. INCORPORATED 1886.

—Manufacture the Following Popular Brands—

IMPERIAL, High Patent; KETTLE-DRUM, Patent; TALLY HO, Extra Fancy.

—ASK FOR THE ABOVE BRANDS AND TAKE NO OTHER.—

OLIVER - & - IMBODEN - CO.

J. O. DAVIDSON, President. W. T. BABCOCK, Vice-President. THOS. G. FITCH, Secretary and Treasurer.

Davidson Investment Comp'y

Paid-up Capital, $300,000.

DIRECTORS—JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, JOHN C. DEFRT, CHAS. G. WOOD, C. A. WALKER, THOS. G. FITCH, JOHN E. SANFORD, W. T. BUCKNER, W. E. STANLEY, J. O. DAVIDSON.

$5,000,000 Loaned in Southern Kansas. Money Always on Hand for Improved Farm and City Loans.

—Office with Citizens Bank, northwest corner Main Street and Douglas Avenue.—

WICHITA, KANSAS.

LITHOGRAPHING!

The EAGLE has added Lithographing to its

ART DEPARTMENT.

We Have First Class

Artists, Designers, Engravers.

Send for Samples and Prices.

R. P. MURDOCK, Manager.

THE WICHITA EAGLE,

M. M. Murdock & Bro., Proprietors.

Printers, Binders, Publishers and Blank Book M'frs

All kinds of county, township and school district records and blanks. Legal blanks of every description. Complete stock of Justice's dockets and blanks. Job printing of all kinds. We bind law and medical journals and magazine periodicals of all kinds at prices as low as Chicago or New York and guarantee work just as good. Orders sent by mail will be carefully attended to. Address all business communications to

R. P. MURDOCK, Business Manager.

L. C. JACKSON,

Successor to HACKER & JACKSON,

—Wholesale and Retail dealer in all kinds of—

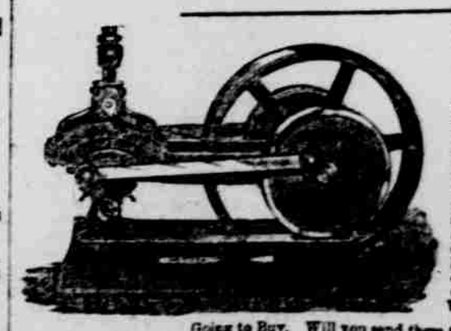
Anthracite and Bituminous Coal

—And all kinds of Building Material—

Main office, 112 South Fourth avenue. Branch office, 123 North Main. Yards connected with all railroads in the city.

Globe Iron Works, Wichita, Kan

A. FLAGG, Proprietor.



The Kimble Engine

No slides to cross head. Smallest amount of friction. Steam used expansively. 15 to 25 per cent saving over any automatic and 40 to 50 per cent over any single slide valve engine. OUR GUARANTY is that it is more economical to fuel than any single slide valve engine built, and at 50 pounds of steam cutting off at ¼ stroke it will carry a load of 15 to 20 per cent greater than any single slide valve cylinder engine built. We Want the Names of Parties Going to Buy. Will you send them to us.

Manufacturers all kinds of Machinery and Boilers, Tank and Sheet Iron Work, Pulleys, Shafting and Hangers, and All kinds of casting made to order. Estimates furnished on all classes of work.

W. H. FONDA, Superintendent.