

DAILY JOURNAL.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 22, 1893.

PURGING THE PENSION LIST.

The heads of pensioners are beginning to drop and they will soon fall as rapidly as the heads of fourth class post-masters. Cases like that of Andrew J. Huffman, of Hamilton county, will be of frequent occurrence. Huffman served from the breaking out of the war until July, 1865, and while with the Eighth Indiana Cavalry, under Gen. Stoneman, he had four horses shot under him. Near Columbus, Tenn., one horse was shot from under him, and in the fall Huffman was pinned to the ground and was stepped on by the horse in the rear, one hoof striking him on the left groin and the other in the center of his abdomen. The injury resulted in double hernia, one complete. He now wears a support at all times for the complete hernia and a brace for the incomplete when he has any lifting to do. On the 15th inst. he was notified that his pension had been cut off, and on the 19th inst., at Noblesville, he was again examined, the examining board telling him that the marks left by the cords of the horse's shoes were plainly visible. The board made a report that the injury still existed. Mr. Huffman made no application for pension until 1874, when he was rated at \$4 per month, dating back to 1865. And this is the way the Cleveland administration has begun to "purge the pension list."

A RELIGIOUS paper speaking of the Sunday opening of the World's Fair says:

Sunday opening of the World's Fair is beyond doubt. The end has been reached. The white city, as it is named, will be as noisy on Sunday as on a week day.

This is what might be called zeal without knowledge, to speak of it in no harsher terms. The quietest place in Chicago on the World's Fair grounds. And when the machinery is silent in the Manufacturers' building, as it will be on Sunday, the quiet and good order that will reign there, even with 100,000 people on the grounds, will be a lesson to the most exacting churchman.

McHugh, of Tippecanoe, must be a bad bird when even the Indianapolis *Sentinel* hasn't the stomach to swallow him. Here are a couple of squibs from that paper which indicate its state of mind:

Oh Lafayette! Lafayette! Thou who stonest the cranks, and sendest McHugh to the legislature! Thou art a lulu bird with a long tail.

We would suggest to the State printing board that the proper title for the volume containing the acts of 1893 would be "The acts of McHugh."

The police force of Fall River, Mass., consumed a whole year, not to find out who murdered Mr. and Mrs. Borden, but to prove that Lizzie Borden was the murderer. They invented a theory and sought the discovery of facts to fit. They permitted all other clews as to the real murderer to slip through their fingers, and the result is that the tragedy will forever remain a mystery.

EX-PRESIDENT HARRISON says that every man, woman and child in the country should be encouraged to visit the World's Fair, "for there will not be in a generation to come, and perhaps never again, such a scene." Now let the railroads reduce their rates, and the people will do the rest.

Ir Bishop Merrill, of the Methodist church, thinks he can induce any of his flock from attending the World's Fair by withdrawing the church exhibit and issuing a boycott proclamation, he is greatly mistaken. The Methodists of Crawfordsville are not built on such a narrow foundation.

INDIANAPOLIS Journal: When Joshua Jump gets his commission as internal revenue collector, the senior Senator's attitude in regard to the Sherman silver law will be so much in harmony with that of the President that he will find eloquent words in which to denounce the measure.

In the scramble for the offices the Chicago platform seems to have been lost in the shuffle. You can scarcely get a Democrat to even mention the question of smashing the tariff.

The main lack of the present administration is lack of statesmanship.

MARRIAGE LICENSES.

Mason B. Thomas and Annie M. Davidson.

Vandalia Excursions.

To Pittsburg and return June 23d and 24th, good to return including June 25th, 1893, one fare, \$11 round trip, account Knights of St. John.

To Terre Haute July 3d and 4th, good to return July 5th, one fare for the round trip, account Sons of Veterans and Terre Haute Riders.

To Montreal, Quebec, July 4th to 8th, inclusive, to return including September 15, 1893, one fare the round trip, account Y. P. S. C. E. meeting.

Holiday tickets sold July 3d and 4th, one fare for the round trip, within 200 miles, good to return including July 5th, 1893.

ANCIENT EARTHQUAKES.

Convulsions of the Earth Which Have Killed Thousands.

China and Italy the Countries Most Affected by the Awful Upheavals—Whole Cities Completely Overturned.

At Pekin, China, three hundred thousand persons were buried in a moment in 1602, and one hundred thousand again in the same city in 1751. The earthquake at Lima on October 28, 1840, extended to Callao, and eighteen thousand persons perished. This convolution, which spread along the coast two hundred leagues, began about 10:30 o'clock at night. The noise, the shock and the rain took place in the space of only four minutes. The day being one dedicated to St. Simon and St. Jude, the people of Lima attributed to the agency of those saints the fact that only eighteen thousand persons perished out of a population of fifty thousand. Vast quantities of gold, silver and jewels were buried among the seventy-four churches and the fourteen monasteries. The public fountains were buried, the statues of the Spanish kings crushed and the streets barricaded with fallen houses. Callao was utterly destroyed, and even its very shape was changed by huge heaps of sand and gravel. At the moment of the earthquake the sea rose mountain high and rolled on till it buried the city and destroyed everything except the two great gates. Of the five thousand inhabitants only about two hundred escaped by clinging to timbers and pieces of wrecks.

The most tremendous earthquake of modern times, according to the Chicago Herald, was that of Lisbon, of November 1, 1755. The people had risen as usual that morning, and looked out upon Belem and the Tagus, the little villas among the olive groves, the orange trees, the bull ring, the hospitals, the convents and the shops. In the seventy-five convents and forty churches of Lisbon the bells had tinkled and the early prayer had been said. The birds were gayly singing their matins in the suburban gardens of Alcantara and Campo Grande. The blue sky gave no omen of evil, and the river lay for miles after miles smiling in the golden sunlight. Suddenly the city fell to pieces like a children's tower of cards. Roofs crushed in, arcades gaped in two, towers fell, steeples snapped, palaces tottered, walls were leveled. The air grew black with rising clouds of dust and was filled with the crash of ceaseless destruction. At the same time, as if the terrors of the apocalypse had fallen at last on Lisbon, the sea, agitated to its depths by the awful convolution, rose and spread over the shore. One of the quays also opened its dark jaws and swallowed, in an instant, six hundred persons who had taken refuge on it. In a minute or two more fresh calamities fell on the unhappy city, for, the fires being hurled down among the fallen timbers, conflagrations broke out in several parts of the city. To add to the general misery, thieves and murderers, escaping from the shattered prisons, plundered and robbed indiscriminately. One of these villains confessed to setting fire to the Indian house and another to burning the ruins in seven places. The earthquake continued with gentle, intermitting tremors, felt even on the river, for eighteen days. The first great shock convulsed the earth for five thousand miles, overturned many cities and never halted in its tremendous march till it reached Scotland. The year 1755 was very wet and rainy. The summer was unusually cool, and during the forty days preceding the earthquake the weather was clear, but not remarkably so. On the day immediately preceding the earthquake a remarkable gloominess prevailed, but on the morning of the fatal day the fog was dissipated by the sun. There was no wind nor the least agitation of the sea, and the weather was remarkably warm. This great earthquake of Lisbon, which in a few minutes swallowed fifty thousand persons, had a precursor in 1581, when in the same city fifteen hundred houses and thirty thousand persons were destroyed, and several neighboring towns engulfed with all their populations.

DIMINUTION OF THE INDIAN.

With Him Will Also Pass Away a Lot of Scoundrels.

Much melancholy literature, prose and verse, has been indulged in about the decay of the Indians; how they are fading away like the mist on the mountain, the snow on the plains, mere handfuls left of once mighty nations and this feeble remnant the white man is driving into the Gulf of Mexico, the Pacific ocean or some other deep water. This diminution of the Indian census is a sad truth, but there remains the consolation that, with the disappearance of the Indians, will disappear the worst lot of scoundrels, white and mixed, that ever cursed the earth.

It was noticed, says the Kansas City Star, that at a recent payment of government money to Indians at Anadarko, the Indians came many miles in the bitter weather and suffered indescribably in the camps to draw their money, and that whisky peddlers and gamblers reaped nearly every cent of it in a few hours. So it was in the beginning and so it will be as long as an Indian lives a "ward" of the government; when the last Indian is laid in his grave it would be a boon if the last Indian robber were hung above the humble scupper.

A PLUCKY ACT.

This illustration of the pluck of Admiral Sir Arthur Cumming, lately deceased, is given by a London paper. When a lieutenant on the South American station, half a century ago, he boarded a slaver, and, through his boat, man losing hold of that vessel, he found himself unsupported on board a ship the deck of which was crowded with hostile Spaniards. Without hesitation he shot the helmsman, seized the wheel, ran the slaver up in the wind, and, pistol in hand, kept the entire crew at bay until his boat was once more alongside.

"Gentle as the Summer Breeze."

"I'd rather take a thrashing any time than a dose of pill," groaned a patient to whom the doctor had prescribed physic. "I'd as soon stick with what ails me now as with such a dose."

"I don't think you've taken any of the pills I prescribe, or you wouldn't dread the prescription so," laughed the doctor. "I never use the old, inside twisters you have in mind. Use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pills. They always make me think of a part of an old hymn."

"Gentle as the summer breeze."

The best thing of the kind ever invented. No danger of their making you sick. You hardly know why I've taken them. I wouldn't use any other in my practice."

This Date in History—June 22.

1533—John Fisher, bishop of Rochester, beheaded in the Tower; born 1488.

1527—Nicolaus Machiavelli (better known as Machiavelli), Italian statesman who reduced intrigue to a science, died; born 1469.

1514—Matthew Henry, English divine, commentator, died; born 1569.

1527—George II became king.

1548—Thomas Gay, author of "Sandford and Merton," born; died 1798.

1791—Louis XVI, king of France, while trying to escape from the country, was arrested at Varennes.

1800—Emile de Girardin, journalist, red republican and speculative writer, born in Paris; died 1861.

1815—Second and final abdication of Napoleon.

1831—The cholera put in place in Central Park, New York.

1884—At 9 p. m., in Smith's sound, Captain Schley's command reached and rescued Lieutenant A. W. Greely and others, only survivors of the Greely expedition to Lady Franklin bay.

1890—The new constitution of Brazil went into effect.

NOBILITY.

True worth is being, not seeming.

In doing each day that goes by.

Some little good, not in the dreaming.

Of great things to do by and by.

For whatever men say in blinding.

And spite of the fancies of youth.

There's nothing so kindly as kindness.

And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—

What we give out, we measure.

For justice avenges each slight.

The air for the wing of the sparrow.

The bush for the robin and wren.

But always the path that is narrow.

And straight for the children of men.

TIS NOT IN THE PAGES OF STORY.

The heart of its lies to beguile,

And make us forget our birthright to glory.

Give all that he hath for her smile,

For when from her heights he has won her.

Alas, it is only to prove.

That nothing's so sacred as honor.

And nothing so loyal as love!

We cannot make bargains for blisses,

Nor catch them, like fishes, in nets,

And sometimes the thing our life misuses

Helps more than the thing which it gets,

For good and evil in pursuing.

No gaining of grace, nor of small,

But just in doing, nor doing

As we would be done by, is all.

Through envy, through malice, through hating—

Against the world, early and late,

No lot of our courage abating—

Our part is to work and to wait.

And slight is the sting of his trouble.

Whose winnings are less than his worth,

For he who is honest is noble.

Whatever his fortunes or birth.

—Alice Carey.

A VETERAN EDITOR.

John Russell Young, who recently re-

signed the position of fifth auditor of the

Reading railroad, was managing editor of the New York Tribune under Horace Greeley, succeeding Charles A. Dana and preceding Whitelaw Reid in that position. He next edited The Standard,

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