

DAILY NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1880.

FOR PRESIDENT
OF THE
UNITED STATES,
JAMES A. GARFIELD.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor.
ALBERT G. PORTER.
For Lieutenant Governor,
THOMAS HANNA.
For Secretary of State,
EMANUEL R. HAWN.
For Auditor of State,
EDWARD H. WOLFE,
For Treasurer of State,
ROSWELL S. HILL,
For Attorney General,
DANIEL P. BALDWIN,
For Judges of Supreme Court,
BYRON K. ELLIOT, Third District,
WILLIAM A. WOODS, Fifth District.
For Clerk Supreme Court,
DANIEL ROYSE,
For Reporter Supreme Court,
FRANCIS M. DICE,
For Superintendent Public Instruction,
JOHN M. BLOSS.

For Congress,
ROBERT B. F. PERCE.

Vigo County Ticket.

For Clerk,
MERRILL N. SMITH.
For Treasurer,
CENTENARY A. RAY.
For Sheriff,
JACKSON STEPP.
For Commissioner, Third District,
JOHN DEHAUN.
For Coroner,
DR. JAMES T. LAUGHEAD.
For Senator,
FRANCIS V. BICHOWSKY.
For Representatives,
WILLIAM H. MELRATH.
DICK T. MORGAN.
For Surveyor,
GEORGE HARRIS.

More than 7,700 emigrants crossed over from Canada to the United States, during the last year.

UNITED STATES troops and Mexican soldiers are making things hot for Victoria, the redskin.

The sinking of the Chilian transport Loa, as will be seen by our dispatches, was one of the most frightful things that has occurred for years.

It is said that Baroness Burdett Coutts and Mr. Oshund Bartlett, her secretary, will be married soon. The bride is sixty six and her intended twenty-nine.

There are some queer things in this world. Hancock wears a corset and Garfield has his wife to comb his head every morning with an electric brush.

The City of New York has decided that all vagrant cats shall be captured and drowned. Here is speculation for some enterprising sausage maker.

A RECENT speech by Macaulay in the English Parliament shows that the Prussian army numbers more than 600,000 men continually under arms, and the English army numbers about 400,000 men, commanded by 215 Generals and 160 Lieutenant Generals, or about five times as many officers as the Prussian army.

At the Council meeting last night Mr. Briggs presented a resolution, which was adopted, that the election of councilman in the Sixth ward should be held on the 12th day of August. This gives the Republicans but about one week's preparation, and the necessary arrangements for an overwhelming victory should begin at once. We can not afford to relax our hold upon the Sixth ward, and must work quietly and forcibly to secure the election of the Republican nominee.

This is the kind of twaddle the Democratic press of Indiana uses to defeat Hon. Albert G. Porter. He never sold rot-gut and dog-leg to the poor farmers down on the "Bluffs," as Frank Landers did, but the *Sentinel*, with a great flaunting of editorial wisdom, says:

Hon. Albert G. Porter, the Republican candidate for Governor, is said to be starchy, a goitously genteel, dressy—a real duck of a man. Ordinarily, it is said to require about three hours for him to make his toilet. Nothing is neglected. Some say he bathes every day in milk, some say wine sweetened with honey, while others declare that he uses water imported from some distant springs, which has a rejuvenating effect, making the skin as soft and white as a woman's. It is said that he is so particular that his toe-nails undergo close inspection, and, instead of a knife, he uses fine sand paper to remove any excess of growth. The perfume used by this distinguished candidate is said to be of the most costly brands known to importers."

If the *Sentinel* thinks that the people of Indiana will not vote for Mr. Porter, simply because he keeps himself clean, it is very much mistaken. It is not to be presumed that Frank Landers ever took a bath. It is instinct to the Democratic party to be dirty, but the majority of the educated Democrats now can see no harm in a man bathing once a week and putting on a clean shirt every fourth of July.

Diamond in the rough—those swallowed by a thief when arrested.

DEMOCRATIC CONSISTENCY.
Our Democratic friends are continually harping about the misrule of the Republican party for the past twenty years. Now to show the inconsistency of such twaddle let us examine an item which is purely of a national character, and that is the item of American commerce.

We mentioned a few days ago the fact of the exports and imports during the past year, amounting to \$1,503,679,000, and that this was an increase of \$547,000 from the preceding year, which equals an increase of about twenty per cent.

The exports alone for the year just ended amount to \$125,000,000, which is nearly twenty per cent. more than the exports for the preceding year, and the imports to the United States for the past year amount to \$222,000,000 or fifty per cent. more than for the year 1878.

What a wonderful growth has there been in American commerce during the last ten years. It indicates a degree of prosperity greater by far than any other country on the globe.

France is considered the most prosperous of European countries, although her war with Prussia stagnated her commerce, yet she is to-day more prosperous than any country on the continent.

The St. Louis *Republican* states that, excluding coin and bullion, France imported merchandise to the value of \$900,000,000, and exported merchandise to the value of \$600,000,000 in 1879. Her imports increased \$200,000,000, and her exports decreased \$140,000,000 from 1875.

The total French imports for 1879 exceeded the total exports \$270,000,000. This excess of imports which does not sustain the reports of French prosperity to which we have been treated in the last few years, was caused by indifferent crops. The increase in the value of breadstuffs imported in 1879 over 1878 was \$80,000,000—the increased supply coming mainly from the United States.

It is a source of great regret, however, that of the large commerce enjoyed by this country during the past fiscal year American ships carried only about one-fourth, the values being placed at \$375,000,000 for American, and \$1,125,000,000 for foreign vessels.

Something About Shelley.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, was an extraordinary man in every sense of the word. Had he been less a scoffer at things sacred, and not an atheist, he would have commanded greater respect, for notwithstanding the grandeur of his poetry, his works fail to be received as they would have been had he been among the believers. A more wayward mortal never lived, nor one who more despised what most other men liked. Well educated, and well cared for, he nevertheless became a sort of outcast of society. He began his literary career by writing a pamphlet on the necessity of atheism, for which he was expelled from college. At the age of seventeen he eloped with a tavern-keeper's daughter; two years after separated from her and took up with a daughter of the famous William Godwin, whom he married shortly after his first wife drowned herself. Shelley was himself accidentally drowned, and his body burned to ashes, according to the law of Tuscany. Byron spoke of Shelley as "the best and least selfish man I ever knew." The Edinburgh *Review* portrayed him as one with a spirit within him.

"So divinely wrought,
That you might almost say his body thought."

It adds—"He reminded those who saw him of some of Ovid's fables. His form, graceful and slender, drooped like a flower in the breeze. But he was crushed beneath the weight of thought which he aspired to bear, and was withered in the lightning glare of a ruthless philosophy." He was born in 1792, and died in 1822.

None but a genuine "Down Easter" would have thought of such an apostrophe to time as this:

"Swing on, old pendulum of the world,
Forever and forever,

Keeping the time of suns and stars.

The march that endeth never,
Your monotone speaks joy and grief
And failures and endeavor;

Swing on, old pendulum, to and fro
Forever and forever.

Long as you swing shall earth be glad

And man be partly good and bad,

And in each hour that passes by

A thousand souls be born and die—

Die from the earth to live, we trust,

Unshackled, unbound with dust.

Long as you swing shall wrong come right:

As sure as morning follows night:

The days go wrong: the ages never:

Swing on, old pendulum—swing forever!"

Conversation in the Sea.

While on the subject of acoustic wonders, says *Cassell's Magazine*, it may be interesting to our readers to hear of another practical use to which the telephone has been put. It seems that a French war steamer has lately been engaged in towing an old ship out to sea, to use for a torpedo training vessel. Attached to one of the towing cables was a conducting wire, with one end in either vessel, and it was found that by the action of the sea on the copper sheathing of the ships, an electric current was set up, and telephonic communication was at once established along the circuit. So successful, indeed, was the experiment, that conversation could readily be carried on between the two ships. This result suggested to the commander of the French war vessel the idea of impressing the telephone into the service of the diver, and in this way: One of the glasses of the diver's helmet is replaced by a copper plate, and in this is inserted a telephonic wire. As in the case of the ships, an electric current is established, by means of which it becomes an easy matter to hold converse with the divers, even while they are "fathoms deep below"—at the bottom of the sea! In cases where it is necessary that divers should make observations, whether as to the state of the keel of a ship, or as to wreckage, and report thereon, the marine value of this new use of the telephone is obvious.

Ladies like watches—pretty enough to look at; sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to regulate after they are set a going.

The effect was ridiculous in the extreme. The old man returned; but the inopportune response spoiled the force of the eloquent appeal from the pulpit, and even the preacher could scarce refrain from joining in the universal smile that passed over the congregation.

An Indian Juggler's Tricks.

There was nothing very remarkable in the appearance or dress of our conjuror. An elderly man, short and sparely made, dressed in dingy white cotton, with very tight sleeves to his robe and very tight legs to his drawers, he might have been a respectable servant out of place, but actually was a small land owner who had taken to conjuring for his amusement. When he entered the room he spread a white cloth upon the floor and sat down upon it with his back to the wall, the door of the room being on his right hand. His spectators were disposed of in the following fashion: Mr. Smyth sat on a chair nearly in the middle of the room, I was sitting on a sofa near the door, the Parsee merchant stood in the doorway about arm's length from me. The servants stood about in groups, the largest group being between the door and the conjuror. As soon as he had settled himself he turned to the Parsee and asked for the loan of a rupee. The peddler at first demurred a little, but on being guaranteed against loss, he produced the coin. He was going to put it into the conjuror's hand, but the latter refused, and told the Parsee to hand it to Mr. Smyth's bearer.

The bearer took it, and at the request of the conjuror, looked at it and declared it to be really a rupee. The conjuror then told him to hand it to his master. Mr. Smyth took it, and then followed this dialogue:

Conjuror—Are you sure that is a rupee?

Smyth—Yes.

Conjuror—Close your hand on it and hold it tight. Now, think of some country in Europe, but do not tell me your thoughts.

Then the conjuror ran over the names of several countries, such as France, Germany, Russia, Turkey and America—for the native of India is under the impression that America is in Europe! After a moment's pause, Mr. Smyth said he had thought of a country.

"Then open your hand," said the juggler; "see what you have got and tell me if it is a coin of the country you thought of." It was a five-franc piece, and Mr. Smyth had thought of France. He was going to hand the coin to the conjuror, but the latter said, "No pass it to the other sahib!" Mr. Smyth accordingly put the five-franc piece into my hand; I looked closely at it, then shut my hand and thought of Russia. When I opened it I found, not a Russian but a Turkish silver piece about the size of a five-franc piece or of our own crown piece. This I handed to Mr. Smyth and suggested that he name America, which he did, and found a Mexican dollar in his hand. The coin, whatever it was, had never been in the conjuror's hand from the time the rupee was borrowed from the Parsee merchant. Mr. Smyth and his bearer had both of them closely examined the rupee, and Mr. Smyth and I turned over several times the five-franc piece, the Turkish coin and the dollar; so the trick did not depend on a reversible coin. Indeed, it could not, for the coin underwent three changes, as has been seen. I need only add, for the information of those who know not India, that a rupee is only about the size of a florin and therefore about half the weight of a five-franc piece. The juggler performed several other tricks that day, but they were of a commonplace kind, and in no way comparable to the coin trick, which I have never seen rivalled by any other conjuror in India or Europe.—*University Magazine*.

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