

# DAILY NEWS

MONDAY AUGUST 30 1890

## Railroad Time Table.

### RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

[Carefully corrected to date.]

Union Depot—Tenth and Chestnut Sts., to all lines except I. & S. L., T. H. & S. E. (to Worthington), and freight. Time, five minutes faster than Terre Haute time.

EXPLANATION OF REFERENCE MARKS.  
Every day. All other trains daily except Sunday.  
\*Farior cars daily, except Sunday.  
\*Sleeping cars.  
\*Reclining chairs. Union Depot time is five minutes faster than city time.

VANDALIA LINE (Leave going East)	
Fast Line	1:40 a.m.
Mail and Acc.	3:40 p.m.
*Day Ex.	5:25 p.m.
Mail and Acc.	7:00 a.m.
(Arrive from East)	
*Pacific Ex.	1:25 a.m.
Mail Train	9:55 a.m.
*Fast Ex.	2:20 p.m.
Indianapolis Acc.	7:00 p.m.
(Leave going West)	
*Pacific Ex.	1:32 a.m.
Mail Train	10:05 a.m.
*Fast Ex.	2:35 p.m.
(Arrive from West)	
*Fast Line	1:32 a.m.
Mail and Acc.	8:50 a.m.
*Day Ex.	2:35 p.m.

TERRE HAUTE & LOGANSPORT. (Leave for Northeast)	
Mail Train	6:30 a.m.
Fixed Train	4:00 p.m.
(Arrive from Northeast)	
Mail Train	1:15 p.m.
Fixed Train	5:00 p.m.

TERRE HAUTE & EVANSVILLE. (Leave for South)	
Nashville Ex.	4:30 a.m.
Express	2:40 p.m.
Freight and Acc.	5:50 a.m.
(Arrive from South)	
Eastern Ex.	2:40 p.m.
*Chicago Ex.	10:45 p.m.
Freight and Acc.	4:45 p.m.

CHICAGO & EASTERN ILLINOIS. (Leave for North)	
Mail and Chicago Ex.	7:35 a.m.
Nashville Acc.	3:10 p.m.
Nashville and Chicago Ex.	10:50 p.m.
(Arrive from North)	
Freight and Acc.	11:10 a.m.
Chicago and Nashville Ex.	4:20 a.m.

ILLINOIS MIDLAND RAILWAY. (Leave for Northwest)	
*Peoria Mail and Ex.	6:37 a.m.
Beatrice Passenger	4:07 p.m.
(Arrive from Northwest)	
*Peoria Mail and Ex.	9:30 p.m.
Indianapolis Passenger	1:10 p.m.

T. H. & SOUTHEASTERN. (to Worthington). (Depot, Main and First Sts.) (Leave for Southeast)	
Commodation	7:00 a.m.
(Arrive from Southeast)	
Commodation	3:00 p.m.

INDIANAPOLIS & ST. LOUIS. (Depot, Sixth and Tippecanoe Sts.) (Leave going East)	
*New York Express	1:35 a.m.
Indianapolis and Mattoon Acc.	8:13 a.m.
*Day Ex.	3:10 p.m.
(Arrive from East)	
*Day Ex.	3:55 a.m.
*New York Express	1:38 a.m.
Indianapolis and Mattoon Acc.	6:35 p.m.
(Leave going West)	
*New York Ex.	1:38 a.m.
*Day Ex.	10:54 a.m.
Indianapolis and Mattoon Acc.	6:37 a.m.
(Arrive from West)	
*New York Ex.	1:38 a.m.
Indianapolis and Mattoon Acc.	9:13 a.m.
*Day Ex.	3:08 p.m.

## DANVILLE ROUTE.

Chicago & Eastern Illinois Railroad.	
NORTH.	
Leave, Terre Haute	7:50 a.m.
Arrive, Danville	10:50 p.m.
Leave, Danville	10:35
Arrive, Hoopston	11:35
Leave, Hoopston	11:35
Arrive, Watska	12:40 p.m.
Leave, Watska	3:30
Arrive, Peoria	7:40
Leave, Peoria	7:50
Arrive, Burlington	12:05 p.m.
Leave, Burlington	11:30 a.m.
Arrive, Chicago	4:00
Leave, Chicago	12:00 night
Arrive, Milwaukee	12:45 a.m.
Leave, Milwaukee	1:35 p.m.
Arrive, St. Paul	6:00 a.m.

SOUTH.	
Leave, Terre Haute	4:30 a.m.
Arrive, Danville	8:20 p.m.
Leave, Danville	1:50
Arrive, Hoopston	11:56 p.m.
Leave, Hoopston	11:56
Arrive, Watska	11:00
Leave, Watska	7:35
Arrive, Peoria	8:55 a.m.
Leave, Peoria	2:30
Arrive, Burlington	3:55
Leave, Burlington	3:55
Arrive, Keokuk	3:55
Leave, Keokuk	7:50
Arrive, Chicago	9:00
Leave, Chicago	1:00
Arrive, Milwaukee	3:15
Leave, Milwaukee	8:05
Arrive, St. Paul	12:35

## Chicago & Northwestern R. R.

California Line.	
Lv. Chicago	12:30 p.m.
Ar. St. Paul	9:30 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	9:35
Ar. St. Paul	7:35 p.m.

Milwaukee, Green Bay & Lake Superior Line.	
Lv. Chicago	8:00 a.m.
Ar. Milwaukee	11:15 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	10:00
Ar. Milwaukee	8:00
Ar. Chicago	9:00 p.m.
Ar. Milwaukee	11:55 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	2:00
Ar. Milwaukee	Green Bay 3:40
Ar. Chicago	9:00
Ar. Milwaukee	Escanaba 10:54 p.m.

St. Paul & Minneapolis Line.	
Ar. Chicago	10:00 a.m.
Ar. St. Paul	6:00 a.m.
Ar. Chicago	9:00 p.m.
Ar. St. Paul	1:30 p.m.

W. H. STENNETT, Gen'l. Pass. Ag't, Chicago.

## Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway.

Lv. Chicago	
10:10 a.m.	Ar. Milwaukee 12:55 p.m.
10:10	Ar. Oconomowoc 2:45
10:10	Ar. LaCrosse 10:10
10:10	Ar. St. Paul 6:00 a.m.
9:00 p.m.	Ar. Milwaukee 11:55 p.m.
9:00	Ar. Oconomowoc 1:35 a.m.
9:00	Ar. LaCrosse 7:03
9:00	Ar. St. Paul 1:25 p.m.

A. V. H. CARPENTER,  
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## "CHICKY ME, CRANY CROW."

"Chicky me, chicky me, crany crow!"  
A senseless little jingle, I know.  
Yet it drifts along over the dewy clover,  
Soft and sweet, and over and over,  
Soft and low, then clearer and clearer,  
Thrilling along, nearer and nearer;  
Happy and joyous the children go,  
Singing their "Chicky me, crany crow!"

It carries me back a happy rover;  
Again I live those sweet days over,  
And Memory back each joy conveys;  
Again I live in those happy days  
When youthful love our hearts was swelling,  
And you, my Prince, ne'er tired of telling  
The same old story, so soft and low:  
"I love you, Chicky me, crany crow!"

Warmly you clasped my little brown hand!  
How happy we roamed the Summer-land,  
Conning our lessons by wayside stream,  
Dancing along where buttercups gleam,  
Holding them up to our dimpled chin,  
Striving over the prizes to win.  
If you spelled me down, you whispered low,  
"I'm sorry, Chicky me, crany crow!"

The years have given us lessons new,  
A grand work for our hands to do,  
That endless is the duty-chain  
You weave for me in the shady lane.  
Your heart, as ever, is brave and true—  
The gods and the Fates have smiled on you;  
Yet sometimes I know, when the sun sinks low,  
You whisper "Chicky me, crany crow!"  
—Mrs. O. B. Hewitt, in Chicago Tribune.

## ORIENTAL JUGGLERY.

The narrow, shaded streets of an Oriental city, thronged by crowds of sedate-looking men, with long beards and turbaned heads, though seldom showing a woman or child to vary the monotony, look odd enough to unaccustomed eyes. Still more strange seem the huge gates that lead to private dwellings; for the gates are always closed, and the houses, with their high, narrow windows, appear to have been built backward, facing inward on a court, instead of toward the street. These courts are adorned with bright, tropical flowers and cool fountains, and they form the usual lounging-places of households, where indolent nabobs retire from the noise and dust of the outer world to enjoy, in the society of the family, the quiet and repose in which orientals so especially delight. The father is generally too dignified or too listless to care for amusements; but his lively wives and children indulge in various exciting pastimes. Music and dancing, fencing, leaping and other feats of agility, and, above all, jugglery, serve to entertain the secluded household; and actors in all these sports can be readily obtained by calling in one of the bands of traveling jugglers met at every turn in the large cities of the East. For there is never a wedding nor a funeral, a feast nor a fast, the consecration of a priest, nor the crowning of a king, where these "magicians," as they call themselves, are not found. Even on the public thoroughfares, they will sit and wait for an audience, dropping their peculiar music, or throwing out something to attract attention. Scarcely can one pass without stopping to notice weird faces and fantastic decorations; and, as one trick follows another, each more wonderful than the last, every pedestrian becomes a patron, helping to fill the pockets of these detestable knaves. They are believed by their countrymen to possess supernatural powers, to act under the influence of evil spirits, and to be able, by a mere glance of the eye, to make well people sick and sick people well without so much as touching them. Of course, you know that this is not really true of them, and that their marvelous performances are only seeming, not real miracles; but the exhibitions of their art are strangely fascinating, nevertheless.

On one occasion, quite a famous band of Indian jugglers was in attendance at a great national festival; and, for their use, beautifully decorated booths and tents had been erected, and supplied with tanks of water for the numerous ceremonial ablutions for which the Hindus are famous. Before eating, before sleeping, before praying, as an "open sesame" alike to palace, theater and temple, as part and parcel of their religion, their business and their pleasures, come always and everywhere the inevitable bath and shaving of the head. And these jugglers, one could see at a glance, came always to the arena fresh from their ablutions and robed in snow-white muslin.

The first trick at the festival I have mentioned was known as the "bamboo-trick;" and, though repeated several times, the audience did not seem to weary of it. Amid the beating of tom-toms and the music of many instruments, the jugglers smoothed a place on the hard, dry sand of the arena. We were invited to examine the ground, but we could find nothing like an opening, nor even that the soil had been recently dug up, nor did we discover any concealed apparatus of any sort. Presently, a large basket of coarse wicker-work was laid down and carefully covered with a little square of gauze flannel. Both basket and flannel were passed around, so that all who chose might satisfy themselves that these articles were quite empty; while in the single waist-cloth and transparent muslin jacket of which the dress of each actor was composed, no large article could have been concealed. Yet, five minutes later, when the basket was lifted, there appeared growing in the hard, sandy bed a flourishing bamboo plant, more than a foot in height! When the basket had been raised the second time, the tree was three feet high, and in twenty minutes more our wondering eyes beheld a live twelve-foot bamboo clothed with verdure, while from its top blossoms and fruit budded out luxuriantly! One of the conjurers then drew from his mouth some twenty yards of strong silk cord, which he adroitly knotted, and attached to half a dozen hooks that had been drawn from the same roomy place. By the aid of these he gathered the bamboo fruit, and then, without once having left the arena, he passed it around to be handled and tasted by all who wished.

Another of the conjurers took from a tiny bag a single handful of paddy, which is rice with the husk still on, so the first lightened the soil of about two square feet of the floor with a two-pronged fork, and scattered on it the handful of paddy; then pouring on it a cup of water, he said:

"Now you will please to wait until my crop grows, and see whether I am not the best farmer you know!"  
He turned a basket over his little plantation, and sang a simple air, so sweet and plaintive that we were not surprised when a bird seemed to answer his call. He lifted the basket, and sure enough, there were the rice-plants, grown six inches high in as many minutes, and in their midst a nest of real live rice-birds, and mother and four nestlings! The old bird fluttered and flapped her wings, as if frightened, then cooed softly to her little ones, and folded over them her downy wings. Meanwhile the basket had been lying side ways on the floor where the juggler had thrown it a few minutes before. Now he picked it up without leaving his seat, and carefully replaced it over the rice-plants and birds. Yet the next time this mysterious basket was raised nothing was to be seen but a pair of deadly sun-snakes, writhing and twisting themselves as if in a frenzy at having been pinned in such close quarters. They darted their forked tongues and snapped their fiery eyes at one another of the spectators nearest them, to the small terror of all. But the conjurer had only to wave a tiny silver wand, and, in a dropping, caressing voice, to speak to the serpents, when they sprang into his arms, one coiling itself about his neck, the other kissing his very lips and the tip of his tongue, and then hiding its hideous form in his bosom.

tortoises; some full grown, the others in various stages between babyhood and youth. Having placed them all on the floor in a heap, he gently strikes his cymbal, when the tortoises begin at once to disentangle themselves, and to file into a long line, in the order of their sizes, the largest being at the head of the column and the baby-tortoise bringing up the rear. Around and around the small soldiers march, moving faster or slower to keep time with the music, and halting the very instant it stops. Then, in obedience to half a dozen words of command spoken by the master, the whole company put themselves into position for getting upon a table some ten inches high. And queer enough they look, as each, with his mouth, lays hold of the hinder part of the shell of the one before him. When all are ready, the leader puts out a paw, the juggler lays hold of it and helps him to get up on the table, where the knowing tortoise sturdily plants himself, until the entire column has gained the top. Their spirits seeming to rise in proportion to their elevation, the tortoises turn to dancing, tumbling, fighting mimic battles with tiny wooden swords, and performing a variety of antics as wonderful as ludicrous. They end the series of maneuvers by this very queer one: Putting their outstretched heads close together for a moment, as if in consultation, the entire band convert themselves into a pyramid in the center of the table, the largest tortoises uniting to form the base, while the little one at the top then dances a regular four-footed jig. As soon as the tiny Terpsichorean stops the tortoises at the bottom crawl away in opposite directions, then off go the next, and so on, till of this whole living structure only the top one remains. The little fellow glances around with a bewildered air, and then runs to his master for protection.

Another trick was performed on the occasion referred to. A tall, muscular man threw himself on his back, with both feet pointing upward, and, at a single bound, a ten-year-old lad, clothed in long, tight drawers of silver sheen, a conical cap and silvery wings, leaped upon the upturned soles and began to smoke a cheroot. Then entered a coolie, upon whose shoulders, head and arms one saw only wooden buckets. These were of the lightest construction, and all of different sizes; and the coolie piled them up by the side of the man and boy. The lad, reaching over, seized the top one, which was the largest of the pile, and nimbly as a cat he placed himself upon it, the top of the bucket being turned downward, and resting on the man's feet. The second bucket was secured in the same way and put upon the first; the third had to be handed to him by one of the attendants, as it was too far off to be reached by the little fellow, but he readily placed it in position upon the second, stepping with all ease upon it; and so he went on until he had used the entire heap. There were a dozen in all, I should think; and the wee knight, seated on this queer pile of buckets, looked, at that dizzy height, more like a shining statue of ebony and silver than a real live boy. Suddenly the man at the bottom gave a dreadful yell and leaped out of the arena at a bound, while the buckets fell pell-mell in every direction; but out of this chaos rose the graceful little gymnast, not only unhurt, but evidently quite amused at the looks of consternation on every face but his own. Bowing gracefully he disappeared, followed by shouts of applause.

More wonderful still, a juggler will appear to kill his son, cutting off the legs and arms with a sword, and throwing a piece of blanket over the remains. At the same time he plants a melon-seed in a flower-pot filled with earth. Presently, on lifting the blanket, the body has vanished, and a large melon occupies the place on the ground where the flower-pot had been. After the melon has been looked at and handled by all who wish, the blanket is again thrown over it. On being lifted, a few minutes later, the melon is gone, but the boy, who had seemed to be killed, and whose body had been so terribly cut to pieces, sits there alive and well, without a wound.—Fanny Bover Feudge, in St. Nicholas.

"The children of the poor," observes the London Times, "always out of doors except when at school, and dining on hard dumplings or simple lumps of bread, are often healthier and stronger, and even more happy, than the more favored child whom parents, nurses and cooks are tempting with new delicacies and doctors are waiting to rescue from outward infection or inward disagreement."

THERE was an elephant that had been trained to play the piano with its trunk in a show. One day a new piano was brought for it, but no sooner had the elephant touched the keys than it burst into a flood of tears. "What ails you, Kiouki?" asked its keeper. The poor beast could only point to the ivory keys. Alas! they were made of the tusks of his mother.

St. Louis, Mo., August 30, 1890.



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Dr. YOUNGBLOOD of Little York, Mo., says: "I have used Dr. Harter's Fever and Ague Specific in my practice, and can heartily recommend it to the public."

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TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

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"One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best Doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and large sums of money were expended."

George Vetter, J. P., Toledo, O., says:

"I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

Julius N. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes:

"I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and I now know I am entirely cured."

Mrs. Helen Jerome, Toledo, O., says:

"For years I have been confined, a great part of the time to my bed, with Leucorrhoea and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. Green, Wholesale Grocer, Findlay, O., writes:

"I suffered for over 25 years with Lame back and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. Keesling, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes:

"I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever sold."

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New York Weekly Herald

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