

DAILY NEWS

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FRIDAY, SEPT. 10, 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. WOLPE.
For Treasurer of State,
ROSWELL S. HILL.
For Attorney General,
DANIEL P. BALDWIN.
For Judges of Supreme Court,
BYRON K. ELLIOTT. 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. PEIRCE.

Vigo County Ticket.

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

THE NEWS HAS THE LARGEST DAILY CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

WHY THE SOUTH IS SOLID FOR HANCOCK.
Consider what Lee and Jackson would do were they alive. THESE ARE THE SAME PRINCIPLES FOR WHICH THEY FOUGHT FOUR YEARS. Remember the men who poured forth their life-blood on Virginia's soil, and do not abandon them now. Remember that upon your vote depends the success of the Democratic ticket. —[Wade Hampton, at Staunton, Va., July 26.]

BULGARIA will declare her independence in October.

PADUCAH, Kentucky, had a slight frost yesterday morning.

The official Republican majority in Vermont will be about 25,100.

About \$500,000 in gold were purchased in London yesterday for the New York market.

THE Milwaukee Sentinel hits the peg squarely when it says that, if General Grant keeps on saying such good things and writing such good letters, he will "find himself stronger in the affections and confidence of the Republican party than he ever was before; and that is saying a great deal. He is throwing the full weight of his character and prestige in the balance, and the general effect it will have in the campaign cannot fail to be very considerable. He has won friends from among those who would not have been his friends if he had been nominated. He is showing himself in a new light, and adding a new phase to a character which will stand among the most illustrious in history. Instead of reclining on past and lasting honors, he has the courage and manhood to run the risk of making enemies by utterances upon subjects upon which the people differ."

We have spent many sleepless nights in agony, thinking of the sad fate of the lost tribes of Israel, but we are at last relieved. The latest discovery has been a Russian traveler and journalist, W. J. Remirovich-Dantschenko, who has found them in the Caucasus, and, of course has written a book about them. They were found in the mountains of Daghestan, in a place where travelers never came before. They are warlike and resemble the Cossacks in appearance, but they follow the old Mosaic law as it existed before the time of Ezra and the second building of the Temple, without any knowledge of Talmudic traditions and forms, and they claim to have lived where they now are ever since the time of Psalmonassar. They keep the Mosaic law in regard to a man's marrying a deceased brother's wife, and make a first rate red wine, which they drink regardless of Solomon's admonitions.

Is It Possible

That a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hop, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—Post.

THE WRECKERS.

It is reported that another attempt was made last night to wreck the train on the L. & St. L., about half a mile west of the spot where Geo. Morris was killed night before last. Not the slightest conjecture can be made as to the object of these villains. If robbery was the object, they could have almost succeeded night before last, because there is no spot between Indianapolis and St. Louis that could so well protect the murderers and afford a place to hide their plunder as the spot where the fast passenger train was wrecked night before last.

These wreckers are banded together, and are evidently lead by a man who knows all about section work. No one man could in so short a space of time un-bolt those fish joints and draw the spikes that fasten the rail to the ties.

These villains have within three years made nine attempts to wreck trains all within two miles of St. Mary's. In these attempts there have been two very bad wrecks in which a brakeman and conductor have been murdered and thousands of dollars worth of property destroyed. How a man can be so devoid of every principle of humanity as to murder hundreds of men, women and children without any provocation whatever, is more than we can tell.

All good citizens will assist the officials of the road in bringing these demons to speedy justice. A thorough examination of the matter will be made to-morrow by attorneys John T. Dye and Ed Seldom-ridge of the railroad, and we sincerely trust that they may be able to find a lead to the perpetrators of this heinous crime.

In 1866 George W. Julian made a speech in Congress in which he said of the Democrats in the South:

Sir, in heart and purpose, they (the rebels) are less conquered than before the war. If possible they hate the Yankees, with their free schools and free institutions, more and more. I believe their wrath is world over a consuming fire. Down in the depths of their souls they discountenance, its Generals, its soldiers, its indoor air, its peace. Upon the freedom of the and the civil rights bill they pre-necesitate sincerest and most heartfelt aspiration for a man has been found among so cowid who does not defend the right of God and vindicate the rebel cause. Nevertheless as their Senators and Representatives in Congress and for the highest—every—in the States the most conspicuously guilty of their unrepentant traitors. They insult the national songs. They commemoate the deeds and honor the tombs of their greatest villains, and refuse to the loyal colored people of the South the coveted privilege of strewing flowers over the graves of our heroes who died that the republic might live. They crown treason as the highest virtue, and elevate murder to the rank of fine art. Their newspapers are reeking with the foulest and most atrocious sentiments, and their manifest purpose is to scatter the baleful fires of discord and hate throughout the South.

Now when we think of the present aspect of Democratic supremacy we are led to believe that the words of Mr. Julian are about true.

Of course, if Democracy is successful in this campaign the victory will belong to the Southern Democrats, and we might as well let them take charge of affairs.

An exchange says that "It is these men, so well described by Mr. Julian, who hate the people of the North, hate our free schools and our free institutions, who in their very souls despise the Union and the soldiers who defended it, that are now claiming the control of the government, and who will control it and rule the whole country if two or three Northern States can be persuaded to join the solid South in voting for Hancock and English. We do not misrepresent this matter. It is not only true, but of the highest importance, and causes the most serious apprehension to the best men of the country.

It is the certainty that Democratic success at this election will be simply the restoration of the old rebel element to power, and the great danger of so doing, which has stirred the hearts of the loyal people of the North as they have not been stirred since the war. It was this feeling which impelled a brave soldier to declare: "I can not rush to the embrace of such men as Hamburg Butler, nor shake hands with Ben Hill of Georgia over the graves of Union soldiers." Democratic success will mean on the part of the North a base surrender of every thing gained or preserved by the war—a surrender of the victors to the vanquished, of loyalty to disloyalty, of patriotism to treason. It would mean dishonor to the graves of our fallen heroes, and display on the part of the living a disgraceful "pusillanimity or guilt."

On! now we hear it. How pleasant it is to gather the little fellows on the "half shell" and swallow him while reading this appreciative morsel of literature from the London *Times*:

"Our practice in regard to the oyster is quite exceptional, and furnishes a striking example of the general correctness of the popular judgment on dietary questions. The oyster is the only animal substance which we eat habitually, and by preference, in the raw state; and it is interesting to know that there are sound physiological reasons at the bottom of this preference. The fawn-colored mass which constitutes the dainty part of the oyster is its liver, and this is little else than a heap of glycogen. Associated with the glycogen, but withheld from actual contract with it during life, is an appropriate digestive ferment—the hepatic diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested, without other help, by its own diastase. The oyster in the uncooked state, or merely warmed, is in fact, self-digestive. But the advantage of this provision is wholly lost by cooking, for the heat employed immediately destroys the associated ferment, and a "cooked" oyster has to be digested, like any other food, by the eater's own digestive powers."

Cultivate One Talent.

One talent, well cultivated, deepened and enlarged, is worth a hundred shallow faculties. The first law of success at this day, when so many matters are clamoring for attention, is concentration; to bend all the energies to one point, looking neither to the right nor to the left. It has been justly said that a great deal of the wisdom of a man in this century is shown in leaving things unknown; and a great deal of his practical sense in leaving things undone. The day of universal scholars is past. "Life is short, and art is long." The range of human knowledge has increased so enormously, that no brain can grapple with it; and the man who would know one thing well must have the courage to be ignorant of a thousand things, however attractive or inviting. As with knowledge, so with work. The man who would get along must single out his specialty, and into that must pour the whole stream of his activity—all the energies of his hand, eye, tongue, heart and brain. Broad culture, many-sidedness, are beautiful things to contemplate; but it is the narrow-edge men, the men of single and intense purpose, who steel their souls against all things else, who accomplish the hard work of the world, and who are everywhere in demand when hard work is to be done.

Etiquette in Bygone Days.

Greenville Murry, in discussing the transfer of the seat of the government from Versailles to Paris, speaks of the rigor of etiquette in bygone days. Louis Quatorze, strolling one day in the park on the arm of Mme. de Maintenon, and followed by his court, of about 500 persons, came unexpectedly upon a servant girl armed with a broom, pail and duster, who had been scrubbing in one of the pavilions. She ought by rights to have made her way back to the offices of the palaces by a roundabout road, but, being late, she had taken a short cut, and this had brought her in view of the king. His majesty removed his feathered hat and made her a low bow, and as etiquette required that a person saluted by the king should be bowed to by the whole court, the poor girl, as she stood trembling and ashamed, received enough homage to make her well-nigh mad. First the princesses and princesses, then the secretaries of the state, the dukes and peers, the knights of his majesty's orders, the bishop, the chaplains, the lesser nobility, all had to make a profound obeisance, while the ladies stopped and courtesied to the earth; finally the king's guards had to carry arms, and a whole tribe of lackeys, bearing lap-dogs, cloaks, and smelling bottles, had to do their duty in the same humble fashion to their colleague—the blushing girl with the broom and pail.

Javanese Mechanics.

The Island of Java, in the East Indian archipelago, is under the government of Holland. At Surabaya the government has a large machine shop where many castings are made, but where the chief business is the manufacture of steam boilers for the navy. A traveler describes this establishment, in which over nine hundred Javanese were laboring voluntarily. The Javanese are of the Malay race, and most of the overseers are native, but few Europeans being employed in the whole works. These Malays perform their allotted tasks quietly and steadily, without loud talking or unnecessary noise. Some of them are so skillful that they receive nearly two guilders, or 75 cents, per day. Here the standard weights and measures for the government are made. Some of the workmen had been in the shops as long as fifty-seven years. This is all the more remarkable, because these natives are usually unable to labor at the age of thirty-five or forty, on account of their dissolute habits. Most of their machinery is not as nicely finished as that imported from Europe, but it appears quite as durable. Yet the fact that the Javanese have the capacity to do some nice work was proved by one in charge of the engraving department, whose fine cut lines would have been creditable to many a European.

Telegraphs in Olden Times.

The electric telegraph is a device of the present generation, but the idea of conveying intelligence to a distance by a system of signals is a very ancient one. Homer refers to the use of fires by night and smoke by day for this purpose, and in the Bible we find an allusion to setting up a "sign of fire" as a warning of war.

An old Greek play begins with a scene in which a watchman descends from a tower in Greece, and announces that Troy is taken. "I have been looking out for years," he says, "and now it is done." Whether the fall of Troy was actually telegraphed in this way to Greece may be questioned, but there can be no doubt that the method had long been familiar, and been employed for sending news to great distances.

In China it was known from a remote period, perhaps even before the time of Homer; and the most barbarous nations, at a very early date, seem to have had their signal fires for giving the alarm of war from hill to hill, as the Scottish Highlanders did until a comparative recent day.

More improved methods of telegraphy, in which letters of the alphabet were displayed on boards fixed to high posts, were devised as early as the time of Aristotle, or nearly 500 years before the Christian era.

Not Growing Worse.

Is the world growing worse? We do not think so. All observing intelligent men know that the world, however appearances contradict it, grows steadily better. One reason of the contrary seeming true is that we have facilities for gathering all the news in the world—an evil makes news while good does not—and presenting it in a single day. When we take up the journal, the villainy of the entire civilized globe is thrust upon our attention; whereas, only a few years ago, we got it in fragments, at intervals, and often but a small portion at most. Another is that, during the periods of commercial diastase. The mere crushing of the dainty between the teeth brings these two bodies together, and the glycogen is at once digested, without other help, by its own diastase.

Woman's sphere—that she will never get married.

Ladies' stylish hats are appearing in shades to match everything, but they are all a shade to high for most pocketbooks.

Never use slang. It may not always apply. Listen, as A. comes into B's room. Says B: "How do you like my new shoes?" A. "Oh, they're immense!"

"Darn a fool," says Harkins, who was vexed at his wife. "So note it be," said Mrs. H. flourishing a darning needle, whereabouts are you worn out?"

"Do you see any grapes, Bob?" "Yes, but there is dogs." "Big dogs, Bob?" "Yes, very big." "Then come along—these grapes are not ours, you know."

A bachelor cynic remarks that it is singular how early in life a child gains the reputation of resembling the richest and best looking of his relatives.

The average woman is composed of two hundred and forty bones, one hundred and sixty-nine muscles, twenty-nine old newspapers, and two hundred and ten hair pins.

An apothecary in decorating for Washington's birthday, placed a jar of calamus root in the show window and labeled it "Sweet flag of my country," but no one saw the point.

A man may be a day-dreamer; he may take no interest in every day affairs; in the busy world he may be as a drone in a hive but just step on his pet corn and see how quickly he will wake up.

Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman whose cow had been lame: "But she didn't get out of the way when I rang the bell." "Faith, thin," said Pat, "yo didn't stop when she rang her bell."

The gay and festive soda-fount

Now dizzies in the land,

And Deacon and good Mrs. Jones

Around the counter stand,

The lady's gentle nectarine.

Within the glass is fizzin';

The deacon slyly winks and says

He'll take "the same" in his'n.

A new clerk in a drug store was discharged the other day because he didn't know how to look wise, roll his eyes, and say seventy-five cents without turning red in the face as he handed out a little powder that had cost the concern two cents and a fraction. Emotion and business don't jingle.

A colored child had a fall from a second-story window the other day, and his mother, in relating the occurrence at a grocery, said: "Dere dat chile was a comin' down feet first, wid ebry chance of bein' killed, when de Lawd, he turned him ober, de chile struck on his head, and dar wasn't so much as a button flew off."

The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year; the husband wears an injured look—house cleaning time is here. The wife goes madly tearing 'round with scrubbing brush and broom—the dull and sombre thud of mops is heard in every room. Now with a wild and frightened glare—a glare devoid of hope, the husband tumbles down the stairs upon a cake of soap, or with an awkward, clumsy flop and with a smothered wail, he trips over some protruding mop and sits down in a pail.

The following is said to be a funeral sermon lately preached in Ohio, by a Buckeye clergyman: "I have been begged, importuned and entreated to preach this 'ere sermon, but I don't want to do it. I never liked the man; I never knew nothing good of him. He had horses, and he run them; he had cocks, and he flet them; I have heard he was occasionally good at fires. The beavers will please remove the body and sin, he following hymn:

With rapture we delight
To see the cuss removed.

It was at a revival meeting in Hopkinton, Iowa. Several had related their experience. Mr. W. was called. He arose and spoke as follows: "Brothers and sisters—you all know why I joined the church last winter. Shortly after I came out on the Lord's side, a man, one of the devil's agents, offered to bet five dollars that I would not hold out a year. I overed that bet with five dollars. The time isn't quite up yet, but will be in two weeks. Five dollars will come good to a man these hard times. Thank the Lord. Brothers and sisters, if any of you should see any man who wants to invest any money in the same way, just send him on. Pray that I remain faithful."

A Popular Delusion.

A great many persons have an idea that it is unlawful to touch or attempt to aid a man found dead or dying, and that the first duty is to notify some official. Lives have been sacrificed under this delusion. The first duty is to render every possible aid, and then promptly to make the facts known to the authorities. The contrary idea has been obtained from the laws of other nations, which are as absurd as they are inhuman. Referring to the law of Russia in this matter, an eastern exchange says:

Among the most extraordinary of the tyrannical regulations of the Russian police is one which strictly forbids any one to touch a dead or dying man without the direct sanction of the police. In consequence of this arbitrary enactment, it is an uncommon thing to see a man lying bleeding and helpless from a very severe fall in the streets of Moscow, or St. Petersburg, without anybody daring to assist him.

To what extent this curious tyranny is carried, may be judged from a single instance. An English gentleman residing at Peterhof, a coast-town about sixteen miles from St. Petersburg, one morning found his Russian groom hanging by the neck in the stable, and cut him down at once, just in time to save his life. The next day he received a visit from the local Inspector of Police, who, far from commanding his prompt humanity, vehemently abused him for daring to transgress the law.

The Englishman heard him to the end without a word, and then said, quietly:

"Well, Mr. Inspector, I'm extremely sorry to have done anything, but I will make all the amends in my power. If I find you hanging anywhere, I pledge you my honor I won't cut you down."

Thousands have been cured of damp ague, bilious disorders, jaundice, dyspepsia and all diseases of the liver, blood and stomach, when all other remedies have failed, by using Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad, which is a quick and permanent cure for those disorders. Ask your druggist for the great remedy, and take no other, and if he does not keep it send \$1.50 in a letter to the French Pad Co. and receive one by mail post-paid. J. J. Baur Terre Haute, Ind., sole agent for Vigo county.

"I Don't Want a Plaster."

said a sick man to a druggist, "can't you give me something to cure me?" His symptoms were a lame back and disordered ed urine and were a sure indication of kidney disease. The