

DAILY NEWS

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 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 Judges of Supreme Court,
BRYAN K. ELLIOT, Third District.
WILLIAM A. WOODS, Fifth District.
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 Superintendent of Public Instruction,
JOHN M. BLOSS.
For Reporter of Supreme Court,
FRANCIS M. DICE,
For Clerk of Supreme Court,
DANIEL ROYSE.
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. BICOWSKY.
For Representative,
WILLIAM H. MELRATH.
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.]

DEMOCRACY AND LABOR.
Now that but two days intervenes between this issue of the News and the election, we call the attention of the laboring men to the position of the Democratic party on the tariff question. An exchange covers the whole ground when it says that the Democratic party is a party or free trade. Free trade is the hobby of a number of people who do not realize the consequence of the institution. We now address the laboring men of the country, that is to say the laboring class. In England, for example, free trade rules; let us look at the effect on the bone and sinew of the people. In the district called the "black country" a parliamentary inquiry in 1859, showed that out of some 62,000 laborers, but six per cent, knew the difference between God and Queen Victoria. Children six years old were daily working, carrying upon their heads loads of clay and manufactured articles, crushing in the undeveloped soft skull and making them beasts, not human beings, and what for? one shilling, (twenty-five cents) per week. Just think of the progeny such animals would generate, just think of the immorality, the misery the wretchedness which types would blush to reveal, which would result and actually existed from such a state of things. But there were schools. Oh, yes, there were schools, but the parents of those children received for their work from twenty to thirty-five cents per day. That class of people were very prolific, and in fact made it point to increase their families so as eventually increase their income. The woman worked and bore children, the man worked and grubbed, and so life went to the happy denizens under the influences of free trade. In the coal regions of the north the condition of affairs was, if possible, worse. Women, half-naked, demoralized, were degraded to the position of beasts of burden. They toiled through the stifling galleries of the mines, harnessed to carts of coal, and sick or well, strong or weak, had to work like slaves to enable them to feed the children, which yearly accumulated on their hands.

Think of this, ye farm laborers who sit down daily to three solid meals; think of this, ye miners, whose wives are happy, and have a smiling home to greet you on your return; think of this, ye street laborers, who take daily in your dinner cans more than an English laborer can earn in a week, and ask yourselves why in this country can you live better than the smaller business people can in England. It is because of Republican protection. The Republican party has said that it will neither allow the slave labor

of the south, nor the pauper labor of other countries to compete with you. It has secured you good pay, good homes, good prospects, and above all the freedom of the ballot, through which you can make your influence felt in defeating the free trade and slavery Democracy. Workingmen do your duty!!!

OUR GERMAN AND IRISH CITIZENS.

It is of the utmost importance that our German and Irish citizens should examine carefully the whole ground before they cast their votes next Tuesday. Our German people are instinctively Republican because, as a race, are the most thoughtful people on earth. Their institutions of profound learning are the best in the world, consequently in their general education there is moulded a germ of governmental form which is only to be found in the Republican party of the United States; that form is, that every man in his social condition be it what it may, should have equal protection before the law, equal protection under the law without any reference to his previous condition. As a class these thrifty people are a home loving people, and as such home-loving people they will not, we trust, vote with a party which desires to destroy the prosperity which they now enjoy. And to our Irish neighbor and brother we have but to ask him to read the extracts herein given from the work of the celebrated Irishman John F. Scanlan. He says in introducing his book:

"For some unaccountable reason the masses of the Irish people are not aware how important a part the question of native industry played in the subjugation of Ireland. It may be that, in the exuberance of their martial ardor, our historians have not considered it worth while to treat such an every day subject as labor, or that, in the glories of Brian Boru and Fontenoy, they have neglected to teach the people how to be free, happy, and great 'by the sweat of the brow.' It is known to comparatively few that Ireland — now a mendicant before the nations of the earth, with her children flying from her bosom, as from that of a viper, after hundreds of years of as brave a struggle in behalf of their native land as any people on the face of the globe — has been reduced to its present condition not by the sword, but by the application in her domestic government of that principle of political economy known as free trade.

I believe all Irishmen, particularly in the United States, should know this, for several reasons, chief of which is, that learning what the results of free trade have been in their native land, they might prevent a like fate befalling this republic, by avoiding the confidence game of the conspirators, who are now trying to apply the same political economy to our domestic government; break down our industries, impoverish and weaken the nation, trust to luck" as for opportunity to "burst the bubble," as for opportunity it was burst in 1861."

He shows that British competition is the cause of ruining Irish manufacturing, and that from this manufacturing oppressive Ireland has almost entirely been forced to toil the scanty soil in order to evade starvation, and that most of them will eventually be forced to migrate to the United States. He closes by saying:

"Thus does Ireland, with all its natural resources, its rich soil and salubrious climate, hurl from its bosom its mechanics, its laborers, and its farmers, to become toilers and wanderers in strange lands, because that vandal nation, England, will not permit her people to apply that political economy, protective tariff, that makes Belgium, with only two thirds its area of land, support a larger population in happiness and prosperity, and gives the teeming millions of Frenchmen in France work, wealth, and happiness; while Ireland — poor, brave, dear old Ireland — has to periodically stretch forth her hand, an unwilling mendicant among the nations of the earth, begging food for her children — a victim of English free trade. Do the Irishmen of America desire to repeat the sacrifice on a larger scale in America? If you do not, then cease to vote for free trade, and ally yourself with the men who have American labor and American prosperity at heart; the men who favor protection to American industry."

We call the attention of every body to the fact that the city will be full of pick pockets to-night and that the best place for every body after dark is at home. We caution every one against carrying any valuable watch or money this evening because the chances are ten to one that some Democrat will get his hand into your pocket before you get home.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* says, "a great many Philadelphia ward politicians and ruffians have gone to Indiana to aid in distributing the money collected in large sums for legitimate expenses in saving the life of the nation." Our citizens should leave their pocket books at home to-night for some of them will surely be here.

OWING to the resignation of ex-postmaster Key, the lottery cases pending in the Supreme court will probably be dismissed.

BUSINESS men should all turn out to-night at Republi-can headquarters to array for the Tuesday election.

MORONA the new Hawaiian representative will not hob-nob with Secretary Evans at present.

THE Steamships, Celic and Neckar brought \$916,000 in gold to New York yesterday.

A man may grow up to be like a sturdy oak; but he commences like a creeper. Shoes should be over two feet. A dress train should never be under one foot. Julius Caesar didn't know that he would go down through the ages as an effective and powerful epithet.

The plausibility of expression worn by a man who is "next" in a full barber shop cannot be counterfeited, even by an old maid with her first love letter.

Disrespect in the Family.

One of the greatest evils known in the family circle is the disrespect so frequently shown between members, one to another, in speech, action and dress. The gruff "yes" or "no" of husband to wife, in answer to a pleasant query, leads to unpleasant consequences, and begets a cold, calculating style of address on either side, which sooner or later is adopted by the younger members, and the love and affection which should dwell within is dispelled like dew before the morning sun. The indifference often shown in little acts of duty, and the manner in which they are performed, seem to carry the expression: "I'm glad that's out of the way; don't trouble me again." In dress and personal appearance the husband goes unkempt and unshaven, and the wife slouched and shabby. Anything is good enough for home, when there are no strangers about. Thus are habits of disrespect formed, and one of the great dangers of home life bred and fostered. Many of us have seen the play of "Flannigan's Home," where Pat comes tumbling into the house at dusk, dumps his hod in one corner, his hat and coat in another, kicks the cat through the window, damns Biddy, swears the grub isn't "fit for a mon to ate," and raises a general row all round. It is a good thing for the well-to-do in life to study the character of the extremists of the lower strata, and ask themselves if there is not room for improvement in their own more pretentious homes.

Some homes are full of love and sunshine for strangers, and all ugliness and gloom for the ones for whom they live. To constitute a truly happy home, there should be pretty little personal adornments on the part of the wife, who therefore shows a desire to please her husband, and to add to the general attractions of her home. A pleasant word on her part, when the overworked man comes home, often eats away the raw edge of some trouble on his mind, and draws out a corresponding desire to be both agreeable and respectful, which characteristics are always accompanied by affection. What is true of manners is true of dress also. Rudeness, roughness and impatience are soon followed by insolence, and when sweet temper gives way to anger and discord the home circle is no longer attractive.

Mental Maturity.

Mental maturity — at what age do we attain it — that is to say, those of us who are not predestined to perpetual greenness? It has been said that "a man may be a fool at thirty, and yet die a sage." Rather questionable, that. The fool of forty is admitted by metaphysicians to be a hopeless case. Let him who learned nothing by experience at that age, stand aside from the world of action; he is not fit to play his part in it. His only safety is in being dry-nursed by some stronger nature than his own. Dull youths, or youths called dull, sometimes mature, however, into great men. Sheridan, we are told, was a particularly stupid schoolboy. Perhaps the fault was in the schoolmaster, not in the pupil. There were in Sheridan's days, and there are yet, multitudes of bad teachers. Pedantic pedagogues, of the "Dr. Blimber" class, are as plenty as blackberries, and the mill-horse system of education is still in vogue. Over-crammed students rarely turn out well; while those who cannot be crammed generally do. If there be anything that is unpromising, it is preposterous. It is better to be comparatively ignorant at five-and-twenty, than to be a prodigy at thirteen. We entirely agree with the doctrine that the most useful part of man's education is not that which he receives in schools and colleges. The world is the university in which the grandest and most useful lessons are taught, and in a way which fixes them indelibly in the memory. The "Groves of Academus" are not to be despised; but let him who desires to be a man among men beware of neglecting those paths of wisdom which lie through the market-places of mankind. Wisdom is not a thing that can be injected into us with a scholastic forcing-pump. It can only be acquired by observation, reflection, and the independent exercise of the judgment.

Changes of Life.

Change is the common feature of so-ciety — of all life. The world is like a magic lantern, or the shifting scenes of a panorama. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and mothers, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one. Twenty years convert infants into lovers, fathers and mothers, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men and women into crawling drivellers, and bury all preceding generations. Thirty years raise an active generation from nonentity, change fascinating beauties into bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them to decrepitude and imbecility.

Forty years, alas! change the face of all society. Infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names once cherished are forgotten, unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the exhaustless womb of nature. And in fifty years — mature, ripe fifty years — a half century — what tremendous changes occur. How Time writes her subtle wrinkles everywhere, in rock, river, forest, cities, hamlets, villages, in the nature of man and the destinies and aspects of all civilized society.

Let us pass on to eighty years — and what do we desire and see to comfort us in the world? Our parents are gone; our children have passed away from us into all parts of the world to fight the grim and desperate battle of life. Our old friends — where are they? We behold a world of which we know nothing and to which we are unknown. We weep for the generations long gone by for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends in the grave. We see everything turned upside down by the fickle hand of Fortune and the absolute despotism of Time. In a word, we behold the vanity of life, and are quite ready to lay down the poor burden and be gone.

The perfume manufacturers in the department of the Maritime Alps consume annually 600,000 pounds of roses, and the neighborhood of Grasse and Cannes is thickly studded with rose farms. On one hectare of two and a half acres 30,000 bushes are planted, a single bush yielding for twelve years. A single head is in good cultivation will net an average profit of twenty-four per cent per year.

A "sheet" anchor — A clothes-pin. Old maid's laughter — He! he! he! Thieves work on abstract principles. Widows and widowers ought to be repaid.

Can a cow-hide in a shop? No; but calfskin.

"Does vere kape nothin' but dry goods here?" "No ma'am." "Thin where will I be after goin' for a watered silk?"

When the lights are low and a fellow occupies a big rocking chair with his girl, how he does wish he was at the North Pole where it would be six months till morning.

A Wisconsin woman has been married fifty-eight years and has never missed building her kitchen fire. Her husband is probably the oldest fire-escape on record.

A young couple were found out at the front gate one cold night this week locked in each other's arms. They said the combination was lost and they could not get it because the janitor was asleep.

The following ludicrous sentence is the result of a composer's erroneous punctuation: "Cesar entered upon his head, his helmet upon his feet, armed, sandals upon his brow, a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare."

A red nose is a suspicious facial ornament on a man or woman, and sometimes gives small boys a handle to play with. An urchin who had begged a penny of an old toper in vain, rewarded him with this advice — "Don't you carry that nose of yours near to no powder factory or they might play the hose onto you."

After a telegraph pole had fallen on a Savannah negro's head he threw up his hands and shouted: "Don't hit me again, Massa' Pliceman; it wasn't me dat stole de chickens; it was Deacon Henry." Then, looking around and seeing what struck him, he walked off muttering to himself: "Golly, Ise in luck dis mornin'. I'spected de' pliceman had me shuh dat time."

"Sure," said Pat, rubbing his head with delight at a prospect of a present from his employer, "I always mane to do my duty." "I believe you," replied the employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all that you have stolen from me during the year." "I thank your honor," Pat retorted, "and may all your friends and acquaintances treat you as liberally." But a little better than that was the reply of a Brooklyn Irishman as a funeral procession passed; he was asked who was dead, and responded, "Troth I don't know, except it be the man in the coffin."

A Parting Scene.

Did you ever hear two married women take leave of each other at the gate on a summer evening? This is the way they do it:

"Good-by!" "Good-by!" Come down and see us right soon." "Yes, so I will. You come up right soon." "I will. Good-by." "Good-by! Don't forget to come soon." "No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up?" "I won't. Be sure and bring Sally Jane with you next time."

"I will. I'd have brought her up this time, but she wasn't very well. She wanted to come awful bad."

"Did she, now? That was too bad. Be sure and bring the baby."

"I will. I forgot to tell you, he's cut another tooth."

"You don't say! How many has he got now?"

"Five. It makes him awful cross."

"I guess it does, this hot weather. Well, good-by! Don't you forget to come down."

"No, I won't. Don't you forget to come up?" "Good-by!"

And they separate.

Fire by Friction.

South African savages get fire in the following manner: Some straw being laid on the ground as a bed, two sticks are laid on it a few inches apart to form a support for the third stick, which is laid across them, having a deep notch cut in it to receive the blunt point of the drilling stick; this is twirled like a chocolate muller between the palms of the hands, and when the twirler's hands reach the bottom they are dangerously shifted to the top again. A spark is got in the charred dust in about five minutes, and by carefully shielding it in a handful of the straw, it is soon fanned into flame.

A Michigan doctor has written a book on the human hair in which he presents these views: "Hairs do not, as a rule, penetrate the scalp perpendicularly, but at an angle. When the angle of different hairs is the same, it is possible to give it the easy sweeps and curves which we generally see it take, but if they are by some freak of nature misplaced, we have the rebellious frizzles tops, that are not susceptible of the influence of the brush and comb. Many a poor mother has half worried her life out, trying to train her Johnny's rebellious locks into better ways, believing it was Johnny's perverseness of manners that induced such dilapidated looking head-gear, when it was really none of Johnny's fault, but simply a freak of nature in misplacing the radiating centers of his "hair-suit covering." Sometimes fowls suffer from a contrariwise placing of the feathers — they run the wrong way. The author's father had a hen whose legs feathered ran toward the body, those of the body and neck toward the head. This gave her a perpetual "out-of-sorts" look and she never could fly. The erection of the hair of animals during anger, or human beings in fright, is caused by a change in the skin and the angle at which the hair enters the head or body."

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