

DAILY NEWS

E. P. BEAUCHAMP, Editor and Proprietor.

Publication Office, corner Fifth and Main Streets

Entered at the Post Office at Terre Haute, Indiana,
as second-class matter.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1880.

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

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,
CHESTER A. ARTHUR.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS FOR THE
STATE AT LARGE.

WILLIAM W. CURRY.

JAMES M. SHACKELFORD.

District Electors.

1st Dist.—Francis B. Posey.
2d Dist.—Aden G. Cavins.
3d Dist.—Nicholas R. Peckenaugh.
4th Dist.—John W. Lincoln.
5th Dist.—William P. McNary.
6th Dist.—Benjamin S. Parker.
7th Dist.—William Wallace.
8th Dist.—Ared F. White.
9th Dist.—James Tullis.
10th Dist.—William D. Owen.
11th Dist.—James O'Brien.
12th Dist.—Lindley M. Nind.
13th Dist.—Henry G. Thayer.

THE NEWS HAS THE LARGEST
DAILY CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

It looks well.

ONE mule too many, Mr. Barnum.

A LITTLE chilly for the elephant.

BILL ENGLISH wears red stockings.

DEMOCRATS worked like tigers to-day.

"Buy seven more forgers."—W. H. Barnum.

GLORIOUS day. Garfield will be elected
and a circus is in town.

THE Democrats say they "have hope of
carrying Ohio for Hancock."

THE Republican party this year is not
afflicted with "the scratches."

CARRIAGES with H. E. placards were
out at five o'clock this morning.

SARA BERNHARDT's four half orphan
children, have four different fathers.

ONE family in Albany will deposit thir-
teen ballots for Garfield and Arthur.

It is to be hoped the saloons will re-
main closed until to-morrow morning.

"It is admissible to go anywhere now
with a short dress."—New York Graphic.

ONE of Ohio's Congressmen elect is H. L. Morey. But he never was a shoe-
maker.

THAT forged letter is said to smell very
much like one of Tilden's old cypher dis-
patches.

It looks very much as if little Delaware
scared by the free trade cry, will go Re-
publican.

ENGLISH telegraphed Van Amburgh's
clown to sing the "song of the dying
swan," to-night.

"TAFFY is a local question and should
be left to the candy stores."—Nast's Car-
icature in Harper's Weekly.

BARNUM's forged letter has not proved
half as injurious to Garfield as Hancock's
genuine letters have to himself.

SIXTEEN managers of the coming Lon-
don boat race have been selected, begin-
ning with two lords and ending with two
editors.

GENERAL McCLELLAN was due in Utica
at 11:30 a. m. on Tuesday. He arrived
at 2:54 p. m. Characteristic.—Buffalo Ex-
press.

It is the competition of the cheap labor
of Europe, not that of the Chinese, that
is most dangerous to the American work-
man.

THERE are three million Democrats in
the North.—Cincinnati Enquirer. Hard-
ly worth while to count them until to-
morrow.

"THERE are more things in heaven and
earth, Hancock.
Than are dreamt of in our philosophy."
—New Version Hamlet.

GENERAL HANCOCK has been presented
with a stuffed eagle. The bird was found
frozen to death in Colorado, with its claws
in the flesh of a bullock.—Boston Travel-
ler.

THE ex-rebel officers stood on the wharf
at Brooklyn the other day, while Gen.
Grant rubbed by them followed by five
thousand people cheering for the hero of
Appomattox.

A FORGED letter of General Hancock's
was offered to us by a dark haired, young
man with an eagle eye, a slouched hat,
and a stiletto-style of appearance gener-
ally. We called his attention to the fact
that the signature was written "Hancock."
It wouldn't do.—New York Commercial
Advertiser.

"THE responsibility lies with the man
who appropriated his grandmother's pen-
sion."—Nast's Caricature in Harper's
Weekly.

THE Cincinnati Gazette thinks if the
people elect Hancock and inaugurate a "tariff
for revenue only," there will be no
need of smoke consumers over the chim-
neys of the manufactures.

A LARGE number of Kentuckians are
now scattered through Southern Illinois
and Indiana engaged in "shucking corn."
It is a little early, it is true; but the fact
remains that the shuckers are there.

"Doubt Truth to be a liar.
But never doubt I love."

Had Hamlet lived in the present day he
would never have employed these anti-
thesis. There is no doubt in the world as
to Truth's being a liar.—Pittsburg Gazette.

SOLILOQUY of English, tapping on the
head of his empty barrel, on Tuesday
evening. "Gone, those dollars, at once my
joy and solace, gathered from grand-
mother's pension and many a cherished
mortgage, and what have I got to show?"

BILL ENGLISH, the workingman's friend,
gazing from the barred window of his
humble tenement house, will look upon
the gorgeous sunset on Tuesday evening
and softly sing:

"The sunset of life gives me mystical lore;
And coming events cast their shadows before."

"TARIFF, tariff," said General Hancock,
drawing his corset strings a little tighter,
"seems to me they had it in the Second
Corps once, but the surgeons soon eradicated
it. It was a mere local affair, and did not spread."—Columbus (Ohio) State
Journal.

THE judges at the Boston baby show,
who were selected to decide which were
the handsomest babies, backed clean down
and refused to award the prizes, and rec-
ommended that it be left to a vote of the
visitors. Cautious men. They probably
knew something of a mother whose baby
was slighted, and objected to being made
ball-headed at one fell swoop.

PERIODICALLY Democratic leaders make
it particularly hard for a decent man to be
a Democrat.—Springfield Republican
(Ind. Democrat.)

The present seems to be one of the pe-
riods referred to. "A decent man to be a
Democrat" under the administration of
Barnum and English would have to have
a check of sheet-iron, and then sometimes
it would get red hot with blushes of shame.
—Inter Ocean.

RECENTLY there was an attempt to blow
up the Czar of Russia with dynamite in a
brass cylinder. It is said there were sixty
pounds of it. Careful preparations had
been made to blow the train conveying the
Czar into the air, but a carriage came
along accidentally and broke the connect-
ing wire. So the Czar lived to have a new
wife and a stroke of paralysis, and it is
said to be poisoned also. And yet Russia
is not happy.

THE laws of Tennessee do not allow a
saloon near a school house. Mr. Thomas
Hughes says the only annoying circum-
stance connected with his Tennessee col-
ony thus far was the presence of two
Tennesseans who squatted on a piece of
ground, the title to which was so involved
that it could not be purchased, and opened
a liquor saloon. They
could not be driven away until two Indiana
ladies started a school next door, when, in accordance with the State laws,
the saloon-keepers were obliged to move.

GERTRUDE GARRISON, the talented Chi-
cago correspondent of the Indianapolis
Saturday Review, says of one of our
Hoosiers:

Major O. J. Smith, of the Express, is
another transplanted Indianian. He has
taken firm financial root here, and is flour-
ishing to beat the good old scriptural
green bay tree, green or withered, but I
have Bible for it that flourishes. When
the major moved here a year ago there
were plenty of croakers to predict his pe-
culious ruin. They gave him ninety
days, or six months, to break up in, as
people will time newspaper changes or
ventures. Prophets of evil were plentier
than English sparrows. He didn't break
up. On the contrary he ran the Express
up to a campaign circulation of eighty-four
thousand.

COLONEL G. A. Pierce, editor of the
Inter Ocean might be said to be another
Hoosierdom export, although not a native
of Hoosierdom. He was in the legislature
several years ago. Just now he is enjoy-
ing the glory and the profits of a very suc-
cessful drama, which he has recently written,
entitled "One Hundred Wives." It
is a play illustrating Mormonism, and be-
sides having taken a hold upon the public
as a means of amusement, it is supposed
to have capabilities for stirring the people
up to the point of abolishing the Mormon
domestic system. Mr. J. B. Runnion,
formerly a Terre Haute man, is a partner
in the "One Hundred Wives" drama, and
is also the author of a farce called
"Electric Light," which is being played in
the provinces with success.

HARDING'S NEW PAPER.

We acknowledge the receipt of the
first number of the Saturday Review,
published at Indianapolis by Harding &
Dennis.

It is a six column eight page paper and
if it continues as interesting as the first
number, the people of Indianapolis ought
to pride themselves that they possess such
a paper as the Saturday Review.

Mr. Harding is known all over the north
as one of the most brilliant and daring
writers. Mr. Dennis is almost as equally
well known, and with two such men we
predict for their new venture the most
lattering results.

A Country Editor's Way.

The sayings and doings of the country
editor are not so notable now as days as
in the old times when rural papers were
rarely conducted on a cash basis, and the
plaints of the worried fellow on the tri-
pod, who accepted cordwood or dried
pumpkins or almost anything eatable
or saleable for subscriptions, were fre-
quent and painful and free. Men in des-
perate straits are afflicted with strange
whimsies, and the expression of those
disgusted literary lights were often strikingly
original and exceedingly grotesque.
Now, however, things are different, and
rarely does the country editor excel in
his old specialty. A recent case over in
Kentucky, where an editor "spoke right
out," is, therefore, exceptionally notable.
He was walking recently upon the street,
enjoying the balmy spring atmosphere,
and wondering whether, in the year to
come, his paper would be established
upon a paying basis, when he became
aware of a sudden giggling and tittering
behind him. He turned and saw the
source of the merriment. Two well-
dressed ladies, prominent in the town,
were in his rear, and laughing heartily.
Much to the poor editor's surprise, their
attention seemed especially directed to
some peculiarity about his exterior.
Much twisting and writhing, while grind-
ing out mental productions seated in a
hard bottomed chair, had told upon the
frail texture of his pantaloons, and the
cloth had finally yielded. The editor's
wife—good, thrifty woman—had repaired
the damage as best she could; but, be-
cause new cloth matches poorly with the
old, evidences of her handiwork were all
too plainly visible. Hence the cruel
laughter of the ladies behind the country
editor. The poor man fled to his
office in shame. Then his manhood as-
serted itself, and he sat down upon the
patch and wrote something for the paper.
His next issue contained this paragraph:

"As we walked past a couple of ladies
on the street the other day, one of them,
so we are informed, observed a large
batch on our pants, and made merry
over the discovery. Well, we do wear
old clothes, it is true; but we might af-
ford to treat ourselves to better ones if
the husband of the woman we refer to
would come to the office and pay us \$18,
which he has been owing for a long time
for subscription and job work."

"Doubtless," said a logical old English
clergyman, "God might have made a
better berry than the strawberry, but
doubtless God never did." Doubtless
some country editor might make a point
more neatly, but, doubtless, none ever
did. If that little bill of \$18 was not
settled up within a week after the ap-
pearance of his paper then there is no vir-
tue in pungency. And the occurrence is
a recent and a literal one.—St. Louis Re-
publican.

The Cause of the "Splosion.

"I would invite you to my house, bruder
Jackson," said Deacon Johnson, as
he emerged from church last Sunday
evening, "but I dunno as we'll get any
supper dis night, de cook stove am so
dreadfully out ob repair."

"What's de matter wid de stove?"

"Why, you see cold wedder am com-
in' on, and wood's gettin' skese'n high,
an' I've 'structed de folks to be berry
ekonomical in de usin' ob it. We's
bin' buyin' in small lots, an' la's night,
bein' out ob fuel, I sent one ob my boys
over to a neighbor's to borrow a few
sticks. De man or his family had gone
to bed own' to de lateness ob de hour,
an' dat boy, who would 'spise to do a un-
honest transaction, wrote out his note
for de value ob de wood, an' droppin' it
in a prominent place in de woodshed,
shouldered an' armful an' brought it
home."

"Jess so."

"Well a fire was kindled, de tea-kettle
put on, de ole woman she is gettin' de
supper. All ob a sudden, puff went de
stove, zoom! ke swish, kushush went
something, in' as I tumbled ober I saw
de ole woman makin' for de roof wid de
tea kettle an' de stove plates followin'
her, while de boys an' de gals was as
brack wid smut as de ace ob spades. De
stove's goose was cooked for a fact."

"What's de cause ob de 'splosion?"
"I'm strongly 'clined to believe dat
dar was powder in dat wood, an' dat
powder was done put in dar by dat white
man to ketch some thievlin' darkies wat
nebber buys no wood, an' dressed ef I
don't think dat man 'specks me, kase he
couldn't find dat note, an' won't make
no 'pologies."

"Dat am an outrage."
"For a fact, am' de children's supper
was spiled, too."

A Russian Dance.

They have a peculiar kind of dance,
conducted on the greens of country vil-
lages in Russia. The dancers stand
apart, a knot of young men here, a knot
of maidens there, each sex by itself, and
silent as a crowd of mutes. A piper
breaks into a tune, a youth pulls off his
cap and challenges his girl with a wave
and a bow. If the girl is willing she
waves her handkerchief in token of ass-
ent, the youth advances, takes the corner
of her handkerchief in his hand, and leads
his lady round and round. No
word is spoken and no laugh is heard.

Stiff with cards and rich with braids, the
girl moves heavily by herself, going
round and round, never allowing her
partner to touch her hand. The piper
goes on for hours in the same sad
key and measure; and the prize of
merit in this "circling" as this dance is
called, is given by the spectators to the
lascivious who, in all that summer revelry,
has never spoken and never smiled.

—She lives at Ottawa, Canada, and this
is how she managed it: "She thought it
would be just as well to commence
housekeeping right away, and begin the
New Year with training up a husband in
the way he should go; but her father
thought differently. So she invited all
her friends to the wedding at a certain
church at a given hour. Of course there
was a big crowd, including the angry
father, who was prepared to forbid the
bride with a shot gun. Meanwhile the
young lady and her adored William went
to another church and were quietly mar-
ried, and as they left the sacred edifice
she remarked that where there was a
will there was a way."

Habitual Costiveness

is the bane of nearly every American
woman. From it usually arises those dis-
orders that so surely undermine their health
and strength. Every woman owes it to
her self and to her family to use that cel-
ebrated medicine, Kidney-Wort.

It is the sure remedy for constipation, and
for all disorders of the kidneys and liver.

Try it in liquid or dry form. Equally
efficient in either form.—Boston Sunday
Advertiser.

OLD FROST-CROWNED WINTER IS HERE. SO IS OWEN, PIXLEY & CO.'S

IMMENSE STOCK OF

ULSTERETTES, WHITE SHIRTS,
OVERCOATS, COLORED SHIRTS,

WINTER SUITS, WOOLEN SHIRTS,
WOOLEN UNDERWEAR, NEGLIGEE SHIRTS,

CARDINAL JACKETS, WORK SHIRTS,
Royal Wool Underwear,

Imperial Wool Underwear,

Scotch Wool Underwear,

New Brittan Wool Underwear,

Vicuna Wool Underwear,

A. A., B. B., and X. X. X. Wool Underwear,

Medicated Scarlet wool Underwear,

Neckties, Scarfs, Suspenders, Jewelry,

Wool Hats, Fur Hats, Gloves, etc.,

AT MANUFACTURERS' PRICES.

508 & 510 MAIN STREET, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

GRAND VARIETY CONCERT