

DAILY NEWS

E. P. BEAUCHAMP, Editor and Proprietor.

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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. Peckenpaugh.
4th Dist.—John W. Linck.
5th Dist.—William P. McNary.
6th Dist.—Benjamin S. Parker.
7th Dist.—William Wallace.
8th Dist.—Ard F. White.
9th Dist.—James Tullis.
10th Dist.—William D. Owen.
11th Dist.—James O'Brien.
12th Dist.—Lindley M. Ninde.
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 thirteen ballots for Garfield and Arthur.

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

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

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 dispatches.

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

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."—Nash's Caricature 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 London boat race have been selected, beginning 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 Express.

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

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

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Hancock. There 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 Traveler.

TEX 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 generally. 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 pension."—Nash'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 chimneys of the manufactories.

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.

"Don't Trust to be a liar."

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

SOLLOQUY 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 down and refused to award the prizes, and recommended 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 periods 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 connecting 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 circumstance connected with his Tennessee colony 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 Chicago correspondent of the Indianapolis Saturday Review, says of one of our Hoosiers:

Major O. J. Smith, of the Express, is another transplanted Indian. He has taken firm financial root here, and is flourishing to beat the good old scriptural green bay tree, green or withered. When the major moved here a year ago, there were plenty of croakers to predict his pecuniary 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 enjoying the glory and the profits of a very successful drama, which he has recently written, entitled "One Hundred Wives." It is a play illustrating Mormonism, and besides 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. Rannion, 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 west 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 flattering results.

A Country Editor's Way.

The sayings and doings of the country editor are not so notable now a days as in the old times when rural papers were rarely conducted on a cash basis, and the plights of the worried fellow on the tripod, who accepted cordwood or dried pumpkins or almost anything eatable or saleable for subscriptions, were frequent and painful and free. Men in desperate straits are afflicted with strange whimsies, and the expression of those disgraced 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 grinding 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, because 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 asserted itself, and he set 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 catch on our pants, and made merry over the discovery. Well, we do wear old clothes, it is true; but we might afford 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 appearance of his paper then there is no virtue in pendency. And the occurrence is a recent and a literal one.—St. Louis Republican.

The Cause of the 'Splosion.

"I would invite you to my house, brudder 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 stobe am so dreffully out ob repair."

"What's de matter wid de stobe?" "Why, you see cold wedder am comin' on, and wood's gettin' skeer an' high, an' I've 'structed de folks to be berry eknomical in de usin' ob it. We'se bin buyin' in small lots, an' las' night, bein' out ob fuel, I sent one ob my boys ober to de neighbor's to borrow a few sticks. De man or his family had gone to bed, an' de lateness ob de hour, an' dat boy, who would 'spise to do a un-fonest transaction, wrote out his note for de value ob de wood, an' droppin' it in a prominent place in de woodshed, shouldered an' arnful an' brought it home."

"Jess so." "Well a fire was kindled, de fea-kettle put on, de ole woman she is gittin' de supper. All ob a sudden, puff went de stobe, zoon; ke swish, kushush went something, an' as I tumbled ober I saw de ole woma n' makin' for de roof wid de tea kettle a' de stobe plates followin' her, while de boys an' de gals was as brack wid smut as de ace ob spades. De stobe's goose was cooked for a fact." "What was de cause ob de 'splosion?" "I'm strongly 'clined to believe dat dar was powder in dat wood, an' dat de powder was done put in dar by dat white man to ketch some thev'ins' darkeys wid nebbes buys no wood, an' bressed 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, an' de children's supper was spoiled, too."

A Russian Dance.

They have a peculiar kind of dance, conducted on the greens of country villages 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 assent, 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. Still 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 droning 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 lassie 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 different. 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 bans with a shot gun. Meanwhile the young lady and her adored William went to another church and were quietly married, and as they left the sacred edifice she remarked that where there was a Will there was a way."

Habitual Constipation

is the bane of nearly every American woman. From it usually arises those disorders that so surely undermine their health and strength. Every woman owes it to herself and to her family to use that celebrated 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 effective in either form.—Boston Sunday Budget.

OLD FROST-CROWNED WINTER

IS HERE. SO IS

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ULSTERETTES, WHITE SHIRTS,
OVERCOATS, COLORED SHIRTS,
WINTER SUITS, WOOLEN SHIRTS,
WOOLEN UNDERWEAR, NEGLIGEE SHIRTS,
CARDINAL JACKETS, WORK SHIRTS,
Royal Wool Underwear,
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KIDNEY-WORT

THE ONLY MEDICINE

That Acts at the Same Time on
THE LIVER,
THE BOWELS,
and the KIDNEYS.

These great organs are the natural cleansers of the system. If they work well, heart, lungs, and all the organs are sure to follow with health and vigor. If they become clogged, dreadful diseases are sure to follow with health and vigor.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING.
Biliousness, Headache, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Constipation and Piles, or Kidney Complaints, Gravel, Diabetes, Sediment in the Urine, Milky or Ropy Urine; or Rheumatic Pains and Aches, are developed because the blood is poisoned with the humors that should have been expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT
will restore the healthy action and all these destroying evils will be banished; neglect them and you will live but to suffer. Thousands have been cured. Try it and you will add one more to the number. Take it and health will once more gladden your heart.

Why suffer longer from the torment of an aching back?
Why bear such distress from Constipation and Piles?
Why be so fearful because of disordered urine?

KIDNEY-WORT will cure you. Try a package at once and be satisfied.

It is a dry vegetable compound and One Package makes a quart of Medicine. Your Druggist has it, or will get it for you. Insist upon having it. Price, \$1.25.

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Liquid

In response to the urgent requests of great numbers of people who prefer to purchase Kidney-Wort absolutely pure, the proprietors of this celebrated remedy now prepare it in liquid form as well as dry. It is very convenient, it puts up in large bottles, and is equally efficient as that put up dry in the can. It saves the necessity of preparing, and is always ready, and is more easily taken by most people. Price, \$1 per bottle.

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FLAGG'S IMPROVED PATENT LIVER PAD!

NEVER GETS HARD.
CAN BE MADE ANY STRAIGHT DESIRED. LASTS TWICE AS LONG.

Disease Cured without Drugging the System.

Chills and Fever,
Liver Complaint,
Dyspepsia,
Headache,
Nervousness,
Rheumatism,
Constipation,
Female Weakness,
Sick & Nervous Headache.

These Pads Cure all Diseases by Absorption. No Noxious Pills, Oils, or Potions are taken into the stomach. The Pads are worn over the liver, drawing out the impurities. A goodly number of testimonials are sent upon request. Send for them at once. Price of Pad, 50 cents. Price of Pad and Case, \$1.00. Sold by all Druggists, or sent by Mail.

\$500 Reward

OVER A LION'S PUPP. Prof. Gullmette's French Kidney Pad. Have been sold in country as France, even of which I am in perfect fact, and performed every time used according to directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting that we will pay the above reward for a single cure.

LAME BACK

That the pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will positively and permanently cure Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Urine, Pain in the Back, Side or Loins, Nervousness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by acute disease or otherwise.

Ladies, if you are suffering from Weakness, Leucorrhoea, or any disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs, you can be cured!

Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by wearing

PROF. GULMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for Prof. Gullmette's French Kidney Pad, and take no other if he has not sent \$2.00 and you will receive the Pad by mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE
Judge Buchanan, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Gullmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time, case had been given up by the best Doctors curable. During all this time I suffered agony and large sums of money. I was cured by wearing Prof. Gullmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

Quire N. Scott, Sylvania, O., writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 10 years, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks time was unable to get out of bed; took bar medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I was cured by wearing Prof. Gullmette's French Kidney Pad one month."

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Prof. Gullmette's French Liver Pad will positively cure Fever and Ague, De Ague, Ague Cake, Biliousness, Jaundice, peptic, and all diseases of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Price \$1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Gullmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, by mail.

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THIS PAPER may be found on the 10th of November, 1880, at the office of the Editor, E. P. Beauchamp, at Terre Haute, Ind. It contains a full and complete list of the names of the subscribers to the paper, and is a valuable document to all who are interested in the paper.