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—BY THE—

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DOUGLAS H. SMITH,
Managing Editor.

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1889.

Gov. LOWRY has Sullivan at a disadvantage. He cannot fight the law with his fists.

ACCORDING to the dispatches Sullivan has been "put in the jug." It is usually the other way.

BILL NYE says the beauty of classical music is that it really is so much better than it sounds.

It is said the "ballet trust" will build a large factory for the manufacture of the Brown-Sequard elixir of life.

AFTER next Saturday the dogs will have no show at all for they will be muzzled as tight as a partisan newspaper.

IS THIS quarrel between Postmaster-General Wanamaker and President Green the first step toward a government telegraph?

HON. WILL CUMBACK is lecturing upon "The Common Man." He will have no trouble in finding plenty of illustrations of his subject.

If the objection is made that Chicago has not room enough for the World's Fair she will reach down into Illinois and annex a few more counties.

WHEN the poet of to-day thinks over his numerous discouragements he would like to understand how Tennyson has lived through eighty years of it.

The reports of last night's council meeting show that no measures were taken for retrenchment of the city expenses. Their motto seems to be, "Not this evening, some other evening."

The directors of the Ellsworth well contemplate sending an agent to the Paris exposition for the purpose of securing the latest improvement in "packers" in order to pack the water out of the well and give the gas a chance.

These ladies are very much interested in the seal fisheries question. They do not understand the points in dispute, but they think if it is going to affect the supply or the price of sealskin cloaks they ought to have some say in the matter.

CARTER HARRISON, ex-mayor of Chicago, is to deliver an anniversary oration at the Bethesda pool, Waukesha. It will be necessary for an angel to step down and purify the waters afterward in order that their healing qualities may be restored.

ALAS, that all our hopes of oil should thus far be realized only in the odor that arises from the Dial well. Much sentiment has been written in regard to the memories that are aroused by a perfume. Yes, yes, we know just how it is ourselves.

THREE ship loads of tea have just arrived at Puget Sound. Shall the women of Washington Territory imitate their forefathers and proceed to pitch it overboard in order to emphasize the fact that they do not propose to pay tribute without representation?

A story comes from Kearney, Neb., that the petrified remains of a man has been found in the hand of which were clasped nine diamonds as large as Lima beans. Such a "grab" as that would petrify any man, indeed the yarn itself has that effect upon the reader.

It seems very funny to read that in order to compliment that old general, his grandmother, the emperor of Germany should have conferred upon her the command of the Dragoon Guards of Berlin. How will she command her troops, by telegraph or by proxy? And what is the salary?

JOE HOWARD says that everytime James Gordon Bennett meets a prominent newspaper man he offers him the managing editorship of the New York Herald. As some of our local contemporaries will be cutting down expenses shortly in order to make both extremities come in contact, it might be well for Mr. Bennett to keep his eye on Terre Haute.

THE Lafayette Journal emphatically denies the right of Allen Thorndike Rice to be called "a model American citizen" if for no other reason than because he lived and died a bachelor. There is much truth in this. No man can be considered a success who has left no posterity and

yet some men would be counted a greater success if their posterity were of a little different quality.

WITH every newspaper in the country condemning "trusts" in the most emphatic manner there is scarcely a day that does not witness the formation of another of these iniquities. It is the province of the papers to create a vigorous public opinion against this evil; it is the duty of the people to make it an issue in the election of legislators; and it must be the business of the latter to meet these trusts with the only force that can conquer them, a law that cannot be evaded.

A WRITER in Demorest's Monthly gives as the ten most distinguished living poets among women, Julia Ward Howe, Celia Thaxter, Edith M. Thomas, Julia C. R. Dorr, Lucy Larcom, Louise Chandler Moulton, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Margaret Deland, Frances L. Mace and Louise Imogen Guiney. The two latter must be new discoveries or else particular friends of the writer who wishes to give them a boom. Mrs. Deland is the author of John Ward, Preacher, a most vigorous piece of prose. According to this article we have no poetesses in the West. This must be because our western women are in such demand for wives and marriage takes all the poetry out of them.

YESTERDAY was the 80th birthday of the poet laureate of England, Alfred Tennyson. To be a poet laureate means to be compelled to write a poem whenever her Majesty orders one, and as the subjects are not usually very inspiring, being principally anniversaries of birth, marriage or death, it is not easy to prepare an immortal poem on every occasion. Tennyson has done much better than any of his contemporaries across the water would have been able to do. The American would have felt compelled occasionally to have indulged his wit and had a little fun at the expense of her Honor to have dropped into the truth and stated a few facts about the royal family, either of which escapades would have lost him his job. It must, however, be said of Tennyson that he has written some of the most perfect, polished and beautiful poems in the English language, displaying not only poetic genius but a rare scholarship. Mr. Tennyson has earned the right to rest on his laurels, which at his age, cannot be increased by a single leaf. America will not yield to England in her appreciation and profound reverence for the poet-laureate.

THE DAILY NEWS called the attention of the public to the rank growth of weeds in some portions of the city, and also to the stagnant pools of water. Acting upon the suggestions of the News a resolution was passed by the city council, last night, ordering property owners to cut down weeds and instructing the street commissioner to drain all pools. The health board report made such recommendations, and set forth that the health of the city was never better. However, the need of taking precautions is recognized and the health board and council are to be commended for their action. The next thing in order is the rigid enforcement of the resolutions. There are many resolutions passed by the city council which are dead letters before the ink is dry. What is needed is a thorough shaking up of officials and employees who are responsible for such negligence. The council will do well to look into such matters. Passing an order is one thing. Enforcing is entirely different. The orders to cut down the weeds and the drainage of pools should be instances of strict compliance with the will of the council, and each succeeding order should be enforced.

JOAQUIN BELIEVES IN DULUTH.

CHICAGO WILL BE THE GREATEST CITY FOR A TIME, BUT ITS SCEPTER WILL PASS.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, is stopping at the Leland and will be in Chicago for two weeks. He is preparing articles on the different Western cities for an Eastern newspaper.

"I see," he said, "Chicago is about to build the drainage canal. What old days that recalls to me. Fifteen years I wrote with all the vigor I had for the Hennepin canal, I walked the route for thirty miles. I knew Chicago needed it and does need it. This lake is your baptismal font. The pollution of its waters is almost desecration, and not only does the city need a drainage canal, but the time will come when she will have the ship channel. Who doubts it? Chicago will be the largest city of the United States and then in turn must give up to Duluth. I mean it: Duluth will some day as surely rob Chicago of its glory as New York absorbed the commercial prestige of Boston."

THE MODERN DEMANDS OF THE SABBATH.

It is seldom that a city judge turns out to be a positive genius; but that is precisely the description of the Cincinnati judge, who, in a recent Sunday closing suit, pronounced ice-cream a public necessity, and ordered the discharge of the confectioner arrested for selling it on the day of rest. This is common sense and something more; it recognizes the modern demands of the Sabbath. We do not have manna and quails showered down as the Jews did whose Sabbath we have borrowed and amended; and in all ways we live differently from them. No more are the regulations of the Puritans suitable for us. Ice cream is, in fact, a requisite to the comfort and health of those who have toiled for six days and wish for genuine rest. Judge Emerstein has a sound head and abundant courage—Globe-Democrat.

A POLITE CAT KILLER.

The following notice appears in the Tekonska (Mich.) News: "To owners of cats—I have again commenced my annual cat slaughter, and will keep it up during the season of breeding small chicks. All our chicks have a cash value of fifty cents each when first from the shell. Have lost a number of chicks on account

of cats, and a number of cats have been lost on account of chicks. Yours for chickens and death to cats." —W. L. Robinson."

WEDNESDAY WIT.

Mr. S.—"Waiter, take this stuff away; I'd just as lief eat so much garbage!" Waiter (who has heard him before)—"Yessah. But dar's no 'countin' for tastes, sah!" —L. W. Weekly.

Overwork—Polite doctor (cautiously)—"Your husband is suffering from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants—it is, ahem, a little difficult to tell which." Anxious wife—"Oh, it's overwork. Why, he can't even go to the theater without rushing out half a dozen times to see his business partners." —N. Y. Weekly.

Humorist's wife—"What in the world are you sending all these mother-in-law and plumber jokes to the Daily Blowhard for? They are as old as the hills." "Yes, my dear; but the editor who selects the humorous matter for the paper is a young fellow just out of college, and they'll all be new to him." —N. Y. Weekly.

Mrs. De Fury (with her company smile on): "Can it be possible! And so the Jinksons have quarreled?" Mrs. Gadauton: "Yes, indeed; regular separation." Mrs. De Fury: "Well, really! I can not imagine how married people can act so. Why, my husband and I are just as devoted to each other as we ever were—never have a word." Poll parrot (in next room): "Brute! Brute! Brute! I'll go right home to mother—New York Tribune."

Custom-house inspector (after examining baggage of returned European tourist which contained dresses, wraps and numerous other dutiable presents (?)) for friends at home: "Your baggage is all right, sir." Returned tourist (thrusting his right hand in his trousers pocket): "Thanks!" Custom-house inspector (sotto voce): "No, not here. Give me your address and I will call on you to-morrow." —New York Times.

SAVED HER CHILD.

The Ingenuity of a Mother Whose Babe Was in Danger.

A most remarkable rescue from death took place at the farm of Wendell Russell, about three miles from Venice, Ill., the other afternoon, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Mr. Russell had removed the pump from the well to make some repairs and had partially covered the aperture with boards. A little four-year-old boy playing in the vicinity got on these boards and fell through, one of the boards going with him. His mother heard his cries and rushed to the rescue. There was about twelve feet of water in the well, and the distance from the top to the surface of the water was about fifteen feet. She could see the little one clinging to the board and floating on the water. No assistance was at hand and she was thrown on her own resources. Her wits worked quickly and she acted with great promptness. Securing a stout rope water she fastened one end of it tightly about the body of her nine-year-old daughter and then let her down to the water, where she grabbed the little one and shouted to her mother to pull her up. Her mother could not do it. While it was a comparatively easy matter to lower the girl steadily and to hold her it was quite another thing to haul her up, and the mother's strength was not equal to the task. She, however, found a way out of the dilemma. With a few words of encouragement to her loved one clinging to each other just above the surface of the water, she made the rope fast above and ran to get a ladder that was leaning against the house. This she let down the well, but it reached only a little below the surface of the water, and there was nothing for it to rest on. She secured a stout piece of timber and placed it across the top of the well between the top rounds of the ladder, thus giving it a firm support, though the lower end swung in a manner somewhat dangerous to an unsteady climber. Then she took the rope by which her daughter was suspended and swung her to the ladder. The girl seized the ladder with her left hand, and with her little brother tightly clasped by her right arm, climbed the ladder, assisted by her mother with the rope. Both were brought up safely, and the only injuries sustained were a few bruises and a thorough ducking to the little ones.

"He will take the queen," commented the spectators, anxiously.

"Then he will be checkmated in eight moves," whispered back Reschid Aga.

"And if he doesn't take her?"

"He will lose his own," said the ex-champion, triumphantly.

The stranger moved a pawn. Sulejmann took his queen. The officers thought it was all up with the gaunt young man and started back to their coffee. They were called back, however, by the first words the Pasha's opponent had spoken since he sat down to the table.

"Pasha, in twelve moves you will be checkmated."

The interest of the Pasha's friends became intense. They counted each move aloud.

One—two—three—four—and the Pasha was already hard pushed. Five—six—seven—eight—nine—and his men were hemmed in on all sides. Ten—the Pasha tried in vain to break the blockade by sacrificing his queen. Eleven—and he drew back his king to a corner. Twelve—and the stranger cried out: "Checkmate."

There was a dead silence and all stared at the Pasha. He thought hard for several minutes without uttering a word. Then he looked searching into the stranger's face and said:

"Once before I have seen chess played by you. It is not equal to the task. She, however, found a way out of the dilemma. With a few words of encouragement to her loved one clinging to each other just above the surface of the water, she made the rope fast above and ran to get a ladder that was leaning against the house. This she let down the well, but it reached only a little below the surface of the water, and there was nothing for it to rest on. She secured a stout piece of timber and placed it across the top of the well between the top rounds of the ladder, thus giving it a firm support, though the lower end swung in a manner somewhat dangerous to an unsteady climber. Then she took the rope by which her daughter was suspended and swung her to the ladder. The girl seized the ladder with her left hand, and with her little brother tightly clasped by her right arm, climbed the ladder, assisted by her mother with the rope. Both were brought up safely, and the only injuries sustained were a few bruises and a thorough ducking to the little ones.

The Pasha stopped a moment to scrutinize the stranger's face. It was expressionless. Then he continued:

"Young man, you remind me of that great chess-player from the North who was all but beaten at Nizib, as you have routed me here. Young man, only one man in the world can play chess like that. He is Colonel von Moltke."

"You have it," answered the stranger, regaling the Pasha his hand. "I am Moltke."

TO SUCH BASE USES HAS IT COME.

It is not generally known that a newspaper in classical Latin is published fortnightly in Italy. Its editor is Carlo Arigo Ulrichi, a young scholar of Italian parentage on one side and of German parentage on the other, and he has the assistance of several learned contributors in both nations. It is full of anecdotes, jokes and verses in classical dress.

For 10 cents per week you can keep informed.

NORTHERN INDIANA IMITATORS OF SAM JONES.

The mania in ministerial circles of this part of the state, for the next few months, will be an effort to imitate Sam Jones.

The attempt will not be general; it will be chiefly confined to renters and snorters who are liberally equipped with tongue, but rather scantly supplied with brains. —South Bend Times.

A SMART ALLIGATOR.

He Is Fond of Cider and Music and Very Easy to Teach.

A few weeks ago, says the Eustis (Fla.) Lake Region, an alligator about four feet long was captured by Dan Warner on the sidewalk in the most thickly settled portion of our city. Dan felt as soon as he saw the young saurian that it possessed unusual intelligence, and set about to teach him. It is perfectly wonderful the progress "John"—the great alligator—has made.

The bakeshop is to him a revelation. He will, after the bread has been taken from the pans, take the utensils and pile them in the corner as neatly as a boy could do.

The first trick he learned was to stand on his tail and hind feet. It is pathetic to see him as he assumes the position and crosses his fore feet over his breast, awaiting the loaf which is given him as a reward for his skill.

He is very fond of cider, and Schmidt & Warner have found it necessary to place the barrel beyond his reach, as he has half a dozen times turned the faucet. The boys do not mind a single glass, but he does not seem to have learned the art of cutting it off, and has not discovered until a gallon or more had been wasted.

The music by the band pleased him hugely, and he will be in front of the band room every practice night until the last note is heard. His harness will not be done for another week, but Dan is confident he will drive well. Dan has given him a huge palm-leaf fan, and he handles this with the utmost grace in keeping off the flies, which seem to annoy him excessively.

PA DON'T COUNT.

Boston Sutor—And now many I ask your father for your hand in marriage, get so wet?

Little Dick—That's perspiration—runn'n away from bad boys wot wanted me to disobey you an' go in swimmin'—New York Weekly.

PA DON'T COUNT.

Boston Sutor—And now many I ask your father for your hand in marriage, get so wet?

Chicago Bud—Better ask ma. What she says goes—The Epoch.

Send your name as a subscriber.

Try the want column of the Daily News.

A GAME OF CHESS.

The Young Man Who Beat Sulejmann Half a Century Ago.

How Egypt's Most Famous Warrior and Champion Chess Player Made the Acquaintance of the Great Strategist of the North.

On a summer afternoon, almost fifty years ago, Sulejmann Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian artillery, sat at coffee in a cafe on the Nile terrace in Cairo, says the New York Sun. At tables near him were many soldiers who had helped him fight the armies of Sultan Mahmud not many months before. Several of them had been with him in the battle of Nizib, when he routed the Turkish armies under Hafiz Pasha and Colonel von Moltke, then in the Sultan's service. But Sulejmann Pasha was not thinking of the soldiers about him, nor of Hafiz Pasha, nor Colonel von Moltke, nor the great battle of Nizib. His whole attention was concentrated on the chessboard before him.

Sulejmann Pasha was a famous chess player. In the first few weeks after his return to Cairo he had beaten dozens of times Ulens Reschid Aga, formerly the champion chess player of Northern Egypt. He regarded his reputation as a chess player as somewhat akin to his reputation as a warrior. He considered chess to be pre-eminently a soldier's game, and never tired of making elaborate comparisons between strategy on the chess board and strategy on the field of battle. Every afternoon he met Ulens Reschid Aga at the cafe on the Nile terrace and beat him two or three games.

On this particular afternoon almost fifty years ago Ulens Reschid Aga was a little late in coming to his waterloo and Sulejmann Pasha was having a preliminary skirmish with himself while awaiting his opponent's arrival. His diversion was interrupted by the appearance on the terrace