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MONDAY, AUGUST 12, 1889.

CHICAGO does not want the world, it only wants the world's fair.

We are bound to have something and if we can't get natural gas or oil we will take water gas and lower rates.

RETURNS from the recent school elections in Kansas show that over 50,000 women have voted. "Women would not vote if they had the chance."

Our physicians are behind the times in adopting the "hanging treatment" for their patients. It has been decided that electricity is an easier mode of death.

The advantages of advertising were illustrated in the case of Dr. Gifford, who advertised in Thursday's papers that he had 200 fine parrots for sale and that night some thief came around and took 60 of them.

SEVERAL new flying machines have been reported in the last few days. If the Brown-Sequard elixir proves a success our only opportunity of getting above the clouds will be to take our chances in the flying machine.

At 10 a.m. on a dull day when some state officials announced the discovery of oil, the Maybrick case continues to stir up England from center to circumference. Monster indignation meetings are being held and petitions rolled up. Whether this succeeds in saving the life of Mrs. Maybrick or not it will call attention in a forcible manner to several outrageous features of the English law, one of which is that no prisoner is allowed to testify in his or her own behalf. Another is that while the thief who steals a sixpence may secure a new trial, he who is convicted of murder has no appeal from the verdict of the jury. The only avenue of escape rests in a pardon from the Home Secretary. Another inquiry lies in the divorce law which makes it practically impossible for a wife to secure a divorce with the privilege of re-marriage and her only chance is in killing off the husband. The Maybrick trial will give an impetus to a speedy revision of the English law.

and the meeting adjourned with all parties covered with glory and nobody hurt. These little spurs of southern chivalry are very amusing. In the oil vernacular they are a species of "marsh gas."

A SPECIAL from Purvis, Miss., reports the sheriff of that place as saying that Kilrain would doubtless surrender himself there for trial. If Kilrain is as smart as we think he is he will keep at a safe distance from Governor Lowry until he sees whether Sullivan is put to work on the roads. Your pugilist has a deep-seated dislike to any kind of honest labor. He is willing to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, but he prefers that sweat to result from fighting, not working.

The temptation is very strong these warm Sunday mornings to find some excuse for staying home from church, but if the minister is courageous enough to forgo his vacation and try to keep his flock together it seems the congregation should feel under unusual obligations to show their appreciation. However, it will be pretty hard to convince the average member that any particular harm would result in allowing both pastor and people a rest of a few Sundays. The sinners will not go to church during dog days and the righteous may be safely trusted for awhile without watching.

HARROWING reports from the coke regions of Pennsylvania show that the Hungarian miners cannot be made to understand that the strike is ended in a manner satisfactory to the workingmen. All they know is that they have an opportunity of indulging their brutal propensities for fighting and plundering and they take advantage of it. It is doubtful if the proprietors are entitled to any sympathy. With more than enough Americans to supply the demand for labor the practice of importing large numbers of the lowest and most vicious class of foreigners cannot be too severely condemned. They are a standing menace to the interests of the workingmen and one of the most difficult factors in the solution of the labor problem.

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MONDAY'S MIRTH.

Now that bustles have gone out of style heroines in fiction can resume the habit of falling with a dull thud.—Philadelphia Press.

Omaha housewife: "Now, if I should employ you world be willing to stay at home afternoons when I want to go out?" Applicant for place: "Yes, I'll do the same when I want to go."—Omaha World-Herald.

Messenger (going through western railway train): "Want dinner at Scrogs' Corners?" Starving passenger: "Indeed I do." Messenger: "One dollar, please." Passenger: "What do you want pay in advance for?" Messenger: "Sometimes the train is late an' don't stop."—New York Weekly.

Convalescent: "But, doctor, my poor health has rendered me so irritable and cranky that I am unfit for working among my fellowmen." Doctor: "Nonsense, man. You are just fitted for a position at the postoffice window or railway ticket office. They employ only such.—Omaha World-Herald.

"William!" exclaimed Mrs. Highstrung, as she laid down the paper. "There's likely to be war with England over the Bering Sea." "What do I care?" growled her spouse, who took no interest in military matters. "I don't care what you care or don't care," returned Mrs. Highstrung, with some vehemence. "This war is about seals, and if England wins they can charge any price they please for sealskin saucers, and I ain't got one yet. If a war breaks out you've got to go and fight for y'r country, d'ye hear?"—New York Weekly.

THE LATEST FAD.

Again, let us see what our little people are up to in this warm weather in other directions. They have discovered a new elixir of life. Of course man is not superstitious, but he has been hunting that elixir ever since he has advanced enough to stand upon his hind legs. When alcohol was discovered it was hailed as the elixir of life and named "eau de vie." But it has proven to be the water of death instead. Some of these old people who are falling over each other in their struggle to get some extract of a pup or pig injected into their ancient circulation are the same persons who a few years ago solemnly lugged home plates of blue glass and sat for hours where the sun could fall upon them through this azure medium, because they had been informed that sunlight through blue glass would restore youth.—F. D. Mussey.

A TENOR'S SICK SPELL.

Wife, at the opera: Mr. Blueyes, the tenor, didn't do that love scene well at all. Wonder he's sick? Husband—Perhaps he is. The prima donna sat at the table next to ours at the hotel and I noticed that she ate nine raw onions.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ONLY THE RICH CAN LIVE FOREVER.

Now, as long as Dr. Brown-Sequard's rejuvenation requires the

cost of a whole sheep to make one injection of young life of a few hours' or days effect, it will be too much like the burning of Chinese houses to make real pigs ever become a practically valuable addition to the physiological resources of science. Only the rich can afford to lengthen their lives in that way—another of the developments that go to increase the differences between capital and labor—the poor must die, as of old, when their time comes.

FOR THE STRONG MINDED.

The New England Women's Press Association numbers almost a hundred members.

Boston University has graduated 478 doctors of medicine, nearly one-half of whom are women.

Louise M. Alcott's biography and Harriet Beecher Stowe's biography are to come out in September.

The historical pageant in Hartford, Conn., will be given as a testimonial to Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The marchioness of Dufferin has received from a New York man a gift of \$500 for the fund to supply India with women physicians.

A ladies' association for the promotion of the silk industry is to be formed in England, under Lady Edgerton. An exhibition of silk stuffs will be held in London next spring.

At Madison, Wis., Herman Frisch was sentenced by Judge Stewart to twenty years in the penitentiary for assaulting a 6-year-old girl. Slowly but surely these aggravated crimes are receiving more adequate punishment.

The city council of Chicago has authorized the commissioner of health to employ five women as sanitary police, to inspect factories and tenements. The Illinois Woman's Alliance has worked hard for this ordinance, and by dint of much patience and persistence succeeded in having it brought up last week Friday.

Ioowa a married woman has every legal right that her husband has. She can make contracts with him or any other person; sue or be sued; sue her husband; transact business in her own name and right; receive and recover compensation for her own services rendered, outside of the family; hold any public office to which she may be elected; in fact, do all things her husband may lawfully do, except vote.

PECULIARITIES OF GLADSTONE.

The life of the ex-premier is very simple, as his son said. He rises at 6:30, or perhaps a little later in winter, and at once puts on the clothes that he is to wear during the day. Unlike most Englishmen, he will have nothing to do with dressing gowns, morning robes, breakfast jackets and the like, but he puts on his heavy frock suit at once. He is exceedingly shy of new clothes, like many other great men, and Mrs. Gladstone uses an amazing amount of diplomacy in getting new garments on the spare frame of her liege lord. He has a fondness for a rusty coat. A morning is usually selected, when the ex-premier has a very busy day before him, he is called late, his new clothes are laid out, and if he discovers that there is the gloss of freshness on them he is told that the old suit has been sent to the cleaner's. But from the cleaner's it never comes home. The care that is exercised in this minor detail of Mr. Gladstone's life, is indicative of the continual and watchful service which his wife always renders. She lives with him entirely, accompanies him on all his journeys, sits on the platform when he speaks and stands by his side when he undergoes the periods of fatigue known as "receptions," and shakes hands with thousands of actual or possible Liberal voters after a speech.—Blakely Hall.

COMFORT FOR THE BIO-NOSED.

The friends of a big-nosed man should never despair. If it is above the average of other noses there is always hope. I am a convert to the belief that men with big noses have come to town to stay. The very largest nose I ever saw belongs to the otherwise insignificant countenance of Mr. Gladstone. It is not a drooping, sagacious nose like Evans', nor a heavy, majestic organ like Blaine's. Boulanger's nose is thin all the way down the bridge until it expands into a white and solid looking bulb at the end, while Gould's begins bulkily at the eyebrows but tapers off into a long, sharp point. Gould gets money; Boulanger spends it. It would be interesting to know whether the noses of financiers run to points and spend-thrifts to knobs.—Blakely Hall.

SAGE ADVICE TO RURAL GIRLS.

Those young fellows who stand in front of public buildings to show their shape, and those who stand sneaking near the church or school house door to sort of catch a glimpse or catch on as you start home are not the ones you should marry, girls. They will do for you to ruin yourselves with or to split your reputation on, but boys who have the stuff in them, that make moral lovers and desirable husbands, do not do things that way. If you have a higher aim than rubbing hair oil marks from the best dress you wear, or doing double work in after years for your board, be scarce with out-door waiters.—Sardinia, Ohio, Sentinel.

A WEASEL AND SEVEN WOMEN.

A weasel came down the hill and went into the sitting room of Edward Aronsmith in Easton, Pa., a couple of days ago. No man being handy seven women of the neighborhood armed themselves with poker, canes, etc., and entered the room. There was a faint squeak in one corner, and seven women jumped on chairs and screamed. Their united screams so terrified the weasel that it ran out of doors and was killed by a sick dog that was lying out in the sun.

SPRINT OF THE NEW YORK PRESS.

What amazing cheek! Here is the Chicago Tribune talking about "the scheme of the New York speculators and politicians to steal the world's fair from Chicago!" Great Jupiter! When did Chicago's bankrupt grain speculators, dead-beat real estate boomers, red-eyed anarchists and Joliet-bound politicians have a world's fair to steal? Where did they get it?—World-Herald.

GO AWAY FROM HOME TO GET THE NEWS.

The New York Times says "there is no worse place in the country for judging of the state of public sentiment on political matters than the city of Washington, and no persons so blinded to its actual condition as those connected with the National Administration. The real state of public sentiment is something that official Washington know nothing of."

POOR JOHN ASTOR.

A Member of the Wealthy Family Who Has Had Hard Luck.

John Astor, of 418 East Sixteenth street, is a member of the famous Astor family, whose aggregated wealth in New York amounts to some \$300,000,000. John Astor's appearance, education, business, and mode of life, however, give no indication of the kinship, writes the Boston Herald's New York correspondent. His income is rarely more than \$8 or \$9 a week, and he earns it by making cigars nine hours every day in an East side factory. He lives in two rooms in the rear of a crowded tenement house. His bedroom is little larger than an ordinary wardrobe. In his best room are no valent carpets, nor old masters' pictures, nor editions of books d' luxe, nor Italian bric-a-brac. A stout rug half covers the clean hemlock floor. A few tea chromos and half a dozen cheap prints of German landscapes are on the walls. A small cooking stove occupies the space reserved by the other Astors for a tiled fireplace. Some big seashells on the mantelpiece, and a stone china wash-bowl and pitcher on a pine shelf in a corner are the only substitutes for bric-a-brac. A copy of Volks-Zeitung, the socialistic newspaper of New York, is about the only bit of reading which finds its way into the room. Altogether, the furniture of Mr. Astor's two little apartments would not bring him enough at auction to buy the brown stone steps before the residence of John A. Astor on Fifth avenue.

The writer found Mr. Astor in his shirt sleeves at the window of his best room.

There was a three-quarter "growler" on the table before him, a corncock pipe in his mouth and the Volks-Zeitung on his knee.

His shirt was not clean. He recited his claims to a place in Mr. McAllister's "Four Hundred," laboriously, wearily, unwillingly and exactly. Though he owns but a very small twig of the Astor family tree, he knows just where the twig is and how it grew. His grandfather and the original John Jacob Astor were first cousins, and lived within a few rods of each other many years ago in Waldorf, Baden. They and their families were as thoroughly intimate as relatives in Germany usually are. John Jacob Astor came to America before John Astor was born. In 1862 John Astor's father sent him from Waldorf to New York, with the admonition that he should seek the help of his relatives here, and make money as they had made.

"I have been in New York ever since," said John Astor, slowly. "I have seen John J. Astor twice, once in his summer garden and once in his office. The last time he gave me five dollars. The Astors here don't know me, and I don't know them."

In the early part of the seventeenth John Astor was well-to-do. He owned a cigar-store with a good trade. He fell ill, however, and his business went to pieces.

It was shortly before he was sold out in 1876 that he says, when John J. Astor helped him with a five-dollar bill. For the last twelve years he has been a journeyman cigar-maker. He is phenomenally phlegmatic. One evening early in this month, when he returned home from work, his wife told him she had taken a dose of Paris green. He listened to her story, and then went to bed. The next morning he summoned a doctor, shortly before he died. His bad luck has left its mark upon him. Though but fifty-six years old, he looks like a man of seventy. His mustache and side whiskers are thin and gray. His broad shoulders are bent. He moves slowly and wearily. His large, deep-set eyes are expressionless of interest or emotion. Altogether, he is a discouraged, hard-working, honest man, with a little interest in the world as the world has in him.

CANINE BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Well-Bred Dogs Who Enjoyed a Special Fashionable Reception.

A canine party doesn't begin to cost as much as a lady's afternoon reception, and it is ever so much jollier, says the New York World. When the petted terrier has a birthday cards are sent out to every lady on his mistress' visiting list, who keeps a chamber in her heart for a favorite pup or skye, and the replies are written in the dog's name. Gifts are imperative, whether the invitation is accepted or regretted. If dog hasn't any maid, or if he is too precious to be trusted in strange hands, "mamma" accompanies him to the birthday in person.

Not long ago Mrs. Eugene Clark, of West Twenty-eighth street, whose dogs have never entered a kennel club exhibition with capturing a desirable prize, gave a canine party that will serve as a model for some months to come. The host, a most sagacious little animal, born in the far away Japanese Empire, was assisted in receiving his canine friends by an elder cousin, also from the Orient. One lay in a black walnut bedstead, dressed in a white lace counterpane spread over rose-colored satin, and the honored dog stood at the entrance of a real glass house lined with blue silk cushions. Each guest on arriving entered the drawing-room carrying his birthday present, which he laid before the delighted host, who in turn made himself agreeable by saluting the donor and removing the gift to a corner reserved for that purpose.

What were the tributes? Every thing that the heart of a well-bred dog could desire—but juicy bones. There were collars in leather, silver and worsted work, hung with little silver bells and bright ribbons; bracelets of steel, bronze and sterling silver; blankets embroidered in Kensington patterns; shell combs and various brushes; bowls and saucers; porcelain bath-tubs; balls by the dozen; drinking bowls of decorated china; feeding pans of German plate; games, with rats attached; fancy pillows; sleeping and traveling baskets, lined with quilted silk; and last of all, bouquets of tea-roses, which the honored Kito devoured on the spot. After the reception the dogs were taken to the dining-room, seated about the table on stools and regaled on bread and milk. For dessert there were soft cream candies, ice-cream and cake. The favors were taken from a game, and consisted of Japanese balls wrapped in paper napkins.

Ooth, the custard and white beauty, in whose honor the party was given, came from the private kennels of the Mikado, and Kito, his foster-brother, has a pedigree that ranks him in the first row of aristocratic dogdom. Mrs. Clark is fond of her pets, and keeps them in fresh ribbons and musical bells, and sends them out for their constitutions with a bridle-rein made of linked silver.

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The Place She Wanted.

"Now," said the bridegroom to the bride when they returned from their honeymoon trip, "let us have a clear understanding before we settle down to married life. Are you the president or vice-president of this society?" "I want to be neither president nor vice-president," she answered. "I will be content with a subordinate position." "What is that?" "Treasurer."

How to Scatter a Crowd.

A new way to scatter a crowd has been discovered. A man who found himself hemmed in by a dense throng near the corner of State and Washington streets, Chicago, while a circus procession was passing, pulled a bottle of ammonia from his pocket and spilled the contents promiscuously about. He had the entire sidewalk in less than a minute.

TRY THE WARD COLUMN OF THE DAILY NEWS.

DAILY NEWS.

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