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Managing Editor.

TELEPHONE NO. 181.

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sired.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1889.

Cut down the weeds, or weed out those
who are negligent in their duty.

Big Neck is the name of a postoffice in
Illinois. It ought to be a paradise for
prizefighters.

If north Eighth street cannot get water,
residents should drill for oil and there
will be no further complaint.

The ferry rate is too high. It will be
cheaper to swim the river and purchase a
dry suit when one gets ashore.

A Frankfort man named Hart has
been appointed third auditor of the treasury.
At last accounts he hadn't heart to accept.

There is one thing against Spencer
Smith's candidacy for railroad commis-
sioner of Iowa. He has so many relatives
who will be constantly asking for
passes.

A man from New York was accidentally
killed by his friend while out hunting
yesterday. He wore a colored shirt and
his companion thought he was a
deer. Shoot the colored shirt.

A flat-iron iron that is heated by
electricity and will remain hot for any
desired number of hours has robbed iron-
ing day of all its terrors. Will electricity
now turn its attention to the horrors of
washing day?

The tramp nuisance is experienced
even in mid-ocean. We are informed by
telegraph the City of Rome had a narrow
escape from a collision with a "tramp
steamer," escaping only by a margin of a
few feet. Such tramps will have to be
reached by an international law as they are
beyond local jurisdiction.

One of the natural gas companies at Indianapolis
threatens to suspend operations
for lack of funds. This is the greatest
difference that has yet been observed
between natural and artificial gas. The
latter never fails to supply the company
with the necessary funds.

Do Americans play base ball or is the
"national" game monopolized by foreigners?
The following are the names of the
men who will play to-day and to-
morrow: Harpe, Peltz, Woolman,
Doyle, Harr, Deible, Behyrs, Burry,
Clyber, Schneider, Dorsey, Conley, Lotz,
Nelson, O'Brien, Cantillion, Donovan,
Elteljorg. Yesterday the list was in-
creased by Marr, Widner, McCaffrey and
McTammey.

It is reported from Rome that the pope
is tired of being called upon to settle so
many squabbles in the United States and
will appoint a high tribunal here to adjust
such cases. That is correct. We have
always been able to manage all our
quarrels without any interference and,
although religious dissensions are a little
worse than any others, we are fully com-
petent to settle them among ourselves,
and would like the chance of doing it.

SULLIVAN was game throughout the
trial and, according to the report, "only
showed his emotion by the way he
chewed his toothpick." Considering
that the big pugilist might have cleaned
out the crowd if he had felt inclined he
certainly showed a commendable self-
control in venting his feelings on a
toothpick. He has put himself under a
"training" during his recent stay in Mis-
sissippi that he stood much more in need
of than the one given him by Mr. Mul-
doon.

There is a prospect that the sentence
of Mrs. Maybrick will be changed from
death to penal servitude for life. There
is neither justice nor clemency in this.
If the woman is guilty she deserves to
suffer the penalty; if she is not guilty
she should be set at liberty. What
should be done is to grant a reprieve,
give a new trial and allow her an opportunity
to establish her guilt or innocence.
The question is not whether public senti-
ment is satisfied, but whether Mrs. May-
brick did or did not poison her husband.

JUDGE TERRY's funeral took place yes-
terday at Stockton, Cal. The remains lay
in state for two or three hours, guarded
by Mrs. Terry, who took occasion several
times to throw herself on his coffin. Her
first act after his death was to throw herself
on his body. This is a habit of
Sarah Althea's. She began many years
ago by throwing herself away. Then

she threw herself at Senator Sharon.
She followed this up by throwing herself
in the way of Judge Terry till he married
her. It remains to be seen what
will be her next acrobatic feat.

A single paragraph tells that Mr. and
Mrs. Cleveland have reached New York
after their summer outing. A year ago
they could not go so far into the mountains
but that every little detail of their
daily and hourly life was amplified and
exaggerated for the delectation of a crav-
ing public. One would think that the
loss of power and position would be almost
compensated by the privacy that has
been secured. To be everlasting under
the microscopic gaze of millions of people
is the most trying ordeal in the life of
the chief executive and his family.

Mrs. HARRISON has returned in safety
to Washington under escort of Congress-
man Randall, Lieutenant Parker and
General Passenger Agent Geo. L. Connor.

A body guard of this size is amply suffi-
cient for the short trip from New Bedford

to Washington, especially when one con-
siders that in the United States a woman is
perfectly safe to travel unpro-
tected from Maine to California.

Of course, however, some regard must be
paid to appearances and it seems to be
etiquette that neither the President nor
his wife must be left alone for a moment.

We have not yet followed the royal fash-
ion of having "ladies and gentlemen of
the bed chamber" but some day when
the offices are all given out and there are
still some good party workers to be re-
warded, these new positions will be cre-
ated.

W. L. SCOTT and other owners of the
northern Illinois coal mines are in Chi-
cago, at the earnest request of many busi-
ness men, to see if some arrangement can
not be made by which the striking miners
may return to work. There was some
prospect that a compromise might be
effected but the operators could not agree
among themselves. The strike originally
resulted from a 10 per cent reduction
of wages. During the summer, when
there has been very little demand for
coal, the proprietors could well afford to
have the mines idle. To meet the re-
quirements of the approaching fall and
winter they will be obliged to make con-
cessions, but the miners will be com-
pelled to accept some reduction, and be-
sides will have lost the entire summer's
wages. What the public would like to
understand is the reason why the price
of coal to consumers continues to increase
in about the same proportion as the
wages of the miners decrease? "There
is a nigger in the" coal mine.

The jury have found the champion
guilty. They could not do otherwise, as
most of them were at the fight. Nor
could they resist the impassioned appeal
of the district attorney, "If your verdict
be not guilty then write on the indictment,
'Mississippi disgraced and de-
spised'; if the verdict be guilty, then
you will show to the world that in Mis-
sissippi, our beloved state, the law is su-
preme." After this burst of eloquence the
jury managed, with considerable assis-
tance from the judge, to return a verdict of
"guilty." They could not afford to
lose the grand opportunity of their lives,
to wipe out with one little word, and a
very suggestive one, the record of their
state for having just about as little re-
gard for the supreme law of the land as a
state could have and remain in the union.
Mississippi may be satisfied with her
complete vindication but before the public
can fully accept the situation there are
one or two little circumstances they
would like to have explained.

For 10 cents per week you can keep informed.

SIGNS OF HIS AFFECTION.

Anxious Mother—"My dear, I'm afraid
George is getting into bad company.
He is out very late nearly every night."

Observing Father—"Oh, he's all right.
He goes to see some girl or other.
Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an
engagement soon."

He hasn't said a word about any
lady."

"No; but he's keeping company with
one all the same." His right wrist is full
of pin scratches.—N. Y. Weekly.

A DESPERATE CASE.

"Who is there?" said Dr. Brown-Se-
quard, in response to a knock at his lab-
oratory door.

"The Grant Monument Fund," was
the reply.

"Well, I can't do anything for you.
You'll have to wait till resurrection day."
—Washington Capital.

THE FOUNTAIN OF THE FUTURE.

A correspondent desires us to state
whether the so-called fountain of life is yet
on tap in Pittsburg. To the best of our
knowledge it is not as yet, but from what
we hear it is likely to be before long.

The soda fountains are destined to go
and fountains of youth will take their
place.—Pittsburg Times.

THE AVERAGE MAN.

Wife: "You missed the baby greatly
while we were away, didn't you?" Hus-
band: "Yes; couldn't sleep at all for a
while till I put a saw-horse and wheel-
barrow in the bed and hired a man to
play an accordion in the room nights."
—Omaha World-Herald.

DISCOVERED AT LAST.—A TRAGEDY.

"John, did you mail that letter I wrote
to mother three weeks ago?" "Yes,
dear." "Strange she didn't get it."

(Pause, during which John strives to dis-
appear.) "John, did you put a stamp on it?"
"N-no, darling." (Curtain.)—Har-
per's Bazaar.

HE GOT HIS REVENGE.

No wonder Sullivan was indicted. The
foreman of the jury was one of the 500
who were on the stand that fell, and he
injured his leg so badly that he did not
get to see the fight. He should have been
challenged for cause.

A SINGLE paragraph tells that Mr. and
Mrs. Cleveland have reached New York
after their summer outing. A year ago
they could not go so far into the mountains
but that every little detail of their
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loss of power and position would be almost
compensated by the privacy that has
been secured. To be everlasting under
the microscopic gaze of millions of people
is the most trying ordeal in the life of
the chief executive and his family.

The English sparrows have almost ex-
terminated the wrens, orioles and meadow-
larks, and in five years more the
goose will be the only native bird left.—Detroit Free Press.

The Rev. Primrose: "Even the dumb
animals teach us a lesson." Merritt: "Yes
I ventured too near a mule the other day,
and he taught me a lesson I'll never forget."
—New York Evening Sun.

St. Peter: "Halt!" Newspirit: "Can't
I come in?" St. Peter: "I'd rather you
wouldn't. You are just out of college
and we don't want any advice about run-
ning the universe."—New York Weekly.

Solomon Rubenstein (in deep distress):
"I expect, fader, ye vas better sent for
some off dose elixir off live, a 'nt it?"
Jacob Rubenstein (very low): "Wat vos
you drinkin' off, Solomon? Did you
vants me to loss mine insurances?"—Life.

Servant (answering bell): "My mas-
ter isn't in, sir; you may leave the bill if
you wish." Caller (in surprise): "Bill?
I have no bill—I wish to—?" Servant
(surprise): "No bill? Then you must
have called at the wrong house."—Yan-
kee Blade.

Mr. Import, to applicant for position—
You say you are able to distinguish a
genuine diamond. What are the prin-
cipal features?

Arthur Smart—A grand stand, a home
plate and whitewash lines between the
bases.—Jeweler's Weekly.

John Los (consulting a clairvoyant):
"My watch has been stolen and I want
information that will lead to its recovery."
Clairvoyant: "Cross my palm with a
silver dollar. (It is done and the clair-
voyant falls into a trance.) Your watch
is in the pocket of a bad man. Find him
cause his arrest and the timepiece will
again be yours."—Jeweler's Weekly.

"Young man," said the banker, "I've
decided that it's about time for me to put
a check to your aspirations toward the
hand of my daughter."

"Oh, thank you sir. But wouldn't it
be better to wait till after we're married
then the check would come as a wedding
present. It would save my feelings a
great deal."

HER TROUSSEAU.

From Dublin the princess has ordered
several evening dresses, some of which are
in very beautiful colors. One is in the
soft tint now universally known as old
pink. The materials are broche, crepe de
chine, satin and passementerie, all care-
fully matched with each other. The back
of the dress is made perfectly plain with
a train. In front it opens over puffings
of the pink crepe strown with flowers
in pink crystal passementerie. Be-
tween the puffing is a revers of pink
broche. Another of the Dublin
dressers is in carding green poplin. The
back, like that of the pink, is made quite
plain, but the front is elegantly draped
with cardinal crepe de chine and trimmed
with bands of Irish point lace. The bodice
is being treated in similar fashion. A
beautiful citron and silver brocade has a
deep accordion plaiting of citron-colored
silk muslin in front. Bands of silver
embroidery are also introduced. A
white moire silk striped with satin has
in the front three white panels of satin
embroidered in a design of stars made of
pearls. The back is veiled with pearl-
studded net.

IN THE FIRST PLACE AND THE SECOND PLACE.

A man from Indiana called at police
headquarters the other day to make in-
quiries about his wife, who had eloped
and headed this way and whom he be-
lieved to be in the city. "She ran off
with another man, did she?" queried one
of the detectives. "Yes, she did." "Well,
don't you think it foolish to run after her?"
"Foolish? How?" "Why, she
can't love you." "Well, perhaps not."
"And she'll probably try it again at the
first chance." "Yes, she may." "Then
why do you follow her?" "Well, in the
first place," slowly replied the man, after
due reflection, "she either went off with
Hezekiah Smith, John Tobias, or Erwell
Green and I kinder want to know which
one it was; and in the next place, I
thought if I found 'em and blustered
right up strong I might git damage money
to pay my taxes and fix up for winter."—Detroit Free Press.

PREPARING FOR THE CENSUS.

There are a large number of large fami-
lies in Indianapolis, though in that re-
spect Indianapolis is behind Cleveland,
Ohio, where a happy man and wife are
the parents of twenty-one children. The
record in the city health office shows that
there are about one hundred families in
the city with seven children. The average
number of children in an Indianapolis
family is three. There are several, how-
ever, with twelve, more with eleven and
many with ten.

MADE IT VERY UNEXPECTEDLY.

Mrs. Alect: "If you should make \$1,000
unexpectedly, Tom, would you give me
that diamond pendant I've been looking
at so long?" Mr. Alect: "Why, yes, my
dear." Mrs. Alect: "Very well; I'll order it
to-morrow. I stopped wanting that
ivory-finished piano to-day and \$1,000
was just the price of it."—Judge.

REASON DETHRONED.

Judge: "Did you ever notice any signs
of insanity in the deceased?" Witness (a
member of the legislature): "Well, once,
when he was a member of the legislature,
he introduced a bill that wasn't a particle
of interest to anybody—except taxpay-
ers."—New York Weekly.

AT THE CASHIER'S WINDOW.

Robber: "I have you in my power! I
am the king of the outlaws! Hand over
the cash." Cashier: "I have never seen
you before. You will have to be identi-
fied before we can do business."—Omaha
World-Herald.

FIRST-CLASS POINT.

A Detroit drummer who lately made a
trip into Indiana put up in a hotel at a
small town one night to find the fare the

A LITTLE GAME.

BY ALONZO SOFFPATE.

She played the queen in opera.
And I, who never loved before,
Loved madly when her charms I saw.
I waited when the play was over,
And loitered near the dark stage door.

She played the queen with royal sway;
I played my heart—no excuse;
A sable waiter played the tray;
But to my jolly she cried true,
And with my heart she played the dence.

SATURDAY'S SMILES.

The scissors grinder usually finds things
dull.—N. Y. News.