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THE DAILY NEWS.

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DOUGLAS H. SMITH,  
Managing Editor.

TELEPHONE NO. 181.

Readers of the DAILY NEWS leaving the  
city at any time can have the paper mailed to  
them. Address will be changed as often as de-  
sired.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1889.

Go to the Fair to-morrow. It will be  
the big day and you will meet all your  
acquaintances.

It evidently does not pay to run an  
"independent" newspaper in Birming-  
ham, Ala. Two negroes tried it and were  
found one morning hanging on a tree.  
They suspended publication, so to speak.

It is reported that the printers are  
about to join the great strike of the Lon-  
don dock hands. It is difficult to see any  
connection between the two unless it is  
that the printers are so accustomed to  
being "docked" for various causes that  
they have come to believe themselves  
"dock laborers."

An editorial paragraph in the News  
yesterday brought out the fact that our  
astute board of county commissioners  
actually did contract to have the "draw"  
in process of construction during the  
week of the Fair. Upon being remon-  
strated with by the Agricultural Society  
they consented to defer it until next  
month, just the time when the crops are  
ready for market.

According to the tax duplicates the  
farmers west of town will be required to  
pay \$350 as their share of the cost of the  
"draw." In addition to this, by the ac-  
tion of the county commissioners, they  
will also be required to contribute in  
varying degrees several thousand dollars more.

from Milwaukee say that  
and Tanner were snubbed by the  
of the G. A. R. This is not par-  
ticularly surprising in the case of Dudley  
who did not come out of the last cam-  
paign with a clean record, but the mis-  
takes made by Corporal Tanner have  
nearly all been in favor of the soldiers  
and there is no reason why they should  
express disapproval.

HON. BAYLESS W. HANNA arrived home  
unexpectedly this week. Mr. Hanna  
claims still to be in possession of the of-  
fice and entitled to his salary as Minister  
to the Argentine Republic. He probably  
came home because he can draw the sal-  
ary from this point as well as any other  
and the present administration will  
doubtless see that the official duties are  
not long neglected for want of some good  
Republican to look after them.

A CORRESPONDENT contributes a thrilling  
protest, made more effective by being  
poetically expressed, against the state  
law which permits wandering cows to  
throw railroad trains off the track. We  
were about to ask why their "cow  
catcher" did not attend to its duty and  
prevent these accidents but it has oc-  
curred to us that they might come back  
at us with the same question about our  
city "cow-catcher" and we would not  
have any answer ready.

Will the end men of the county com-  
missioners permit the News to act as in-  
terlocutor for a moment? If two of the  
commissioners could afford to go off on a  
junketing trip to see about the contract  
for the "draw," at a cost of \$150 of the  
county's money, why can you not  
afford to appropriate \$350 for the  
mutual benefit of the farm-  
ers and business men who paid this  
money into the treasury? Why did you  
not arrange for this contract by corre-  
spondence? Why did not the economi-  
cal fit attack the board before the pleas-  
ure trip was taken? Music in the air,  
song and dance, rattling of the bones!

In a few days the board of county com-  
missioners will again be in session. The  
first business to come up should be a re-  
consideration of their action in regard to  
the ferry. Two votes will be necessary  
for this. Mr. Finkbinder will vote in  
the affirmative, Mr. Dickerson in the  
negative. The balance of power  
rests in Mr. Henderson. Upon his vote  
depends the whole question. Whether  
the trade west of the river shall be  
practically lost by a tariff of fifty cents or  
whether the farmer shall receive what he  
is clearly entitled to, viz. free transporta-

tion across the river, Mr. Henderson shall  
decide. The eyes of the community are  
fixed upon him. They await his decision.  
Mr. Commissioner Henderson, you can-  
not evade this responsibility. Put your-  
self on record.

The better class of people had hoped  
that the action of Governor Lowry and  
Judge Terrell in regard to the Sullivan  
prize fight would put at least a temporary  
check upon these brutal exhibitions but  
such does not seem to be the case. Every  
day brings a recital of an encounter of this  
sort. Yesterday's fight between Dempsey  
and La Blanche at San Francisco was  
exceptionally cruel and disgusting. It  
was witnessed by over two thousand per-  
sons and one would not judge from this  
that the public had any special objection  
to this form of amusement. The news-  
papers express their disapproval by a  
mild editorial condemning the practice  
and a column with flaming headlines  
giving the most minute details, heavily  
larded with the slang of the "ring."

When our morning contemporary dis-  
cusses a mare's nest in the gravel pit and  
takes so much credit to itself over the  
"find," we have hardly the heart to dis-  
turb its self-satisfaction. Believing, how-  
ever, that the public are entitled to the  
facts in the case we take this opportunity  
of saying that ex-Mayor Jacob Kol-  
sem does not and never did own  
one dollar's worth of stock in  
the Daily News. As we have before  
remarked the Express cannot understand  
independent journalism. It cannot real-  
ize what it is not to write under the lash.  
The News holds the city council ac-  
countable for the sale of the gravel pit.  
Mr. Kolsem, as any shrewd business  
man would have done, took advantage of  
a chance to make a speculation. If it can  
be proved that he was in collusion with  
the appraisers or that there was anything  
questionable in his share of the transac-  
tion, the News will not hesitate to lay it  
before the people. At present it looks as  
if the city had made a bad bargain, Mr.  
Kolsem a good one and the city as usual  
is left with the bag to hold.

PERSONAL AND PERTINENT.

Edgar Fawcett's latest novel deals with  
the humanization of a canine prodigy.  
Fawcett calls it his dog's tale.

And now Elliott F. Shepard is after the  
mission to China. Well that country is  
a little further away than Russia.

The fact that Queen Victoria has taken  
to whisky by the advice of her physician  
is interesting. She carefully avoids Irish  
whisky, of course.

Senator Ingalls has been honored by  
war veterans for his civil record. His  
Senatorial colleagues will never decorate  
him for his civil tongue.

Mrs. Harrison recently remarked that  
if a woman loves the society of her hus-  
band she should never encourage him to  
become a public man.

The village debating society of by-  
gone years has become domesticated  
among the ranches at the foot of the  
Rocky mountains, weekly or bi-weekly  
meetings being held in the grand old  
evenings at the district.

Both sexes take part in the  
debating.

Resolved,  
That the expulsion of Adam and Eve  
from the Garden of Eden was unjust.

How it was decided has not transpired.  
The larger proportion of American au-  
thors and scholars write and have written  
an exceedingly small hand, neat, clear,  
almost perfect, each differing but little  
from the others. It has been suggested  
that poets are particularly given to this  
tiny chirography, because verse may be  
committed to paper much more daintily  
and effectively in such a hand than in a  
large and sprawling one. Whatever may  
be the reason, it is the fact that poets are  
notable for MSS. of minute and orderly  
elegance. Tennyson and Swinburne are  
exceptions. The Laureate's hand-writing  
is big and spluttering and Swinburne  
is said to write like a schoolboy.

WHY WE GO ABROAD.

One is often asked with an air of local  
pride and sufficiency in the questioner,  
"Why go abroad? Why travel in Europe  
or in farther countries, when you haven't  
seen your own country?" It is considered  
almost offensive by some of our fellow-  
citizens to go away from our beautiful  
and bounteous land. They declare,  
and truly, that nowhere is the  
scenery grander, the skies bluer, the stars  
brighter, the rivers of the mountains  
more charming than in America. "Why  
see the sights of foreign lands and leave  
home attractions unvisited?" It would  
not be surprising if some time a law  
should be passed prohibiting the  
American citizen from seeking recreation  
and making observations in other  
countries until he can prove that he has  
seen all the states in his own ocean-bound  
republic; and then we might expect an  
amendment including the territories in  
the required visitation. The patriotism  
that would confine one's experience to  
his own county is, however, narrow.

A thousand things turn up in Europe  
that are enlightening to the American;  
not that any European country is better  
than our own, but that the older coun-  
tries abroad are instructively different  
from ours. The traveler does not read  
the crude pages of modern history. There  
is outspread in the cities and landscapes  
history that has been mellowed by cen-  
turies, and there are refreshment and  
improvement in it, particularly for those  
who have lived close upon the heels of  
the pioneers. One better appreciates the  
vigorous life that has not yet reached  
the fullness of strength, when he  
analyzes on the spot the evidence, not  
of the rise, but of the fall of nations  
and takes the testimony, not of rank and  
luxurious recent growth merely, but that  
which is written in the lines that mark  
decay and disclose the reasons for de-  
cadence.—M. Halstead, in Commercial Ga-  
zette.

PRICE NO OBJECT.

"I like to wait on that man, he never  
asks the price of anything, but just takes  
what he fancies without any quibbling."  
"Oh, price is no object to him; he never  
settles his bills."—Men's Outfitter.

Why not subscribe for the Daily News and get the  
news for 10c per week.

THE OLD MILCH COW WITH A LOITER-  
ING GAIT.

I hear complaint, that our neighbor's cow.  
That in venturing sees a passing train.  
And tries to make a crossing in the way.  
In front of an engine—Alas, in vain!  
For the engineer, in a reckless way  
Performs his engine's deadly mission.  
With the pilot catching any cow astray.  
Never ringing a bell or sounding whistle!  
Why on McShane's crossing last Saturday night,  
Number six, a passenger, two hours late  
Caught Smith's best Jersey, and killed outright.  
His old milch cow with a loitering gait.

What a pity it is these trains won't stop  
For the old milch cow with a loitering gait.  
That Knights of the Engine, with clubs don't  
hop  
And scare the cow—let passengers wait!  
For time is nothing—Aren't the crossings free?  
Don't laws of the state permit cows to roam?  
To eat up gardens, hock the maple tree?  
Ditch trains on crossings while coming home?  
But what does it matter a train be thrown  
From off the track with its human freight?  
A freeman killed—a broken bone—  
By the old milch cow with a loitering gait?

And what's it matter—an engineer's fear?  
A passenger killed by this cruel fate?  
That millions of property be lost each year  
By the old milch cow with a loitering gait?  
The state still pastures this grand old cow;  
The streets and the crossings seem always free;  
The cow walks, a passenger, two hours late  
To the old milch cow and her company.  
Wouldn't the saving of millions, now spent in  
fence,  
Preventing the ditching of passengers,  
freights,  
Be not a sufficient recompense,  
For keeping up cows with loitering gait?

LITTLE CHERUBS.

Visitor: So your sister is off on a  
visit, Willie? I suppose you feel very  
lonesome without her? Five-year-old  
Willie, dubiously: Yes-yes, I feel lone-  
some, but I'm a good deal more comfort-  
able.—Chicago Journal.

Sunday School Teacher—There are just  
a few comments now before school closes.  
Word struck of you like to ask a question?  
Thoughtful Pupil—Yes'm, I should.  
When Adam fell do you suppose Eve  
laughed?—Burlington Free Press.

"Tommy," said his mother, "do you  
think you'll get a prize at school for be-  
ing good?" "No'm," said Tommy. "Why  
not, sir?" asked the father sternly, laying  
down his paper. "Because they don't  
give any," answered Tommy meekly.—  
The Organizer.

Mr. Hibred—What do you suppose the  
bard referred to when he wrote of the  
"slipper pantaloons?"

Mrs. Slapdash—Really I have no idea.  
Little Robbie—I bet you know.

Mrs. S. My son, you were not spoken  
to.—New York World.

Father (on a steamer)—I don't know  
what to do with the boy. He aggravates  
me terribly. He needs severe chastising,  
but this is no place to do it.

Mother (equally oppressed)—Take him  
up on deck, Henry. I heard the captain  
say just now that there was a spanking  
breeze on.—Judge.

First boy—I kin lick you. Second boy  
—Jes' you try it. "Huh! What'll ye do?"  
"I look like you, an' the first time I  
hear your dad calling you when you  
ain't around an' I am, I'll wiggle my fin-  
gers at him an' sass him; an' then you'll  
catch it when you git home, an' if you  
say I didn't do it, he'll lick you harder  
fer lyin'!"—New York Weekly.

A little girl out west was leaning out  
of a windy watching the antics of a  
playful dog. The dog was one of those  
short, thick fellows, owning the most  
abbreviated of caudal appendages, which  
fact was noticed and commented upon  
by the girl as follows: "Poor doddie,  
I fink you better do back to Dod and doddie  
an' come home where railroads on!"

The royal bride's... complete,  
and is made of the beautiful new  
moss green morocco recently introduced  
by Albert Barker, which has been  
used by her royal highness, as it hap-  
pens to be Lord Rife's colors. Although  
her royal highness has preferred a rather  
small bag, it is most completely fitted in  
a very compact manner. It contains all  
the necessary toilet fitting as well as the  
usual writing and needlework ac-  
cessories. The gold fittings are  
bullet-hammered all over, each  
article being surmounted with  
the monogram (a reversed L and  
coronet) in diamonds, which has been  
selected from designs specially made by  
Mr. Barker, and which designs the  
princess has adopted generally. The  
hair and other brushes, paper-knife, shoe-  
lift, glove-stretcher and the handles of  
the instruments are all made of very  
fine pale mottled tortoiseshell mounted  
with the same device. The writing  
book is fitted with some exquisitely il-  
luminated note-paper and envelopes. The  
bag of the new shape invented and  
patented by Mr. Barker, which opens ex-  
tremely wide and flat, and at the same  
time is capable of holding more than  
any other bag of the same size.—Lady's  
Pictorial.

HE HAD TRAVELED.

A young man with a great deal of hat  
and a small amount of grip-sack came  
into the Third street depot on a train the  
other day, says the Detroit Free Press,  
and walking through to the back-stair  
he said to the driver of a vehicle:  
"I want to go to the Wayne hotel."  
"Yes, sir."  
"The ordinance gives you 50 cents."  
"It does."  
"Here's your money. I've traveled a  
bit, I have, and I know what's what.  
Don't try any gun games on me."  
"No, sir, get right in."  
The stranger entered the hack, the  
driver drove across the street and got  
down and opened the door, and as the  
stranger saw how he had fooled himself  
he look as flat as chalk and muttered:  
"Yes—I see—just across the street.  
I've traveled, I have, but I guess I was  
on the wrong train."

CHICAGO WILL FURNISH BOTH.

A Baltimore paper, speaking of the  
world's fair, says: "If check has any-  
thing to do with it the city by the lakes  
may be selected." The types have inad-  
vertently led the Baltimore paper to make  
a curious remark. Check is a misprint  
for check and the Chicago committee's  
guaranty check of course will be a big  
one.—News.

NOT QUITE ENOUGH.

In Montana, the territory where woman  
suffrage was supposed to have the  
smallest chance of success, it developed  
unexpected strength. A clause empow-  
ering the Legislature to extend suffrage  
to woman failed by the closest possible  
vote, being lost in the constitutional  
convention, July 30, by a tie vote, 33  
to 33.

WHY BEE'S GRADY WEPS.

The nigger has been yanked out of the  
wood pile and put in the postoffice.—At-  
lanta Constitution.

THE BORDER HEROINES.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE PLUCKY  
WOMEN OF PIONEER DAYS.

How Strength, Agility and Bravery Saved  
Their Lives and Those of Their Friends.  
Two Thrilling Stories Which Show What  
True Courage Is.

The very first women west of the Allegha-  
nies were Mrs. John Draper and her daugh-  
ter Mary (who became the wife of William  
Ingles), when, about 1743, several families  
moved just over the crest of the low Allegha-  
ny divide, where now stands Blacksburg,  
Va., and made a settlement called Draper's  
Meadows.

Having no sister, Mary (Mrs. Ingles) had  
played altogether with her brother and  
grown up like a boy. She could run as well  
as lie. She could stand and jump straight up  
nearly as high as her head; could leap into  
the saddle unaided; could stand on the floor  
and jump over a chair back, and so on. This  
agility and strength stood her in good stead  
when, in 1755, she, with other women and  
children, were captured by the Shawnees,  
and the Indians began a hasty retreat to their  
homes beyond the Ohio. On the night of the  
third day out Mrs. Ingles gave birth to an  
infant daughter, but this fact caused no de-  
lay, which would have meant the death of  
both mother and child, for the next morning  
she was able to ride on. At the Shawnee  
town the prisoners were divided up and scat-  
tered, but Mrs. Ingles and her baby were kept  
together, where she made herself so useful that  
after a few weeks she was taken along with a  
company of Shawnees to help make salt at  
the Big Bear Lick, south of the Ohio. Thus  
she was the first white woman to enter Ken-  
tucky, long antedating the arrival there of  
Mrs. Daniel Boone, who is usually given that  
distinction.

A PERILOUS ESCAPE.

From here she resolved to escape, and aban-  
doning her babe to the Indians started with  
an old Dutch woman who had more recently  
been brought to the Lick. With nothing to  
eat but berries, roots and mussels, with no  
weapons of defense, and no protection from  
the weather beyond their ragged clothes,  
barefooted and guided only by Mrs. Ingles'  
hope of recognizing again the mouth of a  
large river which she had descended all the  
way from her home, the two women forced  
their way eastward along the forested bank  
of the Ohio. At last hope became certainty,  
for the picture of the river mouth printed on  
her memory did not fail her. It was the  
Great Kanawha, and its sources were the  
streams which flowed through Draper's  
Meadows.

They turned up its course, but were often  
interrupted by large streams, which they  
were obliged to ascend for miles before they  
could cross and retrace their channels to the  
main river that was their only guide. As  
they got up to where the mountains are high  
and steep, together, great cliffs, bordering  
what is now the canyon of the New, down  
which the Chesapeake and Ohio railway  
makes its adventurous way, they were often  
obliged to scale their heights, only to find a  
worse one just ahead. The old woman, near-  
ly gave out, became quarrelsome and finally  
attempted to kill her companion for food.  
Mrs. Ingles only escaping after a frightful  
struggle. Through such almost superhu-  
man trials did she persist, until at last she  
came to her home. She had traveled in forty  
days probably 500 miles.

Had this simply been a story of human  
maintenance under dreadful circumstances,  
it could be matched by many another wo-  
man's story of that period; but it amounted  
to a most valuable exploration, since, until  
this body knew that the waters gather-  
ing in a great river, or emptied into the  
Ohio, nor what was the Ohio's lower course,  
nor that saline springs existed in the western  
valleys. When Mrs. Ingles stopped near  
where Charleston, the capital of West Vir-  
ginia, now stands, and made salt for her cap-  
tivity in her own kettles, she was laying the  
foundation of the long race of Kanawha salt  
makers and of one of the most extensive local  
industries in the west. This woman lived to  
be very old and saw turnpike stages and  
steamboats affording a quick passage over  
the route she had traveled so wearily, which  
became one of the main avenues of emigra-  
tion and gives today the shortest railway  
route between Chicago and the seaboard.

Pleasant stories are those of the women  
and girls who with such courage and skillful  
woodcraft have undertaken long missions to  
carry news that help was needed, or to get  
powder. Such was that girl's ride in the  
mountain edge of North Carolina, which  
named all the creeks according to the miles  
she had passed. Such was "Mad Ann Bal-  
ley's" ride, from Clendenin's fort, here at  
Charleston (W. Va.) to Lewisburg, 100 miles  
away, to get powder upon which their salu-  
tation depended; and such was the daring ex-  
ploit of pretty Elizabeth Zane.

She was the sister of Col. Ebenezer Zane,  
after whom Zanesville, O., was named, but  
who in 1782 was near the fort at Wheel-  
ing. A sudden alarm caused everybody ex-  
cept those at Zane's house to hasten into the  
stockade, among whom was the colonel's  
young sister, a girl who had just returned  
from school in Philadelphia and was totally  
unused to these wild scenes. The attack was  
fierce and prolonged, and the powder gave  
out before the red skins showed any signs of  
retreating. In this emergency it became  
necessary to replenish their ammunition  
from Col. Zane's house, which was about  
fifty paces distant.

It was therefore proposed that one of their  
fleetest men should endeavor to reach the  
house, get a bag of powder and return with  
it. The enterprise was full of the keenest  
danger, yet many volunteers presented them-  
selves for the task. Among them was Eliza-  
beth Zane. She was young, athletic and  
fearless. "You have not one man to spare,"  
she pleaded. "If I fail—it is only a girl, who  
will not be missed in the defense of the fort.  
Let me go!" Her services were accepted.  
Dressing herself of huddling skirts she stood  
ready for the hazardous venture, and when  
the gate was opened she bounded forth,  
buoyant with youthful confidence of success.  
Wrapt in amazement, the Indians beheld  
her, but shouting: "A squaw! a squaw!" dis-  
dained to interrupt her progress to her brother's  
door. Then Col. Zane fastened a table-  
cloth around her waist and, emptying into it  
a bag of powder, again the door was opened  
and she darted out. The Indians were no  
longer so positive. Ball after ball sung around  
hears, but none touched her, and in a mo-  
ment her flying feet had carried the precious  
burden safely into the fort.—Charleston (W.  
Va.) Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

Small Feet.

Mrs. Frank Leslie has been credited with  
having the smallest feet of any woman in  
America. She wears a No. 1 shoe. But Mrs.  
Leslie has had to surrender the honor to Miss  
Mims Irving, the poetess, who wears a size  
smaller than No. 1.—Philadelphia Press.

The washerwomen of Holland, noted for the  
whiteness of their linen, use refined borax as  
a washing powder, using a large handful of  
the borax to about ten gallons of water. This  
will not injure the texture of the linen in the  
least and is also good in washing blankets  
and woolen goods.

Who's got the key?

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PROSPECTUS.  
THE NEW YORK STAR  
A Daily and Weekly Newspaper.  
PROSPECTUS FOR 1889.



THE NEW YORK STAR passed into the hands  
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