

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL. 1. NO. 24.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday.

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,

No. 23 South Fifth Street.

ENTERED AT THE TERRE HAUTE POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

Terms of Subscription:

One year, by carrier, \$5.00

Per week, by carrier, 10cts

All correspondence should be addressed to the NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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Specimen copies furnished upon application.

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Remittances should be made payable to THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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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 desired.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1889.

FOOL DEMOCRACY.

At the primary meeting held last night in the Eighteenth ward at Indianapolis, Sim Coy was unanimously renominated for city council. If this act concerned only this ward we might say that it was fitly represented by such a man as Sim Coy, but his disgraceful record is known throughout the country and the Democracy of the state capital is placed in such a position that it must either repudiate or defend this man and his methods. Their action last night shows which they have determined to do. Sim Coy as a saloon keeper, a sort of hale fellow well met, has secured a personal following of fellows of his own stripe and living in a ward largely composed of this class of people, his renomination is not remarkably surprising. Judicious wire pulling by an experienced hand, money placed where it would do the most good, the usual tactics of an unscrupulous politician could enable him to control his own ward. But by his nomination they have put a stigma upon their party. They have given color to the charge so often made that Coyism and Democracy are synonymous. This charge was sustained when this notorious scoundrel was retained in the council during his term of imprisonment, and was welcomed back to this body with flowers and music and open arms. No city in the world ever presented so shameful a spectacle, a convicted criminal, serving out his sentence in the penitentiary, directing the affairs of the city from his cell and, returning to the scene of his crime, again nominated to the office he had defiled. Nobody entertains a doubt of this man's guilt; he had a fair trial, the charges were fully sustained, the sentence was remarkably light considering the offense.

The crime which this man committed was one which, above all others, should forever bar the perpetrator from any participation in municipal or political affairs. The forging of a tally sheet, the tampering with election returns, an act which undermines the very foundations of the government! Behold the spectacle of the man who committed this crime indolently by his political allies! And the organ of this party, the Indianapolis Sentinel, in half a column of most pitiful wriggling and crawling, comes out with an endorsement of the whole ticket and the promise of an unqualified support! Is there any greater depth of partisan politics? A minister presided at the meeting which nominated this convict from the penitentiary and in his speech of acceptance he declared himself the Moses who should lead his party to victory. Blasphemy added to rascality! If decent Democracy is not dead and buried, if honor and justice and respectability still exist in this ancient organization, let them assert themselves and demand that the Democratic party, as represented at Indianapolis, shall not be borne to the ground by this old man of the sea.

Let not the Democracy of Indiana follow the misguided example of Republicanism and attempt to carry Coy as they have tried to shoulder Dudley. Fraud before election is just as criminal as fraud after election.

The Agricultural Board of the Manchester, N. H. Fair improved on the Terre Haute idea by having their wedding take place in a balloon. At the conclusion of the ceremony the happy couple started on their wedding tour up among the little stars, sailing round the moon. This is typical of most weddings. The wedded pair immediately proceed to go above the clouds, to soar heavenward. They rise superior to earth and all its sordid surroundings. After while their balloon comes down with a dull thud. They are banged around among the tree tops and corn stubble; they are plunged into the waves and dragged over the rocks; sometimes they are fortunate enough to secure an anchor and gradually get down to terra firma and common sense and sometimes they become hopelessly entangled and

end in wreck and ruin. But they all start out by going up in a balloon.

The Terre Haute News, under the heading of "Wanted-Independent Men," says that the city is governed too much in the interests of the Republican and Democratic parties. It says men elected for the good of the city and proposes no policies as the means of getting good officers. What is needed is independent voters—scrappers who will spot every bad man on their own as well as on the opposition ticket—Rockville Tribune.

Our neighbors are well aware of the extent to which rank partisanship has been carried in the management of Terre Haute affairs. It is high time that a revolution take place. The News has already created a sentiment in favor of clean independent, systematic and business like government and its efforts will be continued in this direction.

The deputy postmaster at Boonville who got away with \$7,000 of the government's money is honest in his confessions if not in his practices. He says that he lost the money playing poker and that it was won from him by the "best citizens" of Evansville. The newspapers and people who are congratulating themselves that this exposure will have the effect of checking this evil are wide of the mark. It is increasing instead of diminishing and one of the strongest reasons why gambling is not suppressed is because it is so extensively engaged in by our "best citizens."

The telegraph reports a fistie encounter to-day between a railroad man and a hunter who will fight to a finish for a girl and \$400. We can understand their fighting for the money, but why two men should fight for a woman who doesn't care enough for either to declare her choice is beyond our comprehension. But usually in such cases none of three are "worth the powder and shot to blow them up."

WEBB CASTO, whenever he beholds the majestic Wabash rolling in splendor with a few feet of water in the channel, terminates his remarks with the closing line of Rhenzi's address: "Once again, I swear, the infernal ferry shall be free!"

The interest on the \$6,000 which the commissioners will expend on the new draw would rebuild a wooden draw every time one is needed. This is a specimen of economy which the taxpayers do not relish.

The News does not know much about commissioners' court affairs, according to Commissioner Dickerson. But then the News purports to find out "a thing or two" and tell the public all about it.

NUMEROUS tax payers declare that if the ferry is not made free, the old barge will carry Commissioners Dickerson and Henderson up a river which has a decidedly saline flavor.

We miss our guess if public sentiment is not sufficiently strong to knock the commissioners "over the ropes" and secure a free ferry.

It might be well for some liberal-minded taxpayer to present the county commissioners with an interest table.

When Commissioner Finkbinder was selected, a good "draw" was made. He is in favor of a free ferry.

There probably wasn't any dicker in the draw contract, but there is plenty of dicker-son in it.

A FREE ferry and no count of noses is what the public demands.

DRESS REFORM.

In this day of full loose bodices, chemisettes and Garibaldi waists women with well-developed figures find themselves either obliged to abjure the fashionable corsets or to submit to a style of garment anything but becoming to them. But the modiste always finds means of adapting the reigning styles to all her patrons and the latest thing she has evolved is a sort of corset which she styles the "bust bodice," which does away with all difficulty. This bodice is made of any material the wearer wishes, generally of the white cotton, from which most corsets are made, and is a sort of corset-shaped waist, the ordinary height in the back, but coming up over the bust in front. There are two whale-bones down the back and two in front, where it laces. It supports the figure and keeps it perfectly firm and at the same time allows the body great freedom, so that playing tennis, rowing and the other active amusements are not in the least interfered with. A good many girls have been using them this summer with their bathing dresses.

KILRAIN THINKS OF SPARRING.

BALTIMORE, August 31.—[Special.]—Jake Kilrain has returned home. He contemplates a sparring tour. "Parson" Davies has made him an offer and other proposals have been made. He said overtures have been made him to spar Sullivan during the Mardi Gras at New Orleans, but unless the terms were more favorable he would not accept.

ESCAPED AMID SHEETS OF FLAME.

NEW YORK, August 31.—[Special.]—Fire this morning in a five story house in Elm street had many exciting scenes and narrow escapes. All the occupants came safely down from the upper stories in the fire escapes when they were surrounded by sheets of flame. The loss to the building is about \$5,000.

RUSSIAN PRINCES AND COL. ODDY'S SNAP.

PARIS, August 31.—[Special.]—Grand Duke Alexis and other Russian princes visited the Wild West show yesterday. They were attended by Col. Oddy, who conducted them over the grounds and explained the performances.

HARNESS FACTORY FIRE.

EASTON, Pa., Aug. 31.—[Special.]—The harness factory and store of Henry A. Sage & Co. burned this morning. Loss on stock \$20,000; no insurance.

WILL HOVER ABOUT FRANCE.

LONDON, August 31.—[Special.]—General Boulanger is about to leave for a three months' cruise in the Mediterranean.

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ODDS AND ENDS.

The young Emperor of Germany, William II, has five little boys. The eldest is seven years old. He is the Crown Prince.

"Mamma," said four-year-old Ruth, "I wish I was a dog." "Why?" asked her mother. "So that baby brother could pat me."—Chicago News.

"Birch bark" lawn parties are the latest in Maine. The invitations are written on birch bark, and the refreshments served from plates of the same material.

Thomas W. Sweeney, of Reading, Pa., has the pistols with which Judge Perry and Senator Broderick fought. They are French, 34 caliber, and hair triggers.

Magistrate—Describe the man whom you saw assaulting complainant. "Police-man—He was a little, insignificant-looking cratur, about your size, Your Worship.—Grip.

Slammer—Just got back from Kansas, have you? Well, how does the land lie out there? Slammer—Not half so bad as the loomers do. Lend me a dime, will you?—Lawrence American.

The Pope is taking a summer holiday. He left the Vatican to stay in a small pavilion at the ends of the gardens, called the "Casino of Pius IV," and thoroughly enjoys the change after being restricted to the same apartments for over eleven years.

No person living will again date a document without using a "9." It now stands on the extreme right—1889. Next year it will take second place—1890, where it will remain ten years. It will then move into third place—1900, and there will rest a century.

At the Elysee, the Shah met M. Carotus Duran. "What kind of pictures do you paint?" he inquired. "Are they landscapes or animals?" "Animals, your Majesty, and most ferocious ones," replied the artist. "Yes, I remember," rejoined the smiling king, "you paint handsome ladies."

When ex-President Cleveland visited one of the shoe shops up in Marlboro, the other day, the superintendent took the measure of the ex-president's foot with his eye, and before he left the building, after a hasty tour through it, the distinguished visitor was handed a handsome pair of shoes which had been only plain leather when he arrived.

The explanation of the queen's apparently inexhaustible supply of Indian shawls, one of which is her regular wedding present, is that early in her majesty's reign one of the Indian princes, in consideration of his having a large and valuable territory ceded to him, bound himself to pay an annual tribute, which included three pairs of the finest Cashmere shawls and twelve perfect shawl goats.

The holidays of the Paris board school children are holidays indeed. The municipal council allows a considerable sum of money to the school authorities for sending the most deserving pupils on holiday tours. In former years the tours have been to Rouen, Havre, Mont St. Michel, etc. This year, in order to enable more children to share in the treat, the tours will be confined to Versailles, Fontainebleau and other environs of Paris.

According to the Albany Evening Journal, General W. T. Sherman came in from Cooperstown recently. On the train he was approached by a middle-aged man with the query: "Is this General Sherman?" "Yes; what of it?" the old warrior replied in a gruff tone. "I wanted to speak to the general under whom I fought," the man rejoined. "You would have had to serve under some one, any way, wouldn't you? I am no different than any other man."

FOR THE STRONG MINDED.

Mrs. Newman, wife of Bishop Newman, is in charge of a home just opened at Round Lake, N. Y., for returned women missionaries. It is called the Orient, and is an annex to the home in India, which is called Occident.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps-Ward has established at Gloucester, Mass., a "Fishermen's Reading Room," with newspapers and games. She has also founded several coffee rooms at the point. She is said to be much beloved by the people of the town where she has made her summer home for so many years.

Ramabai now has nine pupils in her school. Her assistant, Miss Demmon, has established a sewing class. This would mean very little here; in India it means a revolution in the customs of centuries. Ramabai lately accepted an invitation to lecture before a conference at Poona, another innovation, as no woman had ever been invited to address such a body. Her subject was "America and American Women."

Mrs. Nora Buck, wife of the engineer of a passenger steamer which plies on Great Egg Harbor Bay between Long Port and Somers Point, N. J., presides over the engine-room and is skilled in the management of the machinery. Mrs. Buck is a granddaughter of Commodore LaValette and the daughter of the founder of LaValette City, N. J. She is as skillful in managing a sailboat as in running a steamer. She is only 19 years old and extremely handsome. Her husband says she is the best assistant he could have in running his boat.

Mme. Kempin's scheme for a law school for women will be three-fold in purpose: First, to give to the women of New York and vicinity an opportunity of studying law, since by an amendment adopted May 19, 1886, women can get admission to the bar. She will furnish women who make their own living with such a necessary knowledge of law as shall fit them to hold positions of responsibility and trust and qualify them for the management of their own affairs and the supervision of their agents. The regular course of study will embrace two years divided into four terms. The system will be that of the European universities. Courses of lectures will be delivered by eminent jurists and the practice of the law of procedure will be taught by an experienced member of the New York Bar. Examinations will be held at the end of each course before some of the most prominent jurists and the degree of LL. D. will be publicly conferred on those who have passed the approved examination.

A PRACTICAL SOLUTION.

Whenever a number of workmen are congregated together the question of labor, as a rule, is discussed. Several days ago a group of laborers were engaged in such discussion. Finally one among them said: "Talk about the labor problem as much as you please, it doesn't concern me now, for I solved it yesterday."

"You solved it yesterday," was the chorus of astonishment; "how did you do it?" "I got a job," was the confident explanation.—Boston Record.

THE WHIMS OF WOMEN.

SOME OF THE FUNNY FADS THEY FOLLOW AND ENTHUSE OVER.

The Wife Who Was Afraid Her Husband Would See Her Hair in Papers—Sacrilege at the Tomb of Juliet—Foolish Practice of Student Song Birds.

It is one of women's rights to have whims. The man who dares transgress this special feminine prerogative is sure to be called a crank—serves him right, too, for turning things about.

Each age of womanhood has its various whims, from girlhood to second childhood.

A WISE WHIM.

I saw a pretty young matron the other day holding tongs in the gas jet and then curling her blonde bangs with the heated iron.

"What a pity," I exclaimed, "to injure such beautiful hair as yours with a curling iron!"

"You see," she replied, "when I married Robert I thought to myself, if he ever sets eyes on me with my brow covered with a row of paper knobs I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he would be disenchanted. At present he considers me beautiful. I can't afford to dispense with the bangs, for they help to make me pretty. I can't afford to risk losing his admiration either by looking so ugly at night while the bangs are in preparation, so I purchased a curling iron. But when we went on our tour I did not always have an opportunity to heat the tongs, and then I was in trouble for I had to resort to the horrid curl papers again."

"Many a night in the sleeping cars have I secreted some paper under my pillow. Then I would lie awake till Robert's audible breathing assured me he was sound asleep, and I would cautiously sit up in bed and twist my bangs in paper."

"The fear that I wouldn't wake first in the morning made me sleep anything but sweet and restful. How often I dreamed that I opened my eyes at dawn and found Robert gazing down at me with horror and aversion! It's a wonder my blonde tresses didn't turn gray with the dreadful fear I experienced throughout that tour. At the first peep of dawn I started up, and with fingers trembling in haste tore out the obnoxious papers and sank back on my pillow looking my angelic self once more, while the first untroubled wink of sleep I had that night blessed my eyes."

"On one of these occasions, just as I was putting up the last bunch of bangs, Robert, aroused by the rustling of the paper I used, which, unfortunately, was more stiff than usual, started up, exclaiming:

"What's that?"

"What's what, dear?" I asked in a sleepy voice.

"While he was lighting a match I was frantically undoing my hair, and in another instant the light revealed me looking frightened, but, oh joy! not frightened."

"We agreed to call it rats, which I mentally spelled backward and thanked my lucky star that I still possessed my husband's love."

A FOOLISH FREAK.

Young girls just out of boarding school are like the spring in so many ways, besides being fresh and green.

Spring sings:

Ye may trace my steps o'er the wakening earth. And so, too, you can trace the steps of the blooming maiden.

But of all places where she passed, at none was I so shocked as at the tomb of Juliet. I went to beautiful Verona on purpose to visit the house with the famous balcony over the orchard, and the tomb where sleeps "true and faithful Juliet." I found the tomb in a wild and desolate garden, that involuntarily called up the lines Hamlet uses in soliloquizing on the weariness of this world:

"Tis an unweeded garden That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature Possess it merely."

So Juliet's tomb was in such a dreary space of rank weeds.

As I approached I murmured, "And this is thy last dwelling place, lovely Juliet, thou star of the highest poetry of love!" In this poetical mood I pushed aside tall weeds and came nearer, when suddenly a strange sight caused me to start back and clutch at the stout weeds for support, for there—oh, sacrilege! Juliet's sarcophagus was quite filled with modern visiting cards, tossed into it by the fair barbarians who had been drawn thither by the power of poetry!

But not one of the bits of pasteboard could have contained the name of another Juliet. If such another spirit ever visited lovely Verona she never left her calling card, I'm sure.

In the Catskills, too, I observed certain basin like rocks that were used as receptacles for calling cards by the young girls who passed that way.

Not far from one of these well filled card baskets in the Catskills I noted a number of young lady tourists on a warm June morning bundled up in shawls, with their throats especially wrapped round and round with scarfs like mummies.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "They not only look uncomfortable, but ridiculous. I pity them from the bottom of my heart, for they must be suffering from some dangerous malady."

"If they are not now they soon will be," said my guide.

"Are they crazy?"

"They are pupils of a great music teacher from New York, who has a country house here and for a certain remuneration takes several of his scholars for summer boarders and continues the singing lessons."

"I'd like to trust a promising girl to such a teacher. Think of it! Coming up here to profit by the fresh mountain air and making hothouse plants of themselves. They'll be in splendid condition for the rigors of a winter in New York. Or if they are preparing for a career on the operatic stage, how this breeding process will fit them to cope with stage draughts in low necked dresses!"

Isn't it folly for a girl to follow such a ridiculous practice simply because some high priced music teacher, with a high sounding Italianized name, advises it?—New York Herald.

Too Much for the Baby.

Gushing Victor—O so little twenty tootsie ootsie sing! Tum here and tme tise its little tury tootsie wootsie, oo itty pitty sing!

Boston Baby—I really beg your pardon, madam, but owing to what perhaps is a foolish prejudice on mamma's part, I have not been allowed to commence my language studies. I am very sorry, but I will have to ask you to address me solely in the English language.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Once Was Enough.

It is said of a certain dramatist that while a play of his was enjoying a prosperous run he was accosted on the street by an acquaintance, who, after extending his congratulations on the success the other's work was achieving, remarked that he supposed the playwright made a point of being at the theater quite frequently. "Oh! no," was the response, "the first night was enough for me. I couldn't stand any more of it."—Boston Budget.

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