

NEWS.

NO. 32.

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Managing Editor.

TELEPHONE NO. 181.

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sired.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1889.

The stockholders are not the only
losers in the oil wells. There is not a day
that the contractors do not lose
something. Thieves break through and
steal the casing. Drills and tools are lost
in the wells. Packers burst with sus-
picious regularity. In fact, it seems to
be a losing game all around.PRESIDENT HARRISON stood four hours
and reviewed a parade at Baltimore yes-
terday. He then stood two hours longer
and shook hands with the multitude.
Then he made a speech and said: "Your
hospitality is appreciated and I feel the
obligation to the limit of my strength."
Which, we should say had been about
reached.PRESIDENT HARRISON has deferred his
trip to Deer Park until to-morrow. This
will enable him to lunch with Mr. Faris,
or perhaps we should say, Mr. Faris to
lunch with him, and examine this gen-
tlemen's slate for the revenue office.
This matter should have been attended
to sooner but Mr. Faris has been very
busy.The first move of the attorneys for the
defense in the Cronin trial is to steal a
portion of the Carlson cottage and carry it
away. This is only the beginning of
the sensations we may expect. The Chi-
cago papers are in luck and the most
favorable opportunities are given for an
exhibition of their marvelous enterprise,
which is not exceeded in the newspaper
world.The parade made by the Baltimoreans
yesterday has never been exceeded in
lavish display. One "float" in the pro-
cession cost \$4,000, and a number were
valued at \$1,000 or more. This is un-
doubtedly in the line of business enter-
prise, and yet when we read that in the
mines of Maryland and Virginia the men
are striking for an advance of a few
cents which is denied them, we cannot
but wonder at a Providence which per-
mits so unequal a distribution of wealth
and prosperity.The funny mistake of the Gazette in
reporting Rev. Brandt's lecture recalls
another made not long ago in which the
victim happened also to be a minister.
Rev. Dougherty sent in a manuscript ser-
mon in which he wound up a flight of
oratory by comparing the teachings of
the gospel to a collection of sunbeams,
any one of which alone would cause
"stumbling." The Gazette insisted that
it would cause a "sunstroke," and when
the reverend gentleman read the report
he came very near having a "stroke"
then and there. It is only a question of
time until some desperate victim either
commits suicide or murder.It is hinted that the Rev. Brandt
thinks the Gazette's original report of
his lecture was about as bad as anything
could be but that the apology in last
night's paper was regular "hog-wash."
Mr. Brandt has not been in the
city long enough to know that
this is a characteristic of the Gazette's
"apologies." Certainly any lecture
with due regard for his reputation would
object to being reported as saying that
"California pigs are eleven feet long."
The Gazette's reporter says he "heard
Mr. Brandt say something was eleven
feet long and he understood it was a
pig." Of course, anybody would have
inferred it was a pig—or a centipede. The
reporter had heard of the big trees of
California and he thought the pigs grew
in the same ratio—so they could climb
the trees.NEVER a daily paper is issued that does
not contain an account of an accident,
usually fatal, to miners. So common is
this that it excites no comment, and unless
the loss may be counted by scores it
causes no display headlines or unusual
notice. No occupation is so dangerous as
that of the miner. He faces death each
morning as he leaves the fresh
air and the sunlight behind him
and goes down to delve among
the remains of past ages. It lurks on
every side and threatens him from out in-
numerable dark passages. No kind of
business is more poorly paid or attendedwith more disagreeable features and yet
this is inevitable because it requires no
education and no special preparation and
is open to all classes and kinds of people.
But human life should always be held
sacred and the question is pressing upon
us with increasing earnestness how best
to improve the condition of these men.
We must not evade the responsibility,
for in that which concerns his physical
and spiritual welfare every man is his
brothers' keeper.Nine days have been consumed at a
cost of twenty-five hundred dollars without
the slightest progress in securing a
jury to try the Cronin "suspects." Judge
McConnell has informed the attorneys
that if they continue to reject every man
who exhibits a ray of intelligence, even
in benighted Chicago they will not suc-
ceed in getting a jury. It would be im-
possible to find a Cook county man out-
side of an asylum who has not read a
newspaper, and most assuredly those of
Chicago have not left much room for
doubt as to the guilt of the accused. The
custom of selecting jurymen who have
not read the papers should never obtain
in this day and age when everybody
reads the newspapers and forms his own
opinions. The entire jury system needs
to be revolutionized, and the first requi-
site for a jurymen should be intelligence,
a wide knowledge of events, and the
judgment and discrimination that are
only possible to those who are well in-
formed. There is no greater abuse in
our department of justice than that feature
which places human life and property
interests in the power of ignorance and
incompetency.It is true that in the many speeches
which the President of the United States
is required to make upon every imaginable
occasion, he is only expected to say a
few words, yet every one of these must
be carefully weighed. Each word is
closely scrutinized by the opposition
press and made the subject of abuse or
ridicule. The only safe plan is to have
a few set phrases and not depart from
them. "I thank you," "I appreciate your
kindness," "It gives me pleasure," "I bid
you farewell." This should be about the
extent. The people will howl just as
loud, the ovation will be quite as great.
The partisan press point to the wild en-
thusiasm which greets the President as
an evidence of his unbounded popularity.
It has been only a few months since
the presence of Cleveland evoked the
same outburst. The people of the
country are loyal to their President; they
recognize in him a ruler whom they
have placed in that high position. While
he continues to be such they will show
him honor and affection. The masses of
the people do not particularly under-
stand the policy of the President or of
Congress, but they have confidence that
both will do what they believe to be best
for the welfare of the country. Secure in
this faith they remain loyal and steadfast
in their devotion to the Head of the
Government.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

To the Editor of the News.

Sir: It is gratifying to see the firmness
with which your paper handles our city
and county affairs, advocating and de-
manding right, ability, justice and econ-
omy and exposing hypocrisy, rascality
and ignorance. It is true, our municipal
as well as our county affairs have of late
years not been governed by wisdom and
economy and things have been drifting
from bad to the worse—and this will con-
tinue as long as parties will seek to get in
in their pets instead of men of moral char-
acter, ability and business qualification.
It has been said, for years, that the
strongest platform in the Democratic party
is whisky and it is an undeniable fact
that whisky was the principal ruler of
this city for some time, but the success
of the Republican party in our last spring
election in removing those denominated
their opponents, has as yet shown very
little improvement from its former con-
dition. The Republican mayor was
elected with a very large majority. He
was a lawyer and as such we were made
to believe, the presiding officer of the
council would bring order out of the
chaos, but his action in the gravel pit
transaction must satisfy every one that
the law would allow him a good deal
more sense than he has yet displayed
and as to the other members elect, not a
single one has shown talent and business
qualification sufficient to fill the
places creditably for which they
were chosen. The miserable farce
with which they handle the
licensing of saloons is a humbug and con-
temptible. They should be licensed at
once to relieve the city from its present
financial embarrassment, and we think
\$250 is certainly not too much. It is
claimed by the ring that if saloons be
closed other business should share the
same fate, and if not the liquor traffic
should also be exempt. We beg leave to
differ and give our plain reason why.
The merchants in all the different
branches of business with the exception
of saloonists, perhaps druggists, seldom
make over 20 per cent. on their investments,
and out of this goes the expense of
clerks, deliveries, etc. They give the
purchaser the necessities of life, comfort
and perhaps luxury, to make joyful and
pleasant. The saloonist makes 100 to 200
per cent. This police guards his
property and the patrol wagon serves as his
delivery. Now, who keeps up the jail?
The taxpayer. Who keeps up our
criminal court and the penitentiary?
the taxpayer. And who often
has to feed these poor down-broken
widows and ragged children? The taxpayer.
Who schools those children? The
taxpayer. Who pays the uniformed
idlers who act as safeguards for the
saloonist, and who defrays the expenses
for his delivery? The taxpayer. There
is an old proverb, that "they who dance
must pay the fiddler," but this is surely
not the case with the saloonkeeper and
the city of Terre Haute, where the
saloonkeeper does all the dancing, and the
sober, law and order loving, industrious
taxpayer pays the fiddler. Take away
these saloons and half of our police force
could be dispensed with, but if they are
a necessary evil, as it is claimed by some,let the burdens fall on those who create
them. No city which is overburdened
with taxes can be prosperous for any
length of time. The capitalist and enter-
prising business man will not invest,
and every penny that is added to the tax
list will diminish at the same ratio the
value of your real estate.

OBSERVER.

THAT NORTH CENTER STREET SIDEWALK.
To the Editor of The News.Sir:—A card in citizens' column of Friday's News stated that all the property
owners were able to pave their walks, also that some who signed the remon-
strance were not property owners. I read the remonstrance and the names
signed, and to the best of my knowledge
they are all property owners. Among
them were four widows. I would like to
know how the writer of Friday's card
knows the financial condition of the resi-
dents of Center street better than they
themselves do. Will he please give the
names of those who signed the remon-
strance who are not property owners?

A GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.

How can I tell her?
By her cellar.
Cleanly shelves and whitened wall.
I can guess her.
By her dresser.
By the back stairs and hall,
With pleasure.
Take her measure.
By the way she keeps her brooms.
Or the peeping.
At the ceiling.
Of her back yard and screened rooms.
By her kitchen air of neatness,
And its general completeness.
Where in cleanliness and sweetness.
The rose of order blooms.—Jewish Messenger.

HODGE PODGE.

The woman who takes three hours to
dress for party may be vain, but she
will never wear short hair or try to act
like a man.—Atchison Globe.It costs less to go see a doctor than it
does to have him come to see you, but
the apothecary man always gets there
just the same.—Somerville Journal.Claus Spreckels wants to build houses
of this material is erected we are willing to
take a sweet of rooms.—Lawrence American.The King and Queen of Denmark will
entertain a big family party at Fred-
erick in September. It will be the Emperor
and Empress of Russia, the King and
Queen of Greece, the Prince and
Princess of Wales, and the Duchess
of Cumberland and her children.The King and Queen of Greece have
seven children, the youngest a year old.
The Princess Alexandria is a very pretty
girl of 19. The Queen is fond of Amer-
ican literature, takes all the magazines,
and adores the works of Hawthorne. All
the children speak French, English,
Greek and Russian.The credit of first suggesting the idea
of Memorial Day is given to Mrs. Henry
S. Kimball, of West Philadelphia, Pa.
She made the suggestion to General Logan,
then commander of the Grand Army of the Republic. She got the idea
from Southern women whom she saw
decorating the graves of the confederate
dead.One of the first messages which Mr.
Edison received on landing in Europe was
from the Queen of Italy. Her Majesty's voice had been
registered in the following complimentary
utterance: "Women everywhere
owe to Mr. Edison a deep debt of grati-
tude for giving them the means of bringing
near to them the very voices of loved
ones who are far away."Mrs. Stephen Danforth, of Manchester-
by-the-Sea, is another victim of the tobacco
habit. She learned to smoke in
Virginia, where she was born, and though
she does her own work and looks after
her husband, who is old and infirm, she
is rarely without a lighted pipe in her
mouth. She smokes twelve pipefuls daily.
Mrs. Danforth will be ninety-seven
years old on her next birthday.Dr. Buckley tells a story in the Christian
Advocate about his following Ten-
nison years ago through the South Ken-
sington Museum, hoping to hear him speak.
For two mortal hours and a half
he did this without success. "At last he
made signs as if he were about to do so.
Hoping to hear some criticism of a painting
we listened intently, and these mem-
orable words fell from the lips of Eng-
land's poet laureate: 'You take care of
the children while I go and get some
beads.'A distinguished citizen of America
who has just returned from Europe said
yesterday: "I do not suppose you will
believe me, but it is a fact that I saw
dozens of women in London who wore a
single eyeglass or monocle in the street.
The first woman that I saw was in Bond
street, and she must have been at least
forty-three years old. She was tall and
slim, and her face was lined and seemed
with dissipation and care. She stared at
me superciliously through a
single glass which was attached to
a thread, and I nearly fell backward
off the curb. Before I had gone a dozen
paces further I saw another woman pull
her eyeglass up from the sting by which it
was suspended from her dress, stick it in
her eye precisely as a man might have
done, and glare steadily through it at a
sporting newspaper. Then I kept my
eyes open, and I counted half a dozen
women with eye-glasses before I got
away from Bond street. It was a weird,
pure and simple, and an awful affecta-
tion."

AN INTERESTING STORY.

Watson—What was the largest trout
you ever caught, Fly?Fly—Let me see; what day of the week
is this, Watson?Watson—Monday, I believe. But what
in the world has that to do with my question?Fly—Oh, nothing, only I guess you'd
better wait till Wednesday. I always like
to get as far as possible from Sunday
when I tell about that trout.—Somerville
Journal.

A "COLD RUSH."

Professor Greenough (author of
Greenough's Latin Grammar)—Mr.
Ball, why is the Latin called a "dead
language?"Mr. Ball (visibly embarrassed—pauses
sudden inspiration)—It was butchered
to make a Roman holiday.—Puck.

A MATTER OF VALUATION.

Miss Gladys Herbeau—"It's not for
my property you love me, is it, George?
You love me for myself alone?" Mr.
Hermann—"Yes, darling." Miss Gladys
Herbeau—"For my real worth?" Mr.
Hermann—"Yes, dear, Real and per-
sonal."—Life.Everyone can afford to subscribe for the Daily
News.

OLD DONEGAL.

A VISIT TO POINTS OF INTEREST
AND A LOOK AT ITS PAST.The Story of Hugh Roe O'Donnell—Annals
of the Four Masters—Sad History of the
Mad Sweetheart of Willy Reilly—Rare
Old Ballyshannon.In the sunshine old Donegal town is cheery
and snug enough, but when the fog winds
come up from the sea like dingy winds slapping
it growlsomely in its face, the half town,
half hamlet seems to shudder shrill closer
to the shores of the noisy Esk, as if
seeking shelter at the bases of the dark
mountains behind. Fort of the White
Strangers is the signification of the name,
Donegal, although one would have a hard
time "indeed" to find what that meant. Aside
from the picturesqueness of its charming old
streets, an interest that is almost melancholy
attaches to its half ruined castle, at the river
side near the ancient arched bridge. Many
a page of history would have to be scanned
to learn its ills and mishaps, and of its dif-
ferent lords, governors and rulers; for here,
during at least five centuries, was the center
of bloodiest struggles between Northern Irish
kings and their foes and especially the con-
flicts between the O'Neills and O'Donnells.

THE BOY CHIEFTAIN.

The life and adventures of Hugh Roe
O'Donnell, or Red Hugh, properly depicted,
would alone surpass the most thrilling tale of
Scottish borderland warfare. During the
Fourteenth century the daring and heroic
spirit of Hugh, when still but a boy, attracted
the notice of Sir John Perrott, lord justice of
Ireland. In order to get him within his
power, Perrott sent a ship into Lough Swilly
laden with samples of the finest Spanish
wines, and manned by his own seamen dis-
guised as Spanish wine merchants. Hugh,
with others, was lured aboard, and, while
being feasted, the hatches were battened, and he
was immured in the tower.Though but 16, he here made one of the
most heroic prison escapes known to those
savagely times. Flying to a supposed friend,
Sir Phelim O'Toole, who had been his fellow
prisoner, he was betrayed, again imprisoned
and subjected to every barbarity save down-
right murder. In a year he again escaped,
and fled to the mountains, where he
for months subsisted like a wild beast,
but finally regained his own country
and kingdom about Donegal. Succeeding
his father as ruler, and being joined by
the valiant O'Neill, he set about avenging
his wrongs and indignities against the
English; but quarreling with O'Neill as
to which should lead the attack against the
intrenched fort at Kinsale, each contending
for the bloody honor, the battle, after great
slaughter, was lost, Hugh's followers routed
and dispersed, and the brave young chief-
tain, himself wounded, compelled to fly to
Spain. Here, after great labors, he succeeded
in inducing King Philip to raise an army
of succor for the recovery of his domain; but,
worn out with delay and effort, he died
from grief and a broken heart at Valladolid.
His character and noble qualities, as they
were then measured, and his wondrous
bravery, rendered his name a luminous and
pathetic one in the Irish annals.

"DONEGAL ANNALS."

To the Irishmen, or, indeed, to all men who
are earnest students of the history of any
race, people or land, the dear old ruin on the
coast below Donegal, near Ballyshannon, must
possess an absorbing fascination. Here
stands the lone, semi-monastic castle of Kil-
barron, an ancient fortalice and seat of the
O'Clery chiefs. It was in this stronghold
that the brothers O'Clery, Hugh Ward and
John Colgan, known to all scholars as the
Four Masters, in the furious wars of clans,
chiefs, kings and whatnots, pursued their
great historical researches and labors, result-
ing in those monuments of industry called the
"Donegal Annals," or the "Annals of the
Four Masters," which, despite all civil
or prejudicial, stand out as great landmarks
against the age of darkness and blood in
which they were produced.The gray old ruins stand at the very edge
of a precipitous and almost insular cliff.
Furze and heather cover most of the flattened
escarpments of the once mighty walls. To the
east, the south and southwest, save
where the misty coast line of Sligo here and
there pushes through the distance, caught
as it can be seen by wild sweeps of upland moor