

THE DAILY NEWS.

VOL. I. No. 23.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday.

—BY THE—

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 mail, \$5.00
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Managing Editor.

TELEPHONE NO. 151.

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.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1889.

We certainly have not so many oil wells that we can afford to lose any of them by fire.

The fire last night called attention to the fact that Terre Haute has at least one bona fide oil well.

There is one consolation for the many stockholders whose "oil" wells struck water. They will suffer no loss by fire.

The hardware dealers of the United States are in session at Pittsburg for the purpose of forming a "trust." There will be no "soft snap" about this.

According to the report published at the hydrographic office in Washington, the cyclone started out from the West Indies on purpose to visit the United States, arriving on schedule time. We can sympathize with those foreign countries that have just been afflicted with a visitation from the Shah.

The continual protest of Mr. S. S. Cox against being considered a humorist recalls the advice of the famous Tom Corwin, of Ohio, to his son: "Be a solemn ass if you want to occupy a high position. Never make your first joke for if you do the public will henceforth demand nothing but jokes."

The proprietors of summer resorts along the Atlantic coast are congratulating themselves that yesterday's tidal wave did not occur at the height of the season. The departed guest reads of the cyclone with a grim satisfaction. He thinks the landlords themselves know by this time how it feels barely to escape with one's life and a few articles of wearing apparel.

After the "relic" fiends got through at the "Log College" celebration last week there was very little left except the ground. They carried off everything available, even digging the mortar out of the chimney. Some of them refused to brush the dust off their clothes that had been deposited by Mr. Harrison's carriage. One woman followed the President all day with a pair of scissors determined to get a lock of his hair and he had to sit on his coat tails to save them.

There is no lack of either fire or water in this country but the trouble lies in the unequal distribution. Lately the Pacific slope seems to get all the fire and the Atlantic coast all the water. It is estimated that the losses by fire in the states bordering on the Pacific was not less than \$50,000,000 in 1889. During the same time the damage on the Atlantic seaboard by wind and water has run up into the millions. After all these states are most fortunate which occupy a happy medium and depend upon their corn crop.

John L. is actually serious in his intention to run for Congress. He says, "I'm going to make a big effort for the nomination and I'll get it, too, and when you get the nomination in South Boston you are elected." The only thing that stands in the way is that little affair in Mississippi. He thinks, however, that he can manage to ward that off till after his election and then he can try the Sim Coy tactics, serve out his term of imprisonment and then return to finish out his unexpired term of office. But won't it be a joke on Boston culture to be represented in Congress by the champion prize fighter of the world?

Bishop Newman scored a very strong point in his address to the Methodist ministers of Chicago when he said in regard to the "race" war in the south: "I would rather a thousand times be a southerner and have the race problem to grapple with than to be here in Chicago and the north and be confronted with these vast hordes of ignorant foreigners who are swarming over here to take possession." There is at present a very undesirable class of foreigners coming into this country, anarchists and agitators into the cities and the very lowest grades in ignorance and vice to take the place of our workingmen in the mines and factories. Compared to either of these classes, the negro is harmless and little to be

feared. It should not be our policy to shut out all people of foreign birth but we most assuredly should exercise a careful and critical discrimination.

In a list of the loss of life, and property, caused by our unprotected railroad crossings, were published in full the community would be surprised and shocked. There has occasionally been a demand for a tunnel or an elevated bridge but on account of the great expense the railroad companies have vehemently opposed it. The cost of the gates is comparatively small and the safety of the public requires that they should be provided. Our city is encircled with railroads and it is impossible to drive in any direction without being obliged to cross the tracks. Gates should be erected at the most dangerous of these crossings, notably at Main, Poplar, Chestnut and north Sixth streets. We urge the people to give their representatives in the Council instructions to demand these gates for the protection of the public.

The "elixir of life" craze has now been superseded by the "fresh air" cure. This fad also is of French origin, the physicians of that volatile country sharing the emotional nature of the race and delighting in the marvelous and improbable. Consumptive patients are now advised to sleep in the open air regardless of the weather. A few who have imaginary consumption will live in spite of the treatment, but this, like other quack remedies, will count its victims by the scores. There is something extremely pathetic in this desperate struggle for life. Every new remedy advertised serves to show how many thousands are suffering from real or fancied ailments and what tortures they are willing to bear, what sacrifices they are ready to make, if thereby they may secure an extension of the lease upon life which they hold by so frail a tenure.

One of the reasons why so many soldiers desert from the regular army is said to be because they cannot endure the monotonous round of petty, domestic duties imposed upon them. The women who are in the regular army of householders often feel very much the same way. Their anxiety to get into the offices, school rooms, shops, factories, anywhere away from the monotonous drudgery of domestic duties, is simply desertion from the ranks. Punishment does not prevent this misdemeanor in the army for last year there were nearly three thousand desertions. The government has wisely decided to remove the cause as far as possible by increasing the pay, varying the monotony, furnishing recreation, etc. It is one of the problems of the future to apply this same principle to household drudgery and make it attractive instead of repellant to active, ambitious, independent women.

The death of Hon. S. S. Cox is a serious loss not only to the Democratic party but to Congress. No man in that body had a more thorough knowledge of parliamentary law or was more accurately informed upon passing events. For this reason his services were in constant demand to settle the many perplexing questions that are constantly arising in that heterogeneous assemblage, composed for the most part of crude elements. He had also a courage which gave him a leadership. He did not wait to see what was the popular side of a question but determined his position by his own ideas of its merits. He was usually able to rise above narrow partisanship and because of this liberality his opinions were valued by both parties. He was a most industrious student and every moment, when he was not engaged in debate or committee work, was occupied in reading and writing. While other members of the House were yawning, smoking, telling jokes, filibustering and killing time in various ways, Mr. Cox sat at his desk and worked like a school boy with a hard lesson. His death closes a busy and useful life and ends a clean and honorable record.

THE PEOPLE'S COLUMN.

To the Editor of the News.

Sir: Will you kindly give me a small space in your valuable paper that I may say a few words in behalf of the saloon-keepers in regard to the high license ordinance and the Hybarger amendment. The Express, in an editorial speaking of the said ordinance, said the ordinance should be passed but the amendment defeated. Now I will venture to say there is not one first-class saloon keeper in the city that will object to the \$250 license should it be passed together with the amendment, but to pass the former without the latter would leave the saloon keeper entirely unprotected against the dealers who do a retail business under a government license and no other. I hardly think there is any one that will contradict me when I say there are few drug stores that do not sell whisky by the glass. If a representative of any of our papers will make the rounds I will venture to say he will find a bottle labeled Spiritus Frumenti and a graduate behind every prescription desk in the city. A regular customer does not stop to be waited upon but walks back and helps himself. If he happens to be a stranger and does not know the ropes he is waited upon by the clerk.

Strangers cannot always be accommodated, but cases where they are refused are few and far between. There are many different ways in receiving the money for this particular line of goods, the method most generally used is either to leave the money upon the desk near the bottle or deposit it in a box placed there for that purpose. A well located drug store, as a rule, does a retail whisky business that would make the average saloon keeper green with envy had he a chance to count their receipts at the close of the day. People will say, in behalf of the drug store, that it does not do

the harm that the saloon does consequently it should not be subject to the penalties and restrictions that are placed upon and govern the saloon. Now here is where the great mistake lies. There is any balance of harm from the sale of liquor it must be credited to the drug store. There is not a saloon-keeper (recalled I speak of the better class) who will sell a minor intoxicant if he knows it. On the other hand he would not rather they should not come in his place. On the other hand the drug store is to my mind the more dangerous place. It is a rendezvous for the younger clerks, spaniards, etc., who have their little accounts there and I know have as free access to the spiritus frumenti as they have to the hydrant. There are also men in the community who would never touch a drop of intoxicant if they had to go to a saloon to get it, but with the protection of a drug store entrance and prescriptions we ask, screened by the indulgence of the community, does it not seem to you that these druggists are selling whisky by the glass without the license are violators of the law. The majority of druggists would be highly incensed if they were charged with the saloon keeper, and still would they sell whisky at retail and in violation of the law besides can any fair minded person place him on as honorable a par with the man who sells whisky and forms with the law while so doing? The saloon keeper violates the law and stands a howl will go up from the public. Can any one recall an instance where a druggist has been censured for violating the revenue laws? If such instance can be cited it is the exception and not the rule. SALOON KEEPER.

LEND A HELPING HAND.

To the Editor of the News.

Sir: So much has been said and written on the subject of temperance by frequent speakers and able writers that the subject may be by some persons considered exhausted. New phases are constantly presenting themselves, however, and to one of these the writer wishes to call attention. When a man who has been a habitual drinker announces his intention of reforming and signs the pledge all good people take him by the hand, express their gratification, congratulate him on the step he has taken and assure him that prosperity will certainly now be his. Merchants, manufacturers and others whose business requires the employment of a number of men will say: "Oh yes! I expect to make some changes in a few days and I will give you a show." These promises may be kept in a few instances, but cases have come to the writer's knowledge in which they have not been fulfilled and when the change was made some other person got the "show." As weeks and months pass without the promises being kept or the man's expectations being realized, the poor fellow begins to lose faith and soon begins to drink again. As one man said to the writer recently: "I could almost always get a situation when I was drinking; but now it seems almost impossible and I am terribly discouraged." It is not enough that we simply set these men on their feet and let go of them before we know whether they have strength enough to stand alone or not. We should strengthen them by deeds as well as words. Let us extend to them situations as well as words.

AN OBSERVER.

FUN AND FROLIC.

"This," said Mrs. Spiggins, "is the only silk I ever had that didn't wear a bit shiny, and it's a little shiny."

Small boy—Ma, can me and Sally have some cake?
Parent—Johnnie you must remember to speak grammatically.
Small boy—All right; can I have some cake?"Now," said a traveling man, "there is a rising man over there by the tree box."
"Politician?"
"No."
"Writer?"
"No."
"What is he?"
"He's an aeronaut."After the departure of the guests.
Mrs. Morgenthal—Vnuh, Solomon, how did you enjoy der party?
Mr. Morgenthal—I didn't like dot at all.Mrs. Morgenthal—Vy, vot vas der matter? Vas not dose shentleme congenial mit you?
Musician—I am getting up a benefit concert and have been traveling around selling tickets all the morning. I have done all the work myself, persuaded people to take part without pay, hired the hall, sold the tickets and now I want you to print the programmes.Printer—Yes, sir. What shall we call the affair?
Musician—How would it do to say: "A spontaneous testimonial tendered to Mr. Strummer by his many friends?""Are you fond of autographs," asked the aesthetic young lady of the practical visitor.
"No, I don't go much on 'em, but my son, who's away at college, has a big collection of the handwriting of all the celebrities. I reckon I'll surprise him some when he gets back this summer.""In what way?"
"Well, ye see, some of them celebrities write such poor writin' that I had to make names copied off in a neat hand in a book. You have no idee how much better they look. The other truck nobody couldn't make out, I just bought up—America."

A COMPULSORY FRAUD.

Georgia Cracker (in Atlanta)—I say it ain't worth nothin'.

Storekeeper—Not five cents. Confederate money. Where did you get it?

Georgia Cracker—Hank Uplans paid it on me, 'way back in '62. I've had it in a stockin' up garret ever since, a safe of it up.

Storekeeper—Can't you pass it back to him?

Georgia Cracker—Not easy. Yer Hank kinder held back on givin' one up, an' I had'n't gun him. He never could—Judge.

ONLY A QUESTION OF TIME.

Guest (who has been waiting impatiently for his pastry)—"I ordered that tapioca pudding at least fifteen minutes ago."

Waiter—Yes, sah. Takes 'bout two hours for tapioca to soak. It'll be along by an' by. 'Er's one o' the afnoon papers, sah."

NO NEED OF DETAILS.

Mrs. Newsy (reading)—Bowieville, August 32.—Late last night several prominent citizens—

Mr. Newsy (interrupting)—Skip that part, dear. Whom did the prominent citizens hang?—Pack.

THE WELL BRED WOMAN.

SHE IS NOT ALWAYS TO BE FOUND ON THE UPPER CRUST.

Common Sense and Tact Greater Essentials to True Refinement Than Birth and Breeding—Self Satisfied Individuals Who Create Their Own Pitfalls.

If one definition of what constitutes vulgarity of manner could be determined upon there would be in the world less uncertainty of purpose, less dissatisfaction with self and hidden horrors of collapse from astonishment without end.

For it is not alone such as feel their inferiority in birth or breeding who have a trace of commonplaceness about them, but the very self satisfied ones, who cannot conceive of themselves as in error, are by others seen to be tripping at many a place where there is no apparent pitfall.

Breeding and cultivation are not the only necessities to produce good manners; two other things are as essential characteristics of a well bred woman—plain common sense and tact.

"JUST LOOK AT ME."
The natural intuition and aptitude of women to make things straight for one's feet, to strew a thorny path with flowers—a trait of character seldom found in the other sex—the world defines by the one word "tact," and hence it is that, common sense being an attribute of both sexes, with tact to weigh down the feminine side of the balance, it is not surprising that we see more apparently well bred women in the world than men.

Apparently, I say, for given the same opportunities can they get more of the real thing than men? Hardly; yet such is their endowment of observation, such their quick inception of ideas, that they more quickly seem to be anything desired.

"Defend me from the person who calls himself well bred" is a truism uttered long ago, but which aptly hits off a certain class of the elect who people the world today. The same writer affirmed that the sure test of a gentleman is whether he does the trifling acts of courtesy that society demands of its votaries with perfect unconsciousness or with an air which says: "Just look at me; see how polite I am!"

Things done have a voice as well as things said, and it is by the little details which sum up our daily manner that the world judges us.

It is so easy to fall into bad habits, half the courtesies of life require exertion, and humanity is inert. Be not surprised then that the large majority of wise seeing persons, knowing that pitch defileth, carefully avoid association with those whose speech and manners are interlarded with, what for kindness sake may be called—mistakes. In a country such as ours, "free to all," as they say of certain horse races, it cannot be expected that every one who enters, or aspires to enter, society shall have had those associations from his youth up which best cultivate the speech, the mind and the manners, but we have all God given powers of observation, and he who refuses to learn by using them is not wise in his day and generation.

At a meeting of a certain literary club, composed of the so called society women of a certain city, several distinguished women were invited—women from afar—to hear a very able paper read on a certain subject of widely general interest. Previous to the meeting these guests had heard much of the acknowledged leader of society in the place. "Have you met Mrs. D—?" everybody questioned. "You will admire her so much; she is charming; such lovely manners; so well bred; so much admired; we are so proud of her," etc., everybody affirmed. The introductions were arranged to take place at the literary society.

The meeting convened with its usual formality, prolonged by the charming flow from women's voices and gowns, as in the general informality of arrival everybody greeted everybody else with pleasant words, and fluttered about from group to group. The guests looked curiously at each bright face, expecting it to be a part of the charming personality of lovely Mrs. D—. The president addressed the assembly, the secretary read the notes of the last meeting, some heads of committees made reports—in fact, the business was all transacted and no Mrs. D— had arrived.

At last the president introduced the speaker and the event of the meeting, the reading of a paper which had been in preparation for months, began. As it continued in smoothly rounded periods, argument after argument being unfolded with a strength and logic that fixed all attention, an interruption occurred; there was a soft rustle of feminine draperies, the door was thrown open, on the threshold appeared a tall, willowy figure, graceful as an aspen, clad in picturesque aestheticism and crowned by a smiling, beautiful face.

She looked absently a moment or two, hesitated, and then passed across the front of the assembly room before the very face of the waiting, astonished speaker, in front of the president, and drew a chair before the burning coals of a great open fire. Then, with another pretty rustle of draperies, a gathering up of skirts, showing ruffle after ruffle of filmy lace, a graceful shape sank into cushioned depths, two daintily shod little feet were extended toward the stage, and, with a pretty gesture and a faint, low, half apologetic laugh, a voice broke the silence with the words: "Mrs. President, I am so sorry, but I was unavoidably detained. Won't you ask dear Mrs. G— to commence over again? I would so regret to miss anything of hers."

The distinguished guests looked and listened against. Intuition told them who had thus dared. I forget what the president said. The paper was continued at the point of interruption, but the distinguished guests declined the honor of meeting the social leader whose manners were "so charmingly well bred" and the city, represented by its women, blushed.

This woman, this leader, was not so much to blame after all; she was human. Association had spoiled her.

Association! She! the leader of society! of the cultured, best bred people! Yes, she, for she had associated for years with naught but adulation, and her conduct was but a proof that common sense and tact are as necessary to true refinement as birth and breeding.—S. S. E. M. in Chicago Herald.

Gems of the Month.
For January we have a jacinth, or jarnet, which denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement. February—Amethyst, insuring peace of mind. March—A bloodstone, denoting courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises. April—Sapphire or diamond, signifying repentance and innocence. May—The green emerald, typical of love. June—An agate, meaning long life and health. July—Ruby or cornelian, which insures the forgetfulness or cure of evils springing from friendship or love. August—Sardonyx, a happy married life. September—Chrysolite, which preserves from folly. October—Aquamarine or opal, which depicts both misfortune and hope. November—The topaz, bringing the outer fidelity and friendship. December—Turquoise or malachite, signifying the most brilliant success and happiness.—Young Ladies' Journal.

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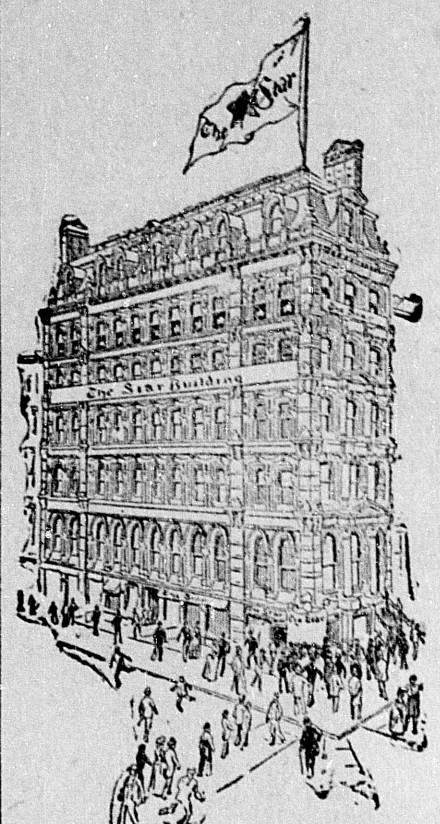
DAILY NEWS.

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