

THE DAILY NEWS.

Vol. I. No. 57.

AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday.

NEWS PUBLISHING CO.,

PUBLICATION OFFICE

No. 23 South Fifth Street.

Terms of Subscription:

One year, by carrier, \$5.00

Per week, by carrier, 10c.

All correspondence should be addressed to the NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

No attention will be given to anonymous communications.

The News columns will be open to contributors upon any subject of special or general interest. No communication inspired by ill-feeling or of a personal nature will be published.

Rejected manuscript will not be returned unless accompanied by postage.

Persons desiring to subscribe for the News can do so by telephone or postal card request.

Specimen copies furnished upon application.

Where delivery is irregular, immediate complaint should be made at the office and it will receive prompt attention.

Remittances should be made payable to THE NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY.

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 desired.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1889.

THERE seems to be a "jar" in the family of the eminent Dr. Marlowe, caused by the "fruits" of a marriage which reminds one of the title of the play last night.

THE case of Mrs. Maybrick has started all sorts of sensational reports of cases where women eat arsenic to improve the complexion. Ladies who are addicted to this habit should remember that they are playing a "skin" game and are bound to get the worst of it.

THE Gazette last night devoted three fourths of a column to binder twine and jute bags. The News suggests for tomorrow night two other topics on which that paper is equally well informed, viz: "Where the woodbine twined," and "Holding the bag."

YESTERDAY was the eighteenth anniversary of the Chicago fire and according to the dispatches, 150,000 working men took a partial holiday and \$300,000 worth of stock in the World's Fair. Even the newspapers and bookshelves of that city own stock and New York might as well resign her claims.

It is said that the Duchess of Marlborough, formerly Mrs. Hamersley, has ordered all her New York real estate to be sold at auction. It takes a great deal of money to support a live "joke," with tastes like the Marlboroughs'. And after the money is all gone 'tis 'ighness will have no trouble in disposing of the superfluous wife. She can go to join Duchess number one.

BOULANGER's last and most desperate game is to muster his scattered forces, make a sudden landing on the coast of France and capture Paris. This is the climax of his egotism, to attempt the identical scheme in which the great Napoleon made a wretched failure. Is there not an island of St. Helena for Boulanger? And yet it would be a pity to waste the island. He is not worth the squad of soldiers necessary to guard him.

MR. MIKE McDONALD, the Chicago gambler, whose wife paid him the poor compliment of preferring a priest, seems inclined to forgive her and take her home on account of the children. He did this once before when the madam took a similar trip. Husbands would condone this offense, perhaps not so often as wives do, but much more frequently than is now done, if they dared to brave the public sentiment, which in such cases is the unwritten law.

IN keeping before the people the fact that Tanner and Dazell talk too much the Gazette runs the risk of coming down with the same disease. At the time the appointment of Tanner was made the selection seemed to be a suitable one, and was so regarded by the general public. Results proved that he was not the right man for the place, and instead of continuing his mistake, as other Presidents have done, Mr. Harrison removed the Commissioner as soon as it could decently be arranged. There is nothing to be gained by post-mortem abuse, except to create and keep alive a prejudice among certain classes. But this is partisan politics.

JUDGE MACK was very uneasy from the time the Terre Haute Knights reached Washington lest he should not have an opportunity to make a speech. With so many Eminent Grand Commanders on tap there was very little show for a plain circuit judge from the little town of Tarry Hut, but Mr. Mack lay low and watched his chances and he got there. A corps of boys from Louisville dressed in the uniform of the Knights came marching into the armory, and at their head was—Judge Mack, who, in an introductory speech, made the greatest effort of his life, and what was more to the point, called attention to himself. This is merely a little weakness of his Honor's, and does not impair his general usefulness.

IT seems like a satire on modern building that a mansion so perfectly constructed as that of the Studebaker's at South Bend should fall an easy prey to the flames. It is a matter of regret that

a home so beautifully adorned and containing so many valuable works of art should be swept out of existence; and still the loss to Mr. Studebaker is not so great as that which happens daily through the ravages of fire and passes unchronicled and unnoticed. The poor man who gazes upon the smoldering heap of ashes, all that remains of the scanty accumulations of a lifetime, and knows not where his family will find shelter for the coming night, suffers for a tithe of the sympathy that is showered upon the millionaire. And yet the latter has only to wave the magic wand and a new house more beautiful than the old will spring from the smoking ruins. Another illustration of the truism, "To him that hath shall be given."

NO more striking instance could be afforded of the difference between the standards of morality in France and this country than the published accounts of Boulanger's flight. In describing this they mention in the most matter-of-fact way that "he was accompanied by his mistress." Such a statement made of an American in public life would damn him hopelessly and forever. He would feel the weight of public censure in an unmistakable manner and would seek obscurity as a welcome refuge. While unfortunately our public men are not in every instance morally above reproach, there is a sentiment which does not permit any open display of this irregularity. We have an inheritance from our Puritan ancestry which forbids the importation of this most reprehensible custom as illustrated by that all-around fraud, Gen. Boulanger.

IT is said by the telegraph that on the occasion of the Emperor William's visit to England he expressed surprise at the percentage of illiterate persons in a nation so wealthy and civilized. The Queen, stirred to action by his comments, requested of her advisers that they lose no time in suggesting a remedy. The nobility of that country are openly hostile to free schools and declare that the common people know too much already, and that education breeds discontent and socialism. What a refreshing contrast is offered by the United States where not only is a thorough and practical education made free to all, regardless of sex, color or condition, but compulsory laws are passed requiring the children to avail themselves of these advantages. England fears to educate her so-called lower classes lest they revolt against monarchy and a government of caste. The United States provides an education for every child within her borders, believing that the greatest danger lies in ignorance, and that the safest and surest of all governments is that which is founded upon intelligence and equality.

PAY OF COLLEGE PROFESSORS.

The fiction that professors are meagerly rewarded is time-honored, but it is not the less a fiction on that account. In all our larger colleges these gentlemen are, in fact, well paid. They have salaries which enable them to live thoroughly well and comfortably, to educate their children and to indulge themselves with books and other luxuries of the learned.

IN addition they have leisure in much greater abundance than it is at the command of professional men in any other calling. Their vacation gives them from the beginning of freedom in that respect which in other professions comes, if it comes at all, as the reward of a lifetime of patient and successful labor. Their hours of daily work are short and their holidays many. In summer they have a long vacation, which enables them to travel or indulge to the full the desire for out-of-door enjoyment which other men must resolutely curb for business reasons. If they have a desire for fame or a wish to increase their earning they have time for profitable research, for authorship or for whatever other thing they have a mind to supplement their regular labors with, and meantime their income is assured as that of men in other professions is not.

WE do not think college professors are rewarded beyond their deserts; but neither are they underpaid or subjected to hardship and injustice, and the maintenance of the fiction that they are is both humiliating to them and hurtful to their influence.—New York World.

CURE FOR LONG FACES.

The poet who sings "I know an honest fisherman" evidently believes in poetic high license.

The man who is shocked to death by electricity should be buried in a volt.—Merchant Traveller.

All the Koffs of Russia sympathize with the Carina in her recently acquired cold.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Secretary Blaine's address was published in Peru, where it was no doubt diligently perused.—Boston Herald.

The boy who was bent on eating the green watermelon was in the same condition after he had eaten it.—Boston Post.

It is plain that doctors ought to succeed in politics when one reflects that they are professional healers.—Baltimore American.

We can all give good advice, but constant vigilance will hardly insure us setting a good example half the time.—Milwaukee Journal.

The female organist of a Utica church has eloped and married a fourteen-year-old boy who pumped the organ. The affair has taken the wind out of the choir.—Binghamton Republican.

A FINANCIAL SOLOMON.

"But you are surely mad! How can you think of borrowing money on those terms and from people of that stamp?"

"My dear fellow," replied Contran, "better go to a scamp who lends you money at 15 per cent. than to an honest man who refuses you at 5."—Le Figaro.

HE WOULD.

Could he know the mighty rampus made about his fair? Would't Christopher Columbus stand and stare?—Bainbridge (N. Y.) Republican.

THE PROPHETIC DONKEY.

One of President Lincoln's Inimitable Stories with a Moral.

There was a local politician went to Washington to get an office that he felt sure only awaited his application for it to be given to him. In a couple of weeks he came back. "Well, did you get your office?" his friends asked him.

"No," said he.

"Did you see President Lincoln?"

"Yes, of course."

"What did he say?"

"Well, we went in and stated our errand. He heard us patiently, and then said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry I have no office for Mr. X., but if I can't give you that I can tell you a story."

"We thought best to hear the story, and let him go on."

"Once there was a certain King," he said, "who sent an astrologer to forewarn him of coming events, and especially to tell him whether it was going to rain when he wanted to go on hunting expeditions. One day he had started off for the forest with a train of ladies and lords for a grand hunt, when the party met a farmer riding a donkey."

"Good-morning, farmer," said the King.

"Good-morning, King," said the farmer; "what do you folks going?"

"Hunting," said the King.

"You'll all get wet," said the farmer.

"The King trusted his astrologer, of course, and went to the forest; but by mid-day there came on a terrific storm that drenched and buffeted the whole party. When the King returned to his palace, he had the astrologer decapitated, and sent for the farmer to take his place."

"Law's sake," said the farmer, when he arrived, "I can't see that I know when it's going to rain; it's my donkey. When it's going to be far weather the donkey carries his ears forward—so. When it's going to rain he puts them backward—so."

"Make the donkey the court astrologer!" shouted the King. It was done. But the King always declared that the appointment was the greatest mistake that he had ever made in his life."

"Lincoln stopped there."

"Why did he say it was a mistake?" we asked him. "Didn't the donkey do his duty?"

"Yes," said the President; "but after that every donkey wanted an office."

"MORNIN', MARS JESUS."

How an Aeronaut Was Greeted by a Poite Old Alabama Negro.

Not long after the war a circus came to Montgomery. It was the first circus that had been there in a long time, and, says the Atlanta Constitution, attracted an immense crowd, especially of negroes. The most interesting feature of the entertainment was the balloon ascension.

The negroes had never seen anything of that kind, and regarded the spectacle of a man sailing up into the clouds very much as the white people had looked upon Elijah going up in his chariot of fire. The balloon sailed away eight or ten miles and came down in a field where some negroes were plowing. Terrified at the spectacle of a chariot coming down from Heaven, they verily believed that the last great day had come, and, remembering all their short-comings, fled away in terror at the approach of the awful judge.

One gray-headed and rheumatic old negro was unable to get away. He could follow the plow, but he could not run, and the chariot came down upon him with terrible swiftness. In that awful moment his whole life rushed upon him, he thought of all the petty sins he had committed and the ghosts of a hundred chickens seemed to rise up in judgment against him. But in that desperate emergency his mind did not desert him, and remembering that politeness always counted with his earthly master, he quickly decided to greet the Lord of Heaven and earth in becoming style. As the aeronaut touched the earth and began to untangle himself from the meshes about his car the old darkey, with an air of profound obedience, bowed low, and said with pious unction: "Mornin', Mars Jesus, how you lef' your pa?"

KILLING HIS STOMACH.

A Druggist's Protest Against the Excessive Use of Phosphates.

"Give me a great double-barreled, center-fire, back-action drink of soda water, please," ordered a jolly customer at a Cincinnati drug store. "Do you know what this favorite phosphate of yours is doing for you?" asked the venerable druggist, as the customer drained his glass. "Killing the nausea of my stomach," was the reply.

"Yes, and it is killing your stomach, too. Some of these days you'll want it coperplated, and you'll want it in vain. Phosphate is something that no one should take except after a full meal. Why? Well, I will explain. You wouldn't think that the inflammation of the stomach was a very serious thing, would you? But phosphate is derived from phosphorus, and if you use it to excess it will burn out your stomach, just as alcohol would if used to excess. You feel benefited by it now, but if you keep on the time will come when you will wish you had never heard of phosphate. Of course we sell it because there is a foolish craze for it, but I advise no one to use much of the fiery substance." "Should one use it at all?" asked a reporter of the Times-Star.

"Use it in moderate quantities just after a full meal it will not hurt any one; but beware of using it in excess or on an empty stomach, for if you do that organ will need half soiling and healing some time."

Parpa's Ideas Changed.

"Ain't he a splendid baby?" said Mr. Parpa as he gazed upon his offspring as it lay wrapped in slumber and blankets. "That baby is my selage and my joy; I don't know what I should do without him." A half hour later Mr. Parpa was restless by his bedside to take the baby out for an airing.

He had in the meantime, it seems, found reason to change his mind, for he actually used language which it was well that the infant was too young to understand, and wound up by saying in a most emphatic manner: "We didn't need that young one no more than we need a gold-mounted roof to the wood-house."

The Russian Monarch's Title.

Perhaps some day the propriety will be seen of no longer calling the Emperor of Russia the "Czar." It is a title but little used in Russia. The Emperor styles himself "Imperator." His subjects among the educated classes call him "Emperor," and among the peasantry "Gossudar," or Lord. We might at least write the name as it is pronounced, and spell it not in Polish or Hungarian fashion, out as the simplest transliteration from Russian into English demands.

The word is pronounced "Tsar," and the first letter of the word in Russian corresponds precisely to our "ts."

Railway Insurance.

The railway insurance known as a "Medi-war" system, already practiced on the continent, is likely to come into operation in England. The ticket, for which no charge is made beyond the usual railway fare, will be a sort of wallet, and, besides an insurance policy, will contain a map of the journey, a hotel directory, and theatrical and other advertisements.

Advertise in the News.

FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

How a Cholera-Stricken Soldier Obtained a Drink in India.

I came to India in 185— as a private in the 4th regiment and my company formed part of the garrison at Arcot, says a writer in Blackwood's Magazine. Life in barracks in India is very dull, and it was with great satisfaction that we heard an order had been given for our company to march to Vellore to strengthen the garrison there, which had been very much reduced by cholera.

It was then about the middle of March, and consequently later than is usual for moving troops, as the days begin to get very hot on the plains in the Carnatic about that time of the year. But ours was special duty, and as we should only march in the very early morning, we did not fear the inconvenience of the mid-day heat.

It was on the second day after leaving Arcot that, late in the afternoon, I was listening to a description of Vellore by one of our fellows who had been there, when suddenly I felt spasms and sickness.

"Hollo! old fellow, how blue you look!" remarked a companion sitting next to me, and as he spoke my comrades looked at me with great concern, and needed no word to tell what was the matter. The cholera had seized me!

I was hastily conveyed to the temporary hospital, where our assistant surgeon already had several cases of the disease under treatment, and I was laid on a charpoy. I rapidly passed from the first to the second stage of that malady, and by nine o'clock at night the incessant vomiting and purging had reduced me to a condition of weakness and prostration. I was unable to move, and was consumed by a burning, raging thirst, but the dresser disregarded all my entreaties for a drink of water. The system of treatment for cholera in those days allowed the patient nothing more than just to have the lips moistened occasionally with weak brandy and water, and this simply aggravated the torture of thirst. Nowadays champagne is given, and the sufferer is allowed to drink pretty freely.

The hospital was, of course, only a pandal, hastily constructed with palm-branches, with a large cuscus-mat at the entrance at each end. Two large chatties of water were placed just outside each entrance.

I had begged, sworn and menaced at intervals, but no one paid the slightest heed to me, and I was sinking into that condition of torpor which is the immediate precursor of the third and fatal stage of cholera, when I heard voices in the pandal. The assistant surgeon was making his last round for the night, accompanied by the hospital-dresser. With a violent effort I roused myself, and eagerly listened for their approach. I wanted to hear my fate pronounced.

They stopped at length where I lay, and the doctor examined my body.

"Mottled," I heard him remark to the dresser; "he is insensible already, and will not last long. So Wetherall will make six."

"Make six?" I said to myself; "make six what? Six corpses, of course, for burial at daylight to-morrow morning."

They had gone and the place was in darkness, save for the glimmer of a cocoanut-oil lamp. I heard the scratching of mummities just outside, made by the camp-followers, who were digging a common grave for six of us.

I felt utterly stunned and quite indifferent as to my fate. My tongue was like a piece of dry leather in my mouth, which had long since ceased to yield any saliva to relieve the agonizing burning of my throat and palate. I could not have made any sound had I attempted to do so; but I did not try, for the attendants were all stretched on the ground fast asleep. I felt I was deserted—left to die.

I was beginning to wander, I think, and was back again in the bright, green, English meadows, picking daisies with my little sister, and so I should have passed away. But in that moment, the moment when I had finished digging the grave—my grave—passed the entrance of the pandal; and one of them threw a pannikinful of water on the matting screen.

It was like a galvanic shock to me. I resolved to have a drink at any risk. I had to die, so what matter if I hastened my death an hour or two by drinking cold water?

I tried to get up, but I was too weak to stand, and fell down at once. Then I reflected that I was more likely to be seen if I walked, as if I detected in my attempt I should be brought back and perhaps be strapped down to die. So I tried to crawl. I was about ten minutes dragging myself from my cot to the entrance, and I wriggled under the screen.

There were the chatties before me! The first I seized was empty, and the disappointment nearly made me swoon; but the second was brimful. I threw my arms around it and dragged myself to it. I plunged my head into the delicious, limpid water and devoured, rather than drank, huge mouthfuls of the cool and heavenly fluid. I felt my stomach swelling with the enormous draughts I swallowed; but I laughed and drank again and again. I reeked naught of life or death then.

At length I could drink no more, and then discipline asserted itself. I knew I had no right to be out there, and I thought if I were missed from my cot I should be reported. So I crept back the way I had come, and shortly after fell into a profound sleep.

It was broad daylight when I awoke and saw the assistant surgeon and dresser standing beside me.

"How is this?" asked the doctor; "Wetherall ought to have been dead!"

"Please, sir," said I, "I am feeling much better, and have no wish to make the sixth this morning."

"There were six without you," said the doctor, sadly.

I rapidly recovered; and as I had never indulged in the pernicious country arack sold to soldiers out here, I was soon quite strong again. But it was some time before I told any one how I recovered from my attack of cholera. However, I told the doctor one day all about it; and though he said the cold-water ought to have killed me, I observed the poor fellows who were in hospital with cholera got an extra allowance of water.

A Cemetery for Horses.

One of the most unique cemeteries in the United States is that at Sheephead Bay, Long Island, the burial ground for noted horses. It was established two years ago, and by the end of the first year three noted racers had found a resting place within its quiet precincts. The three in question were Lucky B., Dev Drip and Porter Ashe's Vea. As heretofore, the common brutes which live out their allotted days and die without making a better record than 2:30 will be given over to the tender mercies of the equine potter's field boss on Barren Island, which is in the immediate vicinity. The racer burial ground is beautifully decorated with flowers and shrubbery, and suitable headstones mark the last resting places of the kings and queens of the turf.

The Size of "Sizes."

A "size" in a coat is an inch; in underwear the same; in a sock an inch; in a collar a half inch; in a shirt a half inch; in pants one inch; in gloves one-fourth of an inch, and in hats one-eighth of an inch.

Try the smart columns of the Daily News.

AMUSEMENTS.

NAYLOR'S OPERA HOUSE.

THURSDAY EVE, OCT. 10.

Engagement of the Favorite Comedian and Character Actor.

MR. GEO. STALEY.

Supported by an Excellent Company in a grand Production of the Successful Play.

A ROYAL PASS.

Magnificent Stage Appointments.

Sale opens Monday. Usual price.

NAYLOR'S OPERA HOUSE.

FRIDAY EVENING, OCT. 11th.

The Great Spectacle.

W. J. GILMORE'S

12 - Temptations! - 12

The Grand English Ballet Troupe.

70 permanent people engaged together, with marvelous scenery. Specialties in costume.

Advance sale opens Wednesday. Prices range from \$1.00 to 25 cents.

NAYLOR'S OPERA HOUSE.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12th.

The Charming Sourette.

MISS KATE EMMETT,

In her Great Play.

The Waifs of New York.

A realistic picture of life in the Great Metropolis.

New and Beautiful Scenery for Each Act.

Advance sale opens Thursday. Usual prices, 25, 50 and 75 cents.

DAILY NEWS.

READ

THE DAILY NEWS

ONLY

TEN CENTS

PER WEEK.

The DAILY NEWS is an

absolutely Independent newspaper.

It will publish all the news

from a fair and impartial standpoint, regardless of politics.

It will tell the truth.

It is entirely free from any

clique or ring.

It will be devoted to the interests of the city.

It will be reliable in every detail.

It will condense the news,

giving an epitome of all the events of the day.

For local information it cannot be surpassed.

It will give full telegraphic reports.

It will be bright and newsy.

It will stand on its merits.

REMEMBER

—THAT—

THE DAILY NEWS

HAS COME TO STAY.

—IS—

ONLY TEN CENTS

PER WEEK.

THE NEWS PUBLISHING CO.

South Fifth Street.

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS.

ROBERT H. BLACK. JAMES A. NISBET.

Undertakers and Embalmers,

28 NORTH FOURTH ST., TERRE HAUTE.

All calls will receive prompt attention.

Open day and night.

PROFESSIONAL.

DR. T. W. MOORHEAD,

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE, 12 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET.

Residence, 115 North Eighth St.

DR. VAN VALZAH,

DENTIST

Office in Opera House Block.

I. H. C. ROYSE. MARK R. SHERMAN.

ROYSE & SHERMAN,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 517 Ohio Street.

L. H. BARTHOLOMEW. W. B. MALL.

BARTHOLOMEW & MALL,

DENTISTS,

(Successors to Bartholomew &