

TERRE HAUTE DAILY NEWS.

FIRST YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 12, 1889.—EIGHT PAGES.

TWO CENTS.

CLOSING DAY OF THE RACES.

A FITTING FINAL TO THE GREAT FALL MEETING

THE RACES THIS AFTERNOON—RECORDS LOW—ERED—MORE OF AXTEL'S GREAT EFFORT.

The crowd at the race course to-day was not so large as yesterday, though fully up expectations. This being ladies' day there was a large number of them present. There was much interest taken and every body seemed to enjoy the races more on account of no inconvenience from the crowd of yesterday. The races were fully up in standard to those of other days, their elegance maintained to the last by good horses, fine weather and enthusiasm.

FOUR-YEAR-OLD STAKE.

Virginia Evans won first heat, Laura Bell second. Time, 2:26.

Second heat—Virginia Evans first, Laura Bell second. Time, 2:28.

Harry Noble was withdrawn.

2:32 third.

First heat—Clara P, first, Nellie McGregor, second, Lorine Doone, third, Gensee, fourth, Clara C, fifth, King, sixth. Time, 2:22.

Second heat—Clara P, first, Gensee, second, Carrie C, third, King, fourth, Nellie McGregor, fifth, Lorine Doone, sixth. Time, 2:26.

SPECIAL RACES.

Capstone made two trials to break a former record of 2:30; made first mile in 2:25; second mile in 2:39.

Bright Rattler went to beat 2:33; made three breaks in the mile, and got in 2:27.

Woodford Pilot went to beat 2:30. Got in 2:26.

Sunlight went to beat 2:24. Made the mile 2:30.

Wabash went to beat 2:31. Made a mile in 2:34.

Yesterday was a day never to be forgotten by Terre Hauteans. It was a day of warmth and brightness and a day which marks the dawn of the period during which this city shall claim the fastest trotting stallion in the world. The crowd at the grounds was immense and the excitement was kept at white heat throughout the afternoon. Never on earth were finer races witnessed and never before in the history of the world—think of it!—was a stallion of any age seen to trot a full mile in two minutes and twelve seconds. And how prettily it was done! how gracefully! how easily! The crowd worshipped the noble bay after he had accomplished the unprecedented feat. What man in the tumultuous throng that surged about him would not have resented with violence the injury of so much as a hair of that beautiful coat of mahogany? It was AxTEL's day. AxTEL was the object of the great throng's idolatrous adulation. AxTEL, the wonderful, the beautiful, it was he—the symmetrical embodiment of supreme loveliness in blooded horseflesh—it was he that knocked the lofty men of the dignified judges sky high and made them yell and go wild with the rest of crowd. It was he that caused an enthusiastic multitude to set up a shout so loud and long that the owner of the California filly must have heard it and shivered in his boots. Maxey Cobb's all-ages trotting record of 2:13 had stood since the fall of 1885, being the fastest mile ever traveled by a stallion of any age or gait, but yesterday AxTEL went the clip in 2:12. And he did it fairly, without bobble or break. All of the official timers' watches were exactly together, and two of the judges' watches registered the same time. A half dozen watches held by gentlemen under the timers' stand gave the same time as 2:13, so it will be seen the mile was made strongly in 2:12. Mr. Williams, the owner of the phenomenal stallion, seemed as cool as a cucumber. He shook hands with his friends with a smile and a thank you for their congratulations. He worked his way out of the crowd gradually, and a News man took advantage of the opportunity to interview him with reference to his valuable equine possession. Mr. C. W. Williams is the gentleman's name, and he is proprietor of the Rush Park Stock Farm, at Independence, Iowa.

"I do not know that we shall start all day more this season," answered Mr. Williams to a reporter's question. "He is entered in the 3-year-old stake race at Lexington, and we shall probably allow him to start there."

"And then?"

"Then we shall take him to Rush Park for the winter."

"You will stand him next season?"

"Very likely we shall put him in the stud in the spring."

"What will be your terms?"

"One thousand dollars."

Mr. Williams has another three-year-old stallion in the '8 class, a mark made by him in a race at Chicago during the third week in last August. He also put his three-year-old pacing filly, Anna Dickinson, over our track in 2:19 this week. He says that AxTEL made the mile yesterday in 2:12 very easily and could have done better.

A LITTLE GOOD-NATURED CRITICISM.
I should not be an Englishman if I did not grumble, and you must allow me to denounce and execrate the cobble-stones of your New York streets, that rob the Briton of sleep by night and rack his bones by day; the snake-lenses which waste alike land and lumber and torture the eye of an artist; the lack of official luggage-porters at your railway stations, and those monstrous, ugly, unpainted telegraph poles with which you mar the vistas of your finest streets. But your public buildings often astonish and enchant me; your colleges, libraries, museums and observatories leave positively no excuse to American youth. They must henceforth create and not import poets, authors, artists, sculptors, scientific geniuses and astronomers. You really owe us, with all your glorious chances, a galaxy of great names.—Edwin Arnold in Frank Leslie's Newspaper.

The Woman's National Press Association intends to erect a statue to Mrs. R. B. Hayes, in Washington.

DINNER TO THE CZAR.

THE CZAR'S LITTLE SPEECH—BISMARCK PRESIDENT—LITTLE ENTHUSIASM.

BERLIN, October 12.—[Special.]—A dinner in honor of the Czar was given last evening in the White Hall of the Schloss, at which 140 covers were laid. The Czar, dressed in the Ulman uniform, sat between the Emperor and Empress, facing Prince Bismarck. The Emperor in toasting the Czar, said: "I drink to the welfare of my honored guest, the Emperor of Russia, and to the continuance of the friendship which has subsisted between our houses for over a hundred years, and which I am resolved to cherish as a legacy from my ancestors." The Czar, replying in French, thanked the Emperor for his friendly sentiments, and drank to his welfare. Turning then to Prince Bismarck, the Czar raised his glass and drank to the Chancellor, who stood up, emptied his glass and bowed deeply. There was a similar exchange of courtesies between Emperor William and the Russian Ambassador.

LONDON, October 12.—[Special.]—The Liberals have not the greatest success of this year in the election for member of Parliament in the north division of Buckinghamshire held yesterday. There was a tremendous contest. The Tories felt confident of heading the seat. The Liberals were beyond with hope from their recent victories. An immense vote was cast, both parties largely increasing their totals. It was regarded as a test election. Extraordinary efforts were made on both sides. The Evot did all in its power to help its friends. Up to a late hour the result was doubtful owing to the large vote cast. Nothing was positively known until the poll was announced to-day showing that the Conservatives had been defeated by a majority a trifle more than that by which they carried the last election, and the Liberals had gained another seat. The vote is as follows:

Every, Liberal, 4,855; Hubbard, Conservative, 4,647. Liberal majority, 208.

In 1886 the poll stood: Egerton Hubbard, Conservative, 4,490; Capt. Verney, Liberal, 4,389. Conservative majority, 71.

There is unbound jubilation at all Liberal clubs.

VICTORY FOR THE LIBERALS.

THE CZAR AND EMPEROR GO HUNTING TO-DAY.

COMMENTS ON THE SHORT SPEECH OF THE CZAR—MISCELLANEOUS NEWS FROM THE Czar TO-DAY.

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GONE FOR GAME.

THE CZAR AND EMPEROR START ON A HUNTING TRIP.

BERLIN, October 12.—[Special.]—The Emperor and Czar started on a hunting expedition to Letzlingen this morning.

The Emperor came to the Russian embassy at seven this morning to take the Czar to hunt.

The Togebatt says: "The short speech made to the Czar at the banquet last night shows he is determined to preserve a free hand." The Vossische Zeitung remarks that everything indicates that the Eyr's visit is a purely personal maneuver and is entirely independent of political affairs. Reports of the prevalence of fever in Athens are untrue.

CHIPS AND STRAWS.

It appears that Francis E. Spinner is not at the point of death, as has been reported. He is improving in health, and is expected to arrive at his old home in Mohawk in a few days.

A Pasadena (Cal.) letter-carrier uses a bicycle to make his rounds while gathering up the mail from the boxes. The other day he went over his circuit, eleven miles, in an hour and a half.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe was poor when she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The last chapter was written in the office of her publisher in Boston. It was a cold winter morning, and she arrived at the stove half frozen. She stood over the stove half an hour before she was sufficiently thawed to hold her pen.

Three months from that time she received a check for \$10,000 as the first payment on the sale of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

To Abraham Lincoln Artemus Ward's book was a never failing fountain of fun.

Of the quaint spelling and the side-splitting jokes in A. Ward's compendium of humor the President liked to talk with the grave Stanton, to whom fun was a mere waste of raw material. On a certain Sunday, always Lincoln's day for relaxation, he said: "Stanton, I find a heap of fun in A. Ward's book." "Yes," said Stanton, dryly, "but what do you think of that chapter in which he makes fun of you?" Mr. Lincoln quickly replied, "Stanton, to save my life, I never could see any humor in that chapter."

Says a correspondent, speaking of President Carnot, of France: "He is dressed like his father's fancy. He is almost coal black, short and dumpy. Unlike his uncle, Ras Darghe, and others among his chief advisers, he is very friendly to Europeans and wants to introduce arts into this country. He has a remarkable fondness for machinery and implements of all sorts, and his greatest delight is to examine their mechanism. Explorers say he ruined about a dozen watches and alarm clocks, taking them apart and trying to put them together again. He became at last, however, quite a proficient watch-tinker."

CORECT EVENING DRESS FOR MEN.

To be in chime with the best models of judgment, those men whose social position gives their opinions the fullest weight—to represent the current formula in evening dress, don't wear a colored swallow-tail, or one even of velvet, but a black broadcloth or dull worsted garment, with notched or shawl collar and a waistcoat of the same material; not a white or black moire or figured waistcoat, but one with out-cording or embellishment of any kind, in keeping with the plain simplicity of the coat. Above all things, don't wear a colored, plaited, pique or embroidered shirt front, but a plain white bosom. Nor must diamond, or emerald, or ruby, or gold studs be worn; pearl, or mother of pearl, or imitation of white linen only are permissible. Then the cuffs must be plain link cuffs, with the plainest kind of link sleeve button—the plainer the better.

Avoid carefully an embroidered tab-

turn-down, or any kind of a collar but a stand-up effect which almost meets in front. Shun a fancy handkerchief as a symbol of bad breeding, and select a fine, plain white linen monchoir. There must be no filigree work down the seam of the trousers; a half-inch stripe is the limit of decoration among the recognized swells. Of all things never wear to the fanciful in foot-wear; no pumps, or fancy socks, or showy uppers, but severely plain patent-leather gaiters. The catch-and-buckle-boots are taboo. One must tie one's tie one's self, and it must be an absolutely plain white lawn cravat, about three-quarters or seven-eighths of an inch in width. It must not be a twice-around-the-neck affair, not fringed or embroidered, even stitched profusely on the ends, but made as simple as a lawn cravat may be. A bunch of white flowers in the coat and there you are!—Clothier and Fruisher.

THE DANGEROUS SPRING LOCK.

NEW YORK, October 12.—[Special.]—

A singular accident occurred here this morning. George Abel, when about to open his store this morning, discovered it was on fire. He was accompanied by an employe, James Pierwitch. The latter entered the burning store and in some way the door closed behind him and caught with a snap lock, imprisoning him. The smoke and heat soon began to tell on Pierwitch and he was rapidly becoming too insensible to open the door but at length recovered sufficient consciousness to smash the glass of the door with his fist and was dragged through an aperture. He was badly cut and bled profusely. The fire was extinguished with comparatively trifling loss. Mr. Abel is senior partner in the firm of Abel & Co.

O'Toole—What are yez doin' now, Phelim?

O'Haggerty (in the chair)—O'm raisin' a fund for the amelioration of old O'irland.

"How is it progressing?"

"As foine as silk, as you can tell by looking at me!"—Texas Siftings.

First Dude—I'll tell you what it is, Cholly, I struck something soft this morning.

Second Dude—The dence you did! How?

First Dude—Bumped my head against the door.—Arcola Record.

TRUTHFUL ANYHOW.

The Rev. Mr. Pewrent—Do you know what worries your mother, my young friend?

His Mother's Boy—No; if I did, I'd go and do it.—Puck.

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FROM THE SCRAP BASKET.

The Czar is making a collection of postage stamps, and is prepared to pay any price for such as he may want. He lately bought a defaced stamp of British Guiana, dated 1854, for 925 francs, and an unused specimen of the same stamp for 1,250 francs.

One of Mr. Barnum's methods of advertising his show in England will be to send up a number of small balloons marked: "Present this at the circus door and get a free seat." The balloons are arranged to come down at different times, and will be sent up by the score after the show opens.

The late Mrs. Polly Bruce, of Leavenworth, Kan., was born a slave in 1804, at Charlotte, Va., and enjoyed perfect health until two years ago, when she was stricken with paralysis, from which she never recovered. She had ten children, of whom nine are yet living. The best known of them is the Hon. Blanche K. Bruce, formerly United States Senator.

The wife of the late S. S. Cox was his inseparable companion: she shared all his pains and made his life her own. Mr. and Mrs. Cox were not only a devoted couple but she was like a partner to him in his business, sharing his confidence in everything. Mr. Cox has left the MS. of an unfinished book, which he intended to be his life work. He wrote the most of it at his desk in Congress, where the scene is laid.

The Rt. Rev. John Williams, presiding bishop of the Episcopal House of Bishops, is called "the grand old man" by those who know him. He is one of the most impressive men in the country physically, and looks ten years younger than he really is. Bishop Williams is a great raconteur and his stories are famous both in this country and in England. He has known the leading men of America and Great Britain for fifty years past, and his collection of personal anecdotes would make an interesting volume.

It has been a matter of speculation to many how the term "uncle" chanced to be associated with the pawnbroker's shop. A recent reference in "Notes and Queries" states that it is a pun on the Latin word, a hook. Pawnbrokers at one time employed a hook to lift the articles taken to them. In the seventeenth century a usurer was called "my uncle," in the Wallon provinces, because of his near connection with spendthrifts, which in Latin are "neptes," nephews. In French the man in charge of a prison is called "uncle" because the prisoners are "kept there in pawn" by the government.

Menelik II., the new king of Abyssinia, is the son of a beggar woman who took his father's fancy. He is almost coal black, short and dumpy. Unlike his uncle, Ras Darghe, and others among his chief advisers, he is very friendly to Europeans and wants to introduce arts into this country. He has a remarkable fondness for machinery and implements of all sorts, and his greatest delight is to examine their mechanism. Explorers say he ruined about a dozen watches and alarm clocks, taking them apart and trying to put them together again. He became at last, however, quite a proficient watch-tinker.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

Mr. Juliet R. McLean died in Washington Thursday morning, October 10. Mrs. McLean had been in delicate health for so many years and yet recovered from so many severe attacks that her death was comparatively unexpected and will be heard with deep regret by a large circle of warm and sincere friends. She is the last of a distinguished family.

Since her marriage she has followed to the grave nine of her family and had lost father, mother, brothers and sister. The death of her sister in Texas a year ago left her without a near relative except her husband. To the writer who visited her in Washington last winter she said "I will not allow myself to think of it and when I cannot help it, then I try not to grieve because I know that my own time is so brief."

Mrs. McLean was a wonderful, fascinating conversationalist. Having travelled extensively and met many celebrated people and with a thorough knowledge of human nature she could adapt herself to every temperament and never failed to please. She was very fond of society where in a manner she held a court and reigned supreme. When Col. McLean was appointed First Deputy Commissioner they removed to Washington and built and furnished a beautiful home and would have held a prominent position in this center of the social world. But Mrs. McLean's health failed rapidly and she was for the greater part of the time a prisoner in her room or a patient at the sanitarium in New York, where only could she find relief from suffering.

Death came at last with permanent release for the frail and pain-tortured body and while those who loved her are glad to know she rests, they will keenly miss that graceful presence, those rare qualities of the mind which made her an especially charming and attractive woman.

Col. McLean has telegraphed that he will leave Washington on Tuesday with the remains of his wife.

The funeral services will be held at St. Stephens church at 2 o'clock the day and the interment at Highland Lawn cemetery.