

THE DAILY NEWS.

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DOUGLAS H. SMITH,
Managing Editor.

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1889.

St. Louis reports a very decided shock of earthquake this morning which destroys her chances for the World's Fair.

A woman in a Paris hospital can see two different sets of objects at the same time. And yet there are persons who claim that women can never see but one side of a question.

The Morning Express by losing its temper and indulging in vulgar and undignified language has made it impossible for the News to engage in any further controversy at present.

Is the slang dialect of the day, Congressman Cannon wants the Speakership so that he can shoot off his mouth. But the gentleman from Maine thinks he can read his title clear to this same position.

When out of court the Cronin juryman amuse themselves by singing gospel hymns and holding Bible meetings. Compared to their duties during the day these amusements seem like wild and hilarious dissipation.

Stories are told to the effect that wealthy Californians bathe in champagne. This is an excellent idea. Instead of drinking the liquor and bathing in the water let the custom become general to bathe in the champagne and drink the water. Steady drinkers would find this a great saving of money.

In pursuance of his intention to give full credit to the Lord, President Harrison has issued a proclamation appointing Thursday, the 28th, as a day of national thanksgiving. Quay and Wamaker and Dudley and Huston and the rest will please read this proclamation carefully and not attempt to arrogate to themselves any portion of these Thanksgiving ceremonies.

Electricians are engaged in numerous experiments to prove that electrical currents are generated in the heart, that two people holding each other by the hand give evidence of electric shocks and much more to the same effect. This is a woeful waste of time. Any seventeen year old boy or girl can give the scientists points on this subject. As a generator of electricity the heart cannot be surpassed and those who come in contact with the current never fail to be knocked silly.

It is said that Princess Huntington-Hatzfeldt will never be received in German court circles because her father was a grocer. Her husband, now that she has settled up his debts, can be received notwithstanding his tarnished record. It is different in some respects in this country. A man's tattered reputation will never keep him out of our best society but neither will his wife's father keep her out if she has enough money to pay her entrance fee. We have our little social weaknesses, the same as they have in other countries.

The members of camp 29 when put upon the witness stand in the Cronin trial adopt the well-worn tactics of losing all recollection of past events. This sometimes has quite the contrary effect upon the jury from what is intended. If a man attempts to evade a question his hearers naturally suppose that he knows more than he is willing to tell and that he is endeavoring to shield himself or his friends. This has as much weight with the jury as if he made direct replies to the questions asked. The evidence thus far extracted from the members with a great deal of difficulty, does not dissipate the suspicion which rests upon the Clann-Gael.

When the Lord Mayor of London and Cardinal Manning succeeded in settling the great strike they flattered themselves they had accomplished a wonderful work. Now the cable announces that the dock employes will go on another strike. The Mayor and Cardinal will begin to understand what the employers of labor long ago learned, that the concession of a few cents in the way of wages or a few minutes in the way of time will not settle the labor question. The discontent and the trouble in the ranks of the workmen

are too deep seated to be permanently settled on any basis. The condition of these people is in a state of evolution from the serfdom and slavery of the past to a plane higher than any they have yet been able to reach. It will require the wisdom and experience of several generations to adjust, in a manner that will give mutual satisfaction, the wide differences that now exist between capital and labor.

The International Delegates had a nice quiet little time at the Indiana capital yesterday with plenty to eat and drink and speeches galore. Their honors, our foreign visitors, make very handsome and graceful addresses, showing a much better knowledge of our country than we possess of theirs. In our desire for an interchange of commerce and increased means of intercourse by ship and rail they seem inclined to meet us half way. One amusing feature of their speech-making is the never failing supply of taffy which they deal out to the women of this country. It is the foreign idea of gallantry and if our women could get a chance they would return all these pretty speeches with interest. Our American men are not in the habit of wasting much valuable time in gushing over their countrywomen but they treat them with more honor and consideration and protecting care than do the men of any other nation in the world. They express their love and esteem in actions rather than words. There is a measure of discontent and rebellion among our women against certain restrictions which are the last relics of the bigotry and prejudice of the past, but these are only healthy indications of a progressive age. The women of America are not only the most fortunate in birth and opportunities but they are also the happiest women on the globe.

Horror of London's Slums.
On the other hand, in Great Britain it is impossible to go through any of her large cities any time, day or night, without seeing drunken men and women. This, of course, is in the slums, such as Whitechapel in London, where are collected the foulest, filthiest beings I ever saw. In one short street which we passed through we got glimpses through the doors of the dirty dens these wretches occupy. Heaps of humanity—men, women, and children—were in one mass, the children half smothered by the drunken parents. All along the streets, on door steps, in alleys, men and women and boys and girls who never knew what a home or parent is, were crouched together trying to keep warm. The policemen did not seem to mind them, and amid all this ruin were saloons or public houses, as they are called there—crowded with men and women half crazed with drink. These people never work; they steal, and when they can not steal they starve. These saloons do a great business and are no doubt owned by some highly respected Londoner who neither knows nor cares how he gets his wealth as long as he gets it. This class, next to the British Government is partly to blame for this horrible condition of affairs. Luxury and wealth, misery and want, debauchery that hell might blush to own, stagnate in the heart's core of a nation that claims the Bible and Christianity as the secret of her power. Her majesty the Queen of Great Britain was once asked by an Abyssinian Prince the secret of her power. She is said to have pointed to the Bible. If she were asked to point out the cause of this horrible misery, to what would she point?—William Milligan.

Beautiful Tribute to Woman.
"If we have been everywhere admiring the wonders offered by this Nation, great above all things by the freedom enjoyed by her citizens, it is more grateful to us to contemplate the spectacle here offered by this institution destined to youth and beauty; by this magnificent institute where woman's moral endowments are perfected, her heart educated and her intellect developed, thus preparing her for society and for the home. Woman is not to-day, certainly, what she was in antiquity, in her abject position—the slave of man—but the tenderest loving companion and his best friend. And among modern women none take a higher rank—and, indeed, justice compels me to say the American woman stands at the very head of her sex for her virtues, for her independence, her individuality and for all those qualities which make her the equal of man in intelligence and force of character, and the superior in every other quality. To her, with her virtues, no less than to the opposite sex, do the United States owe that freedom and prosperity which is the admiration and the wonder of all nations."—Signor Zelaya, delegate from Honduras.

His Profession.
A NEW JERSEY IDYL.
"I make my living from my voice,"
The tramplet did remark,
As he requested bread and meat,
Just after dark.
"Well, sing a song," the cook replied.
"And you shall have your fill."
Give us a symphony in G,
Or even a trill.
"Not so," quoth he. "My voice is not
The kind you like, I fear."
"It's useful on election days,
To howl and cheer."
—Harper's Bazar.

Still Striking in London.
LONDON, November 1.—The lightermen have decided to go on a strike on Monday next. The dockmen will probably do likewise, owing to the assistance they received from the lightermen in the recent strike.

I gave alcohol in my practice for twenty years, and have now practiced without it for thirty years or more. I have not found a single patient injured by its use or a constitution requiring it; indeed, to find either, although I am in my seventy-seventh year, I would walk fifty miles to see such an unnatural phenomenon.—John Higginbottom, F.R.S., F.R.C.S.

Wife—I see that your neighbor Bonds is down again. Husband—What is it this time? Wheat, I suppose? Wife—No, I think from his appearance it was rye that has floored him now. And I don't want you to dabble with it any more, either.—Lowell Citizen.

FACTS ABOUT WHALES.

Less Known About the Largest Animal Than About Small Insects.

Of all the modern scientists engaged in the work of investigation, perhaps none have adopted a field more peculiar and entertaining than Prof. Frederick W. True, of the National Museum. Prof. True is a young man, but he has already spent five years of his career as a scientist in looking upon subjects—whales.

"The reason that my attention was directed to this subject particularly," said Prof. True to a Washington Post reporter, "was the fact that so little was known to scientific men concerning whales. The works on zoology either treated the whale with a few generalizations or ignored it altogether. My purpose has been to cover this field as well as it possibly can be done with such sources of information as are available. I spent four months in England and the continent of Europe in the study of specimens."

"Only about eighteen species of the fifty-six that frequent the coast of North America are well known, and the majority of these are of forms which have long been under observation. The number of species whose habits, variations and distribution are thoroughly understood is still smaller. The life of the whale is passed with but little of it being visible, and it is not an approachable animal. What is known of its life has been obtained at long range, and many errors have thereby crept in. All the romance about thrilling adventures in the capture of the whale have had their day. It is still regarded as a dangerous occupation, but nothing like what it was in the past. You will hear no more stories of hand harpooning and the smoking line running out over the bow, the boat towed by a leviathan at lightning speed, and all those details that illuminated the old-time stories of the sea. Now whales are killed with a bomb lance, fired as any other projectile, at a moderately long range. It is curious, explosive substance that detonates when the lance enters the body of the whale. That is the modern way. The whale is generally harpooned afterward in order to make it fast, and unless this is attempted before the whale is dead it is not attended with any danger."

"What are some of the popular fallacies in regard to whales?"
"In the first place the greatest of them all is that the whale is a fish. It is a mammal with none of the characteristics of a fish, except that it exists in the water. An animal that nurses its young, and has rudimentary hind legs, could hardly correspond to a fish in any respect. In almost every out of a whale you will see the animal spouting a tremendous volume of water from his blowholes. This is purely an imaginary habit on the part of the whalers. The blowholes of the whale correspond to the nostrils of other animals. When it comes to the surface to breathe, it expels the air from its lungs with a violent effort. Its nostrils are apt to be slightly under water, and the result is a column of spray rises in the air. This has been mistaken in the distance by sailors for a column of water. When a whale had been harpooned so that its lungs had been penetrated, it is likely that the whale would drown. The blowholes of the whale really have not much use for their teeth, as they can not chew anything with them. They are merely a row of points that serve to grasp a fish or other kind of prey, and hold it until it can work it down its throat. The teeth are only on the lower jaw. There are no molars among the teeth, and they can not grind the food. Then the jaw is not hung so that it can do any thing more than snap. The whalebone whale uses the fringe of whalebone around the upper jaw in lieu of teeth. It strikes a school of shellfish, which abound in great numbers in the sea, and when it gets them in its mouth it closes its jaws. The water is squeezed out and the whale swallows every thing that is left."

"How large an object can a whale swallow?"
"The throat of the largest specimen is not more than three inches and a half in diameter."
"Have any species been exterminated?"
"From what we know, it is not probable. For a few years the right whale disappeared totally from the North American coast. None were stranded, and there was no evidence that any more were in existence. A year or two ago one or two specimens were seen, and now they are reasonably plentiful again. Whether they disappeared because they were pursued by man, or for some other reason we can not establish. That they totally disappeared, however, is conclusive. The fact is, that when a certain kind of whale becomes so scarce as to be in danger of extermination it then becomes unprofitable to chase it, and the opportunity for a renewal of the breed is favorable."

"Do they breed rapidly?"
"One or two at a birth is the rule. The smallest one at a birth is probably the case with the greater varieties. The infants are born pretty well able to take care of themselves, though they are carefully nursed by the mother until they are swift enough to provide themselves with food. It is the belief that the mother floats on her side on top of the water when nursing, so that the young can suckle with their blowholes out of water. Whether this is true or not we do not know. A female with young is very wary and difficult to approach, so that very little can be gathered on this point from actual observation."

"Do whales ever sleep?"
"That is one of the many things that we do not know. Sperm whales have been known to lie on the water motionless for a considerable period, but it can only be guessed whether they are asleep or not. A whale could not sleep under water for any length of time. It has a capacity for storing a great deal of air in the blood vessels that fill the neck and are found well down through the body; but at the furthest this could not last more than a half hour, when it would have to come to the surface to blow. It is assumed that many of the lower forms of life never sleep; but in the case of the whale I do not know that that point has ever been investigated. It will be a long time before we know all that is necessary to know about the rovers of the sea. It is, indeed, strange that, while the external and internal peculiarities and the life-history of numberless insects and minute and lowly animals have been thoroughly investigated, many of these great beasts have been entirely neglected."

To Clean White Kid Shoes.
White kid shoes can be cleaned by dipping a perfectly clean white flannel cloth in a little ammonia, and then rubbing the cloth over a cake of white soap; after doing this rub the kid gently and diligently, and the soiled places will be white again. As the flannel becomes soiled change for a clean one.

Try the worst column of the Daily News.

A CONSIDERATE MOTHER.

Calls Her Guests to Dinner to Prevent the Children Eating Too Much.

I was amused by the story of a party that was recently given by a well-known Boston society woman at her cottage by the sea, writes Arlo Bates in the Providence Journal. She is a woman of the sort that furnishes continual stories to her friends. She never does any thing in just the way that is expected, and she is never disconcerted by any thing that happens. She has a flock of children that are not unlike her, and except that it has apparently never entered into the scheme of life of either parent to do any thing whatever to check any of the natural impulses of childhood.

On the occasion referred to the company had been bidden for eight o'clock, and, of course, in the usual social fashion they came half an hour or an hour later. They were, indeed, not all assembled when the hostess was summoned from the parlors by a servant. In a few moments she returned with an expression of tragic weariness, struggling with a laugh on her handsome and always good humored face.

"Really," she said to the company in general, and to those who chanced to be nearest in particular, "it is too provoking. You will have to come out to supper now, for the children have eaten up the biggest part of the ice cream already, and if we don't go now there won't be any left. Besides," she added, as if it were a consideration which had just struck her as an afterthought, "the children will be dreadfully ill to-morrow if they eat any more."

And with laughter her friends trooped out to secure whatever supper remained undevoured by the children, and to save those interesting prodigies from completely ruining their digestion by further gorging.

SUCCESSFUL DINNERS.

Congenial Guests as Necessary as Tempting Delicacies.

A well-known caterer writes in the Chicago Tribune: I am frequently asked by fashionable people who are up in other things what is the first step necessary to a successful and satisfactory dinner. My answer is, first and foremost, be careful in the selection of the guests. No matter if you prepare a feast worthy of a conquering hero, unless the spirits about the table are congenial it will be a failure. One ill-bred man at a feast will spoil every thing. Of course every body can't talk well, and it is a good thing that this is so. A dinner composed of marries would not be such a one as you would want to go to more than once. But there should always be one good talker at the least in a dinner party, and if he is the only one, so long as he isn't a bumptious fool and the others are good listeners, your dinner will not be a failure. I think Oliver Wendell Holmes must have been a splendid fellow at the table. And if I am informed correctly he is the man who said he had an admiration for the audacity of the man who knew how to talk across the table. It is your common sense, unconventional man who is popular. You never want to be too conventional in any thing, and especially at the table. Too much stiffness is as bad as too much boorishness. Unless you are giving a banquet fourteen is about the proper number for a dinner, and for an afternoon tea there should never be more than eight women. If you have these general ideas which I have given you are carried out, the object of your dinner being social entertainment, you needn't bother yourself so much about the menu.

HE GOT HIS MONEY.

How a Kentuckian Identified Himself at a City Bank.

A story about being identified at a bank related by the Chicago Times of a Kentuckian whose farm was adjacent to a river. There he raised fruit and vegetables and instead of sending them to market by the railroad or in his wagon he built a raft on which he loaded the produce and floated the whole crop down the stream to the big city. There he had no difficulty in disposing of the entire load at good prices and in payment he received a check for a handsome amount. A check was only so much worthless paper in the place where he lived, and so before going home the raw-boned Kentuckian entered a bank to have it cashed. He was dressed in a suit of brown jeans, his whiskers were unkempt and his general appearance belied his prosperity. The cashier looked at him doubtfully.
"You will have to be identified," he said.
"Well, I reckon not," replied the farmer. "That check air payable to me an' I mean to have the money."
"But I don't know you. Who are you, anyway?"
"My name air the same as is gined to be rear end of that air check, an' as to whar I am from, whar I air from Bush bottom, up river."
"Well, how in thunder do you expect me to know if what you tell me is true. How did you get down here?"
"Git here? Well, now, I jest jumped onto a rainbow and sid here, mister. An' I tell you twas pretty quick traveling, but it ain't half so sudden as the slide you'll take into eternity if you don't hand over that money mighty sudden."

A Negro Who Handled Billions.
Few if any persons in this country have handled more money, and checks, bonds and other representatives of money than "Uncle" Henry Logan, the messenger of the Register of the Treasury. He is a colored man, past seventy, as punctual as the hands of a clock, and as trustworthy as a burglar-proof safe. His principal function is to carry checks, warrants, bonds, etc., to and from the Register's office, where they have to be signed. He has been doing this work for twenty-five years, with scarcely a day's absence during all that time. He has handled a large part of the bonds and currency issued by the Government, and the warrants that have been drawn upon the treasury. The aggregate in dollars, if it could be figured out, would go up into the billions. Express companies are paid a fixed sum per mile for every thousand dollars they transport for the government, and if "Uncle Henry" had been paid at the same rate he would now be rolling in wealth. He receives a salary of \$720 a year, and on this modest income he has been able to buy a home and raise a large family. Uncle Henry held his place all through Cleveland's administration and bids fair to remain until the infirmities of age compel his retirement.

Electricity for Snakes.
A report comes by way of Germany that a novel use of electricity has been made in India for the prevention of the intrusion of snakes into dwellings. Before all the doors and around the house two wires are laid, connected with an electrical apparatus. Should a snake attempt to crawl over the wires he receives a shock of electricity, which either kills or frightens him into a hasty retreat.

A High-Priced Book.

The British Museum has bought for £1,500 the splendid prayer-book which belonged to the late Ludwig II. of Bavaria, and which is adorned with copies of the decorations of the famous so-called "great church treasure."

The Daily News has come to stay.

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IN A SHARK'S JAWS.

Why Samuel Jennings Left a Part of His Body in Carlisle Bay.

This account of how a man felt and acted when in a shark's jaws is told in the Boston Commercial Bulletin: Samuel Jennings was a native of Cape Cod. When he was nineteen years of age he was impressed on board the British frigate Milford in Carlisle Bay, and was so badly used that he was ever on the lookout for a chance to desert. On the 26th day of March I made up my mind to desert, regardless of consequences. The frigate was at anchor in Barbadoes, had sentries forward and aft, and an armed guard-boat which was rowed around her during the night. At one o'clock in the morning, when the guard-boat was ahead, in my shirt and trousers I slipped out of a port on the gun deck and swam seaward before the wind until I was beyond the circuit of the guard-boat, and then made for the shore and began to feel that I was safe. In swimming along the shore I fell in with one of Captain Giliam's buoys, which marked the ship channel, where I rested about ten minutes.

"A brigantine belonging to Boston, Mass., was at anchor in the vicinity, and when I left the buoy I swam for her, but I had not made much progress before a shark seized me by the left hand and dragged me under water. I had left my knife on board and was entirely defenseless. I kicked him, but he would not let go. I then set my right foot against his mouth, determined to haul my hand away or haul it off, and then he opened his mouth and seized part of my foot and held both hand and foot firmly in his jaws. I did not leave off striving to clear myself. I punched him with my right hand, but to little purpose, and had almost given up in despair, for all this time I was under water and nearly drowned, when he let go and I rose to the surface bleeding, more dead than alive.

"The shark had left me, and after clearing my throat of water I shouted for help. A boat was sent from a ship nearby and I was taken on board, and from her was transferred to the hated Milford. Dr. Cutler, of Boston, and a surgeon from the shore took off my arm first and then part of my foot. They proposed to tie me to a plank to keep me steady while they operated upon me, but I begged they would not, and they let me have my own way, and after giving me a glass of wine I endured the amputation without wincing. After I had partly recovered, being of no further use on board the frigate, I was sent ashore, where I received much kindness, and when well was forwarded to Cape Cod."

The Way We Rush Things.

Says an Englishman: "You Americans are getting so that you have no interest for any time but the present. Years ago we used to think we were pretty wide awake when we coined the phrase 'men of the day.' But, bless me, you only care to know about 'men of the hour.' And I expect you will very soon ignore every body but men of the minute. The American people live on the sharp point of the passing moment, and seem to enjoy it."

We are told that 75 per cent. of America's future rulers attend no church; that 85 per cent. of saloon frequenters are of this class; that 90 per cent. of the crimes that employ our courts are committed by men under 30 years of age; and that the worst of social vices is alluring to destruction more of the rising generation than can be counted. Statistics may not be interesting but they are certainly sometimes serious.

A white ribbon worker criticizes the author of "Looking Backward" for entirely ignoring the costly waste of the liquor traffic and clinging fast to his wine and cigars in the delectable land of his dreams, predicting truly that if this deadly curse were once admitted, there would be an end to millennial possibilities.

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